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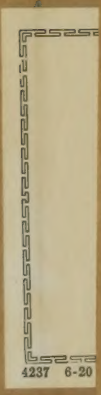
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CALIFORNIA

MAIL BAG.

OCTOBER, 1873.

Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly Issues of the

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

DISPATCHED ONCE A MONTH WITH

LATEST NEWS from all parts of the World

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GENERAL CONTENTS,

REAL ESTATE REPORTS, MINING STOCKS, ETC. ETC.

A Fashionable Woman's Prayer in Church, 10
An Amusing Blunder, - - - - - 20
Among the Stock-Brokers, - - - - 22
And This is Politics, - - - - - 33
Art Notes, - - - - - - - - 53
A Trifling Exchange, - - - - - 54
A Britisher's First Impression in Mendocino County, - - - - - - - 64
An Infamous Outrage, - - - - 81
Alfalfa as a Gold Mine, - - - - 87
A Human Table, - - - - - - 87
Blighted, - - - - - - - - 16
Big Blowing, - - - - - - - - 42
Blaguard Journalism, - - - - - 82
Complaint of Cockney in California, - - 5
Court-Chat, - - - 7-19-20-40-56
Caro Nome, - - - - - - - - 12
"Correspondence," - - - - - 18
Course of a Balloon, - - - - - - 24
alifornia's Birthday, - - - - - 45
ommercial Summary, - - - - - 63
orn and Cattle, - - - - - - 69
olony of Italian Immigrants, - - - 70
hina and the Panthays, - - - - 86
ying by Inches, - - - - - - 5
eacon's Dog, - - - - - - - 11
epositors in Saving's Banks, - - - 13
. D.'s, - - - - - - - - - 87
xtraordinary Effects of Lightning, - - 31
Effects of Immigration, - - - - 84
First Meerschaum Pipe, - - - - - 6
Feminine Chit-Chat, - - - - 11-51-88
Foreign Dottings, - - - - 12-34-82
Frenchman from Limerick, - - - - 54
Frozen Soul; or, *How about the "Polaris?"* 64
Gallant Elephant, - - - - - - 54
Governor Stanton's World Beater, - - 71
How strange it will be! - - - - 15
Hottentot Venus, - - - - - 49-50
How Coroner Stillman stuck to his "Post," - 58
Homeward Bound—for Sydney, - - 71
I follow still, - - - - - - - 33
Italian Opera, - - - - - - - 74
Jones gives a Ball, - - - - - 62
Jay Cooke & Co. - - - - - - 81
Love of Country Pidgin Englished, - - 14
Law of Death, - - - - - - - 21
Lay of the Lost One,
No. 1, 31. No. 2, 46. No. 3, 75
Local Dottings, - - - - - - - 75
Latest from London, - - - - - 76
Lonely, - - - - - - - - - 85
Midnight Attack on H. M. S. "Monarch," 3
Miserere at St. Peter's, - - - - 25
Marriage Morn, - - - - - - 49
Mining Statistics in Victoria, Aus. - - 57
"Not as I will," - - - - - - - 3
Notice to Mariners, - - - - - 50
New Church Organ, - - - - - 23
New World Rivaling the Old, - - - 29
Night Song, - - - - - - - 65
No Home Complete without it, - - 65-66
Nursy-Pursy, - - - - - - - 69
Notabilia, - - - - - - 72-73
Our Scientific Men, - - - - - 15
Our Savings Banks, - - - - - 55
Our Usual Growl or Grunt, - - - 62
Preachers and Politics, - - - - 17
Parted Friends, - - - - - - 42
Public Schools, - - - - - - 52
Placard Exchange—"Agricultural Bureau and Land Department," - - - 54
"Panic in Wall Street," - - - - 77
Prices of Mining Stocks, - - - - 89
Personal Journalism, - - - - - 83
Religious Liberty in Schools, - - - 36
Religion of Unsanded Sugar, - - - 41
Results of the Election. - - - - 53
Sunbeams, - - - - - - 14-32-47
Sappho and her Songs, - - - - 30
Stupendous Oration, - - - - - 35
Special Brevities, - - - - - 48-79
South Pacific Islands, - - - - - 55
Special Letter from Honolulu, - - - 67
State Fair at Sacramento, - - - - 68
The Rosebud and the Sun, - - - - 6
"Town Crier" 8-9-26-27-28-43-44-45-59-60-61
Times are Altered, - - - - - 16
The Dying Child, - - - - - 17
Telegraph for the Chinese, - - - 21
The Dimpled Chin, - - - - - 35
"The Parson," - - - - - - - 38
Tar, Feathers, and Death," - - - 78
The "Costa Rica," - - - - - 84
Tragedy on Board Ship, - - - - 85
The Doom of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, - 86
Unheard-of Outrage, - - - - - 39
What Brown said, - - - - - - 4
Worthless Treasure, - - - - - 25
We Pioneers, - - - - - - - 37
What Next? - - - - - - - - 46
"Wealth of Thought and Beauty of Expression." - - - - - - - 52
Water and Gas, - - - - - - - 83

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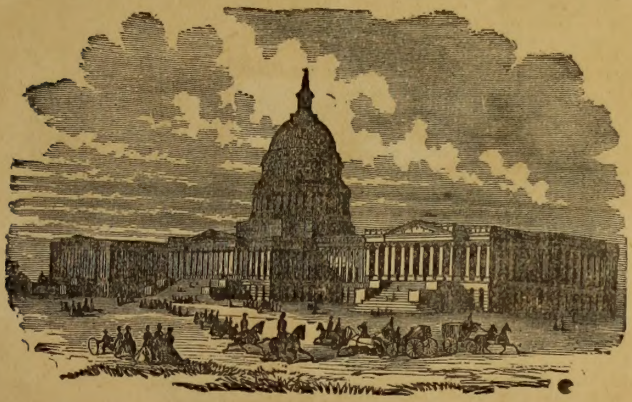

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CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

"NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are open, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long.
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and lonliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best is gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill,
"Not as we will."

—*H. H. in Independent.*

MIDNIGHT ATTACK WITH TORPEDOES ON H. M. S. MONARCH.

About midnight on Thursday, July 31st, an attack was made by torpedo boats, from Portsmouth harbor, upon her Majesty's turret frigate *Monarch*, anchored at Spithead. Captain Bays, commanding the Gunnery Establishment at Portsmouth, with the officers forming the Torpedo Committee, now sitting at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, and other officers belonging to the torpedo class on board the *Vernon*, under the instruction of Commander Fisher, left Portsmouth dockyard, soon after 10 P. M., for Spithead, where after a cautious approach from the eastern entrance to the roadstead, the *Monarch* was observed lying at anchor but evidently on the lookout for the approach of the torpedo flotilla, her own boats being lowered and manned and rowing guard round her. The four torpedo boats —steam launches painted white, fitted with outriggers and dummy torpedoes, one of the latter being supposed to represent the "fish" torpedo—made a dash at the frigate through her circle of guard boats. The launch carrying the fish dummy got near enough to drop her weapon overboard within sufficiently close distance for it to do its work. Another, after having her rudder unshipped by one of the guard boats, continued her course for the frigate, and struck her with a torpedo. The other two boats appeared to have failed in their attack. The principle object of the experiment may have been, as the torpedo boats were painted white, and as another attack will be made upon the ship with boats painted gray, to ascertain by observation from the *Monarch* the best color for the disguise of a torpedo boat in its approach by night upon a ship at anchor. We may suppose, if we like, that as the dummy fish torpedo was dropped overboard within proper distance, and as the frigate was struck by the dummy of another kind of torpedo, the *Monarch* was sunk in a simple way as she lay at anchor. But, putting aside for a moment the fish torpedo, and considering only the ordinary torpedo, which has no propelling power within itself, it will at once be seen that for torpedo boats to approach and successfully explode their mines near the water line or under the bottom of a ship at anchor would now be a far more difficult task than some people may suppose. The *Monarch* had her rowing boats keeping guard round her, and watching for the approach of the torpedo flotilla; but had the experimental attack upon her been an episode of actual warfare, the *Monarch* would have been lying within her own nests of protecting torpedoes, laid out on her bows and quarters, while at the same time her boats could have taken a wider range and fought with their runs and torpedoes.—*Times.*

WHAT BROWN SAID.

[BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.]

London, August 9, 1873.—Just as I was congratulating myself upon the swift approach of the 12th, and the consequent arrival of the welcome grouse, Brown walked in, with a frown on his forehead and a bundle of papers in his hand. Now Brown is on the Stock Exchange, and is great at agios and discounts, can talk for a week about securities and loans; usually has a mine in his pocket, and always bores me to death about "money being cheap." Money cheap, indeed, as if I did not see quite plainly that when "Lucullus dines with Lucullus" in future it will be equivalent to dining with Duke Humphrey unless the times alter. I did not want to be bothered with Brown, and I said mildly, "My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you; it's awfully kind of you to look in. Take a cigar (real Partagas), and don't mind my going on with what I am about, because I am writing to the *News Letter*, to tell the worthy editor thereof how to make a salmi of grouse with white wine instead of Madeira. It's true that they have not the real thing in grouse, but they may as well have the best information on the subject." "D— —" Oh! what a wicked word Brown said. "Brown," said I, solemnly, "you'll spoil my appetite for luncheon: I am sorry you feel cross; have some Madeira yourself: there's a lot here." I handed out my precious double voyage, yellow-seal, and the vagabond took a tumbler, and essayed to fill it with the delectable liquor. I stopped him firmly; "Drink fair, my friend, respect the Madeira, and tell your woes." He began to mollify under the benign influence of Partagas and Olivarez, and I picked up his neglected bundle of papers. To my surprise it consisted of a number of San Francisco journals, *Bulletins*, *Calls*, and *Chronicles* for June and July. "Why," I asked, "is it possible that your ill temper proceeds from reading the out-pourings of Messrs. Pot, Kettle & Company, who are never satisfied unless they are calling each other bad names?" "That's it, precisely," replied Brown, "I don't mind their habit of calling each other bad names. It is their habit of crying down the credit of their country that I object to. Here's Jones and Robinson who know how little they mean comfortably getting ten per cent. by sending money to California, while all the great army of buyers who know nothing of the matter are misled into thinking every shilling unsafe that goes near the United States." "Now I don't quite believe you," I said, "for you know I have a few five twenties, and they not only pay very well, but are improving daily. I bought at 90¾ three months ago, and at that figure they pay nearly seven per cent., while I see they stand to-day at 93¾." "You are quite wrong," interrupted Brown, "and you generally are; but if you were quite right it would make it no better. Have not you sense enough to see that in spite of the unimpeachable nature of American credit, your Government bonds to pay six per cent. are infinitely less valuable than those of France, Canada, Australia, or even those of Chili, or the Argentine Republic? Can't you see, for instance, that to-day a promise from Chili to pay six pounds a year is worth nearly ten pounds more than the United States' promise to pay the same sum, and that if these scribblers did not defame their rulers so constantly your bonds would fetch higher prices in the market." I was hopelessly at sea by this time, as I hate arguments and wanted my luncheon, so I said, "Oh drop the shop, Brown; it's too hot, and never mind the San Francisco oddities. Let's go and have something to eat." I might just as well have talked to the wind. "I tell you," he responded, quite fiercely, "it's positively disgraceful. Here is an article in the *Call*, trying to prove the worthlessness of mining securities, and another in the *Bulletin* actually in raptures at the cogency of certain visions of bankruptcy on the part of the railway company. Now I wanted this very day to invest a little fund for poor Johnson's widow in Western stock, and could not get any of the Trustees to think of it. Little Morrison always spreads these things, and, of course, all the good mining shares, railway debentures, and every thing else that is worth having gets into the hands of a few men, who know how to manage at infamously low prices. Your companies get a very little cash at a very high rate of interest, and our buyers get cheated by Turks and Greeks and Spaniards, who can each of them get a million or two here quicker than you can get six pence."

I stopped him, for I felt my digestion in danger. "I cannot help it," I said, "and it worries me terribly, and I wish you would change the subject. Which sauce do you think goes best with ortolans—champagne or Espagnol?" I knew he would start off then, because he hardly knows Bechamel from Poivrade, and hates what he calls stew-pan studies; and so he did, with hardly a good-bye. But the mischief was done, and I couldn't help pondering over what he had said, to the great derangement of my usually healthy appetite. There is no doubt that half the bad reputation of American securities here comes from the reports which are spread by such papers as the *Call*, *Bulletin* and their *confreres*, and a look at the stock exchange list proves it at once. Not that markets are lively just now for anything. The non-payment of Spanish interest due this July is a heavy blow, although it had long been expected; still, as it amounts to three millions sterling, or about a tenth of the entire income that we draw from foreign sources, it has crippled us considerably. Small as the inquiry has lately been for investments, a larger proportion should have come your way, whereas, outside of the Government stocks and the San Francisco Bank, you rarely see a quotation of real business with the public. On settling day, July 31, there was good fun with the U. S. 6 per cents. A lot of men were oversold, and the buyers wanted the stock and not the difference merely, and so they went up nearly one per cent. and for awhile were in great demand to fill previous sales. The London and San

Francisco Bank are quoted at regularly rising prices, and have gone up from 13 to 14½ lately. Mining stock is positively nowhere at present, and the dull days of the last month are likely to be repeated this. I thank my stars that, with the slight exception of the aforesaid five-twenty six per cents, I am not interested. The *Call* may call California bankrupt if it like, and the *Bulletin* may prove to its own satisfaction that the Union Pacific Railroad and Central Pacific Railroad have to borrow the cash for coals before they can start a train, without interfering with me. Still, I cannot help thinking that such utterances, carefully manipulated as they are, do more harm than you imagine, and that there is consequently a great deal of truth in what Brown said. EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

DYING BY INCHES.

The seventeen Norwegian sailors who were frozen to death on Spitzberg Island left the following diary of their sufferings. Brief as it is, it is eloquent of woe. No mention is made of sickness or disease before the 9th of December, when it is said:—"One of the crew sick since eight days," but from this day the same complaint repeats itself with sad monotony—"No improvement in the state of the sick." On the 19th it is said—"Two men constantly in bed; nearly all suffer of the disease." Though no indication is given what illness is meant there is no doubt that it was scorbut. The first death is recorded on the 19th of January in the following words:—"Tonnes Penderson, who was taken ill the 5th of this month, was called to the Lord this morning at 3¼ after a painful illness; this afternoon died also Hendrik Hendriksen, who was taken ill on the 19th of December." The 3d of February only three men were in good health, and the journal repeats every day—"No improvement." The 20th of February we read:—"To-day we have seen the sun for the first time in the year 1873." A new death is recorded the following day:—"To-day the Lord again called to Heaven one of our comrades, Nils Larsen, after an illness of 82 days." Two days later the entries are made by another hand, who writes on the 25th—"I have now only one man in good health to look after the whole house. O Lord help us in our great distress." And on the 28th he continues—"This evening another of our men died: the Lord called him home from this place, so rich in suffering." From this day the journal contains nothing but annotations of deaths until the 19th of April, when the last regular entry is made thus—"Martin Hansen died the 19th of April at six A. M." Then begins another hand, who writes—"Peder Andreas Nilsen of Batsfjord, a red bonnet. Har. T. Mitterhuk." What these words, which have apparently been written under the influence of delirium, are meant to express will never be known, and the horrible fate of the poor sufferer who traced them can only be guessed. Did he struggle hours, days, or weeks among the sixteen corpses of his comrades, or did the deliverer come as he dropped his pen? Nobody knows, nor will ever know.

THE COMPLAINT OF A COCKNEY IN CALIFORNIA.

Can't you prevail upon your quarrelsome friends, the San Francisco Editors, to have a quiet meeting at Badger's Park on an off day, and blaze away at each other all alone by themselves. What sort of an opinion do you imagine foreigners will form of a country wherein three-fourths of the public writers are apparently engaged in exposing each others little weaknesses, and how are you likely to attract quiet, steady-going men of industrious habits and small capital, if your newspapers are always filled with sensational stories of visionary dangers. I declare, I am afraid to send a Californian newspaper home lest I should receive, by return of post, a letter of condolence upon my misfortune in living in a State where every official is denounced as a thief, every newspaper is accused of selling its advocacy, and every political leader suspected of a deliberate intention to ruin his country. Really, you might respect yourselves a little if you wish for the respect of the outer world, and remember that while once honored names like Schenck and Fremont become objects of suspicion abroad, and you all accuse each other of every corruption at home, folk are likely to begin to take you at your own value. Don't you recollect the cordial agreement of the audience with Dogberry, when he desires to be written down as an ass? [We quite agree with the above, especially the last sentence. No one will ever dispute its writer's title to the honor of being "written down an ass."—ED.]

Interesting Development at the Brighton Aquarium, England.—During the present week multitudes of eggs of the sea-crawfish have been hatched in one of the tanks at the Brighton Aquarium, and the little crreatures may be seen swimming in shoals in the clear water. A peculiar interest is attached to this incident, as that which is now proved to be the young of "Palinurus," the sea-crawfish, or "Langouste" of the French, has long been generally regarded as a distinct species, and known as "Phyllosoma," or the "glass-crab," and it is thus described and figured in many works on Marine Zoology. It is so unlike the parent that it is not surprising its relationship, though recently suspected, remained so long unrecognized. Several broods of young lobsters have also been hatched at the Aquarium, and a swarm of them may now be seen in a tank near the young crawfishes.—*English Paper.*

THE ROSEBUD AND THE SUN.

A rosebud on a moss rose tree,
Veiled in her green, sat modestly,
And peeping forth, with cheeks so red,
Half nestled in its mossy bed.
It quivered and danced so merry and gay,
As the sun arose on a Summer day;
As the sun came up he looked around,
And spied the bud upon the ground;
It looked so modest and so sweet,
As it lifted its head, the sun to greet;
As it sat bedecked with diamonds white,
Which the dew had strewn while it slept at night;
When the sun saw the homage of the dew,
It filled him with a feeling new,
And he vowed he never would be outdone—
That the bud by the dew should never be won.
So he darted his rays on the dew-decked ground,
And dashed the diamonds far around;
Just then the clouds came up from the West,
And he saw not the bud ere he sank to his rest.
The moss rose wilted as it lay,
And the sun went wandering on its way;
But the rosebud haunted his restless dreams,
And tinged with its colors his roseate beams,
In Eastern climes and in foreign lands,
On mountain plain and seaside sands.

* * * * * *

Obedient to the Eternal Law,
His ray returned—'twas a bud no more.
Fled was the beauty that lately shone,
The fragrant breath of its youth was gone;
It lay on its bed so sad and forlorn,
Its dress of green was soiled and torn;
The sun was touched with a secret pain,
And he sighed for its youthful form again.
And he wished he had never blighted the bower,
But had left it to bloom in its mossy lower.
Let us take our warning from the sun,
And never once do what can't be undone;
And never give cause for idle regret,
But crush down the feeling with envy beset.

OAKLAND, August 18, 1873. FRANK S. JOHNSON.

THE FIRST MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

The following account of the first meerschaum pipe has been published by Messrs. Pollak & Son, pipe manufacturers in New York:—"In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the Capital of Hungary, Karol Kowates, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, etc., brought him into contact with Count Andrassy, ancestor of the present Prime Minister of Austria, with whom he became a favorite. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a large piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must naturally be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the Count, and one for himself. But in the pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and many a piece of shoemaker's wax became attached to the pipe. The clay, however, instead of assuming a dirty appearance, as was naturally to be expected, when Karol wiped it off, received, wherever the wax had touched, a clear brown polish, instead of the dull white it previously had. Attributing this change in the tint to the proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and, polishing the pipe, again smoked it, and noticed how admirably and beautifully it colored; also, how much more sweetly the pipe smoked after being waxed. Karol had struck the smoking philospher's stone; and other noblemen, hearing of the wonderful properties of this singular species of clay, imported it in considerable quantities for the manufacture of pipes. The natural scarcity of this much-esteemed article, and the great cost of importation, in those days of limited facilities for transportation, rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest European noblemen, until 1830, when it became a more general article of trade. The first meerschaum pipe made by Karol Kowates has been preserved in the museum of Pesth, which, by the way, was the native city of Mr. Pollak, Sen."

Colonel Dudley had a rare old time in court the other day over the "baby doctor's bill case." He lost the case, his temper, and some gallons of "honest sweat," three waistcoat buttons, and some hair oil. Still he feels happy, and sniffs the air proudly, as ever did war horse sniff clover.

COURT CHAT.

The Post-Mortem Examination of the First Napoleon's Body.—In the exhibition at present open in the Mechanics' Hall, Dumfries, there is shown by Major Young of Linclnden, a lock of hair cut from the head of the Great Napoleon after death, a letter in connection with which is of some historical value. Hitherto French writers have represented that the *post mortem* examination of Napoleon's body was an unwarrantable liberty, taken in opposition to deceased's wish. The letter was only discovered, along with the lock of hair, three years ago, by Major Young, in a secret draw of an old writing desk belonging to his father, to whom the epistle was written by Dr. Short, a native of Dumfries, who held the office of principal medical officer of the British staff at St. Helena, and who superintended the dissection. It is as follows:—"St. Helena, 7th May, 1821.—My dear Sir,—You will no doubt be much surprised to hear of Bonapart's death, who expired on the 5th of May, after an illness of some standing. His disease was cancer in the stomach, that must have lasted some years, and been in the state of ulceration some months. I was in consultation and attendance several days, but he would not see strangers. I was officially introduced the moment he died. His face in death was the most beautiful I ever beheld, exhibiting softness and every good expression in the highest degree, and really seemed formed to conquer. The following day I superintended the dissection of his body—(at this time the countenance was much altered), which was done at his own request to ascertain the exact seat of the disease (which he imagined to be where it was afterwards discovered to be), with the view of benefiting his son, who might inherit it. During the whole of his illness he never complained, and kept his character to the last. The disease being hereditary, his father having died with it, and his sister, the Princess Borghese, being supposed to have it, proves to the world that climate and mode of life had no hand in it, and contrary to the assertions of Messrs. O Meara and Stobo, his liver was perfectly sound; and had he been on the throne of France instead of an inhabitant of St. Helena, he would equally have suffered, as no earthly power could cure the disease when formed."

A curious incident has recently been recorded, which will most likely remain without a future parallel. At Drans-feld, in the province of Hanover a Jewish couple celebrated their golden wedding on the new moon, at Tamuz. The bridegroom served at the battle of Waterloo, and like his wife has attained the vigor of a robust constitution and the signs of a contented life. The grandchildren of the "bridal couple" presented the celebrants with a golden bouquet and a golden wreath. Then the assembly proceeded to the synagogue, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and where an edifying and effecting address was delivered by the son of the jubilants. The Queen-Dowager has sent the couple a "golden Bible," which, accompanied by a suitable speech, was presented to them by the local teachers. The Christian community of the place by no means remain indifferent, but took an active part in his extraordinary solemnity.

It is stated in the Life of Moscheles, that on the occasion of a visit from Mendelssohn to the Queen, when he played several pieces before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, Her Majesty said, "You have given me so much pleasure now, what can I do to give you pleasure?" Upon this the composer, with admirable tact and taste, being himself the father of a family, asked that he might see the Royal children in the Royal nurseries, and we are told that the Queen at once entered into the spirit of his appeal, and in her most winning way conducted him herself through the nurseries, all the while comparing notes with him on the homely subjects that had a special attraction for both. I am glad to read such a story, which reflects credit upon the composer and upon the Queen. Any man, however distinguished, might have been proud of making such a visit in such company.

There is a good story by the Bishop of Winchester which a friend of mine heard him tell at dinner. The Bishop said he was once conversing with a young German lady, a governess, and she was expressing her warm admiration of the English Church Litany. The Bishop of course agreed with her, and admired the good taste of the fair devotée. "Yes," she said, "I am so fond of your Litany, for in it you pray for us poor governesses." "Indeed!" said the Bishop, very much puzzled, and after thinking a little he was obliged to ask where the passage was. "Oh," replied Fraulein, naïvely, "that part, you know, where you pray for all women laboring with child!" The dear creature was quite innocent, and how could the Bishop explain?

The fete-de-nuit was a grand spectacle, beside which the Jockey Club organized an extra race day in honor of the Shah, who attended personally, but in simple undress. Isabelle, the Jockey Club flower girl, who, as usual, was dressed in the colors of the favorite, presented the Shah with a bouquet made to represent the Persian arms, and the wife of President M'Mahon was present with a bouquet forming the tricolor of France. This little *fête* brought in over 100,000 francs profit to the funds of the Jockey Club, not at all an unprofitable fashion of offering an unpractical compliment.

The Prosecution of M. Rane.—The further the advance made in the "instruction" of the Rano prosecution, says the *Patrie*, the more evident does it become that a powerful intervention in his favor has given to the first inquiries a fortunate turn for the accused. Many official documents are wanting, and we are assured that General Appert has very frankly declared they have been suppressed, in at least a large number of instances, by the direct orders of M. Thiers—orders which he had no power to dispute.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

A hot-tempered Danbury woman, who finds much trouble in persuading her husband to furnish kindlings, and then is obliged to do it herself, read in a religious paper, recently, of how a wife induced a wicked husband to become one of the most affectionate and hopeful of men by being invariably calm and loving with him. The story made a deep impression upon her, and when she started the fire that noon, she put a pair of rubbers among the wood. Then she tied a handkerchief across her nose, and went on with her work. When the husband reached the gate he paused, fetched a sniff that made a hole in the atmosphere, and then went around to the back of the house and fetched another sniff that had an equally damaging effect on the atmosphere. He stared into the next yard and up at his own house, and felt in his pockets, and was about to go around to the front again, when his wife thrust her head out of the house and said, "Why don't you come in the house, you old fool? Come in and get your dinner, and let me read an article to you from the *Christian Secretary*, you old rip. Come in and see how nice it is to get dinner with nothing to burn but your rubbers, you whited sepulchre. Come in here, I tell you, before I lose my temper, and say what I oughtn't to." At this invitation he went in, going upon the stoop and to the door very slowly, but, on opening the door, disappeared inside with marvelous suddeness. The neighbors say he was cutting wood all that afternoon, and thinking of the religious press.

Last week it was remarked in these columns that the unfortunate man who lashes up the Foreign correspondence of the *Post* had made a sweet blunder in stating that "Lectures on cookery were given daily *at the Crystal Palace*, the lecturer illustrating his precepts by cooking various dishes and handing them round for approval," the performance in question really taking place at the London International Exhibition at South Kensington, which is ten miles or so from the Crystal Palace. The *Post* flew into a rage and flatly contradicted the statement, saying that it had consulted a file of the *Daily Telegraph* and found the advertisement of the aforesaid lectures. Now the *Post* is hereby informed that no such advertisement can be found in the *Telegraph;* that the advertisement it refers to is headed, "London International Exhibition;" and that no such lectures have taken place at the Crystal Palace, but only at the Exhibition, where a kitchen has been duly fitted up at a cost of one thousand pounds for the display. The *Post's* first mistake was the excusable blunder of an incompetent subordinate; the second is a gross attempt to cover a venial error with a downright falsehood.

The quidnuncs and bogus news manufacturers have for a long time been more or less busy with the name of Joaquin Miller. The mad, long-haired bowler of the Sierras has been served up before the public as a horse-thief, a squaw-man, a bad husband and worse friend. Then he has been trotted out as an interesting individual, suffering from incipient consumption. He next appears as an aspirant to the hand of some fair daughter of England's aristocracy. The last intelligence received of this stringer together of grandiloquent tautology is that he is about to spend a few weeks with the English Premier, Gladstone, at Hamedon Castle, Wales. Hitherto we have looked upon Gladstone as a man of sense, and should therefore prefer receiving as truth another report, which says that the wild poet is putting up at a third-rate gaff in Cheapside, a place discovered by Prentice Mulford in his search for the cheap and nasty, and by him recommended to the Poet of the Sierras as likely to remind him of his by-gone squaw-man days.

When a mangy, shrill-voiced whiffet clamorously assails a noble mastiff, who deigns no notice of so insignificant a foe, the little nuisance probably has some vague notion in his brute mind that by venturing on such an attack he elevates himself to the position of an equal with the object of his impotent fury. Probably, too, that very small specimen of a little-great man, M. M. Estee, imagined that by undertaking to criticise Mr. Felton, as he did at Platt's Hall the other night, he placed himself on terms of equality with that gentleman. The presumption that could prompt a man of Estee's calibre to attempt to measure swords with John B. Felton furnishes strong *prima facie* evidence that even the small allowance of brain with which nature has endowed him has not escaped the attack of organic disease. Indeed, the fact that this political Jumping Jack seriously aspired to the position of United States Senator ought to suffice to send him to Stockton.

An American Citizen, whose noble Caucasian nose belongs to one Continent, while his crisp, woolly locks are characteristic of another, has just started a new weekly paper in San Francisco, which rejoices in the title of the "*Independent Defender*." The ostensible object of this sheet is to defend American Protestant institutions against Roman Catholic encroachments – an excellent object, but one not to be aided by such a sheet as the *Defender*, which evinces neither taste, tact, nor talent, the editorial articles being written in a dialect which bears the same relation to good English that poor chiccory does to choice Mocha. Protestants may well exclaim:

"Non tali auxilio, nec Defensoribus istis."

But the *real* object of this ungrammatical *Defender* is revealed in a significant editorial in the first number, which announces a series of articles "giving a history from the beginning, of every Fire, and Life Insurance Company in San Francisco. This is, of course, a notice to the companies to prepare to "come down."

Stebbins discourseth gravely of public men and sentiments. Evidently the lantern-jawed parson hankereth after the flesh-pots of Egypt. Stone is a jockey, Hemphill a beau, Kip a Chesterfieldian ninny, Carpenter an osculating philanthropist, Alemany a whining skeleton, why should not Stebbins be a politician? He perhaps knows as much about that as anything else, except making inopportune speeches at public dinners. He is a huge gasometer, and if newspapers are paid so much per line, orators so much per hour, etc., the Rev. Stebby has certainly a right to so much per foot. He is open to offers from the puissant Carr or Booth's favorite henchman. Bid lively, gentleman, or the Reverend Blower will have turned his stream of blatant nonsense upon some other subject.

On Sunday last, a vaquero named Jose, near Anaheim, was kicked in the face by a vicious horse. Soon after, while he was drawing water to wash the wound, he lost his balance and fell into the well, which is 62 feet deep. He was taken out dead. His soul had not proceeded more than half way to purgatory when the lift broke, and down he went to hell. Hardly had he got to hell when the devil, mistaking him for Pickering, stuck his fork in the fleshiest part of his person, and cornered him in the hottest part of the establishment. However, on examination, the devil found out that it was not old Pick, thought it must be the Deacon Fitch, so stirred him up once more with his long pole. Truly "whom the Lord loveth he persecuteth."

Governor Booth's trenchant "open letter" to Hon. John B. Felton would have lost nothing in force had it been less splenetic in temper. There were some sentences in the letter which were suggestive of the style of "discussion" adopted by a shrew whom anger has made unmindful of her manners. There was also a certain unpleasant narrowness and liberalism in the Governor's interpretation of Felton's language, which seems to imply that the former studied rhetoric in a school which does not recognize oratorical figures of speech. However, Felton is abundantly able to fight his own battles, even against so redoubtable a foe as our precisian, straight-backed Governor. We expect to hear from him before long.

Mrs. Annie McCarty, who, as her name denotes, is from Italy, keeps a lodging house on Stockton street. She is of a saving disposition, and objects to the reckless use of gas. Each night, at half-past ten, her fairy feet may be heard descending the stairs, and lilly-white hand seen turning down the gas. We admire Annie for this, but a lodger, Dr. Hartman (no doubt searching for a diploma), objects to Annie's extinguishing propensities, and on Monday actually turned the gas on again, or tried to. This Annie could not stand, so she wafted her lilly paw in the Doctor's direction. On Wednesday she paid fifteen dollars for the waft. Why did she not "kiss the place and make it well?" We are sure the Doctor would have forgiven her.

The long suffering citizens of San Francisco are now suffering from a strong attack of burglarism. There is, however, some consolation in knowing that they won't find much hard cash, as the political ducks have drained the monetary ponds pretty nearly dry. There is, however, a little mud left. The names of the parties lately robbed offered a rare chance for our daily local atomizers to make a "joke" on. The names of the sufferers were Mrs. Dunn, Franklin street, Mrs. Tappin, Pacific Avenue, and Mrs. Coffin, Van Ness Avenue. We wonder that the funny man on the *Alta* has not come out with some painfully comic spasm like the following:

If you rob a Coffin, rest you will have none;
Won't your heart go Tappin when the deed is Dunn?

A young man who puts up at the Lick House, and whose name is supposed to be McDonald, was discovered in a rather disreputable part of the city, enjoying the early morning breezes in a pair of pants and a shirt. He says that he was robbed "in some house up town," as the *Chronicle* mildly puts it, "of one hundred dollars, his clothes and papers." We fancy that this innocent forgot to bring his hundred along, which may in some measure account for the absence of his papers and wardrobe. We anxiously look through the *Chronicle's* "Personals" for further developments, and advise young men to avoid "houses up town" unless properly heeled.

"A subscriber" writes to the *T. C.* asking him if he will be kind enough to "cry to erring youths," who have lately deserted the maternal petticoat. He describes one as a young Hibernian, whose teeth are still hairy, and the other as a child of Scotia, who yet picks little chunks of "porridge" out of his back teeth. These youths "Subscriber" complains will persist in perambulating our streets on Saturday nights (when the store is closed, we presume), in stove-pipe hats. The *T. C.* sees nothing so very sinful in wearing plug hats on Saturday nights, and can only suppose that "Subscriber" keeps a hat store and has not yet got pay for his "plugs."

The Chronicle publishes its Sunday edition with a flourish of trumpets. We must admit that we like to read the *Chronicle*, which is, as it says, spicy and bold. It is as pert as a freed negro, as accomplished in the statement of facts as the famous twain, Ananias and Sapphira. But we would like to see one page filled with other matter, which is now consumed in setting forth the stereotyped subscribers' names, and in giving detailed accounts of the discharge of naval effluvia in marvelous quantities, to say nothing of decaying lungs, rotten nose bridges, and other interesting items.

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S PRAYER IN CHURCH.

Give me an eye to other's failings blind,
(Miss Smith's new bonnet's quite a fright behind.)

Wake in me charity for the suffering poor—
(There comes that contribution-plate once more.)

Take from my soul all feelings covetous,
(I'll have a shawl like that, or make a fuss.)

Let love for all my kind my spirit stir,
(Save Mrs. Jones. I'll never speak to her.)

Let me in Truth's fair pages take delight;
(I'll read that other novel through to-night.)

Make me contented with my earthly state,
(I wish I'd married rich, but it's too late.)

Give me a heart of faith in all my kind,
(Miss Brown's as big a hypocrite as you'll find.)

Help me to see myself as others see,
(This dress is quite becoming unto me.)

Let me act out no falsehood, I appeal,
(I wonder if they think these curls are real.)

Make my heart of humility the fount,
(How glad I am our pew's so far in front.)

Fill me with patience and the strength to wait,
(I know he'll preach until our dinner's late.)

Take from my heart each grain of self-conceit,
(I am sure the gentlemen must think me sweet.)

Let saintly wisdom be my daily food,
(I wonder what they'll have for dinner good.)

Let not my feet ache in the road to light,
(Nobody knows how these shoes pinch and bite.)

In this world teach me to deserve the next,
(Church out. "Charles, do you recollect the text?")

JOE JOT, JUN.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

United States of America—Pacific Coast—California.—Light House at Mare Island, entrance to Straits of Karquines.—Notice is hereby given that *fixed white* light will be exhibited on and after the evening of September 1, 1873, from a structure recently erected on the southeast end of Mare Island, at the entrance of the Straits of Karquines, California. The apparatus is a lens of the 4th order, illuminating 203 deg. of the horizon. The tower is a low, square wooden one, rising from the keeper's dwelling, also of wood. The focal plane is 76 feet above the mean level of low water, and in clear weather, the eye being elevated 15 feet above the water, should be seen at a distance of 14 4-10 nautical miles. The light is visible from NE. by eastward to W. by S. The hills north of the light house rise to a hight of 300 feet above the water, forming a dark background. The dome of the lantern is painted red, the remainder of the structure is painted a light buff. The geographical position of the light is approximately: Latitude 38 deg. 04 min. 24 sec. north. Longitude 122 deg. 14 min. 16 sec. west. The magnetic variation is 16 deg. 45 sec. east. From the light house, the red buoy, No. 4 (juncture of Mare Island and Karquines Straits), bears E. ¼ S., distant ⅜ nautical mile. Benicia (Rocky Point) bears E. ⅛ S., distant 4½ nautical miles. Point Penole bears SW. ½ S., distant 6¾ nautical miles. By order of the Light House Board.

JOSEPH HENRY, Chairman.

TREASURY DEPT., Office Light House Board, Washington, D. C., Aug. 4, 1873.

Tired of bragging about their big pumpkins, pretty girls, and immaculate politicians, the New Yorkers have now produced a mammoth toadstool, weighing seven and a quarter pounds. We almost wish they had our two pound and a half baby, then their cup of happiness would be filled to the brim. The *T. C.* called n once to see this wonkertul babe, and does not want to see it again. Something very like it may be seen preserved in spirits in a museum on Montgomery street. The only difference being that the pickled one has two heads.

The little girls are keeping house now and inviting other little girls to take tea with them. The tea consists mostly of warm water served in miniature wooden dishes, and a slice of green apple with a worm in it. The little girls drink the tea and chew the apple with proper solemnity. Then they say, "I shan't!" "You're just as mean as you can be!" "I shall go right home, *now!*" and kick each other on the legs, and disperse.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes as follows:—London is fast thinning, and the fashions of bathing dresses and seaside garments are more thought of than ball dresses or opera costumes. The opera season is over—Patti and Nilsson have warbled their last notes for this year, and the carriages and riders (I mean those of the upper ten) have almost disappeared from the park. Ladies no longer get themselves up to visit the gallery of the house, or to sit in the black hole atmosphere of the law courts. It is too hot to take a vigorous interest in anything, even the big Claimant, and Dr. Kenealy is not half such an interesting person to look at now; he has obtained leave to talk without his wig. Spotted costumes are all the rage now, muslins, grenadines, and silks are all worn spotted, and it is quite correct to have bonnets to match. Spots are not becoming—the more spotted dresses there are worn the more plain looking women there appear to be. I saw the Duchess of Teck in a spotted costume the other day—brown and white—and I certainly never saw her Royal Highness in anything so unbecoming, her taste in dress is generally so perfect. Some dresses prepared for the children of her Grace the Duchess are a marvel of embroidery. I don't know what the material is, it looked in the box like very fine grenadine, but the work is exquisite hand embroidery, wreaths of field flowers most beautifully blended to twine round the skirts, capes, and sleeves. The pretty Czarevna has the credit of introducing one of the most elegant hats of this season. It is already called the "Czarevna" in all the shop windows, and is very much worn. Both the Princess of Wales and her sister have worn hats of the same shape more than once, and very becoming they are. The Czarevna is simply a Tuscan hat, with a flat crown and a brim about three inches broad. In front the brim turns down and rests upon the forehead, both sides are turned up towards the back, and the very back is fastened into a sort of curtain. The brim is lined all round with black velvet, and on the left side a small spray of flowers is placed under it. The right side is fitted up with a black velvet bow, and the outside of the hat is trimmed with a band of velvet and a handsome flower which springs from a bow of black at the back and goes right round the crown. Two handsome ends of velvet on a long lace falling at the back complete the hat, which is one of the most graceful I have ever seen. The most fashionable flowers for it are pale pink of a rather curious tint, most absurdly named the "Russia blush." A new fantastic notion has been introduced at specially grand weddings during the past few weeks. I believe, like most *outre* customs, it comes from France. The bride's train is borne by children, either little girls or boys according to her fancy. If boys, they are usually dressed in some fancy costume, such as sailors and Highlanders. I saw two tiny trainbearers at a wedding last week dressed in white Greek dresses, and very pretty the urchins looked. The general style of weddings this season has been very theatrical. I should not be surprised to see them made fancy dress affairs altogether before long. Ladies who like quiet dressing, and who look well in black, will be glad to learn that black straw bonnets are becoming very fashionable, and that a curious simplicity prevails in the manner of trimming them. A wreath of leaves, either brown or green, is the sole ornament, and the effect is very good. Three cornered hats are also shown by the milliners, but they are so very peculiar that I don't think they will ever be fashionable. I have seen some very curious-looking seaside dresses this season. The *modistes* don't seem quite to know what to do for novelties. The oddest of all was a white pique dress trimmed with spots of embroidery, which look exactly like a baby's worsted balls, in all colors. These spots or balls went only round the edge of the jacket and sleeves, and the flounces on the skirt; but the effect was very strange. Four or five colors were used in each spot, which was so worked that the surface looked round, and as if the costume was trimmed with many-colored marbles. I think shoe and boot bows get larger than ever. Those worn on the fashionable shoes now quite cover the front of the foot, and leave scarcely anything of the toe to be seen; while, at the instep, they expand into a fan-like arrangement of bows, which make the ankle look very thick.—*Glasgow Mail.*

THE DEACON'S DOG.

It is a great many years ago, at a camp meeting, that Brother Higgins, a good man, but passionately fond of dogs, came in one day accompanied by a black-and-tan hound. Somebody asked him to address the congregation, and he mounted the stand for the purpose, while his dog sat down upon his haunches immediately in front looking at his master. In the midst of the discourse, which entertained us much, another dog came up, and, after a few social sniffs at Brother Higgin's dog, began to examine the hind leg of the latter with his teeth, apparently for the purpose of ascertaining if it was tender. An animated contest ensued, and one of the congregation came forward for the purpose of separating the animals. His efforts were not wholly successful. He would snatch at the leg of Higgin's dog, but before his hand got there the yellow dog would be on that side, and would probably take an incidental and cursory bite at the deacon's hand. Brother Higgins paused in his discourse, and watched the deacon. Then he exclaimed, "Spit in his eye, Brother Thompson; spit in the hound's eye." Brother Thompson did, and the fight ended. "But I just want to say," continued Mr. Higgins, "that outside of the sanctuary that dog of mine can eat up any salmon-colored animal in the State, and then chaw up the bones of its ancestors for four generations without turning a hair! You understand me." Then the services proceeded.

CARO NOME.

[BY KATE HILLARD.]

Hold the sea-shell to thine ear,
And the murmur of the wave
From its rosy depths mayst hear,
Like a voice from out the grave
Calling thro' the night to thee!
Low and soft and far-away,
From a silent, distant shore,
Where is neither night or day,
Nor the sound of plying oar;
For all sleep beside the sea!

Low and soft, but constant still,
For it murmurs evermore
With a steady, pulsing thrill,
Of the waves upon the shore,
And it tells naught else to thee.
Hold my heart up to thine ear,
And the one beloved name
Singing thro' its depths mayst hear,
And the song is still the same,—
'Tis a murmur from the sea:

From the great sea of my love,
Far-reaching, calm and wide,
Where nor storms nor tempests move,
Nor ebbs the constant tide,
And the waves still sing of thee! —*Scribner's for Sept.*

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

The Bank of England Forgers, George McDonnell, George and Austin Bidwell and Edwin Noyes, have all been found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude for life—the highest punishment possible.——The Emperor Francis Joseph visted the American Department on Tuesday and inspected the exhibition of the educational system of the United States, to which he awarded high praise. ——Carl Wilhelm, composer of the famous German war song, "The Watch on the Rhine," died yesterday at Schweikelden.——The fire among the warehouses of Antwerp has been extinguished. The loss is estimated at $400,000.——Lizzaraga, with 3,000 men, is reported marching to reinforce the Carlist forces besieging Estella, who now number 8,000. The latter were again defeated on Monday, with considerable loss, by the Republican forces in Estella. The Republican loss was fifty.——The *Journal of Botany* records the death of two British botanists of reputation—Mr. James Ward, of Richmond, Yorkshire, one of the most active and experienced botanists of the North of England; and Mr. James Irvine, of Chelsea, who wrote a "London Flora" in 1838, and was one of the editors of the old *Phytologist*.——The artillerymen of the Barcelona garrison who mutinied and endeavored to bring about a general revolt, have been tried by court-martial, and twenty of the most guilty have been sentenced to death and thirty to transportation to penal colonies.——It has been ascertained that the cargo landed on the coast of Biscay by the *Deerhound* consisted of condemned American small-arms.——The Government has information which leads to the belief that the Carlists and Intransigentes are acting in concert.——Don Carlos has issued a stringent order against interference by his forces with railroad communication. The penalty of death is decreed for violation of this order. The insurgents are repairing the telegraphic lines in the northern provinces.——The steamships *City of Bristol*, *Greece* and *Anglia*, from New York, and the *Phœnician*, from Montreal, arrived at Liverpool 28th inst.——Roman Catholic Bishop Keelt, of Berlin, has been sentenced to pay a fine of four hundred thalers, and Bishop Ledvesowski one of two hundred thalers, for infraction of ecclesiastical law, in appointing clergymen without first obtaining the sanction of the State authorities.——Considerable excitement has been created in Vienna, among those interested in the affairs of the Exposition, by the refusal of an English firm to accept a medal of merit awarded by the judges.——During the past three months French railroads have sold 360,000 tickets to religious pilgrims.——The project for an International Postal Congress, to be held in Berne, has been abandoned.——Count Menderstroen, of Stockholm, is dead.——The British Government will send an expedition from Cape Coast Castle against the Ashantees. Sir Garnet Walsley will command the expedition, and he will be accompanied by a distinguished staff of his old colleagues of Red River, in addition to twenty selected officers who are to organize native levies 15,000 strong.—— Parliament was prorogued by royal commission on August 5th till October 22d. ——The Royal Message return thanks for the provision for the Duke of Edinburgh, briefly notices the Zanzibar mission, the restoration of the 1860 commercial treaty with France, the conclusion of several extradition treaties, the passing of the Supreme Court of Judicature Act, the Education Amendment Act, and the Acts for regulating railways, canals and merchant shipping; declares that the revenue has answered expectations, and trusts that for "these and all mercies" the country will be truly thankful.——Remarkable changes have been made in the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as Premier; Mr. Lowe goes to the Home Office; Mr. Bruce receives a peerage and succeeds Lord Ripon, who with Mr. Childers retires; Mr. Bright rejoins the Cabinet. Previous to these Cabinet changes, Mr. Baxter resigned his office of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, through differences with Mr. Lowe about the Zanzibar contract. In regard to the new contract fixing £20,000 instead of £26,000 as the subsidy, he was completely ignored.——The Greenwich election has resulted in the return of a Conservative by a large majority.——East Staffordshire has returned Mr. Allsopp, Conservative, by 3,630 votes to 2,693 recorded for Mr. Jaffray, Liberal.——By a frightful railway accident at Wigan to the Scotch tourist train, twelve persons have been killed and thirty injured. Part of the train left the rails when passing "facing" points. Sir John Anson was among the killed.

DEPOSITORS IN SAVINGS BANKS.

We see by a letter in the Alta of the 26th inst., by "A Savings Bank Depositor" (which we copy in this issue), that he fears the effect of the revolutionary doctrine of the Governor and the Communist ideas of Swift. It is by no means strange that this depositor takes the Governor to task, and it is high time for *all* such depositors to investigate the signs of the times and see whether it is wise or even safe to aid Governor Booth in his wild scramble for office. These depositors and all other well informed persons know that the great bulk of accumulated capital in this State is on deposit in the savings banks, and that the grand total of this capital amounts to over fifty-three millions of dollars. Now, Governor Booth took it upon himself, in his recent speech at San Francisco, to particularly denounce aggregated capital as the one great present evil. It will not do for the Governor or his friends now to pretend that he did not have the savings banks in his mind's eye at that time. Besides, it is well understood that the Governor has, during his official term, sought by every means in his power to impose burdens upon these institutions, such as the odious mortgage tax, the enforcement of which would necessarily reduce the dividends of depositors. But this is a small evil compared with others which naturally follow the teachings of the Governor and his organs, the *Union*, *Bulletin* and *Call*. By far the greater portion of these deposits has been loaned upon real estate in San Francisco, and anything which has a tendency to reduce the value of landed property lessens the security; consequently, in case of a forced sale, the number of buyers is greatly reduced, so the bank is compelled to become the purchaser. We presume no sane person will deny that in consequence of the reckless editorials of the *Bulletin* and *Call*, real estate alone in San Francisco has depreciated more than fifty millions of dollars within two years last past. This, however, is by no means the most alarming circumstance. For months past it has required no prophet's vision to see that the Associated Press of California, composed of the *Union*, *Bulletin* and *Call*, were striving to raise up a spirit of lawlessness among the people, so as to induce them to burn bridges and snow sheds, tear up rails, and mob railroad officials. We know this is a hard and serious charge to make, but the threatening and intemperate language of these journals fully justify it. The result of these teachings has been the destruction of more than one bridge and snow shed. The secret burning of a shed or bridge ought to have been sufficient to satisfy the malevolence of these papers, but, far from it—it was but an appetizer. They called the more loudly for vengeance—for blood. They manufactured and published, and still continue to manufacture and publish falsehoods and libels against Stanford & Co. and the railroad by reams; they insist, although they know the question never will be revived, that the Railroad Company will make another effort to secure Goat Island. They proclaim from day to day, when they know to the contrary, that Stanford & Co. are seeking to obtain a money or bond subsidy from San Francisco. They charge, knowing its falsity, that the Railroad Company has purchased all the political county committees, and conventions, and independent committees, save the People's Union, and have nominated their own confederates for office, and that all newspapers and men who disagree with them are railroad hirelings, and then fiercely demand their extermination; and, to cap the climax, in the midst of this uproar and throwing of filth upon spotless characters, they induced the Governor of the State to violate his word and become a candidate for the United States Senate, and make a speech that sent a thrill of alarm through the money circles of the State. The oration was carefully studied and well written—was ornate, polished and well delivered—fair without, like the "whited sepulcher, but within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." The speech was communistic in idea, agrarian in character, and revolutionary in effect. It first aroused the attention of large railroad proprietors. Bankers next scanned it, then persons interested in other corporations investigated it. As its true character became understood, merchants and manufacturers seeing their names published as Vice-Presidents of the meeting, and fully understanding the disgrace of occupying such a position, made haste to notify the public that their names were used without their consent; seeing all these classes condemning it, the depositors in savings banks commenced to hunt up old papers in which it was published, and upon re-reading it, they found instead of a simple attack upon railroads, that it was aimed in an especial manner at their capital—they began to inquire into his antecedents, and they were astonished to learn that he had all along been inimical to their interests. Some few were, under the excitement of the moment, on the borders of a panic. Some counseled that they draw out their deposits, but others suggested a wiser and better remedy, which was that there were depositors enough in the savings banks to defeat the Halladie ticket, the ratification of which was the occasion of this mischievous and foolish speech, and we have no doubt that on Wednesday next they will teach Governor Booth and his Communist friends that it does not add to one's popularity to play the demagogue by denouncing aggregated or individual capital, or threatening revolution, to all which we say—amen.

"Alderman Nicholas, of Philadelphia, has been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for extorting exorbitant fees." On reading this, one of our most prominent lawyers was seen to perspire freely, retire into a corner of the Bank Exchange, put his hand to his stomach and exclaim, "Good Lord, deliver us." He looked a good deal better after unburdening his bosom and opening his pores.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no rapturous anthem swell.
High tho' his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish could claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,
Doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26. 1873.

PIDGIN ENGLISHIZED.

Spose hab got any man so fashion cullo,
Who no teem have talkee long he own self,
This count'lee b'long mi, b'long mi own.
Spose he hab got, more better look see he.
No 'casion makee largee bobbely that gong.
Spose he Mandalin—spose he Empelor.
Spose he hab got plentee sycee—allo he wantchee,
Maskee all he neem, he dolla, allo;
He lahaloon man, he no sabe noting.
He makee dis two teem—makee finishee.
Puttee he inside that ground.
No man makee care one cash—I can secure. S.

SUNBEAMS.

A man who had missed his way fortunately overtook a boy going with a pot of tar to mark his master's sheep. He asked him the way to Banff, but was directed by so many turnings, right and left, that he agreed to take the boy behind him on his horse. Finding the boy pert and docile, he gave him some wholesome advice, adding occasionally, "Mark well, my boy." "Yes, sir, I do." He repeated the injunction so often that the boy at last cried out, "I canna mark ye ony mair, as the tar has geen out."

Two Vanities.—(Amateur vocalist and his wife, alone together after an evening party) "Did I look nice to-night, love?" "O, no end. How was I in good voice?" "First-rate, love. Tell me, do you prefer me with a ribbon in my hair, or flowers?" "O, either! Look here. Which style suits me best, do you think—the fervid passion of Santley, or the thrilling tenderness of De Soria?" "O, both. Don't you think a yellow ribbon with black lace," etc.

An urchin not quite three years old said to his sister, while munching a piece of ginger-bread, "Sis, take half of dis cake to keep till the afternoon, when I get cross." This is nearly as good as the story of the child who bellowed from the top of the stairs, "Ma, Hannah won't pacify me."

Pigeon Pie.—Tom: "I say, granma, do you think this poor pigeon was dead when cook put him in the oven?" Granma: "Yes, dear. Why?" Tom, incredulously: "Because he's knocked off all his toes in kicking through the crust, that's all!"

A Paris paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter: "What have you done with your doll?" "I have put it away to keep for my children when I grow up." "But if you shouldn't have any?" "Ah, well, then it would do for my grand-children."

Spoiling the Ship for a Ha'porth of Tar.—Will it be credited that no turret-ship in the British Navy boasts—a turret-clock? The Board of Admiralty may be incompetent, but they are no time-servers!"

Grandmamma: "Well, Charley, and what have you learned to-day?" Charley: "Pneumatics, gra'ma!—and I can tell you such a dodge. If I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhausted the air, all your wrinkles would come as smooth as granpa's head!

A correspondent of ours, given to romancing, always emphasizes his worst "crammers" with undercomings of red ink. He says he does it to assure us of the truth of his most "inkredible" statements. Will some one explain what he means?

"The Passionate Pilgrim'"—Enthusiastic Pedestrian: "Am I on the right road for Stratford-Shakspeare's town, you know, my man. You've often heard of Shakspeare?" "Ees. Be you he?"

There's Music in his Step.—(Donkey advancing)—Laura: "They're coming, dear! Don't look round!" Blanche: "Hush! Yes, I should recognize the major's step anywhere!"

There is a good deal of sound wisdom in the suggestion of the farmer: "If you want your boy to stay at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

The mayor of a Portuguese city once enumerated, among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified, "a marked impediment in his speech."

A little boy entreated his mother to tell him some stories about bad boys, and upon her expressing astonishment, said, "he wanted to find out how they got out of scrapes."

Rather Perplexing Command.—Captain O'Shea: "Gentlemen, parade to-morrow at four. The first man who arrives last shall be fined."

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged of him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply; "I will be as close as you were."

HOW STRANGE IT WILL BE.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we two
Shall be what all lovers become?
You rigid and faithless, I cold and untrue;
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you.
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do,
Love's bright web unraveled, and rent and worn through,
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!
Ah, me!
How strange it will be.

How strange it will be when the witchery goes,
Which makes me seem lovely to-day;
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose;*
When every day serves some new fault to disclose,
And wonder you could for a moment suppose—
When you find I've cold eyes and an every-day nose—
I was out of the common place way;
Ah, me!
How strange it will be.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we meet
With just a chill touch of the hand;
When my pulses no longer delightfully beat
At the thought of your coming, at the sound of your feet;
When I watch not your coming far down the long street,
When your dear loving voice, so thrillingly sweet,
Grows harsh in reproach or command;
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when we willingly stay
Divided the weary day through;
Or getting remotely apart, as we may,
Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say;
Or coolly converse on the news of the day,
In a wearisome, old-married-folk sort of a way!
I shrink from the picture—don't you!
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and cold,
As so many others have done;
If we do let our love perish with hunger and cold;
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold;
If we choose to live wretched and die unconsoled,
'Twill be strangest of all things that ever were told
As happening under the sun!
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!

OUR SCIENTIFIC MEN.

Our powers of imitation---ever presumptuous, often purile—always degenerates into a despicable and sickening flunkeyism, ever ready to tarnish illustrious supremacy by the apings of a degenerate mediocrity. Ever on the alert to purloin, grab or steal the praiseworthy discoveries and creditable contrivances of others, we seem, as a community, to lack the mental discernment and activity necessary to create anew, while we comfort ourselves with the pleasing delusion that a ready gift of practical adaptability is hardly less meritorious than inventive genius. Many of us can remember the marvelous exhibitions of animal life in a drop of stagnant water, by the aid of ingenious scientific apparatus, delineated on expansive screens, in the Polytechnic Institution of London many years ago. As we have in our midst a body pretending (by title, at any rate) to be scientific, why is it we are not yet astounded by a lenze analysis and gigantified panoramic development of the animated beastliness of our political atmosphere! To be sure, the idea is not new as regards water, but it certainly is as applied to air, and for human development the one is every bit as essential as the other. Little care and precaution need be taken in procuring and bottling up a sample, as it prevails throughout, tainted to saturation in favored localities. In Church, School Hall or Whisky Hell, the pest floats around a contaminating corruption that defiles everything like honorable purity. For a display of the hideous monstrosities with which a thoroughly blind, uncharitable, unthinking and selfish tyranny inflicts us, it might be advisable to bottle up some of the Platt's Hall atmosphere when the "PURITIES" meet there to defame their kindred of like hue.

The Washington British Embassy.---Operations have been commenced in Washington for the erection of this building, which is to cost $103,000.

BLIGHTED.

[BY GEORGE KLINGLE.]

She was singing as he passed;
Twining willows deft and fast;
Twining willows, singing low,
Eyes of sunshine, cheeks aglow:
Did he then at last behold
Eyes of light and locks of gold
Matched to some Madonna old
He had seen—an ideal fair,
Mystic light on lip and hair?
Andalusia's fairest maids
He had scanned in woods and glades—
Fairest maids from sea to sea—
But none he found so fair as she.
He wooed and won the little maid,
And robed her in the rich brocade,
And paid her court in regal hall—
But sad o'er smile amid it all,
For, nurtured where the willows grew,
And where the mountain violets blew,
She faded as a flower that dies
In sighing for its own blue skies.

TIMES ARE ALTERED.

You know her. She lives on your street. Her features are either pinched or full and frowsy. Her dress is wet, ill-fitting, and of no particular pattern: her slippers are broken down; her hair is uncombed; her voice is either shrill or coarse. You have seen her stand out in the back yard, and put a bare arm up to her eyes, and under it peer out to the fence or barn, where a man in an ill-fitting coat is searching for something, and have heard her shout, "John, can't George bring me some water?" And you have heard him cry back, "If he don't get that water I will take every inch of flesh from his bones." And when you have looked at her again, does it seem possible that those angry eyes have dropped in maidenly reserve, or raised in coquettish light to the face of the man in the ill-fitting coat. Can you, by any possible wrench of the imagination, conceive of his tenderly passing peppermints to her; of his taking that hand in his and bashfully squeezing it. But it was so. Many a "God bless you" has been uttered above that bare head. Many a kiss pressed on that uncombed hair. The tightly compressed lips have lovingly framed tender invitations to him to take another bite of cake and pickle. The hands that are now par-boiled and blistered and marked with scars from the bread-knife, and scratches from the last setting hen, were once twined lovingly about his neck, and the nose which is now peaked and red, and looks as if it would stand on its hind legs and scream with rage, once followed the figures of his new vest pattern, or bore heavily against his jugular vein. As little probable as this seems to you, it seems less to her. She has forgotten it. She won't hear it talked of by others. She cannot bear to see it acted by others. Two lovers are to her "a passel of fools." And—but George is rubbing his head, and we turn aside while our heroine readjusts her slipper.—*Danbury News.*

Bryan, the hoodlum murderer, has just saved his bacon, as a kind-hearted jury have pronounced his crime to be only manslaughter. They spent forty hours in arriving at a conclusion—a longer time than many people would take over such a trifle. It is not a good example to set to this, alas, too large element of our California society. Bryan may thank his stars that the *T. C.* was not on the jury. With a pound of crackers in his pocket and the twelve commandments in his hat, he would have starved out the crowd, and Bryant would have been convicted of murder in the first degree.

A New Steamship Line.—Several New York merchants are about to establish a line of steamers between this port and the South American Republic of Venezuela. The first steamer will sail from this city on the 22d inst. The following are the Directors of the Company: John W. Stitt, John Vanness, J. Van Wagenen, B. H. Devey, J. T. Henry, G. W. Davids, Cyrus P. Smith, George Lorillard. This will be the first steamship line between New York and Venezula under the United States flag, and it promises to prove a success.

So these officious gentlemen who parade our streets in ordinary citizens' attire, but wear on their breasts the fiery star of justice, have at last met with a slight check. James F. Orem, one of these underhand minions, displayed too much courage and zeal the other day in clubbing Michael Kelly over the head, while that worthy youth was firmly held by another citizen. It was a bold and gallant deed, and one worthy the gang Orem belongs to—men who would sell their souls for whisky and club their grandmothers to death for two bits.

Nineteen of every twenty persons who write a family letter, after closing with the injunction to "write again as soon as you can," tilt back and devoutly exclaim, "Thank Heaven, *that* job is done."

THE DYING CHILD.

[BY JOHN CLARE.]

He could not die when trees were green,
For he loved the time too well.
His little hands, when flowers were seen,
Were held for the blue bell,
As he was carried o'er the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;
He knew those children of the Spring;
When he was well and on the lee
He held one in his hand to sing,
Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants, the children of the Spring!
How can an infant die
When butterflies are on the wing,
Green grass, and such a sky?
How can they die at Spring?

He held his hand for daisies white,
And then for violets blue,
And took them all to bed at night
That in the green fields grew,
As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,
And flowers would notice not;
Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,
He now no blossoms got:
They met with plaintive sighs.

When Winter came and blasts did sigh,
And bare were plain and tree,
As he for ease in bed did lie,
His soul seemed with the free,
He died so quietly.

—"*Asylum Poems.*"

PREACHERS AND POLITICS.

Mr. Editor:—I have received during the last few weeks numerous calls from prominent and leading politicians, from many of the various rings, cliques, and coteries that control the destinies of the two great parties into which our State is divided; the object of those eager, earnest, anxious, energetic and patriotic political wire-workers, was to induce your humble servant, the Parson, to emerge from his sacred retirement, come out before the political world, and take the field as a partisan stump speaker in the present campaign. Each political aspirant wished me to lend him the powerful aid of my persuasive eloquence for his own personal agrandizement, to be used in assisting to elevate his patriotic soul above the vulgar minds of common men, and place his sleek and well kept corporeal being in one of the easy office chairs of the State or Federal Government, stipulating said chair should be upholstered in the gorgeous modern style so much in vogue at Washington, the covering to be of the American flag, and well stuffed with greenbacks. My unvarying answer to the soul-stirring solicitations of those self-sacrificing patriots was a decided, unequivocal, and dignified NO. Higgins called on me, making a most magnificent offer for my services. I respectfully declined, and asked him to unite with me in prayer for the cause. The beautiful Grecian outline of his nasal organ was somewhat impaired by a slight elevation of its extreme end in the ambient air, and with a sneer on his massive lip, the most cutting I ever beheld, he bade me adieu, muttering, as he retreated from the door of my sanctuary, "Too thin, old fossil! too thin! that stuff won't wash." In the still, solemn hour of midnight, when my unburdened mind, in a blissful state of quiet serenity, enfolded in the soft and soothing embrace of a rose-tinted cloud, was floating away over the plains of heaven, I was rudely called back to the cares of this sinful world by a violent ring at the door-bell. I arose and descended to the parlor, and was presented by my servant to the intruder, who proved to be Mr. Carr; he seemed to be in a high state of nervous anxiety. "By gosh!" said he, "Parson, the Gov' has jumped the track and gone for the people and principle; he's right, but our fellows don't understand that sort of thing, and won't follow him, and without the Gov' I'm afraid we'll lose the fight; by gosh! it's a close thing, Parson, and if you'll come out and stump it on our side, we'll beat 'um yet, and send John B. or George C. to the U. S. Senate; we've got Stebbins roaring around among the long-hairs, and Stone waltzing about with the rose-waters, Hemphill pumping Presbyterian thunder into the Catholics, the Rev. Mr. Noble hunting up the Sabbath-breaking, lager beer guzzlers, Hallelujah Cox raiding among those short-haired creatures that infest the wharves, and now, by gosh! Parson, all we want is for you to come out and make a speech or two for us and have it published in the *News Letter*, and we've got them." In reply to Mr. Carr, I asked him if he thought it consistent with my sacred calling, to drag my sacerdotal robes and sanctified person through the mire of politics. "By gosh, Parson!" said he, "you know this religion is all stuff; it is only the means to an end, and that end is to get onward and upward. Come out now and be famous, like the rest of the old hunkers, like Calvin, Wesley, the Popes, Theo. Parker, Starr King, Chapin, Beecher, Spurgeon, Bellows, Buchard, Gallagher, Jimmy McGinn, and a host of others, who were all politicians and became famous, and have all got onward and upward, by peddling out heaven, which cost them nothing, in exchange for the things of this world which cost the people their all." "Mr. Carr," said I, "think of your immortal soul." "Soul be derned," said he; "by gosh! Parson, I'd rather get little George a seat in the U. S. Senate than to save the souls of the whole Republican party. Soul! by gosh, Parson! what does a politician know about a soul? You know it's all stuff, this soul-saving business; but if you can make it count for us, go in and give it to them—tell them God's on our side; that Christ was a revolutionary hero, and died for the straight Republican party; that the Virgin Mary wore the cap of liberty, that the American eagle was the bird that came down from heaven and lit on the head of John the Baptist, as he stood in the river Jordan. Tell them that in old times it was customary to have a polling place in Solomon's Temple, and deposit their ballot in the ark of the covenant; tell them

that Pontius Pilate was once the ancient leader of the Democratic party, and executed Christ; that Judas was a war Democrat and betrayed his Master; that Peter was a northern dough-face with southern principles, and denied his Lord; tell the gaping, unthinking heard of independent sovereigns anything; sugar-coat it and they will swallow it from the hand of a parson, by gosh!" I remarked to Mr. Carr, that I considered politics a hydra-headed monster: that I looked upon it as the fearful beast spoken of in Revelations, having seven heads and ten horns, who was to break the seven seals, and scatter the contents of the seven vials over the human race. He laughed at my simplicity, and exclaimed: "Ten horns for seven heads! by gosh, Parson, just come round to our club and I'll show you fellows of our party whose single head requires ten horns before sunrise just to lay the dust in their throats, and as for vials of fluid, they are nowhere; why, a gallon of old Bourbon will only go half way round amongst one of them, by gosh." I bade Mr. Carr good night, as we evidently did not understand each other; but before he left he extracted a promise from me not to publish anything on the political situation until after the election. At the earnest solicitation of a large number of the readers of the *News Letter*, I have consented to write and have published, in connection with the foregoing remarks, a funeral anthem, to be chanted by the successful candidates over the graves of their defunct competitors.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

AIR—"The Old Oaken Bucket" (with the bottom out.)

Adieu my dead heroes, farewell for a season,
With hearts full of rapture we bid ye good bye;
Your want of success made each action a treason,
And now 'neath the dark waves of Lethe you lie.

With hearts all aglow, we will cover you over
With an emerald mantle befitting your fate,
We will laugh loud and long, as we revel in clover,
And nibble an ear from the corn-crib of State.

We'll bury you deep, while the red sun is setting,
At low water mark we will dig you a grave,
And lay you away without ever regretting,
Your pulse throbs no more beneath Salt River's wave.

We hope in earth's pilgrimage never to meet you,
To see you, nor hear you, till Gabriel's horn
Shall sound through the infinite heavens to greet you,
And call up your souls on that terrible morn.

THE OAKS, Sept. 1873. Rest in peace, THE PARSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal: It may be true, as you say, that "no nation has established an exclusive right for bad temper and bad manners;" but this is acknowledged, that the Yankees have by far the strongest claims to it. Excuse the use of the term "Yankees," but, until this nation acquires a name, it is hard to define the people. The *Saturday Review* is right, and you cannot dispose of your own vulgarities by affecting to credit them to somebody else. At the *table d'hôte* in the Hotel de l'Europe at Havre, seventeen people sit down to dine. A party of eight "Americans," that is, Yankees, or United States-ians—for I would not libel either the Canadians or the Patagonians—occupy the head of the table. Directly the desert is served, these "ladies" and "gentlemen" sweep all off into their own plates, and what they cannot eat they carry away. I remember, too, the disgust of some French and English passengers on my last trip across the Atlantic. A party of six New Yorkers invariably took possession of the centre of the table before anybody else sat down, seized every dish within reach, piled fish, vegetables, meat, all they could get, on to their plates, and, before decent people had recovered from their wonder, these civilized Yankees were "through," and busily engaged in sucking toothpicks. Yes, sir, the Yankees are fast becoming a social curse in Europe, even as they are a political curse everywhere; and, if vices and immorality, if abortions, infanticides, corruption of all kinds, depravity in women as well as men, vulgarities, indecencies, prevail anywhere in European society, I believe from my soul that it is the Yankees who are the cause thereof. I have studied the Yankee character for twenty years at home and abroad. I have busied myself accumulating facts for publication concerning them; my prejudices, if any, when I began, were in their favor, but I believe now that if there be any so-called civilized nation that is more dishonorable, more degraded than another, if there be a people more depraved, more selfish, more utterly destitute of every redeeming feature in a bad character, it can only be found in these United States.

D. C. L.

The above letter is the second one we have received from "D. C. L." The first is attended to in an editorial paragraph elsewhere. We print the above mainly because we presume our readers will not object to a little "spicy" reading, and, further, because it may be as well to show how courteous and truthful an Englishman can be when criticising the people of a country where he is sojourning. Of course, we shall not degrade ourselves by replying to his tissue of insults. While it is no doubt true that some ill-bred Americans travel abroad, it is equally evident that England does not keep all her friends at home.—*Ed. Journal.*

COURT CHAT.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales attended a ball on Monday night, Aug. 4th, given at the conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society in honor of the Grand Duke Czarewitch and the Grand Duchess Cesarevna of Russia, whose visit to this country is drawing rapidly to a close. Considerably more than 1,000 invitations were issued. When the dancing began the scene in the conservatory was both animated and picturesque. The natural beauty of the place was hightened by the addition of flowers and the conversion of the conservatory into a spacious *salle de danse*, with its raised platform, 150 ft. long by 45 ft. in breadth. The graceful tall palm trees rose almost to the glass roof, and the vision was dazzled by the wealth of color on all sides. The dancers walked amongst sweet-smelling flowers of all hues and amid statues which looked all the more beautiful from their being set in a frame of color. A remarkable piece of ornamental work was seen at the western end of the conservatory in the shape of a large ice-rockery, dressed with various kinds of ferns and numerous specimens of the echeveria, or ice-plant. This singularly beautiful ornament stood thirty feet high by twelve feet in breadth, and was generally admired. The large glossy leaves of the ice-plant had a silvery appearance; the huge pyramid of ice glistened in the light, which fell from many-colored lamps in the center; altogether it was the most welcome bit of decoration in the building. Creeping plants formed its border, which was entirely of green; the plants used were all in keeping with the main design—water-plants and ice-plants forming the principal part of the adornments. From this fairy-like scene the visitors passed into the arcades—two parterres of parti-colored flowers and plants, diversified by many palms. Flowering and foliage plants bedecked the Albert-road entrance, and the guests, after being received, walked through a grove of surpassing beauty. Beginning at the Royal pavilion, built near the western entrance to the Exhibition, the flowers were arranged in serpentine form all the way along to the ball-room. By this ingenious device, in which Mr. Wills displayed his usual judgment and good taste, all hard lines and angles disappeared. At intervals of twenty feet the floral view was broken by pyramids of ice, placed at every turn in the long walk. Behind these tiny icebergs were colored lamps, shaded by the leaves of towering palms, by magnificent specimens of the areca vershaffelti, the cycus revoluta, and others. The flowers lining the arcades comprised all those in season, prominent amongst them being specimens of the pelargonium and the kalucanthus, with a pretty edging of small blue flowers, akin in tint to the forget-me-not, and a feathery grass known to gardeners as isolopes. Thick clusters of white lilies and golden-ray lilies mingled with the white feathery sprays of the spirea, and filled the place with perfume. A broad strip of crimson cloth ran through the arcades, by which the guests approached the ball-room, where there was no glare, but only sufficient light from the lamps to bring up the flowers and decorations. Supper was served in the central quadrant to the Royal party, who assembled at five tables; the background being formed by broad squares of fuchias and geraniums, while in the foreground hung light chintz curtains, festooned over the bays of the arches facing the conservatory. The remainder of the guests supped in one of the arcades, a red and white curtain dividing two rooms where supper was served simultaneously to between 200 and 300 persons. Between the central quadrant and the supper rooms the arches were draped with crimson curtains, fringed with double bullion. The tables were lit with golden candelabra, and were handsomely adorned with flowers. Excellent taste again displayed itself not only in the grouping of the flowers on the supper tables, but also in the selected hues. Only those flowers whose blossom was either pink, white, or green were chosen, and thus the eyes were never fatigued with gazing upon them. Not the least noticeable parts of the entertainment were the illumination of the gardens, which were available for promenade, and the playing of five of the fountains on the upper terrace. The whole arrangements were under the careful supervision of Lord Suffield, and good management was a characteristic of the ball from the beginning to end. In regard to the conservatory and the grounds, it may be said that all that was needful was admirably carried out by Mr. Barron, the Horticultural Society's superintendent. Mr. Wills, from whose extensive nurseries all the flowers which filled the arcades and supper rooms came, fairly deserves the highest praise, for none more beautiful have ever been seen in London than those which evoked the warmest admiration of all the guests present. His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Hon. Charles Eliot, was the first member of Royalty to arrive. Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide and the Duke of Teck came shortly afterwards. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cambridge and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, attended by Major-General Hon. James MacDonald and Lady Caroline Cust, arrived at half-past 11 o'clock. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their Imperial Highnesses the Czarewitch and Cesarevna, arrived at a quarter to 12 o'clock, the Prince and Princess of Wales being attended by Lieutenant-Colonel A. Ellis and Hon. Mrs. F. Stonor, and in the suite of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia were the Princess Kourakine, the Countess Apraxine, Count Olsouvieff, General Zinouvieff, General Sturler, Dr. Hirsch, etc. The Earl of Kenmare, Hon. Oliver Montagu, Lord Suffield, and other members of the ball commitee received their Royal and Imperial Highnesses on alighting from the Royal carriages, and conducted them to the conservatory. On the illustrious visitors entering the conservatory Coote's band played the National Russian Hymn in compliment to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess. The ball was opened with a quadrille. The company present were both numerous and aristocratic, conspicuous amongst whom were Lady Augusta Hervey and the principal scions of the nobility.

The 18th Royal Irish has the honor of possessing the oldest soldier in the British army, or perhaps in the world, in the person of the colonel of the regiment, General Sir John Forster Fitzgerald, G. C. B., the senior general in the army and a veteran of eighty years' service, his first commission as ensign bearing date Oct. 29, 1793. At the early age of eighteen this distinguished officer was a major, having obtained his first commission when he was eight years old; in six months and ten days after he was a captain, and joined his regiment, the 46th, as a captain of seven and a half years' standing at the age of sixteen. Sir John has been a full general for the last nineteen years, and Colonel of the 18th Royal Irish for thirteen years. He commanded a light infantry regiment at the Battle of Salamanca, and a brigade at the Pyrenees in 1813 as lieutenant-colonel.

His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur, who is staying at Trouville, went out unattended at an early hour one morning, lately, to bathe, and after swimming out some distance he disappeared under a heavy breaker. A waterman who had been looking on immediately raised a cry for help, and rushed into the water, followed by one of the Prince's aides-de-camp, who chanced to be on hand. They reached the Prince just as he was becoming insensible, and brought him ashore. Attendants from the neighboring Hotel des Roaches Noires hurried to the spot with warm water and spirits, and after severe rubbing the breath and circulation of blood were restored. His Royal Highness was soon able to return to the hotel.

The Duke of Edinburgh entered upon his thirtieth year on August 6th. According to custom, the Court being at Osborne, the ships at Portsmouth and at Spithead hoisted mast-head colors. The Royal standard was also hoisted at the Garrison Battery, from which, as well as the ships, Royal salutes were fired at noon.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at Inverary. The Isle of Wight *Times* states that the Marquis is in treaty for the purchase of the residence near Sea View, known as Sea Grove, at present the property of Mr. W. H. Glyn, a county magistrate.

It is stated that extensive preparations are in progress at the British Embassy in the Russian capital in anticipation of the Duke of Edinburgh's arrival, which is believed to be fixed for January. His Royal Highness's marriage is to take place in that month, or early in February.

The telegram from Copenhagen announcing the betrothal of Prince Arthur to the Princess Thyra of Denmark is authoritatively contradicted. The telegram stated that, in compliance with his Royal Highness's desire, the official announcement was for the present postponed.

AN AMUSING BLUNDER.

An amusing blunder was lately committed in the West of England. Some of your readers will probably have seen the report of a supposed breech of promise case, brought by Miss Anglicana Church against Mr. William Merrypebble, M. P., wherein the following letter, among others, was put into Court and read: "St. Stephen's, April 1st, 1871.—Dear Anglicana: I am constantly thinking of you, and always talking about you. I will never desert you, my own pet; never, never! I saw Miss Miall, from Bradford, this morning, and spoke to her. Don't be jealous; you are alone 'my all' [laughter]. I will always protect, love, honor, cherish and obey you. Sweetest Juliet, good-bye for the present. I have no time to write more, as I am off to ——, to address my noble constituents [loud laughter]. Ever yours, Willie." A certain anonymous contributor to a respectable west country contemporary did not perceive that Miss Anglicana Church was no other than the English Church, that Mr. William Merrypebble was Mr. Gladstone, and that Miss Miall was the Hon. member for Bradford, and the well-known hater of Church Establishments. He denounced the absurd love letters, and considered that the heartless conduct of the faithless member should be exposed! He must thank the Manchester *Courier* for this hoax.

What are Folk Saying?—What are folk saying about the city and its affairs? They are saying—that Mr. George Ewing and the Honorary Secretary to the Burns Committee are entire strangers. That Mr. George Ewing does not belong to the Burns Club. That there was "a friend round the corner" waiting the result of the Burns' Monument meeting. That "round the corner" was the Royal Restaurant in Dunlop street. That the police are under-paid and overwrought. That the public are anxious to pay them more. That but for the rains the stench of the Clyde would be unbearable. That Leeds and Bradford have had their rivers purified by the action of a patriotic individual getting an injunction against the local authority there.

An urchin of seven years went into a barber's shop and ordered the barber to cut his hair as short as shears could do it. He was asked if his mother ordered it in that way. "No," replied he; "school begins next week, and we have got a schoolmistress that pulls hair."

THE LAW OF DEATH.

The song of Kilvany. Fairest she
In all the land of Savatthi.
She had one child, as sweet and gay
And dear to her as the light of day.
She was so young, and he so fair,
The same bright eyes and the same
dark hair,
To see them by the blossomy way
They seemed two children at their
play.

There came a death-dart from the sky.
Kilvany saw her darling die.
The glimmering shade his eyes invades,
Out of his cheek the red bloom fades;
His warm heart feels the icy chill,
The round limbs shudder and are still.
And yet Kilvany held him fast
Long after life's last pulse was past;
As if her kisses could restore
The smile gone out for evermore.

But when she saw her child was dead
She scattered ashes on her head,
And seized the small corpse, pale and
sweet,
And rushing wildly through the street,
She sobbing fell at Buddha's feet.
"Master! all-helpful! help me now!
Here at thy feet I humbly bow;
Have mercy, Buddha! help me now!"
She groveled on the marble floor,
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er.
And suddenly upon the air
There fell the answer to her prayer:
"Bring me to-night a lotus tied
With thread from a house where none
has died."

She rose, and laughed with thankful joy,
Sure that the god would save the boy.
She found a lotus by the stream:
She plucked it from its noonday dream,
And then from door to door she fared,
To ask what house by death was spared.
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes
Of all dilate with slow surprise;
"Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head;
Nothing can help a child that's dead.
There stands not by the Ganges' side
A house where none hath ever died."
Thus through the long and weary day,
From every door she bore away
Within her heart, and on her arm,
A heavier load, a deeper harm.
By gates of gold and ivory,
By wattled huts of poverty,
The same refrain heard poor Kilvany,
The living are few—the dead are many.

The evening came, so still and fleet,
And overtook her hurrying feet,
And, heart-sick, by the sacred fane
She fell, and prayed the god again.
She sobbed and beat her bursting breast:
"Ah! thou hast mocked me! Mightiest!
Lo! I have wandered far and wide—
There stands no house where none hath
died."
And Buddha answered, in a tone
Soft as a flute at twilight blown,
But grand as heaven and strong as death
To him who hears with ears of faith:
"Child, thou art answered! Murmur not!
Bow, and accept the common lot."
Kilvany heard with reverence meet,
And laid her child at Buddha's feet.

Extracts from New Books and Magazines.

TELEGRAPH FOR THE CHINESE.

S. A. Viguier, Esq., of Shanghai, has devised a scheme for the transmission of Chinese messages, which is now used in Shanghai and Hongkong by the Great Northern Telegraph Company. The Chinese style of writing cannot be transmitted by the ordinary telegraph apparatus, but to give the Chinese an opportunity of sending messages in their own language, Mr. Viguier has constructed a system for this purpose. Of the 44,000 words, or thereby, which are found in the Chinese language, only 7,000 occur with any degree of frequency, so that for all ordinary purposes these 7,000 words are amply sufficient. Supposing every educated Chinaman to know at a glance to which of the 214 radicals any character is to be referred, the 7,000 characters are in Mr. Viguier's system arranged in columns under their respective radicals, and every character is, besides, furnished with a number rising from 0001 to 7,000.

These are printed on 7 large sheets bound together, which the Chinese can purchase, and by reference to which they can in a very short time find the characters they want to be transmitted, and writing down the numbers corresponding to these, and using certain conventional signs to distinguish the address, the message, the signature, etc., from each other, the Chinese message can be transmitted as well as any other message.

The receiving station is furnished with a board containing 7,000 types, numbered from 0001 to 7,000, and having the corresponding Chinese numbers engraved on the other side. When, therefore, a Chinese message has been sent along the wire, the types bearing the numbers transmitted are taken out, the characters printed on a square ruled form, and the message is ready for delivery.

This ingenious invention of Mr. Viguier's is fitted to give a mighty impetus to the use of the telegraph by the Chinese, and will do more to hasten its extended use over the Empire than whole reams of despatches. And, however experience and criticism may modify and simplify the notation, it is not to be forgotten that Mr. Viguier was the first to adapt it to Chinese uses.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, we hear, is to receive £1,200 for his new tale, "Phineas Redux," in the *Graphic.*

AMONG THE STOCK BROKERS.

[BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.]

London, August 16, 1873.—The time was, sir, and not long ago, when I would have seen Baker's Chop House, in Change Alley, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, before I would have visited it in August. But the advance of time and increasing appreciation of the real comforts of this life, whereof I hold Brown Sherry, for which Baker's is famous, to be at least *one* of the chiefest, have convinced me that grouse are better sought in Leadenhall Market than on the disappointing Yorkshire Moors, or the heather (and mist) covered hills of Scotland. In truth, there are this year no grouse in Yorkshire, and not many in Scotland, although here they are plentiful enough, and I am thankful to say that while a benevolent British Parliament decrees that not a bird shall be shot before the twelfth of August, our excellent purveyors in London contrive to have them in wonderfully good condition for cooking by five o'clock in the morning of that auspicious anniversary, whereby I conclude that the generous birds, grateful for the estimation in which they are held, shoot themselves out of sheer charity at some time during the last week in July. My visit to Baker's had, however, another motive than grouse and Brown Sherry for I had been favored by my friend, Mr. Sooke, the Secretary of the "Emma Mining Company" with a hint to the effect that a circular with welcome news would be issued on the 13th, in time to have its due effect upon "name day." Now I have heard nothing but disastrous accounts of the Emma Mine for twelve months or so, and I naturally wanted to know what was going to happen, and I am bound to acknowledge besides that I do not like to get into the city when the fortnightly account approaches completion. I like the bustle and importance that the young fellows assume, who, bless your soul, have nothing to do with the matter, except to sell what they are told, and pocket their commissions; and I take a little kindly pleasure in seeing how remarkably well men of the old school bear reverses. Now our old school men persistently run their heads dead against your securities, and are very apt, in their readiness to frown them down, to sell rather rashly. Hence the movement of last week has gone on, and all American securities are very firm, while ours are going back.

The news from the Emma mine was very good, indeed. Mr. Atwood telegraphs to say that they have struck some good ore in the end and bottom of lower level No. 4; that they have entirely got rid of the water in that level, which prevented further exploration, and that they expect to announce greater discoveries. He also states that they have succeeded in making the second-class ore pay well by an improved method of concentration, and that it will yield a good deal of money, while he caps his good news with a statement that he has discovered some parcels of very rich ore in the old caved chamber, which he has sold at one hundred and twenty-five pounds per ton. This was a very nice change from the dismal tone of recent announcements, and it was improved by a little bit of news that the Directors themselves had to communicate. They have discovered that a Mr. J. G. Osborne, who holds one share only, has issued a circular under date of 16th July, to certain impressible shareholders, in which he tells a few untruths about the company's position and prospects. However, the Emma mining stock went up with a jump, and was in active request at an advance of a pound, closing at 6½ to 6¾, having previously stood at 5⅝, with no buyers at all. Mr. Maxwell also telegraphs the news of constant progress from the Tecoma mine, and his people were rewarded with an advance of 6¾. The Flagstaffs went down a half, in spite of favorable reports, and closed heavily at 9⅝. Last Chance, from which there was also good news, closed at 5¼, and a further advance of an eighth to three-eighths in U. S. Government securities, closed a fortnight's account, in which your stocks were everywhere in demand, and ours not by any means firm. Even Erie shares had improved, but our leading railways had gone back a half per cent. clear. You would never have guessed that any of our men were hit, and yet some of them were most thoroughly self-deceived, for not only had they sold more U. S. stock of various kinds at low figures than was available, but there was a good brisk foreign demand for it likewise, and the prices felt the influence immediately.

Altogether I enjoyed my morning in the city, for, thank heaven, I had no greater anxiety than the waiters could appease; and I am certain that I look much better at a snug dinner table than I do in a philabeg, trotting about in a Scotch mist, which is singularly similar to those wonderful fogs that come sweeping over your northern and western hills in what should be fine summer afternoons. I should dearly like to be with you for the elections. Here all those matters are terribly tame; but you have a little good, violent scolding going on at least, which is better than the dreary dullness of our gentility. Two days ago I was unwise enough to go all the way to Chichester, with upwards of a hundred more victims, to see a new gas which is produced by passing superheated steam through petroleum. It has the great merits of cheapness and adaptability to the present piping and metres of the company, but it is not very brilliant, and the town of Chichester, which was lighted with it for the occasion, does not boast of enough gas lamps to enable one to test it fairly. However, we had a capital dinner, and I am happy to say that the necessity of looking at the effect of the gas prevented us from being bored with speeches. I like a good dinner and I hate speeches, and as far as gas is concerned why it's quite cheap enough here now. I have a gas stove which will cook a turkey of twenty pounds weight at a cost of three halfpence. What more can a man desire? The proper end of life is comfort, and that comes from a good cook, a good conscience, and a good digestion—all three of which excellent things are the happy qualifications of your grateful EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.

They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in *my* voice and vote;
For it was never *my* desire
To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister good an' true
For five-an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is coming all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read, "I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays like that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near;
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
And tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good and strong,
I couldn't steer it right:
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They play a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But, oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I done my best:
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book thro' and thro'
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout
He didn't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five-an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But Death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track,
An' some day I to church will go,
And never more come back;
And when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no *patent* thing
A-squealin' over me!

—*New York Observer.*

The Marquis of Lorn has just purchased the property of Mr. Glynn, in the Isle of Wight. By means of this transaction a fresh slice of that beautiful island falls into the undisputed possession of the Royal Family. Many years ago, when first "The Royal Marine Residence," as it is somewhat ostentatiously called, was established at Osborne, an offer was made by the Prince Consort for the purchase of this very property. The bid, which was by no means a liberal one, was declined, and the Prince's revengeful temper was so inflamed by the refusal of the owner to part with his estate that he gave orders that no matter how great the stress of weather no boats from Sea Grove should be permitted shelter upon any part of the Osborne foreshore. But he reckoned without his host, for it appeared that nothing that he could do could bar a long existing right of disembarkation in time of danger. Taken in connection with an act passed at the close of the session, which enabled the Crown for the first time since the Revolution of 1688 to bequeath landed estate, this purchase looks as though the Guelph family were imitating the Orleans tactics, and preparing to subside into English landholders whenever the inevitable crash shall deprive them of the position of European sovereigns.

A correct card of the races, or rather a neat little book containing all the entries, colors, times of starting, has been got up by Mr. Goggin (with Francis & Valentine) for the races to-day. It is the neatest little thing we have ever seen, and will be on sale both on the street and race track.

The Washington British Embassy.—Operations have been commenced in Washington for the erection of this building, which is to cost $103,000.

THE COURSE OF THE BALLOON.

An Imagined Forecast of the Voyage by Professor Wise.—The question of how *The Daily Graphic* balloon experiment is to be conducted is so often asked that I have a mind to talk about it a little, at the risk of finding in its outcome not all that is foreshadowed in what I intend to say. I am the more timid in this matter because there are so many circumstances connected with this experiment that obtrude themselves upon its mechanical and scientific integrity, from the very necessity of the case as it stands, that it becomes rather a critical matter to make a very reasonable forecast as to its starting, sailing and its ending. "All safe, now that we are above the house-tops." Should we move along the line of the coast during the first night out, and the sky clear, we shall be enabled to see the coast lights within several hundred miles of our position. I saw the Chicago light for four hours during the night sail from St. Louis in July the 1st and 2d, 1859. Should we deem it expedient to keep low, within several thousand feet of the sea, I am strongly persuaded that we shall drift along the line of the Gulf Stream. That would enable us to reach the British Isles. Should it become expedient, from the cause of adverse local currents, to mount up high in the beginning, we shall, in all human probability, deduced from aeronautic experience over the land, drift more directly eastward. This would really seem the better course, provided our air-float was of such closeness as to insure, beyond a doubt, the ability to float at a three-mile altitude for three days. It is next to impossible to attain that impermeability to gas in a single thickness of envelope, and more so in cotton fabric, for a balloon that is to sail in a great altitude. Besides that difficulty, comes another—the greater disposition of fluctuation from its horizontal course, arising from the rarer medium in which the vessel is suspended. All these difficulties can be met in the more expensive mode of construction of air-ships, should they in future become commercial fixtures. They can be made of double shells of silk; and, still better, of copper sheeting with folding joints. We have now essayed a feeble forecast of getting under way, and here it is well enough to say again, it is the most difficult part in the business, because it will be a first trial of the kind on so large a scale.

I can see no cause of apprehension of danger after the ship is fairly started, neither in its passengers nor in the minds of the people that wish us safe convoy, provided our crew is made up of the right material. It will allow of no *Polaris* wrangling. Once fairly at sea, it is impossible to say what the thing of air will bring forth. There will be a profound stillness, I know. A solemn grandeur will encompass the air-ship, but it may be safely imagined that occasionally in the daytime we may descry a faintly outlined sail in the far off distance, coming up behind the curvature of our terrestrial ball. In the night, the admirable phosphate of calcium petard, known as "Holmes' Storm and Danger Signal Light," of which we had an ocular demonstrative experiment the other night, will serve as a pillar of light to inform us what course we are sailing, and how fast we are moving, if not exactly, at least proximately, and that will be sufficient for this first experiment. Aeronauts sail much like the Turkish Argonauts, by a species of instinct termed dead-reckoning. The Holmes' Light will also serve the same purpose in day by the smoke it evolves. When above a dense stratum of clouds nothing that is of any practical value will serve to point out direction of our motion nor amount of speed. In that case we shall be lost in the vast wilderness that has for us no "blazed trees" nor "markers" in the swamps. It will then be in the still heavens of infinity, and the mind may then revel in the realms of space undisturbed. We may have conjectures of speed and course from the conditions of the cloud stratum beneath—such as the vapor moving in a different course from the vessel, and from the previous condition of the atmosphere; and in these conjectures we may be induced to keep up. Should none such present themselves, we shall probably be inclined to come cautiously down through the earth-shrouding ceiling, and take a look out for sails and an encouraging hint from one of our signal petards.

We have now sailed, prophetically, for two nights and a day—thirty-six hours—in the hopeful imagination of a pleasing adventure; we may now watch wistfully for the peep of day, and should the glorious sun shine upon our aerial orb an hour and a half ahead of New York chronometer time, we shall be cheered with the idea that we are 1,500 miles east latitude from our place of departure. Should now "*The Daily Graphic*" show a rotund appearance, and several thousand pounds of sand ballast be remaining in her hold, we may contemplate the balance of the voyage in a more comfortable mood of mind, since then it will be a mere matter of thirty or forty hours more to set us on the shores of Europe. Should we be so fortunate, so deserving of success, as to see the other side of the sea, we will not be forgetful of that gratitude to the God of Nature, in whom all wisdom abounds, but we will sing the praise of Him who rules the heavens and the earth and all therein, for having vouchsafed us a favorable result in a feeble attempt to learn another letter in the alphabet of His mysterious book that He has laid out before us in our progress in the search of knowledge and the bettering of mankind, than which there is no higher duty that appeals to man.

J. WISE.

It is to be hoped that there is no truth in the statement that Mr. Sothern is going to produce next season a new comedy, by H. J. Byron, in which "Lord Dundreary" is to be introduced in private theatricals. It is all very well for Mr. Sothern to be enamored of his one character part, but the public must by this time have grown utterly sick and disgusted with it.—*The Mirror* (*London*).

WORTHLESS TREASURE.

[BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.]

If one with a sick, whispering heart should yield
To its faint fever, brokenly, and scorn
To furrow some low, pleasant, narrow field
To whose sweet labor he was born;

If he should have it hold him violets
Enough to make the fairest wreath on earth,
But with cold thanks and very dim regrets
Refuse their humble, precious worth;

If, fiercely held by some strange gathering thought,
Within whose doubtful darkness he could see
A thousand stars with fiery meanings caught,
His weird and restless life should be;

If he to that great breathless night which lies
Under the ground descended, dreaming there
To find the fearful charm that gave his eyes
Their glittering, ever-downward stare;

If, year by year, shut from the sun, he tried
To gather riches from the coral mine,
Whose Slave his Soul was, still to be denied
And still to feel them shine and shine;

If, gray and ghastly, he at last should break,
As from the dead, into the dew, and bring
Diamonds enough to light a grave, or make,
Twice-told, the glory of a king;

If he should have his jewels cut and set
After some beautiful and worthy rule,
Then find himself, when in his coronet,
Only a crowned and laughed-at Fool:

I know, to-day, how bitter it would be
For him to learn his treasure was not true,
Because (as even you through love might see)
Because—I wear mock-jewels too.

THE MISERERE AT ST. PETER'S.

There is one grand and sublime ceremony, the Miserere of St. Peter's. The music is exquisite, the effect surprising. Rome saw, in the sixteenth century, that Protestantism surpassed her in music, as she excelled Protestantism in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. To prevent this inferiority, she naturally sought a master of song, and found the sublime Palestrina, the Michael Angelo of the lyre. The Pope forbade the reproduction of his Miserere, in order that it should be heard only in that church whose gigantic arches were completely in harmony with its sublimity. One day a noble youth heard entranced the Miserere. This youth, who may be called the Raphael of music, learned it by heart, and divulged it to the world. He was Mozart. The German genius came to steal the secrets of the Latin genius in the eternal war between both races. No pen can describe the solemnity of the Miserere!

The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. Her altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the *tenebrario* is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the Miserere is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now, it comes like a far-off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again, like a lamentation from the depths of the earth, or a moaning of heaven's angels breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchres and loosing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horor were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating Heaven from her load of ashes, as if under her sackcloth she writhed in her death-agony.

To weep thus, to lament as the prophets of old by the banks of the Euphrates, or among the scattered stones of the Temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not marred her eternal beauty. Thus she is enslaved. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majestic and unequaled. Rome, Rome! thou art grand, thou art immortal even in thy desperation and thy abandonment! The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquests that made thy greatness have departed! None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will forever preseve.—*Emilio Castelar.*

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Any disinterested observer of ordinary mental capacity, with a mind susceptible of and liable to be influenced by the paradoxical bewilderments of current events must, during the last few weeks, have had his pet political fancies considerably outraged if spooney enough to be gulled into the belief that "vote by ballot" is the poor man's paladium of equality and the rich man's synonym for honesty, or that any political aspirant, rich or poor, is actuated by an unsullied and unselfish honesty of purpose. Republicanism, in theory, is beautiful—in practice it has now, as it ever has had, innumerable features, every one an index finger pointing to tyrannical corruption. A representative head, a judiciary, all the political machinery of governmental management, even when saturated with and only actuated by corrupt motives may exist when in the community at large there is, (if but a feeble), coloring of confidence manifested; but when the all-prevailing belief and sentiment, entertained with the conscientious rancor of a religious fanaticism, is that from the very highest to the very lowest there is not a government municipal or corporate representative of any kind or denomination whatever who has a speck of honesty of purpose within him or by which he is in any way actuated; when, after patient inquiry, direct accusation followed by reluctant acquiesence and public condemnation, the highest officer in the Republic can indorse as creditable, upright and pure, one whom the masses believe to be bloated to saturation with corruption and black as pandemonium; when the highest appeal court in the land is believed to be tinctured and tainted by favored appointees, with body and soul bargained for in advance; when grand jurors are the mere things of local commercial tyrannies, and petty juries open marketable commodities worth just so much per head; when such ideas fill the minds and are accepted by the masses as gospel truths, a prolongation of the tolerance may for a time be successful, but a perpetuation is impossible; anarchy will assert its amiable machiavellianism and square matters with its customary rude barbarism and revengeful retaliatory spite. If but a thousandth part of the infamies charged by its greatest admirers be legitimate and just charges, practical republicanism must be the vilest form of government under the sun.

We may congratulate ourselves on having got over election day with only one shooting scrape. A little pigeon-breasted striker has gone to his long home. He died, however, in a noble cause, and is in all probability at the moment we write taking a "Hot Irish" with the Cherubims. If James is correct in what he says, Master Kenney ought to have been the recipient of his little favor instead of Gallagher. He will no doubt have a pop at the tragic Super— when he gets out, and if his hand has not forgotten its cunning will probably score one more. What could be more tragically comical and grotesquely braggart than Kenney's little serio-comic farce in the back part of Steele's drug store. "Supervisor Kenney, Marion Wilson and other friends were grouped around the dying man, eagerly watching for the least sign of life. At five minutes past seven o'clock the body heaved convulsively; one last gasp was made and Gallagher fell back dead! As he did so, Supervisor Kenney arose from his kneeling position at the dead man's side, and, raising his right hand, said: 'Here, over his dead body, I swear to kill the man who murdered him!'" It is so much in accordance with the "New Code" that Mr. Kenney places himself in a rather hazardous position by thus letting his feelings get the better of his judgment The *T. C.*'s advice to Kenney is, "take it all back," or tell the *Chronicle* reporter that his report was "garbled."

These are indeed precocious days. Only the other day the T. C. obtained information, through a private source, of an attempted suicide by a young lady aged ten years. Putting on his overcoat and pocketing his note-book, he started off to interview the suicidal damsel. Arrived at the house, he was at once shown into the nursery, where a sorrowful group was gathered round the interesting sufferer. Sundry stomach-pumps and medicine bottles gave evidence of the severity of the struggle with King Death. A weeping mother, and the usual complement of distracted brothers and sisters, stood around the sick one's couch. This much the T. C. gleaned from the fond parents: Little Annie —— had fallen violently in love with Tommy S——, a schoolmate of hers. Tommy, an interesting youth of twelve, had, however, not reciprocated the feeling, but had, in fact, given his heart to a fair creature called Carrie, aged nine. Mad with jealousy, Annie determined to leave this vale of tears, and so took a supper off coal oil. Hopes are entertained of her recovery, and the whole matter is kept a profound secret. It is only as a warning to mothers, little girls and little boys that the T. C. makes this matter known. He withholds the names from motives of pure generosity.

The Mercantile Library is quite a fashionable resort for the fair damsels and dames of our city. Several nice young men have a good time there flirting with them, and occasionally attending to some wretched male specimen who have to wait for their books, etc., till the amorous clerk is through with his little love affair. It is interesting to the clerks, and affords an immense amount of pleasure to the lookers on, besides materially helping the catalogue, which will appear probably in 1878. It is a pity that such an establishment as the Mercantile Library cannot afford to put up a decent looking-glass in the lavatory adjoining the chess room. A little three-cornered piece of broken glass nailed on to the wall alone enables the visitor to see if he has a show of competing with the clerks in the flirtation business.

The ladies, modest creatures, have raised a terrible row because the conductors maul their backs as they get in and out of the cars. The conductors, with proper spirit, declare that the process is as objectionable to the maulers as to the maulees. Of a truth, there is little pleasure to an imaginative female in a strange touch between the shoulder-blades. *Au contraire*, there is cold comfort for a conductor in an unobtrusive laying of hands upon a Watteau plait or a morocco belt. Indeed, it is a sheer case of self-defence with the latter, for in these days of tilted heads and uneven balance, a conductor is in constant danger of avalanches of unknown quantities of avoirdupois, which is not pleasant unless the avoirdupois has been selected with due deliberation and discrimination. Indeed, it is suspected that those who filed the complaint were neither young, pretty, nor plump, but belonged to the wrinkled, skinny, and unattractive brigade upon whom no man, conductor or otherwise, would choose to lay unholy hand—much to their indignation.

In the drama now playing at the California, we are treated to a soul on ice after a refrigerating process of fifteen years duration. The frozen element is universally recognized as being good for oysters, butter, game and fish, but the ethereal essence of corporate flesh so served is something new. Why are we not treated also to a sight of the consternation of Mephistophiles and all the little Mephistophileses waiting through more than a decade of years for the completion of the congealing process, or the amazement of the heavenly host as the frosty apparition entered the delectable regions? Mr. Porter, as a rule, is an excellent and consistent artist, but we feel constrained to ask what was the use of keeping the soul of the unfortunate Louise loafing around an iceberg for fifteen years- a remarkable berg, by the way, to remain intact so long—when it would have been infinitely more comfortable to have translated her at the close of the second act.

A companion to the Whining Pilgrim has appeared in the shape of a cadaverous parson, who makes war upon good clothes and good times generally. He advises our womankind to cultivate bunions upon their knee-joints rather than their toe-joints. If a woman wants a new dress, down she must go on her knees, and she arises feeling herself clad. If she wants an ice cream or an oyster down she flops again, and arising, feels herself refreshed. If she wants to go to the theater or opera, or any other of the devil's abiding places, once more she "crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee," and her soul is filled with music and her mind's eye with a panorama exceeding Porter's most magnificent efforts. If she wants——but why continue the list? Whatever of the wickedness of this world her soul desires she has only to pray, and religion, being all-sufficient, fills the bill. What an uncommonly jolly time this cove's wife must have?

Alas! for Crell and McCobbish. In the full tide of its growing prosperity their pet Folly has received a check. Saucelito has been converted into a menagerie, in which Warner's monkeys do not jabber, Foster's seals disport, nor Woodward's deminutive baby expand its lungs. But the Wild Beast of the Pacific has chosen to make her lair therein, and the place is shunned of men. The tawny creature does not draw well, for she knows but one trick, and that an awkward one; like the famous elephant, Juliet, she can place her paw upon the trigger and discharge a weapon without fail. The railroad whistle may shriek, the ferry boat issue excursion tickets, while the memento and its mistress flourish among the hills, Saucelito town lots will not be gobbled up.

We have heard many stories of the tenderness of a mother's love. We have seen them weep over a lock of hair or a tiny shoe, which latter sometimes looked as if it had been subjected to a previous soaking. We have known them to fondle bits of ribbon and faded flowers. But we have never known of such violent affection as that which agitated the breast of Mrs. MacNamara, mother of a soiled dove, who came all the way from Petaluma for a tress of her daughter's hair. As Miss MacNamara, who occupied apartments in the City Jail, has kept her head bandaged ever since, it is probable that she obtained it. Furthermore, a new "switch," suspiciously like the hair of the errant maiden, decorates the front window of A Kearny-street hair merchant.

Good God, this is too horrible! There is a Philip Phillips, Jr., who it seems threatens to assume his father's overcoat, and rival him in canting drivel. Phillip, the whiner, we bore as an evil that in the course of nature must most fortunately be snuffed out in a few years, but if the race of snifflers is to be propogated and spread, the outlook is a dark one, indeed. In the name of a long suffering charity shamefully outraged, and in the name of music most hypocritically prostituted, this little Philips must be instantly smothered, or the country will be overrun by a set of singing pilgrims ten thousand times worse than the Lollards and Canorums. Let little Phillips tremble between his sheets, for the *Town Crier* will come some night and smother him himself unless he instantly leaves the country.

Pacific street is becoming the destruction of Jackson. The propinquity of the San Francisco hoodlum is ruining the Chinese, an hitherto industrious if not fragrant people. The recent action of Ah Sam, or Ah Lum, or some other scoundrelly Ah, in grabbing his almond-eyed brother's change, was worthy of Riley, King of the Hoodlums, whose puissant royalty glitters in the umbrageous corridors of a jail. It shows, too, how capable of education, and how dexterous of imitation are the children of the moon. Does it require the eye of a seer to recognize in the Celestial young grabbist an incipient Supervisor?

An American Range.—The Alleghany mountains.

The Benevolent Association placed contribution boxes at the various polling places on election day, while all the locals pulled long faces and said Remember the Poor. Which accounts for sundry and divers new neckties and overcoats which adorned the bodies of Benevolent Officers the day following, to say nothing of the new redingotes, oxidized to the last degree, in which their wives appeared simultaneously. Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and we are unwillingly forced to believe that on election day the Benevolent Association enjoys what we have heard called "a nice little snap."

So we are to have two real live Lords here. What a treat it will be? and how our shoddy aristocracy will, with true republican toadyism, *fete* and bore them? No doubt Bishop Kip has already posted himself on their pedigree, through the assistance of the *Court Guide*. No doubt, he will rush to meet them, and will in all probability know more about the family than they do themselves. As some one once remarked of the worthy Bishop: "The Lord he knows the least about is the Lord God Almighty."

One of the most interesting sights at the Vienna Exhibition is a pair of boots made out of leather tanned by President Grant's own hands. Any one collecting such curiosities as Byron's skull drinking cup, the skin of Cowper's pet hare, Napoleon's undershirt, or Wellington's tooth brush, should not let this opportunity slip. The price for such rare souvenirs is comparatively low, and if the purchaser will pay extra the President will wear them out for him and return them fresh from the Presidential toes.

The men in office and the men who have failed to get in, are now hard at work. Warm baths and scrubbing brushes are much in vogue. In some cases even "blue mass" has to be used. Never mind "they stooped to conquer," and the dirt rubbed off some of the hands, they shook the coats they leaned on, and other inconveniences, must be looked over. The main difference between the office-seekers and the strikers is that the one is dirty inside, while the other is dirty inside and outside, too.

A lawyer in this city, whose name is Hood, has made a most remarkable discovery. Long has the *T. C.* wished to know who was the "author" of the Bible. He has always had an idea that one man wrote the whole, and now he is convinced of the fact. Peter Hood has said it, and pompous Pete never speaks without his book. Pete says that "James the Sixth is the author of the Bible." Bully for Pete, though a trifle rough on the Bible.

The T. C. begs leave to state to the public of New York and the Seventh Regiment in particular, that McDonald's Cadets are not "from the best families in the Golden City," as none of them aspire to a higher position than that of porter in a store. McDonald kept a whisky mill, and is not "one of the wealthiest men in San Francisco," being an uneducated man, who has acquired some military knowledge, probably as a sergeant in some English regiment.

The Bulletin has turned prophet and given us a picture of "The Railroad of the Future." It is to be a road owned by the Government, on which every one shall have a right to run a train, just as he might run his carriage on an old fashioned turnpike road. People who don't want to be smashed to smithereens will not travel on "The Railroad of the Future."

The interviewers have been after Grant to ascertain whether he means to play Cæsar and run for a third term. Our American Cæsar preserves his reticence, and says it will be time enough to decide whether he will run or not when the nomination is tendered him. It looks as if Barkis was very willing.

It is a pity that Governor Booth has to sit up for three nights in his shirt-sleeves in order to compose a half-hour speech, for, when he has to deliver it, he has generally caught such a cold and is so played out that no one can hear him. It is hard to say whose loss it is.

A Welsh enthusiast this week writes of music as follows, *apropos* of eminent Welshmen who compose: "Music is written in cypher—the secret universal alphabet which was written at the beginning by the finger of the Great Creator—upon the soul of man The kingdom of the musician, unlike that of other sovereigns, is simply illimitable and everlasting. Xerxes has been forgotten (the editor remembered him), and Cæsar has passed away. (Thank you, it is a fact.) And all care for them has perished, and all their power has gone by. But the 'Hallelujah Chorus' will never die, nor its influence, nor its charm, nor its embalming power to preserve the memory of its great composer always green. For the musician, as he weaves and unfolds the wonderful passages and filaments of his art, is but embalming himself. And Handel, when he had closed the last page of his *Messiah*, had made his own death an impossibility."

The following beautiful language could only come from the land of the setting sun: "Rubinstein is on the isthmus that divides the Orient and the Occident. Their spray dashes over into each other, but they do not mix. There is an evident conflict and struggle in his nature and his music. He roars like a lion and is soft as a sucking dove by turns. He springs like a panther, and with his grace and precision, upon the keys. But his hands are claws in velvet. They smite like a hammer, they caress like a mother."

THE NEW WORLD RIVALING THE OLD.

Advices lately to hand from New York respecting the wonderful development of the iron and hardware industries of the United States are exciting serious apprehensions in Birmingham and its neighborhood. The accuracy of these advices is to some extent confirmed by the serious diminution of orders for certain classes of hardware, the manufacturers of which have hitherto found in the American market their principal customers. Nor does it appear that our rivals in the States are content with satisfying the requirements of their own market, for their productions are already supplanting English goods in Canada, and to some extent in Australia and New Zealand. A correspondent, writing from New York, says: "It is a common boast that in a very short time the superiority of Yankee skill and ingenuity will force a market in England itself for many articles of American hardware; that Yankee cutlery will appear on English dinner tables, and Yankee saws, augurs and chisels be preferred by the carpenters of Birmingham and Sheffield." These statements are to some extent corroborated by the advices now being received by the merchants in Birmingham and Wolverhampton. There can be no doubt that the American manufacturers have turned to profitable account the recent course of events in the English labor market. For some years the American manufacturers have had to contend with the disadvantage of dear labor; but this very circumstance has in the long run proved of benefit to them, seeing that it has enforced the application of labor-saving machinery on a much larger scale than has been attempted in this country. The superiority of American fine iron castings has long been acknowledged, and in the earlier years of hardware manufactures in the States, the dearness of labor was largely compensated for by the substitution of cast for wrought iron in almost all kinds of produce. This advantage was, however, obtained at the expense of the quality of the goods for strength and endurance, and the necessity of increased mechanical appliances for the saving of hand labor became apparent some years since to the leading manufacturers of the States. The wonderful system of labor-saving machinery now existing is the result. Railway fastenings, door locks, spring bars, currycombs, tin wares, and some descriptions of edge-tools, are among the classes of produce in which American competition is beginning to be seriously felt in Birmingham and the South Staffordshire district. Last year's produce of iron rails in the States was nearly 1,000,000 tons, of which Pennsylvania alone yielded nearly one-half. Other descriptions of finished iron are also being produced in large and rapidly-increasing quantities. As the price of iron and coal advances in this country, it must necessarily be so much in favor of the American exporter. Singularly enough, an American paper now before us is congratulating its readers upon the agreeable fact that the imports into the United States are falling off, while the exports are on the increase. It is for the manufacturers of this country to exercise all their skill and ingenuity in manufacturing processes in order to counterbalance in some measure the high rates they are paying for iron and coal, so as to bring down the manufactured article to such a price that will drive all competitors out of the market, and induce the capitalist abroad to buy from this country.—*European Mail.*

At the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the retiring President, Mr. J. L. Smith, passed a high encomium on Professor Tyndall, with special reference to his magnanimous gift to the cause of science in this country. After making reference to Count Rumford and his liberality, Mr. Smith went on to say: "But the gift I now refer to was from a man who ranks not with the wealthy, and he laid his offering upon the altar of science in this country with his own hands; and it has been both consecrated and blest by noble words from his own lips, all of which makes the gift a rich treasure to American science; and I think we can assure him that as the same Anglo-Saxon blood flows in our veins as does in his (tempered, it is true, with the Celtic, Teutonic, Latin, etc.), that he may expect much from the American student in pure science as the offspring of his gift and his example.

Mr. George Grant, of the firm of Grant & Gask, London, has purchased a county in the State of Kansas, consisting of 540 square miles, and extending from the Smoky Valley to the Sabina Valley, in the central part of the State, in which he intends to found a colony. A party of gentlemen interested in the scheme lately arrived in St. Louis, and are now en route for the location: amongst others there are from Scotland Messrs. Bethune, Ferguson, and Scott Skirving, late President of the Agricultural Chamber of Edinburgh. Mr. Ellis, F. S. A., accompanies the party to advise as to the capabilities of the land, and to lay out plans of a central city, to be called Victoria City. Many influential persons on the other side are interested in the scheme, and should the arrangements be as complete as they are reported, a flourishing colony may soon be expected to arise.

The Bulletin, *Alta*, *Call*, *Chronicle* and *Post* have stated for many successive days that John R. Love is lying dangerously ill, for which reason we are inclined to believe that the old boy never was better in his life.

SAPPHO AND HER SONGS.

Of the single complete poem that remains to us from Sappho, we shall venture on a translation, which can only claim to be tolerably literal, and to keep in some degree to the Sapphic metre. Yet cheered by the remark of an old grammarian, Demetrius Phalereus, that "Sappho's whole poetry is so perfectly musical and harmonious that even the harshest voice or most awkward recital can hardly render it unpleasing to the ear." Let us hope that the Muses may extend some such grace even to a translation.

HYMN TO APHRODITE.

"Beautiful-throned, immortal Aphrodite!
Daughter of Zeus, beguiler, I implore thee,
Weigh me not down with weariness and anguish,
O thou most holy!

"Come to me now! if ever thou in kindness
Hearkenedst my words, and often hast thou hearkened,
Heeding, and coming from the mansions golden
Of thy great father.

"Yoking thy chariot, borne by thy most lovely
Consecrated birds, with dusky-tinted pinions,
Waving swift wings from utmost hights of heaven
Through the mid-ether:

"Swiftly they vanish; leaving thee, O goddess,
Smiling, with face immortal in its beauty,
Asking what I suffer, and why in utter longing
I had dared call thee;

"Asking what I sought, thus hopeless in despairing,
'Wildered in brain, and spreading nets of passion
Alas, for whom? and saidst thou, 'Who has harmed thee?
O my Sappho!

"'Though now he flies, ere long he shall pursue thee;
Fearing thy gifts, he, too, in turn shall bring them;
Loveless to-day, to-morrow he shall woo thee,
Though thou shouldst spurn him.'

"'Thus seek me now, O holy Aphrodite!
Save me from anguish, give me all I ask for,
Gifts at thy hands, and thine shall be the glory.
Sacred protector!"

It is safe to say that there is not a lyrical poem in Greek literature, nor in any other, which has, by its artistic structure, inspired more enthusiasm than this. Is it autobiographical?

Still more difficult is it to determine the same question—autobiographical or dramatic?—in the case of the fragment next in length to this poem. It has been well engrafted into English literature through the translation of Ambrose Phillips, as follows:

TO A BELOVED WOMAN.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

"'Twas that deprived my soul of rest,
And raised much tumult in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

"My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

"With dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away."

The translation would give the impression that this is a complete poem; but it is not. A fragment of the next verse brings some revival from this desperate condition, but what exit is finally provided does not appear. The existing lines are preserved by Longinus in the eighth chapter of his famous book, "On the Sublime."

The poem became so famous, at any rate, as a diagnosis of passion, that a Greek physicians is said to have "copied it bodily into his book, and to have regulated his prescriptions accordingly."

A proposal that Americans should have a special memorial to Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon has met with much favor, and the memorial is to take the form of a painted window, the subjects being Scriptural illustrations of the "Seven Ages of Man." The window selected for the memorial is that which immediately adjoins Shakspeare's monument in the chancel of the church. Most of the contributions for this work will come from New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

Admiral Charles F. Hillyer has left for home, and the Hon. A. Cochrane has taken his place as Admiral of the British squadron in these waters.

THE LAY OF THE LOST ONE—No. 1.

A little more bloom on my cheek, some carmine upon my lips,
A tinge of bistre to darken my eyes and shadow my eye-lash tips,
Ere I sally forth to greet the gay world—the world upon which I prey,
To feel what a triumph Beauty enjoys, what a universal sway.

How awfully jolly it was last night, as we spun home from the Cliff,
How we danced and drank and shouted and sang till the Dawn came like a relief;
And Harry and Tom and Bella were there exuberantly wild;
But give me my Charley, so quiet and cool, so fearless and yet so mild.

I know he's a gambler and keeps a hell, and is quick and ready to shoot,
That his wife has gone back to her parent's home—that he treated her like a brute;
But still for all that I like him the best, and yet I hardly know why,
Except for the *man*, so calm in his crime, with his dark, unshrinking eye.

Like him, I laugh at the Pharisees who trade upon others' trust,
They sneak to his club for faro as they sneak to my rooms for lust.
I sneer as I walk along the street at a couple so merry and bright,
For she little thinks, as she leans on his arm, where that arm was wound last night.

She doesn't see, as she passes on, his eyelids' transient glint,
But he knows by the glance that I flash him back, that I understand the hint;
And the son, who is crammed with precepts from the home morality-store,
Doesn't dream, as he clasps me in fond embrace, that his father was there before.

I joy as I walk in my pride of dress at the envious glances thrown;
I know that my taste is better than theirs, that my beauty excels their own.
And to see the clerks, when I enter a store, come smirking and smiling around,
As they leave what they call the "modest ones," and bow to the very ground.

I care not for any, and bend them all, to minister to my will—
The banker, the lawyer, the merchant comes, and the clerk who robs his till.
I live for the present, and life is one feast, without any thought of another;
Better, far better, than slaving at home, to be spanked by a drunken mother.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

On Sunday morning, August 9th, about eight o'clock, a thunderstorm of very brief duration passed over Manchester, and the lightning which accompanied it caused considerable destruction of property, but happily no loss of life. The chief effects of the storm appear to have been felt in Bank street, Cheetham Hill. At No. 43, which is a public-house known as the Crown Inn, in the occupation of Mr. Peter McKenna, the lightning struck the iron gutter running along the front of the house, entered the up-stairs sitting room, which is immediately under the roof, burning the ceiling, melting a portion of the gaspipe, and igniting the gas. It then appears to have passed along the piping into the vault below, where it damaged the meter, also igniting the gas at that point. A child, one of the sons of Mr. McKenna, was sitting at the time on a box beside the meter, but, strange to say, he was not injured in the slightest degree, although some bottles of liquor which were in a cubboard near to the spot where he was sitting were found to be broken. Mr. McKenna states that his house was filled with flame for the space of some seconds. The most painful circumstance connected with the storm occurred at No. 53, where the son of the occupier, Mr. Duckworth, who died on Thursday, was lying in his coffin in the front bedroom. The coffin, which was not screwed down, was placed upon the bed, and immediately after the storm it was found that the coffin had been partially displaced and the body disfigured. At No. 63, the end house in the street, occupied by a bricklayer named Findlow, the whole of the chimney stack was taken away and a large hole made in the roof into the room below. Considerable damage was done both in this room and the one beneath, the firegrates being forced out into the middle of the floors, and pictures and furniture damaged. Although the family of the occupier were in the house they were not hurt. A factory operative, who, with a number of others, was taking shelter from the storm under the wall of the house, was struck by a falling brick on the head, and received a wound, which was subsequently attended to at the Royal Infirmary. At Middleton the lightning struck two cottages, fifty yards apart, in Sandy Lane, Tonge, doing some damage in that occupied by a man named Ranacre. Mrs. Ranacre, who was asleep in bed, was thrown with much force to the floor and sustained a severe shock. During the thunderstorm at Hebden Bridge, on Saturday morning, Thomas Sutcliffe, butcher, with his wife, was fastening up two stirks, when the electric fluid struck the husband and wife. Mrs. Sutcliffe was lifted into a barn, and the two stirks were killed on the spot. Mr. Sutcliffe was not much hurt.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A Caution to Purchasers of Bogus Coin.—Spurious sovereigns of a somewhat dangerous character are in circulation. They are made of platinum, gilt, and are almost identical in weight with the genuine coin.

SUNBEAMS.

RHYMES FUNNY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

How many sick people wish they were healthy;
How many beggars wish they were wealthy;
How many homely ones wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones wish they were witty;
How many bachelors wish they were married;
How many benedicts wish they had tarried;
Single or double life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

Something Like a "Monster" Meeting.—In the *Mail* appeared a letter, forwarded by Mr. Quarrier, and describing the passage out to America of a batch of orphan emigrants who sailed last month for Canada in the steamship *Manitoban*. The following, under date of 12th of July, records a remarkable gathering:—"Children all strong and healthy; the fog has nothing to do with their sports, which go on pretty much the same as at home. They are a little disappointed at not seeing any whales. *We had them at worship down stairs!*" My conscience!

New Definition of Scandal.—Some girls were asked by one of our inspectors of schools, at a school examination, whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl stepped vigorously forward, and, throwing her hand up in that semaphore way by which children indicate the possession of knowledge, attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question; upon which she uttered these memorable words: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling it everywhere."

CLASSIC VERSUS VULGAR.

Half-new ditties sing, half-nudities dance,
Who can-can may nightly encore it;
Revive me the stage when our stars give the chance,
In grace and grandeur Ristor-it-t.

An Irishman some time ago was committed to the House of Correction for a misdemeanor, and sentenced to work on the treadmill for the space of a month. He observed at the expiration of his task: "What a grate dale of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor craythers, if they had but invinted it to go by stheome, like most all other water-wheels; for burn me if I have not been afther going up stairs for this four weeks, but could not reach the chamber-door, at all, at all."

Double Bow-Knot.—A married lady, who has many admirers, was in company recently where the marriage tie was the subject of conversation, and a pleasant sparring arose between her husband, also present, and herself. "Ah," she exclaimed, at length, "you do not think so highly of the hymenea knot as I do!" "Yes, I do," he replied, "and it is only when you wish to make it a *double beau* knot that I object to it."

Cure for Love.—Q.—I am a lover rejected. Pray what shall I do? Shall I "shuffle this mortal," like some lovyers true? A.—Oh, no; for such actions make waste of good blood. Just keep up your courage—your chance is still good. Remuster your forces, your colors unfurl, and go forth to the conquest of some other girl.

Logic.—Young wife (to George, who arrived home in the small hours this morning)—"We are one, dear, now that we are married, are we not?" George—"Certainly, my darling; why?" Young wife—"Oh, I only wanted to know, because if we are I must have been dreadfully inebriated last night."

A lady, having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple-tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of that tree, to have it grafted into one in her orchard. "For who knows," she says, "but it may bear the same kind of fruit?"

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my soul! if the river was but a little higher, the ship would go to the bottom."

A Great Favor.—Butler (at luncheon)—"Steak a little hard ma'am? (Pause) We've a partic'lar tender leg o' lamb in the hall—shall I inquire if you can have a slice of that, ma'am?

Why would a fight in a backwoodsman's hut be like the present war on the South Coast of Africa?—Because it is a shanty war (Ashantee).

Some schoolmasters compare naughty children to stair-carpets; arguing that neither can be kept in order without the rod.

One of the Tichborne jury says his days are numbered; that's more than can be said for the coming days of the trial.

Undecided volunteers, when they pitch their tents should not be in too great a hurry to say tartar to them.

I FOLLOW STILL.

I am unwise to flutter round the light,
Knowing its deadly power to scorch and kill—
Knowing my only safety lies in flight—
I follow still.

Fair, without blemish, stainless, without spot—
Who, having seen, but longs to see again?
Me you have conquered, though you know it not;
Not you I blame.

Over your doors, in letters bold and clear,
As on that darksome arch we written find,
Should be inscribed: "All ye who enter here
Leave hope behind."

Time was when, had we met, I might have claimed
Some right to speak the passion that I feel;
Now, lest with scorn presumption should be shamed,
My lips I seal.

Yet must I linger, yet be near the light
That sheds its glory though it shines to kill;
Casting a shadow where it falls most bright.
I follow still.

T. A. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1873.

AND THIS IS POLITICS?

The most utterly disgraceful political contest that has ever been had in California has been brought to a close, and we thank God that the shower of mud and the rain of toads has ended. There is one admirable thing in American politics, and that is, that when the election is over and the result is known, people abide by it, submit to the verdict, subdue their passions, and patiently await the next opportunity presented by the law to renew the combat. This contest has been a most indecent one. More bad blood has been raised and bad passions excited; more mean things said or written; more of backbiting, slander, vituperation and personal abuse, than we have ever witnessed. Great principles were all forgotten. Questions affecting the interest of the community all ignored, the Railroad question being allowed to absorb and swallow up all other questions. A more ignoble and cowardly raid was never inaugurated than this senseless and brutal assault upon the managers of the Central Pacific Railroad. A corporation that has done everything for California, without which we would be still running our pony expresses across one continent and sending our passengers by weary journeys through distant countries and tropical seas to their Eastern homes. A road without which we would still be paying eight dollars for a journey to Sacramento, with a tide's detention at the Hog's Back, and our neighbors at Oakland would pay three prices for the opportunity of sticking upon the bar at San Antonio Creek. A corporation without whose aid the great valley of the upper Sacramento and further limits of the San Joaquin would be fruitful deserts, whose abundant harvests could not be brought to sale, whose lands would be worthless because without the reach of market. This road has builded as tributary to our city of San Francisco over seventeen hundred miles of rail; it is pouring immigration into our State; it is developing its resources; contributing to its wealth, by inviting commerce and encouraging industry. From foreign lands its credit brought and distributed among us ten annual millions of gold. From the Treasury of the United States it received many millions in aid of its enterprise. We have thought the citizens of the other States might object to being taxed for a California railroad, but that California should grumble that the general Government has donated bonds and lands in aid of the enterprise is to us most marvelous. Against this road the political fight has been made. Every demagogue in the State who thinks wealth a crime and enterprise a wrong, has contributed by his pen, his voice, or his vote, to embarass and assail Governor Stanford and his associates. The press, bought by another Railroad, and interested in a steal more gigantic than any conceived, or governed by the little jealousies that grow up in village politics, has piped high its notes in abuse and detraction of everybody who would not consent to war against the Railroad an indecent and dishonest warfare. Governor Stanford has been personally defamed, and Henry Edgerton, drunken and unreliable, has been honored by elevation to the Senatorial office. Governor Stanford, for twenty years an honored resident of Sacramento, who has done more than all others to enrich and beautify its town, whose private mansion adorns it, and whose Railroad and shops give all there is of life and vitality to it, and who has been the personal friend of its people; who has fought to preserve it the State's Capital, has been personally attacked and slandered by the man of lowest morals and most filthy habits. The press utters the libel, and the people indorse it by sending Henry Edgerton to the State Senate. And this is politics! The San Francisco press, the *Bulletin* and *Call*, through no broader principle than jealousy of its rival, the *Chronicle*, and because Governor Stanford would not withdraw from it the telegraph facilities, turned upon the road and its management, and allowed no lie to go unuttered, no libel unprinted. These journals re-

print the filthy Edgerton, and reiterate the ravings of the drunken Seabough. And this is politics! His Excellency the Governor of California, having made a pledge that he would not be a candidate for the United States Senate during the term for which he was elected Governor, leaves the capital, comes to San Francisco, repudiates his party, goes back on his word, supports for legislative office seven Democrats and six impecunious, ignorant demagogues, simply because they are pledged to give him their personal support for the United States Senate. And this is politics! The Republican party nominate fourteen of their most respectable gentlemen for the Legisature. They pass the ordeal of nomination, and stand the test of a month of politics, and no word is breathed against their honor and integrity, yet the *Bulletin* abuses them daily under the hypothesis that, if elected, they will turn rogues and steal; will belie their lives, and betray their trusts, and repudiate their pledges. At twelve o'clock noon on the day of election these gentlemen are beaten, and the reserved vote of Custom House and Federal office goes for the Democracy. And this is politics! A meaner and more contemptible canvass was never made, or a more undesirable result attained. San Francisco has been made to war against her best interest – to set herself in opposition to the only corporation that is now keeping the breath of life in her body. Instead of fighting the railroad, injuring her credit abroad, attacking her at home, preventing the extension of her tracks and enabling car and ship to come together in our harbor of San Francisco, every man, woman and child in the city's limits should do all in their power to encourage and support the railroad. While this fight lasts San Francisco languishes and grows faint; as soon as it is ended, and not till it is ended, will its prosperity begin. This railroad war is disastrous to the material interests of this city, and from the present depression it will never recover till its press and people realize that Stanford and the Central Pacific Railroad can do more for it when in friendly than in hostile relations. So far as our Municipal ticket goes it is a good one, and the city of San Francisco has the guarantee of good government for the next two years. This assures to us good credit abroad, and to that extent gives confidence at home. We believe the railroad madness has now culminated. This excitement cannot be maintained. The railroad company goes about its business undisturbed, and the people will soon settle down into the sober second thought and realize that they have made d——d fools of themselves. And this is politics!

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

Princess Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, is *enciente*.——The cable being laid between Lisbon and the coast of Brazil, is broken at a point 180 miles from Madeira.——The Government of Portugal has sent Peirrad and twenty-six other Spanish Intransigentes, who sought refuge in that country, to Southampton.——Ad young men sent out by the Japanese Government throughout Europe and America, with the view of applying themselves to the study of different branches of science, have been ordered to return home. The students at present number 600.——It is probable that the Marquis of Hartington will succeed the Right Honorable Wm. Mousell as Postmaster-General, and that the Right Honorable Wm. E. Forster will become Chief Secretary for Ireland in place of the Marquis of Hartington.——French, a well-known English jockey, is dead.——The steam-ship *Main*, from New York, has arrived at Southampton.——The steamships *City of New York* and *Abyssinia* have arrived at Queenstown.——It is reported that 6,000 Carlists are marching against the town of Tervel, capital of the Province of Tervel, in Aragon.——Six hundred pilgrims left London for Pay-le-Monial. The day previous they were addressed by Archbishop Manning.——The Carlists claim that the Spaniards of Cuba are contributing liberally of their means for the support of the cause of Don Carlos.——King Victor Emanuel will leave Rome about the middle of the present month. He will be in Vienna about the 20th, and afterwards will go to Berlin.——The Paris *Figaro* publishes proposals to the Royalists of France to subscribe money to rebuild the Palace of the Tuilleries. The editor of that paper offers to head the subscription with a contribution of $8,000.——The other evening while a party of Republicans were holding a meeting in their club-room in Havana, the Chief of Police arrived and arrested about forty and placed them in jail. They had been notified that it was contrary to law for them to hold meetings.——September 2d being the anniversary of the German victory at Sedan, a monument commemorative of that event was unveiled in Konigstadt, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of thousands of citizens. The city was gaily decorated, and the day was given over to festivity.——The Republican members of the Assembly will meet M. Thiers at Nancy, on his return from Switzerland, and will entertain him at a grand banquet. Towns in Alsace and Lorraine will also be liberally represented, prominent citizens in most of them having signified their intention to join in the testimonial to Thiers.——Socialistic tronbles of a serious nature have broken out in Andalusia, in the neighborhood of the town of Jimena. Farm laborers have banded together, demanding and endeavoring to force a division of property. They have burned forty farm houses of those who opposed them, and committed many other excesses. Some of the rioters have been arrested.——In a fight on the Lima and Oraya Railroad between Chilian and Peruvian laborers, many of the latter were killed.——The threatened inundation of the country around Meta, Peru, by the damming of the river Riamac, is not likely now to take place. It is estimated that millions of cubic yards of earth were displaced by the tide, which dammed the river to the hight of 100 feet. The water in the river has risen to the hight of the obstructions, and flows over steadily. Three lives have been lost.

THE DIMPLED CHIN.

I kissed her baby on its chin,
Just when the nursemaid turned away,
Kissed the dimple, soft and sweet, [May.
Like hers who should have been *my*
I did not kiss its bright black eyes—
They had its father's foreign stare—
I did not touch that ruddy cheek,
Nor stroke the dark and curling hair.

The mother's face I scarcely see,
For I turn away my head in pain,
From those soft eyes and sunny looks,
Sending my sad thoughts back again,
To hours when I believed her true,
Promising love forevermore;
And starlight saw me set the seal,
On a dimpled chin by the cottage door.

Sometimes her carriage thunders by;
From its careless splash I shrink aside,
And set my teeth together hard,
Seeing the rich man at her side.
I see it now—these toil-worn hands
Were never fit to clasp her own;
Heaven knows I loved her well enough
To give her, if I could, a throne.

I thought I did the boy no wrong,
But oh! the bitter pang it gave,
When fierce his hand, in anger raised,
Struck at me as if I were a slave.
May's child! I would have loved it so,
For her, and days that might have been,
For auld lang syne, for mem ry's sake,
And for the dimple on its chin.

I take to-night my bitter heart
Away beyond the troubled sea;
Its tossing waves may bring, perchance,
Through its unrest, new peace to me.
Baby, good-bye! I bear no grudge:
Though worldly wealth I go to win,
No gold can buy the kiss away,
I stole from off that dimpled chin.

A STUPENDOUS "ORATION."

That harmless set of Old Fogies, the California Pioneers, had a celebration of "California's Birthday," at Badger's Park over the bay, on Tuesday. Of course, according to all American traditions applicable to occasions of this kind, there had to be an "oration" and a "poem." J. W. Winans furnished the twaddle in prose, and one J. G. Severance, of whom we never heard before, and *from* whom it is to be hoped we may never hear again, furnished the twaddle in rhyme. The oration was admirable of its kind—the kind being one that requires sound without sense, and the largest possible array of grandiloquent words with the smallest possible modicum of meaning. Winans fulfilled these hard conditions with a skill that seems almost miraculous, when one contemplates the difficulty which would present itself to an ordinary mind, if called upon to talk so long and say so little. To steer so successfully between the Scylla of sense and the Charybdis of brevity—to go on for two mortal hours, shrieking out sonorous sentences, devoid of thought, unimpeachably innocent of any taint of originality, and expressing nothing but the most unadulterated platitudes—to accomplish a feat like this upon so short a notice as three weeks indicates a rare genius for word-cobbling. And yet, if the orator's preparation was brief, it is to be remembered that his practice has been long and persevering. For fifteen or twenty years he has been doing this kind of thing on all sorts of occasions, and the improvement that comes of prolonged effort and aspiration has at length resulted in perfection. To-day he stands without a rival (outside of the ranks of the preachers) as an orator of the good old American school that passed out with knee breeches and "patriotic eloquence." It is the most perfect thing of its long fossilized species that we have seen for many a day; like the "Old Oaken Bucket" it revives the dear memories of childhood; it stirs in our heart the same tender and pathetic emotions aroused by the contemplation of a venerable continental cocked hat, or a relic dug up at Bunker Hill. It is so "classic," and so softened with gush; it is so inflated with rhetorical gas, and so unctious with rhetorical blubber; it is so stuffed with nice bits of rhyme gleaned from the books of "poetical quotations;" it is so garnished with scraps of well-worn Latin and Greek, gathered with laborious research from the back of the dictionary; it is so redolent of the fine aroma of the "American scholarship" of the last generation—that if it had been delivered forty or fifty years ago, the choicer passages would inevitably have been embalmed in the school books, and its author would have been immortalized in the pages of "Goodrich's American Eloquence." But, alas! the style has long "gone out." It is like a child born out of due season, and as obsolete as periwigs and shoe buckles. Our fossiliferous, but most respectable Pioneers could not have chosen more fitly than they did when they invited Mr. Winans to glorify themselves and their work. Nothing can be more appropriate than that mock heroic achievements should be celebrated in the windy periods of word-multiplying magniloquence.

We hear that in the Postal Treaty which is being negotiated between the United States and Japan the letter rate will probably be fixed at 15 cents per half-ounce. This, it is stated, is higher than the United States desire, but the Japanese Government, having recently established its postal department, is anxious to make it self-sustaining, and insists on this high rate.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN SCHOOLS.

If the world is somewhat slow in acknowledging its debt to the Roman Catholic Church for the priceless boon of religious liberty, secured to it by sacrifices and efforts without number, on the part of Popes, Bishops, Inquisitors, Jesuits, Dominicans and Zach. Montgomery, it is not because these holy men have refrained from blowing infinite trumpets to the same tune, in the ears of a wicked and adulterous generation, wholly given over to the false and foolish practice of reasoning from effect to cause. Men refuse to be convinced of the Church's love for freedom of conscience, and it has become necessary to prove this by making war upon the public school system of the United States. We have sometimes doubted whether this was the most perfect work of the human mind; but we feel ashamed of our doubts when we see with what united and untiring zeal the Roman Catholic Church assails it. The public school system must contain at least one principle of priceless value, to deserve the hostility of this vast organism, which instinctively recognizes and marks a dangerous enemy. We cannot doubt that the non-recognition of the religious element is the capital sin of the schools, in the eyes of the priesthood. This, and only this, they dread. They think themselves able to deal with every form of heresy; and, looking at the force of their organization, directed as by one will, they can hardly be said to overrate their strength. The Protestant, whether Lutheran, Anglican, Calvinist or Unitarian, may one day be brought within the fold of the true church; for he believes in a book and is bound by forms. But even the strength of the Church of Peter must beat the air, when put forth against men, brought up in a pure atmosphere, equally strange to the smells of Exeter Hall and the perfumes of Rome. The reading of the Bible in the Public Schools is a playing into the hands of the enemy; and, fortunately, the purely secular thought which underlies the Public School theory is daily doing away with this absurdity. The whole theory of Church and State lies in the nutshell of this popular education. Recognize and carry out the principle that the citizen is to be educated for his life in the *State*, and for that only, and all the hierarchies that ever oppressed and deluded mankind become more trivial and more helpless than the wrath of a paralytic. Religion and religious education are matters, first, for the parents of a child, and afterwards, for the child himself; but never, under any possible combination of circumstances, for the State. What a man shall believe, or shall not believe, is a question for his own intellect and conscience; and, if there lingers in our society too much of the Middle-Age Inquisitorial spirit, it is certain that jealous watchfulness of the Public School, against every manifestation of that spirit, will secure the liberty of the coming generations. It has not often been sufficiently insisted on, but it is indisputably true that one of the mightiest elements in the building and consolidation of the power of ancient Rome was her secular conception of the State. M. Renan, on pages 532-33 of his "Antichrist," calls special attention to this Roman attribute. "Titus," he says, speaking of the overthrow of Jerusalem, "had just inflicted upon theocracy, the formidable enemy of civilization, the greatest defeat it had ever sustained. It was the triumph of the Roman law, or rather, of rational law, an entirely philosophic creation, which presupposes no revelation, over the Jewish *Thora*, the fruit of a revelation. * * * Every victory of Rome was a progress of reason: Rome brought to the world a principle in many respects better than that of the Jews; I mean, the secular State, resting on a purely civil conception of society. Every removal from this absolutely just conception of the Roman law has been hurtful to the development of the race; and America will deserve the execration of the world, if she allows herself to be turned from the right path. Religious liberty in the public schools means and must mean, if we care for our country, absolute silence on religious matters. These schools were established not to teach the genealogy of the Virgin or the number of the Beast, but to furnish freely to every child of the nation the means of becoming acquainted with his rights and his duties towards his fellow-men. With his duty to God the State has nothing to do, and the schools of the State cannot take cognizance of any such duty. This is not according to the views of Roman Catholic organs, such as the *Guardian* and the *Examiner*; but they forget, when calling for the endowment of Catholic schools by the State, that they pronounce the condemnation of their priesthood, as an incompetent body. If it is necessary to teach Roman Catholic children the catechism in the Public Schools, under what pretext is the vast machinery of Roman Catholic churches and Sunday-Schools maintained? If the priesthood is not competent to teach its holy religion, what is it good for? Either the priests do teach religion, and then they can go on teaching; or they do not teach it, and then they are hypocritical drones; but in either case the Public Schools have no more to do with the matter than the Public Pound.

The coalescing of the rival Olympic Clubs has been the subject of much rejoicing among the members thereof, and sundry and divers glasses have clinked, and wines have sparkled and bubbled and fuddled in its celebration. But there is consternation and regret among the maidens whose fancies do most incline to Olympians. Nothing has dwelt so unctuously upon the palate these many succeeding generations as the taste of Eve's apple. During the division, the tights, the spangles and etceteras, flashed twice before these nymphs' appreciative eyes where now they will be seen but once. The exhibitions will probably be bigger affairs henceforth, but there will be fewer of them, and the maidens prefer their apple in thin slices—it goes so much farther.

WE PIONEERS.

[*An effort calculated to entertain after the entertaining rhetorical, oratorical effort by Brother J. W. W., Sept.* 9, 1873.]

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for what?
'Rah for ourselves of course,
'Rah till we all are hoarse,
And pray why not?
When you were babies at your mother's breast,
You learned the first was best;
Pray didn't you? and weren't we first?
And aren't we best? Hurrah! then, till we burst.

This is the natal day
Of Cal-i-for-ni-a,
And it was we that did it.
We came and then the rest,
And as all can't be best,
We just decide,
All prejudice aside,
To praise ourselves, though we
Won't lay aside all modesty,
For none could see we had it, if we hid it.

I am the poet, chose
By virtue of my knack
At rhyming,
Most sweetly to compose
Some hundred lines or so for you,
To lisp aloud when Winans is quite through,
Has burst his windy sack
And finished his subliming.
Joseph is learned quite beyond his years.
Who would, who could believe
Such wondrous little head,
O'ertopping such a form, on common victuals fed,
Could hold so much? But ye deceive
Yourselves, if you guess aught
Against the solidarity of thought
Encompassed there. Conceal your fears.
He knoweth more than all the other Pioneers
Together put, and it may be
There's nowhere any one who knows
Bagging them all together, friends and foes,
So much as he.
There is a sort of men,
We do not care
If here or there,
Who cannot understand why we should be
Bound up together in a great,
Sedate
Sodality.

They say they do not know just what it is,
What common principle, or sacred tie,
Makes men of sober phiz,
And men of many minds,
And men of morals of most various kinds,
Conglomerate together in one society.

God bless them, Pioneers!
What asses all the world are but just we!
They cannot see
The sweetness of the sympathetic tears
That flow from every eye,
Sweetly perceiving,
And, where it don't perecive, of course believing,
That in the Fall of '49 or Spring of '50,
Men who had failed elsewhere of being thrifty,
Parsons and merchants,
Tailors, clerks and jobbers,
Bankrupts it may be, and it may be robbers,
The lawyer without brief,
The scalliwag, the nymph, the wily thief,
Some poor but honest, clean and unclean, all
The rag and tag and bobtail of the world, the great and small,
Came out in ships and schooners, barks and brigs,
And vessels of all rigs.
We eat together meats and mushes,
Hard crackers, sailors' slushes;
We slept and growled together,
Endured in every kind of weather,
Were bad and good, as God had made us first;
Not the world's best, and not quite all its worst.
We might add, also, that we built this city.
Some of us were peculiar, it is true,
And have ascended to a higher view;
For, meeting accidentally a crowd,
Who called themselves the Vigilance Committee,
They did not like us, though we were not proud,
And, after some preliminary talk,
Invited some of us quite suddenly upon the air to walk,
Which everybody knew we wouldn't,
Or, not being angels altogether, couldn't,
And so they hung some of our brother Pioneers.
And this explains the reason of these tears.
We, who were lucky and did not get caught
At scaly tricks, as many of us ought,
Lived on in virtue, bought and stole, and traded,
And some died. That's about all.
Do you not see how sweet
To club together and here meet
The infrequent honest and the old dead beet?
Or else, perchance,
As old Death throws his lance,
We'd all be done for and our memories faded!
And if we should, what then?
Why nothing, only, though there is no seeing
Sufficient reason even for our being,
And we must meet
The cold, cold sneer of those who ne'er
Did see the tides flow to Montgomery street,
Bid those, who say we have no claim to glory,
Go read the beauteous flow of oratory,
All found in black and white,
As Joseph did indite,
In the *Evening Bulletin* of Tuesday night.
But I am done.
Grub, you remember, was to be at one,
And now 'tis nearly two.
Let's once more give three cheers
For ourselves, the Pioneers,
And get through.
For we're a band of brothers, with a few
Weak sisters sprinkled here and there, 'tis true;
But any one, with half an eye can see,
If he will think, or get a wink
From our good brother here, J. W. W.,
We're better fellows than we seem to be.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?"

Mr. Editor:—The question that heads this article has been passed upon by all the leading journals of our State; it has been asked and been commented upon by all the popular preachers of the day; learned lawyers have taken up and echoed the refrain of "What shall we do with our boys?" Wise essayists have written volumes upon the subject, and incorporated it into the literature of the times; all the advisers, leaders and teachers of the rising generation, of all casts, grades, color and complexion, both political and social, have taken hold of the subject. Some have picked it up tenderly, caressed it with care; some have approached it with extreme caution, and have taken hold of it with a pair of clerical tongs, lest they might be defiled; others have gone for it rough-shod, and handled it without gloves; and the momentous question of "What shall we do with our boys?" still remains an unsolved problem. I propose to offer to the public through the columns of the great progressive exponent of practical ideas, the *News Letter*, a solution to this puzzling enigma, and furnish a practical answer to the great stereotyped conundrum of modern times—"What shall we do with our boys?" I will give you my answer verbatim as I gave it to the learned, eminent, distinguished and dignified delegation who did themselves the honor to call at The Oaks last Sabbath evening, and solicit an audience of the Parson, hoping to obtain the opinion of so eminent a political economist as your humble servant. The high-joint commission was composed of representatives of all the different creeds, sects, factions, theories, isms and cisms of those self-constituted autocrats who maintain a toll-gate and collect tribute from every weary pilgrim journeying along the various popular high-roads to heaven. The Ambassadors were seven in number—Kip, Stebbins, Stone, Hemphill, Cox, O Tool, and McCne. They said they were the seven shining lights in Tobael; the seven golden candle-sticks—not wicked ("Goak;") the seven seas, not those at the Cliff House, but those spoken of by John on the Isle of Patmos; (big goak) Father McCne facetiously remarked that they were seven up (one of Hoyle's goaks). I received the august delegation in my usual easy, elegant and happy manner, and after passing around sundry glasses of consecrated grain reduced to a soothing fluid by a sacred manipulation known as fermentation and distillation, my visitors became seated, and stated their case. The Rev. Mr. Hemphill served as foreman, and spoke for the others. He stated in substance that the clergy had preached, prayed, and wrestled with Satan, as Jacob did of old; they had consulted the bible, and all the learned commentaries on sacred things, and had failed to find a remedy for the growing evil of hoodlumism, or furnish a rational answer to that all-important question of "What shall we do with our boys?" and as a final resort in their extremity, they had decided to consult the Parson, the test of the soundness of whose doctrine would be the acceptance or rejection of his opinion by that shining light of the age, the *News Letter*. The reply of your humble servant was couched in the practical and forcible language of one who had walked from out the murky shadow of a smoldering past, leaving behind him the dead and decaying dogmas of a legendary, mythological, allegorical field of superstition; one whose steps were now meekly following the footprints left on the sands of time by those departed heroes who walked through life along the never-ending paths of science, bathed in the undying light of the never-setting sun of common sense:

TO THE REV. MR. HEMPHILL, AND OTHERS:—*Gentlemen:* In answer to your inquiry of "What shall we do with our boys?" my reply is, utilize them, and what answers for the boys will apply with equal force to the girls. Utilize them: they are the raw material of which civilized society is composed. This raw material exhibits a luxuriant growth of native wildness; cultivate it. Every root and fibre of these rank and poisonous weeds over which you mourn sprung from seed sown in the garden of the Lord. This hoodlum element was born of Christian parents, was reared within the shadow of the Christian Church, and has heard for years on every Sunday morn the solemn tolling of the Sabbath bells calling the faithful to prayer, and it is yet a rank and poisonous parasite upon the body politic. You and your co-workers, gentlemen, maybap, are not so much to be censured as your system. You are the representative type of a class who have for centuries taken this raw material, and produced from the theological looms of your religious manufactories, not a stable, useful article, whereof a garment might be made, befitting the every-day life of a work-day world, but a thin, gauzy, transparent, intangible fabric, from which is to be cut and fitted the fleecy folds of a flowing robe to adorn the ransomed soul of some departed hoodlum, when he shall have crossed the Jordan and reached the unknown land of some new Jerusalem. Art and Science have fought your pernicious system step by step and inch by inch, through every decade of the world's history, and Art and Science, and a practical education, and the utilization of this raw material in the great workshops of the world's industries, have never produced a hoodlum. Then what has brought this anomalous hybrid into being? I answer, an expensive and pernicious system of soul-saving, totally impracticable and inadequate to the wants and requirements of a hungry and unemployed hoodlum. Gentlemen, you are the directors of this turbulent element, and we work-day worldings hold you responsible for its ultimate fate, but at your request I will propose a remedy, which will somewhat relieve your shoulders of their heavy burden: Abandon your system of the saving of souls, of which you know nothing, and turn your attention to the mind and body, of which you know much; appropriate the vast sums uselessly expended every year in supporting and propagating a poisonous and mind-paralyzing theology, to the practical purpose of cultivating and educating the mind, and feeding and supporting the body of the raw material; convert your millions of church property into coin, and let it flow in the

channels of permanent usefulness; invest your ill-gotten wealth in the various branches of trade and manufacture; engage in commerce and mercantile pursuits; buy land, lay out farms, and employ the great unwashed hoodlum element in the various pursuits I have mentioned, and you will give the people something tangible for their money, and reap a greater reward and profit for yourselves than in peddling out a useless, false and improbable religion, founded on the legendary lore of dim and almost forgotten ages. And what have you given the people in return for all the wealth of which, through their credulity, you have despoiled them? I answer, the doubtful choice of an everlasting abode in one of two mythical dwelling places, whose only existence is in the distempered brain and distorted fancy of their inventor. The corner stone upon which your whole moldering superstructure is reared is a threat and a bribe.

THE BRIBE.

If pious, you walk in a narrow lane,
In search of a heaven you never will gain;
You may look beyond time till your eyes are sore,
For the river of life and its golden shore;
You may roam through the regions of infinite space,
In search of a God and his dwelling place;
You may seek for the home of your King of Kings,
And his myriad saints, with their golden wings,
But the beautiful city you'll never behold,
Nor its jasper throne, nor its streets of gold,
For never from over that silent sea,
From the shoreless waves of eternity,
Hath a messenger come from the shadowy vale,
As a witness, to prove this gospel tale.

THE THREAT.

If wicked, and not with the gospel crammed,
You'll march in the broad highway of the damned.
To a loathsome valley the heavens beneath,
Where weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,
Of roasting souls, make a horrible din,
And all in revenge for a woman's sin.
Down deep in a wonderful, bottomless hole,
In a red sea of flame, each burning soul
Is howling and writhing through endless years,
And scorching their eyes with red-hot tears.
Each hair on your head is a fiery snake—
How much of heaven, or hell, will you take?
They are both for sale; come, raise your voice,
"You pays your money, and takes your choice."

THE OAKS, Sept. 1873. Yours, red hot, THE PARSON.

AN UNHEARD OF OUTRAGE.

The readers of Bret Harte's last story, entitled "An Episode of Fiddletown," will perceive, with feelings of sadness and mortification, that the great literary confidence man has thrown off on California. What treason the ingrate utters against our balmy, Italian clime, when he writes thus: "It was the usual foggy afternoon, as he climbed the long, wind-swept hill of California street—one of those bleak, gray intervals that made the Summer a misnomer to any but the liveliest San Francisco fancy." Again, hear how the wretch blasphemes against the transparency of our atmosphere, and the pure azure of our skies: "There was no warmth or color in earth or sky, only one monotonous, universal neutral tint over everything. There was a fierce unrest in the wind-whipped streets; there was a dreary, vacant quiet in the gray houses." And here is more, in the same malignant spirit: "The chill sea-breeze made him shiver. As he put down his basket to rest himself, it is possible that to his defective intelligence and heathen experience, this 'God's own climate,' as it was called, seemed to possess but scant tenderness, softness or mercy." And then Bret indulges in a heartless sneer at the dwellings which had afforded him hospitality, and upon the purses of whose too confiding owners he had levied contributions to the necessities of struggling genius—contributions in the shape of loans, which passed forever from his memory when he turned his face toward the rising sun: "It was the usual San Franciscan urban cottage. There was the little strip of cold green shrubbery before it; the chilly, bare veranda, and above this again the grim balcony, upon which no one ever sat." Now, isn't this atrocious? What will the *Alta* say about it, we wonder? What will the Chamber of Commerce do about it? Will not the California Pioneers, or the Acclimatization Society take some action in the premises?

A notification has been issued by the President of the Republic of Peru, that the Government will receive tenders for placing a Submarine Telegraph Cable between Panama and Paita, and authorizing the Government to guarantee five per cent. for ten years on $1,500,000 capital, to be invested in placing the said cable.

COURT CHAT.

At a moment when society and the public prints are ripe with anecdotes illustrating the piety, the zeal, the classical scholarship, the general erudition, and the social fascination of the late Bishop Wilberforce, perhaps an instance of his graceful wit may not be unacceptable. In the Winter of 1829, amongst those assembled to enjoy the far-famed sport at Holkham, the seat of the Earl of Leicester, then Mr. Coke, was Sir Francis Chantry, the late eminent sculptor, as keen and expert in the coverts as he was persevering and skilful in the studio. On the 20th of November in that year he accomplished the feat, almost unique in England, though not unfrequent in Greece, of killing two woodcocks with one shot. The exploit was hailed with acclamation by all present. Mr. Coke paraded the whole cavalcade—guns, keepers, beaters, etc.—with pleasant solemnity before the delighted hero of the moment, who, as they saluted him in passing, gravely waved the wonderful but indescribable Peruvian hat in which it pleased him always to shoot in answer to their homage; and it was voted by acclamation that the spot then immortalized, previously called "Quarter Plantation," should be henceforth known as "Chantry Hill," a name which it bears to this day. That incident was often the subject of pleasant memories at Holkham; but a few years afterwards Sir Francis himself, on his annual arrival there, brought with him a more lasting and a graceful record of it, as well as of his own artistic skill, in the shape of a monumental slab, embodying by his own hand in immortal marble the feat in question. On its semi-circular capital are inscribed the words—"Two woodcocks, killed at Holkham, November, 1829, by Francis Chantry, sculptor, at one shot. Presented to Thomas William Coke, Esq., 1834." Below the inscription appears in bold bas-relief an exquisite group of the two birds, chiseled with a delicacy and a fidelity to nature which the artist himself never surpassed, and on which, indeed, he had expended all his skill.

The other day the Queen of the Belgians, accompanied by the Princess Louise, drove out from Spa to visit the cascade at Coo; but near the village of La Gleize a thunderstorm came on, and Her Majesty was obliged to seek the nearest shelter. The courier accordingly rang at the door of an *auberge*, where the landlady, seeing the two ladies, positively refused to admit such people into the house. Fortunately a small farm-house stood not far aff, and here the good dame not only admitted the ladies, but called to her husband, who opened his barn for the carriage and ponies. The storm came on with unwonted violence, and lasted for so long a time that the Queen and Princess accepted the offer of the hostess to occupy two beds, humble in appearance, but scrupulously white and clean. On Her Majesty intimating a wish that a message be sent to Spa, the farmer offered to carry a note thither, and set out through the storm. The household of the Queen at Spa were much relieved from their anxiety on receipt of Her Majesty's letter, and a close carriage was at once dispatched in which the Queen and Princess left the farm at 3 A. M. Later in the day Her Majesty drove out again to Gleize, and thanked her host and hostess, not admitting to give a few gold pieces to the servants.

Recently, replying to a question from his good folks at home, spoken in a way which was honorable to him and merciful, Mr. Mundella said if he were a Republican he would not vote to starve monarchy, but to abolish it, but as he was not a Republican, and believed in their receiving the greatest amount of freedom from a limited monarchy, he believed in giving a reasonable allowance to the Crown. The Duke of Edinburgh, as a single man, was the poorest duke in England. If they wanted a member to advocate a Republic, he told them plainly they must get another member, and he was not their man. At this stage some local "reds" began making a demonstration, whereupon the mayor interposed by calling three cheers for the Queen, which the great majority of the assembly enthusiastically responded to. Mr. Mundella replied to various other questions, after which a vote of confidence in him was carried with but six dissentients.

The Bonapartist journals publish an address delivered by the Prince Imperial before the friends of his family assembled at Chislehurst on the 15th of August. The son of Napoleon III. in this address clearly took up the position of a pretender; he spoke of the paternal heritage, of the "dynasty" of which he is now the representative, and of the "sovereignty of the nation," and of "the flag which consecrates it." These words were evidently discussed and drawn up by the leaders of the Bonapartist party, as the first official demonstration of the young prince. They show to what ambitious schemes the restorers of the legitimate monarchy expose themselves and expose the country, and of what party they are serving the designs in spite of themselves.

A return, ordered on the motion of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, M. P., shows the number of regular forces maintained for service in the United Kingdom for each year since 1800. The century was commenced with 70,475 men of all arms, a number which, decreasing to 50,000 odd in 1803, rose from 101,000 in 1804 to 133,265 in 1808, the largest number of men had on the books during the period over which the returns extends. In 1851 the number had sunk down to 41,915, but rose again to about 60,000 in 1854, and to 68,659 in 1854, the year of the outbreak of the Russian war. In 1857 we had 96,000 men; in the following year 64,000, below which number we have never since gone. The number set down for 1873 is 101,145; for this year 98,710.

The on dit is that another peer will be added to the Upper House.

Two of the greatest sensations of the Exhibition in Vienna at present are the jewels of the Countess of Dudley and the Sultan of Turkey. The former are shown by Messrs. Hancock, of New Bond street, London, in their elegant case which ornamented the British section of the Industrial Halle, and consist of seven sets. Each set is displayed upon a velvet-colored tablet, and includes coronet, bracelets, errings, necklet, hair-pins, and other ornaments—all of them making up a grand assemblage of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, which are literally dazzling in their brilliancy. Their value is said to be upwards of one million sterling.

The Bonapartists are represented to be extremely angry at the Frohsdorf negotiations, feeling that they have been used by the other Coalitionists as cats'-paws, and their dissatisfaction has been greatly increased by the orders given to repress the intended Imperialists manifestations. Marshal MacMahon is the object of some of the expressions of displeasure, and is spoken of by Bonapartist organs as "the noble vanquished of Reichsoffen."

It is hoped and believed at St. Petersburg that the Queen of England will be present at the marriage of the Princess Marie and the Duke of Edinburgh. Some eight or nine months since we gave the rumor, as it reached us, of the probable visit of the Queen to St. Petersburg; the object of that visit was then, of course, a profound secret.

The Temps and Constitutionel mention a rumor that the deputies favorable to the Fusion have induced the Conte de Chamboard to concede that the tricolor shall continue to be the military flag, and shall merely be surmounted by a white streamer with lilies, the flag to be hoisted only over the Royal residence.

It is stated that before the Assembly again meets M. Thiers will publish an account of the diplomatic and financial negotiations which led to the liberation of the eastern departments earlier than was stipulated in the Treaty of Frankfort.

Sir Philip Francis has been called from Constantinople to London to arrange with the Foreign Office for the establishment at Teheran of a British Consular court such as exists at Constantinople.

It is stated that the Princess Louisa and the Marquis of Lorn will be the guests of Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P., at Achnacarry Castle, Fort William, during the Queen's stay at Inverlochy Castle.

The late Home Secretary, Henry Austin Bruce, who has been called to the Peerage, has taken the title of Baron Aberdare.

Mr. Chichester Fortescue has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Essex, in the room of the late Sir Thomas Western.

The rumor as to the Bishop of St. David's resigning his see is again revived.

THE RELIGION OF UNSANDED SUGAR.

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counter, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton-bags, clay from pepper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, alum from bread, and water from the milk-cans. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one-half pair of shoes of good leather and the other half of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit and the second to his cash. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkin's kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure 12 yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for 20 yards be nipped in the bud at 14½; nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton; nor coats made of old rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys it contracts to build of seven-dollar material; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join; nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered; nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is going to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that 40 cents returned for 100 cents given is according to the Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief.—*The Boston Christian.*

Regarding the position and prospects of the Emma Mine, it is difficult to speak. Quotations have risen from 3 to nearly 7. It is stated by the Anglo-American *Times* that "the mine is again in a flourishing condition, work now being done on a large body of ore which was discovered some months ago.

PARTED FRIENDS.

Friendship's the wine of life—'tis sweet to think—
And pleasant is a draught both full and deep;
But there are wines, alas! too thick to drink,
Too thin to keep.

And there is friendship bottled off in vain,
For delectation in the after days,
That, wisely, from the bin where it has lain;
No hand will raise.

Old times, old friends, in memory they dwell,
Harmonious 'neath the hollow past;
But for the present——Seeks the crab the shell
He once has cast?

Some, rising on the ladder, never stop;
Some on the lowest round still keep their feet;
And those at bottom wonder those atop
They *never* meet.

'Tis wiser;—since, in going up or down,
Chameleons all, none are what they have been,
And he, our bosom friend, we quitted Brown,
We welcome green!

Flake after flake the snows of age descend,
So tenderly, they yield us nought of gloom;
But in the faces of recovered friends
We read our doom.

"How changed!" they tell us pleasantly—"So grey!
So stout! so altered from the friend we knew!"
Confound it! But the comfort is that they
Are altered too.

Perchance a pimpled Damon, Pithias seeks,
Whose bottle-nose proclaims him at the bad;
Perchance Pylades to Orestes speaks—
Already mad.

'Twas sweet with Amaryllis in the shade,
Bright were the tangles of Neæra's hair;
Now, Amy's wed, and, but for Truefitt's aid,
Nerry were bare.

Since, then, accordant to one law of change,
We are all changed and changing; whose to blame
To lack the same regard for what, grown strange,
Seems but the same?

Why rise the haunting ghosts of buried time,
Why must old gossips "vex the poet's ear?"
Garrulous only, 'midst his dreams sublime,
Of stealing deer.

Still friendship is the wine of life divine—
So poets sang, and so the world agrees;
But are we always, when we like a wine,
To like the lees?

—*Wm. Sawyer.*

BIG BLOWING.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the known world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The largest railroad at present is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for Orphans, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct, New York. Its length is 40½ miles, and it cost $12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.—*American Engineer.*

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The mouse was, no doubt, like the wasp, made by the Divine hand for some purpose—(probably to feed cats, but then again, why were cats made?) There are animals we admire more than mice, especially in a bed-room. The other night as the *T. C.* was in that delightful state when the brain is just succumbing to the gentle influence of sleep, something touched his face, and uttered a faint squeak in his ear. A thousand thoughts flew through his brain, the most striking of which was the idea that a robber (though God only knows what he could steal) was groping about in the darkness, had felt the *T. C.'s* face, and had uttered a faint scream of fear and surprise. In a moment the *T. C.* was out of bed, had upset the chair on which the paraffin lamp was standing, injured one foot by stepping on an iron boot-jack, and was blindly groping for a match. At last a match was found, struck, the lamp righted and lighted, but no robber was there, and all was still as the grave. Thinking it must have been a dream, he once more stepped into his virtuous couch, but by way of precaution kept the lamp lit. In about two minutes a slight scratching was heard, and peering over the end of the bed, the *T. C.* discovered two fine fat mice gaily gamboling over the floor. He immediately seized the boot-jack before mentioned and gave chase; of course one mouse went one way and one the other, it took some time to make up his mind which one to kill first. In the meantime the vermin had crept under the folding doors into the sitting-room, but nothing daunted, he seized the lamp, threw the doors open and the pursuit became a hot one. A fish bowl was broken, and two gold fish lay dancing about on the carpet. Of course these had to be at once put in their native element, and the chase had to be postponed. After placing them carefully in a basin the chase was resumed with much ardor. Tables were upset, chairs lay prone, and sundry ornaments were hopelessly smashed. Just as the *T. C.'s* efforts were about to be crowned with success, having run the game to ground under the hearth-rug, footsteps were heard slowly descending the stairs, the door was opened, and the *T. C.* was gazing down his landlord's six shooter. Things were explained, but the unsportsmanlike landlord declining to take part in the chase, the *T. C.'s* ardor was damped, and he retired a sad and injured man to his bed, blessing the all-seeing Providence which sent mice on earth The bill of costs was handed in next morning, and footed up as follows: Fish bowl, $2; lamp glass, 10c.; three China vases, at $2 50 each, $7 50; damage to carpet from coal, $5; total, $14 10c. This was a very dear mouse hunt, and the *T. C.* has since found it cheaper, if not quite as exhilerating, to invest 25c. in a mouse trap, and keep awake till he hears the "click" which announces a capture. Then he pounces on the victim and takes as much of his fourteen dollars out of his hide as it is possible to obtain. By next State Fair he will show one of the finest robes in the country, and will no doubt get a premium worth two bits. Such is life.

Did Miss Jane Warren Kiss her Page P—This weighty question came up for decision at the Middlesex Sessions on the 15th of August. Miss Warren (aged 65, and worth two thousand a year) said that she gave Walter Howard (aged 15,) various sums of money, amounting to £300, in order that he might be cured of that very unromantic disease called tapeworm; being moved thereinto by gratitude for his talent and courage in the prevention of a burglary. The culprit, on the other hand, asserted that she gave him the cash for love, and made the charge from jealousy when she heard that he was going to America with a younger damsel. It was admitted all round that Miss Warren had been pretty familiar with the page when he was at the mature age of eleven and half, and no one seemed to know any more about the matter. Mr. Montague Williams called the prosecutrix a loose woman. Mr. Besley called the prisoner a thief and a swindler. The Judge(Sergeant Box) left it to the Jury, and the Jury could not agree. So Mr. Walter Howard remains to be tried till next term, and Miss Warren is left to meditate on the loss of her cash and the other on his character. The only consolation she has is that the Judge considered that no possible familiarity could do any harm, as she was old enough to be the page's grandmother.

The Tichborne case seems to grow more and more perplexingly mixed up every day. The claimant is sworn not to be Arthur Orton, has been almost proved not to be Tichborne, and the question arises, who or what is he? One of the witnesses for the defense said, "If the man before me (the claimant) is not Tichborne he must be the devil," and we certainly incline to the same belief. Besides being feasible, it is comforting to the soul. No more [o]f your skinny, scraggy, forked-tailed, cloven-hoofed monstrosities will the *T. C.* believe in any longer. His mental picture of the devil is as follows: A good-looking, stout, middle-aged man, with an immense amount of bonhommie about him, and an utter contempt for the driveling, canting, pilferers of God's tills, called parsons; an admirer of the fair sex, and a generally honest, jolly old dog. Such is our devil; and those who prefer the one pictured to them by the gospel-slingers are welcome to their choice, and will no doubt have one made to order for their especial benefit. Poor old Lucifer, if he did fall, fell from an eminence they can never aspire to, and no doubt still emulates the good times up stairs, though he is in the kitchen.

"The Rising of the Moon" is the name of Mr. Lyster's new play. It is unfortunately somewhat on the wane. We have heard of the moon being made of green cheese, but hitherto have considered it one of the innocent fictions of our childhood, invented to solace and not to deceive. Now, alas, we find that the moon is green and no mistake.

The parsons have shaken the Holy Ghost altogether of late, and are coming out as pulpit expounders of the political pot-pourri. They are used to wading around among the slushy crooked ways of sin and wickedness, and may be able to analyze the compound, but the work beseemeth them not. Stebbins, who was wont to guide his flock through the labyrinthine mazes of the triangular perplexity of the Holy Family, now boldly attempts the mystery of the ballot box. We had rather hear him fire away at the Trinity, on which he is much better posted, and with which his cavernous and cadavarous characteristics are more in accordance. Noble, whose hitherto principal objection to this wicked world has been the observance of Woodward's Day, has undertaken to extend his field of operations into the preserves of Carr, Chute & Co. He appears to better advantage declaiming against Sunday beer and ballcons. Hemphill will be taking his fling next, while Alemany, who has always had a scraggy finger in the pie, will show his hand openly.

The social evil is not considered catching. If it be not infectious, it is certainly epidemic, and is affecting in large numbers those of our young girls of fourteen years or thereabouts, who are supposed to be standing hesitatingly on the debatable land "where childhood and womanhood meet." Unfortunately, our young persons are not troubled with "reluctant feet." They vault over the delectable brook and are upon the opposite side before you can say Jack Robinson. After they have made the leap they are bolder and wickeder and more indifferent than the hardened sinners of graver years. One of them can play the deuce with the whole Industrial School, and the Magdalens decline utterly to be contaminated with their blighting influence. The wicked pleasure-seekers do not delight in them, for there is an unhealthful bitterness to them which stings the palate like unripe fruit. Upon the whole, we proffer the young imps our advice to cultivate reluctant feet—and—keep out of business a year or two at least.

There is a bottled beer saloon on the corner of Chestnut and Powell where the hoodlum loves to congregate. There the gentle youths drink their ten-cent bottled beer, roll out their choice oaths, and tell thrilling stories of how Jack so-and-so punched Bill S——, and then knifed him; or how Jake's chunk had killed one man, driven another to San Quentin, and how Jake is now up for prigging. Most of these hoodlums are mere boys, few if any being over twenty-one. What their occupation is, it is hard to say. What they will turn out is, however, easy to prophesy. Homicides, murderers, thieves will graduate from their ranks, and if the *Town Crier* is not wrong, and he seldom is, many, if not all of those North Beach hoodlums, will in time swell our criminal list—a list, alas! already too long.

Serenades are en regle, and a supper at the expense of the unfortunate man complimented is usually the sequel. A man of woeful countenance, who fought the Dolly Varden fight, has been anticipating his turn, and sits nightly with his contemplative eye cast sadly upon a cup of railroad coffee, a bologna sausage and a sea biscuit, waiting for the music to toot. If it begin not soon, he will be forced to lay this delectable lunch, Chinese fashion, upon the graves of the mythical subscribers to the Atlantic and Pacific humbug, and give the hungry Lone Mountain hoodlums a chance. Free lunch bummers are advised to organize a band of Jew's-harps and accordeons, and make the first meal that ever was made off him. Music at the discretion of the band, although "Still so Gently o'er me Stealing" is recommended.

Why are boys arrested at North Beach for bathing? Cleanliness is next to godliness, and is it not a holy and wholesome thing for boys to divest themselves of their superfluous filth? Children are wise in their generation, and boys know very well that Spring Valley water isn't to be trusted even for bathing purposes, and there isn't enough of it if it was. They must wash somewhere. Every one who knows a boy, knows how much dirt he can accumulate in a given time. If all the boys attempted to wash all the dirt off in one day, there would be real estate enough in their mothers' bath-tub to raise the family supply of potatoes.

Candidates who are unfamiliar with the work of the swift-plying needle are congratulating themselves that the button-hole machine didn't come into favor before election time. One unhappy man relating his experience says that his coat, one of the best products of the Mission Woollen Mills, was worn to the consistency of gauze; that his waistcoat was demolished entirely, and that they were about to fasten themselves upon his undershirt, when election day opportunely came and saved him from being utterly denuded. It was merely a scratch that they didn't work button-holes in his skin.

"The Hard Working Man" who corresponds with the *Chronicle*, though he may be, and probably is, "a hardy son of toil," does not stick to facts, especially when he says that Messrs. Cutting & Co. employ four hundred Chinamen at their fruit factory, dismissing white men to make room. If the white men of his fertile brain who were supposed to be discharged were anything like the "great unwashed" who signs himself "A Hard Working Man," we don't blame Cutting & Co. if they did sack them. We never knew a "son of toil" who wrote to papers who was worth his salt.

Such a revolution as that which the late election has made in California would have been impossible, says the *Bulletin*, in any other country in the whole world. Of course it would; and the reason is plain. California is the only country in the world which is blest in the possession of an *Evening Bulletin*, skillful in directing the storm of revolution. Modesty is a virtue, but Messrs. Pickering and Fitch are almost viciously modest.

Those two young sardines who took their girls to hear the organ concert at Dr. Scott's, on Thursday, are informed that their nonsensical drivel is not appreciated by the general public, especially during an organ solo by Evans. The sardines above referred to "sat in a cushioned seat," and if repeating such unseemly conduct, will be pointed out more plainly and held up to the execration of a music-loving community.

The Clay street cars are a constant source of dread to the old drunks who roll out of the Police Court. They may be seen at all hours of the day scratching their heads and asking bystanders if their eyes deceive them. These cars have entirely taken away the business hitherto monopolized by rats and rattlesnakes.

Janes is once more a free man, and is no doubt proportionately happy. That he shot Gallagher in self-defence there can be no doubt. Those roosters that run and turn are awkward birds to fight, and have a habit of kicking when least expected. Janes seems to be one of this class.

The long-winded youth who does the burglaries in the *Alta* has made a discovery which entitles him to the respect, not to say admiration, of his fellow citizens. He has discovered a house "surrounded on two sides by a porch." We await further developments.

The political cauldron contained a queer enough compound at best. If the whine, the cant, the hypocricy and the general sneakiness of the parsons must be thrown in, the broth is spoiled for the *T. C.*, who inclines only to the purest and best of everything.

It is reported that Pickering intends purchasing the large rattlesnake now at Woodward's, in order to place it under the editorial chair of the *Chronicle*. It killed a horse before it was captured, so that the smaller animals have a poor show.

The gentleman who paraded the race track on Saturday, with a red feather in his hat and an Ulster coat on his back, was not the Duke of Manchester. All civilities, etc., lavished on him have therefore been wasted.

Jimmy McGinn was very much disgusted with the Hurdle Races. Coffins are still a drug on the market, while the mutes are eating their heads off. Maw worms are at present to be hired at low rates.

CALIFORNIA'S BIRTHDAY.

On Wednesday we discovered, from certain military eruptions, that something out of the common way was about to happen. No Modocs were in sight, nor did the din of war add majesty to the stupendous array. Approaching a meek-looking stranger, with a dejected and somewhat funereal appearance, we weaned his thoughts from the dull routine of every-day life by stepping on one of his feet, and at once striking an attitude never yet known to fail, demanded the cause of this review. The meek-eyed stranger at once climbed up an adjacent lamp post, threw off his hat, said he was a poet, though the world didn't know it, that it was California's twenty-second birthday, and that he was her chosen bard. [From a dirty pocket handkerchief picked up in the neighborhood, we discovered that the meek-eyed stranger's name was J. G. Severance.] From his proud eminence "the meek-eyed one" gave birth to the following:

THE ANNIVERSARY POEM.

"Among the great Greece nurtured in her prime,"
Was San Francisco, a city built on time.
Twenty-two years ago a Pioneer
Took humble lodgings at the "What Cheer."
He was a weird, queer-looking man,
And not built on any regular plan."

Here the meek-eyed stranger paused, but being encouraged by liberal presents of peanuts he proceeded, and thus launched his frail bark on the rabid sea of criticism:

"THE FRIENDSHIPS OF THE PIONEERS."

'Twas in the cold gray morning,
Ere the rooster crewed his crow,
Two drunken Pioneers came up
From a cellar down below,

One had a very cruel eye
And a bright vermillion nose—
The other was an aged man
In somewhat seedy clothes.

"How much hast thou, my brother?"
Said he of the cruel eye,
"I guess it's time to liquor,
For I'm uncommon dry."

The aged brother answered,
And wiped away a tear,
"I've but a ten cent piece left,
And that won't run the beer."

The other winked his cruel eye,
He knocked the old man down;
The friendship of those Pioneers
Is now the boast of town.

Though again encouraged by various bribes, the meek-eyed stranger would warble no more. He was seen to slide down the lamp post, blow his nose, give one convulsive throb, and go home.

Parting Words from Germany to France—Our "occupation's gone."

THE LAY OF THE LOST ONE—No. II.

I tell you I must have it, you may laugh and shake your head,
I *must* keep my excitement up, for without it I am dead:
Give me some drink to soothe my nerves, though poison lurk beneath,
Not in that water, careless girl, don't you see it holds my teeth.

Time was when they crowded round me and paid to gain my smiles,
Now 'tis I that have to flatter and fawn, or allure by grosser wiles;
No longer they daily about my room, or meekly admittance crave,
But bid me trot out like a horse from its stall, or show my points like a slave.

I felt it keenly the other day when that worn-out sinner came, [shame.
Who thought because I had known him of old, I would help to bring Carrie to
It was well for him that he went out quick, for the blood rushed to my eyes,
And I clutched at the knife I alway swear, I had stabbed him otherwise.

But oh, what a crushing shock was that, how my inmost soul was stirred;
He had stolen my money to gamble with, but I never uttered a word.
But when he left me for that little wretch, and jeered me as she stood by,
The Devil was roused within my breast and a Hell in its agony.

I was at his throat like a tigress, not a thought of weakness or dread,
It was maddening to hear her mocking laugh, and I know not what I said,
But I knew that Harry was stung to the quick by the cruel look which he bore
And the cowardly blow that left me stunned for hours upon the floor.

WHAT NEXT?

A new writing machine being exhibited by Mr. Emmett Dewsmore seems to be an invention which, if the difficulty of its high price can be surmounted, will be almost as great a boon to printers as printing itself was to the world at large. At all events, its adoption will deprive that *hostis humani generis*, "the printers' reader," of all chance of throwing back upon the crabbed penmanship of the maddened author the responsibility of the travestie in which he has represented his pet incubations to a bewildered public. The writing machine is, with its stand, about the size of a small sewing machine, and consists of a small keyboard with three rows of keys, each of which is marked with a letter or number and connected with a long wire hammer, similar in action to those of the pianoforte, but bearing at the striking end, instead of the usual hard covered leather hammer, the metal die bearing the same letter or figure as that on the key. The hammers are ranged in a circle, so disposed that each hammer, when thrown up by the action of its key, strikes upon the same spot on a wooden cylinder, round which is the paper to be written upon. Underneath this paper is a piece of ordinary carbonized paper, so that when the die on the hammer strikes upon it the white paper is at once marked with whatever letter or figure may be upon the die. As the key which has been struck rises on being relieved from the pressure upon it, its action loosens a catch by which the wooden cylinder has been detained in its place, and the cylinder, acted upon by a coiled spring at one end, moves on a small space, so as to expose a fresh surface for the impact of the next die, which, on its key being struck, rises as before, and marks the paper with a fresh letter or figure immediately following the first. In this way each word is spelled, the striking of a light wooden bar which runs along the front of the key-board sufficing at the end of each word to move the cylinder forward without making any mark upon the paper, thus forming the spaces between the words. There are, of course, keys carrying the various notes of interrogation, etc., and it will be readily seen that by this arrangement a sentence may be printed off even much more rapidly than it can be written, each letter requiring, instead of the complicated, though unconscious, process of formation by a pen or pencil, only the single rap with the finger upon the key. The only difficulty in the way—besides the slight initial difficulty of learning the key-board by heart and practising the fingers to drop rapidly upon the desired letter—is that of finishing entirely with each letter before touching the key which is to print the next. As it is, the machine can be worked easily up to from sixty to eighty words per minute, and with less fatigue to the operator than in writing in the ordinary way twenty-five to thirty words a minute. By the use of tissue paper and additional carbonized leaves, eight or ten *facsimiles* can be printed simultaneously without any extra trouble. It is a most ingenious machine, and very simple in construction.

We do not altogether believe that the tailor makes the man, yet as we do think that this our piece of humanity deserves to be well clad, inasmuch as it cost no more, and is certainly more comfortable to the wearer, therefore do we rejoice that our old friend, Stallman, has returned to San Francisco. It will be seen from his advertisement that he has associated himself with Mr. Brüggeman, and that the two have established themselves in the new building, No. 526 Montgomery street, corner of Clay, where they will carry on the merchant tailoring business. They ought to be able to satisfy everybody, for Mr. Stallman was eleven years here, after that eight years in New York, and Mr. Brüggeman has been for ten years chief cutter at Mr. Eisenberg's. They start with a fresh stock of new goods of the latest fashion.

SUNBEAMS.

A gentleman, to oblige a credulous lady friend, recently tested the powers of a rather renowned fortune-teller. But he went his own way to work, and therefore dressed himself in ladies' clothes. The fortune-teller did not discover the disguise, but the experimenter heard what made him very unhappy. "What did the fortune-teller say to you?" asked the credulous lady-friend on his return, and hopeful that the sceptic had been convinced against his will. "Why," said the gentleman, assuming a very grave aspect, "she told me I was to marry soon." "Yes, yes," continued the lady as he paused, "go on. What then?" "What then! Why, that I was to be the happy mother of ten children."

What are Folk Saying?---They are saying—That "our George" surpassed himself last week. That he smashed Cardwell on the great question of Lord Sandhurst's table allowance. That he did for the "People's William" on the subject of the Queen's pickings. That he made Mr. Monsell the laughing stock of the House of Commons in connection with the Glasgow Post Office arrangements. That a great deal of Glenlivas promenaded the city last week. That large numbers became teetotal after the Fair. That, though many take the pledge, few keep it.

Great Autumn Maneuver.---Hodge—"Lor-a-massy, me-aster. Be oi to be power in t' Ste-ate! What be oi to get by that?" Mr. G.—"That, my good friend, is a mere detail. The question is, what am I to get by it?" ["In the debate as to giving a vote to the agricultural laborer, Mr. Forster read a letter from the Premier, who declared that such extension of franchise was just and politic, and could not long be avoided. The question was thus taken up by Government, which much needs a "good cry."]

Millionnairesses.---Mrs. A.—"Well, good bye, dear. You must come and see my new dresses from Paris, one charming morning dress, among others, quite simple, and only cost sixty-seven guineas. You'll come, won't you, and tell me what you think of it?" Mrs. B.—"O, my dear, I'm no judge of cheap clothing, you know.

What London Crushes are Coming to.---"By the bye, Lady Crowder, have you met the Partington's lately!" "Not for an age! They were at my ball last night, but I didn't see them. By the way, did you happen to be there, Captain Smythe?" "Oh, yes! Enjoyed myself immensely!" "So glad!"

Positively.---A. D. 1873.—Mistress—"A day's holiday, Jane; what for!" Jane—"Well, I thought you'd think it rather soon; but, please, mum, my young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps you remember—is a-going to take me to Grinnidge again, and I'm a-going to pop the question this time!"

Misconstrued.---Counsel (to young lady in witness-box)—"You say that you went into the National Gallery by yourself. Have you ever been taken in there by a gentleman. Witness—"Oh, dear, no; I flatter myself I am too sharp to be taken in by any gentleman!"

No man or woman was ever cured of love by discovering the falsity of his or her lover. The living together for three long, rainy days in the country has done more to dispel love than all the perfidies in love that have ever been committed.

A Closed Upper.---Mike (to recruiting sergeant)—"Well, I ain't well off for clo's, but I've got two soots." Sergeant—"Mike, you know that's the only suit of clothes you've got." Mike—"Arran, then 's'nt there my bed clo's."

An exquisitely dressed young man, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweler that he would—"ah, like to have—ah, something engraved on it—ah, to denote what he was?" "Certainly, certainly," said the tradesman; "I'll put a cypher on it."

The boys themselves, with a keen sense of humor, had a graduated scale of honor, which was represented by the following formula: "Will you take your oath he was ten feet high?" "Yes." "Will you take your dying oath?" "Yes." "Will you bet sixpence?" "No."

As two Glasgow gentlemen were crossing the river Lochy in a boat lately, preparatory to commencing fishing, a small salmon, weighing about nine pounds, leapt clean into their boat, and was at once secured. That was a miraculous haul.

Canny Folk.—"A licht, mon, is it that yer speerin' aboot? D'ye think lichts grow on trees, that they're to be had for the askin'? Ye'll get nae licht frae me, conscederin' ye cudna ask before I threw awa' the match." [And he didn't, either.

"'Tis Enough, 'twill Serve."---Englishman—"I fail to see, Dennis, why you should be so embittered against the Sister Isle!" Dennis (home ruler)—"Listen here, sorr! she won't fraternize wid us!"

Convenient Dentition.---In these days of high prices of meat and other articles of daily necessity, folks with increasing families and stationary incomes must be rather glad than otherwise when their children cut their teeth late.

Very Light Literature.---Of all publications on any subject, Blue Books are the shallowest. Why? Because their readers have got to wade through them, and yet they are generally dry reading.

Little by Little.---Farmer—"Wull, Maarster Jarvis, and how be ye, sir?" Master Jarvis—"O, only just middling. There be a main soight to me to be all well at one time."

Special Brevities.

It is but seldom that a prisoner succeeds in defying his jailers, but such a case has just occurred at the State Prison, Sing Sing, New York: A notorious criminal, known by the name of "Wes" Allen, refused the other day to join a draught of prisoners, who were to be sent to the State Prison at Auburn, and backed up his refusal by very disagreeable proceedings. While the preparations were making for the departure of the convicts, Allen rushed to his cell, carrying with him a large knife which he had surreptitiously obtained from the dining hall. Brandishing this weapon over his head, he threatened instant death to any who attempted to lay hands on him. He had also obtained, it is supposed from the stone quarries, a pound of nitro-glycerine, to which he pointed with "a demon-like derision" as keeper after keeper approached his cell, armed with the carbine or the revolver in use in the prison, and announced his intention to destroy the entire prison by exploding the nitro-glycerine if they attempted to fire at him. The appearance of the desperate man was rendered all the more frightful by the fact of his having only one eye, which he rolled about with a savage leer as he uttered his threats. The keepers, after consultation, decided that discretion was the better part of valor; and, by the latest accounts, Allen remains in his cell entirely master of the situation. It seems that he has been an inmate of the prison on former occasions, and remarked when he arrived there the last time that he "guessed he knew the ropes of that institution pretty well, and did not intend to work much too hard." The keepers would be very glad to transfer him to another establishment, but unfortunately there is little prospect of their being able to dislodge him at present.

The French papers occupy themselves in discussing the alleged fusion, and in giving versions of the civilities which have passed between the Pretenders. The *Journal de Paris* dwells upon the importance of the interview between the Comte de Paris and the Comte de Chambord at Vienna, which, it says, signifies a reconciliation of the members of the family; also that the Orleans Princes do not acknowledge that they are competitors with the Comte de Chambord for the throne of France. The leaders of the Monarchical parties in the Assembly are circulating for signature among the deputies of the Right a proposal for the re-establishment of a Monarchy in France. Should the number of adherents show that they form a majority, the Assembly will probably be convoked before November 5th to discuss the proposal.

The uniform in which King Frederick the Great died having, by an old-established Prussian custom, become the property of his valet, has been preserved in the inheritor's family up to a few weeks ago, when, the head of that family dying, the heirs resolved to convert it into coin. It was disposed of to a dealer in old clothes for 150 thalers. The old clothes merchant soon met with a patriotic admirer of historical relics, who invested 500 thalers in the suit. The next purchaser was a Briton, who ventured the comparatively high price of 8,000 thalers (£1,200) upon it, hoping to realize as much as £3,000 by reselling. A prince of the reigning house in Prussia was anxious to possess himself of the venerable suit, but the price staggered him. The enterprising gentleman has now shipped the interesting garments to the United States.

The personal accomplishments of the average man of a town in Colorado are thus described by a resident: "Our butcher is a graduate from Yale; one of the gentlemen working in the printing office is a graduate of Cambridge and winner of the bishop's medal for proficiency in classics; a ranchman near by is the son of a General in the British army, and a near relative of George Stephenson, the engineer; four other ranchmen are the four sons of a former Governor of Bengal, who is still very wealthy; and two are sons of an eminent London banker.

MARRIAGE MORN.

'Tis May-time, and the marriage morn
Of Clara Winwood, who was born
In yonder cot
That seems to float upon the corn—
Fair May-time and her marriage morn;
Would it were not!
The bridegroom walks with happy stride,
But he has only won her pride.

She tames her love and gives her hand
Because he is a lord of land,
And he can ride
Ten miles and say, "All this is mine;
And what is mine, my love, is thine."
And she can hide
Her soul, and, though her heart be cold,
Put on a smile to get his gold.

There is a youth in Brinton Dell,
And Clara Winwood loves him well;
And he loves her
Unto the very core of truth—
With all the passion of his youth;
And would it were
That he could prove true love and health
Are far beyond the price of wealth!

Old women tread the churchyard grass
To see the bride and bridegroom pass;
And children play
Round gravestones where their sisters sleep
And older children know and weep,
And turn away.
The gossips stand beneath the trees,
And watch and wait in twos and threes.

The belfry shakes, the warm air swells
With merry peal of bridal bells.
Alas, alas!
For Time will teach the bride by stealth
That love is richer far than wealth.
Alas, alas!
The bridegroom who can buy and sell
Shall meet the youth of Brinton Dell!

—*Guy Roslyn in Belgravia.*

THE HOTTENTOT VENUS.

I prepared you, last week, to hear the worst about that rhinoceros; though I hardly knew the worst myself then. I thought his carcase would have fetched far more than it did. But it seems a live dog will fetch more than a dead pachyderm, even if the thick-skinned one be a rhinoceros. It is true that, even whilst still with us, the deceased did not fetch much—he was such a lazy brute; yet I did not anticipate such a strong feeling amongst the tallow-chandling community against working him in for candles, as time has shown to exist. No matter, he is gone, and I did very well with his hide. I believe it is to be made into shoe-laces, for the express use of the diggers in the South African diamond fields.

You don't care, I suppose, for further details of "Peter's" death. He died very hard, though it is pleasing to know his last moments were rendered easier by the cakes of honey-soap he took shortly before his death. It is not surprising he frothed at the mouth, is it? An underling attached to the menagerie—but, speaking on behalf of my collection, I beg to say it is not by any means attached to the underling—ventured to say, as he watched the frothing sympton, that "evidently Peter's last hour was scum." I think that the underling was sorry afterwards that he spoke, for I was not in my slippers at the time. But here I am, giving you the further details, for which I supposed you would not care. We will say no more about the rhinoceros, unless specially desired to do so by a decided majority of your subscribers.

I don't know how you find it in London, but here (I am speaking of Weston-super-Mare) we find it very hot. And the heat does not want much finding either; indeed it has a habit of finding you out, do what you may. Still, it is better to be found out than in, any day, when you are near the sea, isn't it?

The Polar bear suffers most of all. Three pounds of rough ice, scattered lavishly about the floor of his den every morning, fail to satisfy his yearnings for the Arctic Regions of his youth; and for the past week he has been plunged in deep melancholy, and refuses to wash. I read him little scraps from Polar literature after menagerie hours, to try and cheer him up, but in vain. He merely walks up and down his den and wags his head mournfully. Any enterprising barber may have him cheap. He must be full of pomatum.

The more tropical animals rejoice in the present weather. The elephant is so happy that he attempts to prance. We discourage his efforts with an ox-goad, for he has already pranced upon a Newfoundland dog and a perambulator—the latter, fortunately, empty. The leopard marks his high sense of the jollity of the season by coming out in fresh spots and howling all night. We use a great deal of carbolic acid.

You remember that I told you that I now have a "Hottentot Venus" attached to the establishment. She also rejoices in the temperature, and sings the airs of her native land exultantly. She is very useful in her way, and is really a great attraction, especially to the young farmers. Magga-Mumba—for so she is called—has more of the Hottentot than the Venus about her; but she is a good girl for all that. She came over in a sugar-ship from Table Bay seven years ago, in the Exeter-Hall interest; but after appearing twice at the May meetings, and singing hymns in her native dialect during the collection, she was prevailed upon, by an offer of more wages, to go as barmaid in a hostelry in the New North Road. There she stayed for some time, gaining considerable profit by selling her own biogra-

phies, at a penny each, over the bar; and she might have been there now, had not the landlord foolishly insisted upon her appearing, on his birthday, with a ring in her nose. Refusing to conform to his somewhat eccentric wish, she left the bar, and soon after took to the road, appearing, in the first instance, as the "African Fire Queen," and in that capacity swallowed more lighted tow than was good for her. The season after that she came out as "The Hottentot Venus," and has played that role ever since. It will be fresh in the memories of my more attentive readers that she joined me after leaving Booker's Museum of Natural and Scientific Wonders in a hall some six weeks ago. I am sure I hope that she will never leave me, as long as it is for our mutual interest we should keep together.

But I must not be certain I shall retain her. In all the towns she has visited she has had her admirers. The Mayor of Marshcomb came to see her twice, and gave her a Paisley shawl; while a gentleman of the neighboring town of Ravenbury was so marked in his attentions, that Jo-Jo, the lion-tamer, who was king in his own country, who is himself sweet on Magga-Mumba, threatened to wait for him outside with the shin-bone of a horse the lion had just picked clean. But the most serious affair was at Mustyborough. We had been there two days, and I noticed that a young man of artless mien came in every time the doors were opened, and I thought he must be an embryo Cuvier, or a Buffon in the bud, or something of that sort. So I took great trouble in explaining all the beasts to him, and gave him the refusal of a young kangaroo which I found impossible to rear. It was not until the evening of the second day that I saw what his game really was. Then, as Magga-Mumba was going her usual native dances, previously to Jo-Jo entering the lion's den, I saw the artless one's eyes fixed upon her in a manner that admitted of but one interpretation.

I went up to him and tried to draw off his attention to the camel, who was just then casting his coat in a spare caravan; but it was no use. Then I took him, almost by force, into the den occupied by the jaguar before his untimely decease, which I have since fitted up as an office, and taxed him with his love. He did not attempt to deny it.

"I love her," he said, "and she shall be mine."

"Young man," I replied, "you are talking foolishly. Magga-Mumba would not make you happy. She is a child of the desert, and the blood of Bosjesmen flows in her veins; moreover, she is under a contract to remain with me for two years."

"I will buy her off," he muttered, proudly. "Magga-Mumba! what a sweet name! Oh, tell me, sir, if she loves another."

"Without doubt, she does," I eagerly replied. "Jo-Jo, whose performance with the lions you have noticed, looks upon her as his own, and his passion is reciprocated; for cannot he woo her in her native patois?"

"Enough of this," returned the youth, bitterly; "who is Jo-Jo?"

"Jo-Jo," I said, "has been king in his own country, and was brought up to consider his will law. Speaking as a man who knows Jo-Jo's idiosyncrasies well, I would say don't cross him in his love affairs. He is great at the bow, and keeps poisoned arrows concealed up his back."

"So you threaten me, do you?" said the artless one. "We will see?" and before I could stop him, he had rushed out, and in another few moments he was on his knees before the Hottentot Venus, who was, for the nonce, presiding at the nut and biscuit stall.

Magga-Mumba stared at him in amazement, and thinking he was hungry, presented him with a very stale Abernethy. He took it, and plunged it under his waistcoat, on the left-hand side.

"Fly with me, thou Venus of a southern clime," he cried: and he attempted to embrace her across the stall, upsetting it in his endeavor, placing thereby the whole stock within reach of the elephant, who swallowed goods to the amount of five-and-sixpence in three gulps.

Magga-Mumba drew back in alarm, falling over a pet armadillo that was allowed to run loose about the menagerie, and by that time I had succeeded in getting in one of the borough policemen, who, at my request, bore off the artless though aggressive youth, amidst the cheers of the assembled people. I found out, afterwards, that he was an orphan, and hydrocephalous from his birth. He had also been brought up by hand, by a black ayah. He came down early the next morning, and left a note for the Hottentot Venus with one of the band, who was about betimes. It ran thus:—

MADAM.—I no longer love you. If I ever see you dance again, it will be with Platonic satisfaction. Marry your Jo-Jo, and be happy. I pity Jo-Jo. He may have been a king in his own country, but I doubt if you will let him be a master in his own house. Yours sincerely, A CURED ADMIRER.

Jo-Jo put this epistle into her own dialect for Magga-Mumba, and she ate her dinner much the same as ever, the only difference being that she was helped twice to vegetable-marrow, that being a dish she had formerly altogether eschewed. I did not see the artless one again, but I have since been told he has taken to drink.

You will be please to hear that Jo-Jo and Magga-Mumba will very probably be married in the next large town in which we exhibit. It will be a good advertisement for the menagerie. But I wish it was cooler.

Yours perspiringly, O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF.

A "Milking" Establishment—The Stock Exchange.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes as follows:—Some curious combinations in spots and stripes are being shown as the newest fashions from Paris; but I think the style too *outre* to find much favor, except with those ladies who pride themselves on being eccentric in their costumes. I saw the trousseau of a bride a few days ago, and some of the dresses had come from Worth's and were very stylish, though some were equally ugly in my eyes, the spotted and striped costume particularly. It was of brown and white silk; the skirt was striped, the stripes being about an inch wide, and the skirt was trimmed with two flounces around the bottom, one spotted and one striped; above the spotted one, which was uppermost, was a broad band of brown silk, and two upright plaitings to match the flounces. The tunic was spotted, trimmed with bands of the striped silk, and was of a very pretty shape. It was cut with a long square waistcoat front, and the skirt of it was quite open in front and square at the points. The back was very much rounded and well puffed out at the waist, where it was supported by a broad and soft silk sash, which hung more like China crape than ribbon. The bonnet was brown, dotted with white daisies; and the boots had tiny white buttons up the front. Another of the dresses was at once curious and very stylish. The skirt (a long train) was of white silk, very thick and rich, trimmed with a curious plaited trimming in which each plait looked twisted from the middle. Over this there was quite a new style of polonaise, called I believe a surtout. It was cut in the Princess shape behind, and the front was double-breasted, and the sides crossed each other. A square waistcoat appeared below the bodice in front, and the sleeves were of the old-fashioned coat shape, with a deep cuff. This surtout was in a very rich shade of blue, splendidly embroidered, and it had a ruffed bar of white silk, very high in the back and tapering down to a point at the bottom of the opening of the bodice, where a bar of blue and white silk finished the costume. The rage for blue linen for seaside wear is extending to hats; ladies wear hats trimmed with it, and hats made of it after the fashion of drawn bonnets twenty years ago. These last look remarkably like children's sun-hats, and more eccentric than pretty. An article in the *trousseau* I spoke of above was a very costly and beautiful white crape polonaise, embroidered with what looked like pearl beads. An exquisite pattern of vine leaves and grapes went all round the skirt and sleeves, and a deep fringe edged the whole, every knot of which was a larger pearl. The effect was extremely light and elegant, but the cost of it was something fabulous. I saw some very pretty nick-nacks in majolica ware the other day, quite new in design, I was told. One was a bachelor's or breakfast cruet, and was certainly original, to say the least of it. The whole looked like a pretty chimney ornament, and consisted of the stump of an old tree, an owl, and a squirrel, very natural and well colored. The tree stump held the salt, the spoon within it looked like a twig; the owl became a mustard pot, when his head was taken off, and the pepper was obtained through little holes at the back of the squirrel's head. The contrivance to keep the owl and squirrel in their places formed a part of the old tree, and the whole thing was excessively pretty. A new fancy has arisen this season for ladies to cover their parasols, and gentlemen their umbrellas with white linen and brown Holland cases. They are made with a ring in the top for the point of the stick to pass through, and elastic loops at every seam for the ends of the ribs. They are very ugly and clumsy looking.—*Glasgow Mail.*

A Survey was made seven years since called "Captain Sprye's Route to Western China." Two hundred and fifty miles of the surveyed road has proved eminently successful. Sprye may be very justly described—both as regards the clearness of his own ideas, and the wilful blindness of those who ought to have advanced them—as the Waghorn of the Far East. The best years of his life have been sacrificed in the endeavor to introduce among the highways of the world a new route, which is certain to be attended with similar blessings to that discovered by the great traveler whose statue stands at the head of the Suez Canal—erected, to our shame, by French, and not by British hands. Seven years ago, under Lord Derby's administration, a survey of the proposed route was commenced, and reported on most satisfactorily. It was only laid aside on the change of Government. The gist and pith of the projected route is this—that it will bring the Chinese frontier, by land, within 300 miles of British Burma, and thus not only save a distance of 2,400 miles—at which Shanghai stands from the western frontier of China Proper—but also develop—or rather introduce, for there is no such thing at present—a trade with the Chinese Western provinces. It is unnecessary to point out the vast extension of British commerce that will be thus attained.

Maison D'ore Quail.—We are glad to see that the Acclimatization Society took the initiative in the late case of Maison D'ore quail. No doubt it is very considerate of the caterer M. Dingeon to anticipate and provide quail for his customers, but still the game must be guarded, or in a short time he will not be able to provide quail in or out of season.

A Seasonable Excursion for the London School Board—Deal; and if some of the thin members wish to get stout, their place of rendezvous surely will be Sandwich.

"WEALTH OF THOUGHT AND BEAUTY OF EXPRESSION."

It has been said, that since St. Beuve and Matthew Arnold lived and wrote, "criticism has occupied a place in the highest order of literary work." This emphatically applies to the criticism of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. That potent manufacturer of literary opinion and instructor of the popular taste, on Tuesday evening, published a column of doggrel, which it called "poetry," and of which the following extract furnishes a rather favorable sample:

> The jolly Celt turns from his sunny isle,
> Forsakes the shamrock for the spade, awhile;
> With hopes and grief, his great heart swelling big,
> He bids farewell to Kathleen and the pig;
> 'Tis off he is, "be jabers, for to look
> For other lumps than found at Donnybrook!"
> Leaves to decay shillalah and his hod,
> His wife and children, trustfully, to God.
>
> Nor is the Briton to the call so deaf
> But that he pauses o'er his roast of beef;
> Quits "arf an' arf" and, "blarst me bloody heyes,
> But 'ere's a go," and off from home he hies,
> Resolved his cousins o'er the seas to show
> "There's nothing there like Hingaland, you know!"

At the conclusion appears the following comment by the *Bulletin's* "reviewer," which can scarcely fail to justify the high opinion entertained in the community of the super or critical acumen of that journal: "The poem was repeatedly and warmly applauded, showing on the part of the listeners a fine appreciation of its wealth of thought and beauty of expression."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Because of a depletion in the School Fund, it is anticipated that teachers will get no pay for the month of September, and the half of October. An immense tax is paid to support the schools, and people are moved to inquire into the reason of this lack of funds. The children who attend the public schools belong, for the greater part, to that class of people who toil for bread, and their future is not assured. Very few of them ever enter the high schools, because they have reached – nay, have strained the length of their tether, by staying in school long enough to graduate from the Grammar Department. In the primary schools, of which there are many, and in which the classes average, at least, twelve to a building, there are from sixty to seventy scholars in a class. In the grammar schools, many of which are obliged to accomodate primary classes, because these have not enough grammar pupils, the classes average from thirty to forty pupils; while in the high schools, of which there are two, the classes average from fifteen to twenty-five. The pupils of the high schools, as a rule, are those whose parents are sufficiently well to do to pay for private education, but prefer the public school system. The pupils of the grammar schools, with the exception of the few who intend to pass into the high school, are those with whom work is not an immediate necessity but who look forward to becoming mechanics and working women when they shall have completed the preparatory course. But in the primary school, where the children barely swarm, they have come for the most part to acquire only the rudiments of the necessary education, since work will begin for them immediately that they are strong enough. Yet in these primary grades, where time is money, they are afflicted with a music teacher, a French teacher, and a drawing teacher. Every one loves to hear the voices of children raised in simple song, but who can see the use of employing a superannuated, country singing school-master to give a lesson of twenty minutes a week to a class of sixty pupils, not one of whom can receive individual instruction. A child, who could learn to read music by note after many years of this drill, without private instruction, would be a *rara avis*, indeed. Beside this, they receive twenty minutes a day in French, this a general exercise, too, for individual instruction is impossible, and twenty minutes a week in drawing. And thus is the substance consumed which should be laid out in giving the children a good, plain, solid, useful English education. They obtain the merest smattering of flimsy accomplishments, and teachers of French, music, drawing, and considerable high school flummery get money which should only be laid out in that way after it has been seen that there remains abundance for the solid needs of education. It is far easier to dispense with Charlotte Russes, meringues, and creams, than substantial beef and wholesome bread.

Californians Registered at the Office of Charles Le Gay, American Commission Merchant, 1 Rue Scribe, Paris. August 22, 1873: Eugene Kelly and family, D. T. Murphy, J. M. English and wife, Miss L. M. Hawkins, Mr. Theodore Bogle, R. J. Tillany, L. Sachs and family, Capt. L. Stevens and family, Mrs. John B. LeGay, Wm. M. Lent and family, W. B. Farwell, E. Suskind, Wm. Wood, Mrs. Charles Crocker and family, C. F. Crocker, Geo. Crocker, Charles Hensley, Mrs. Major Hensley, Mrs. E. B. Cory, E. F. Northam.

ART NOTES.

The next reception and exhibition of the Art Association will probably take place in about six or eight weeks' time, by which period the set of casts presented to the society by the French Government should have arrived, and will of course be immediately put on view. Apart from this, the artists are fast returning from their country vacations, and are hard at work for the next exhibition. Wandesforde has been up in Mendocino county, and has returned with some admirable forest studies and sketches of logging camps. Marple is back with a budget of sketches from Lake Tahoe and vicinity, some of them grand subjects for finished pictures, and all noticeable for refined feeling. Deakin has at his studio a bright and true little picture of "An English Church Porch," and has commenced a more important work, a scene in the Wahsatch Mountains. R. J. Bush has some good studies taken round Mount St. Helena, and is at work upon a view of Santa Clara Valley from the redwoods. He is about the youngest of our local artists, but is bound to make his mark, we think. An important addition to our artists' corps has been made recently in the person of Mr. Eiler Jorgensen, a Danish gentleman, who devotes himself principally to portraiture. Two studies of peasants' heads, by this artist, exhibit much character and "go." He is a member of the Royal Academy of Copenhagen. In Niles' window, on Kearny street, several heads and compositions by "Oregon" Wilson are attracting attention. We may briefly say that Mr. Wilson was originally a gentleman of Virginia, and *not* of Oregon, and that he has nought to do with the O'Reagans, in spite of his first name. The pictures are just a little too smooth and pretty, yet have a good deal of excellent drawing and color about them. The pair of brunette and blonde beauties would tempt a saint. The painting which strikes us most, however, as a work of real merit is that entitled "Homeless." It represents a poor, wretched, ragged street-arab crouching down on the cold London stones, a perfect embodiment of abject misery and helplessness, and made us compare the worst estate of the poor in California with their condition in Europe, much to the advantage of the former. It is excellent in drawing, and its low color and tone pleases us muchly. "The Mechanic's Lament," by the same artist, is another picture of the harrowing order worthy of note. In the same window has recently been exhibited a large and ambitious landscape by Norton Bush, entitled the "West Slope of the Cordilleras." As it has been packed off to Sacramento for the State Fair, we shall not attempt to influence the judges more than to recommend them to award it the first prize. And that it will probably get anyhow, for it is gaudy and meretricious in color, and poor in drawing and composition. That sun of yours, Norton, descending on the mountain peak immediately below it would certainly get stuck, and the rest of the world be left out in the cold.

RESULTS OF THE ELECTION.

Annexed is a list of the successful candidates at the late election. Where possible at this writing, the majorities are given:

LEGISLATORS.

Senators—Phillip A. Roach, D., 183; Washington Bartlett, P. U., 82.

Assemblymen—M. M. Estee, P. U.; Daniel Rogers, P. U.; John F. Swift, P. U.; John F. Hamill, P. U.; W. A. Aldrich, P. U.; C. C. Terrill, P. U.; James Patterson, P. U.; B. C. Vandall, P. U.; George C. Wickware, P. U.; D. Friedenrich, P. U.; J. F. Cowdery, P. U.; Robert Howe, D.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—James Otis, T. P., 1,242. *Sheriff*—William McKibbin, T. P., 4,129.

Tax Collector—Alexander Austin, T. P. and D., 17,455.

Auditor—Monroe Ashbury, T. P. and D., 25,817.

Treasurer—Charles Hubert, D., 22. *Coroner*—Dr. John R. Rice, D., 856.

Recorder—O. H. Frank, D., 4,128. *Co. Clerk*—Wm. Harney, T. P. and D., 24,898.

Surveyor—Wm. P. Humphreys, D., 1,110.

Public Administrator—Simon Mayer, T. P., 3,115. *Chief of Police*—Theodore G. Cockrill, 3,296. *Superintendent of Streets*—Samuel H. Kent, T. P., 2,491.

Superintendent of Schools—James Denman, D., 1,693.

Attorney and Counsellor—W. C. Burnett, T. P., 4,344.

District Attorney—Thomas P. Ryan, D., 672.

Fire Commissioners—Wm. Ford, T. P. and D., 25,621; Gordon E. Sloss, D., 1,305; Chas. B. Edwards, D., 793.

State Harbor Commissioners—C. L. Taylor, T. P. (city), 2,238; Paul Neuman, R. (State), 1,958.

Harbor Master—Wm. H. Morton, T. P., 2,484.

Justices of the Peace—R. Aug. Thompson, T. P. and D.; James C. Pennie, D.; H. L. Joachimsen, T. P.; F. A. Sawyer, T. P.; Lyman W. Ransom, T. P.

Supervisors—First Ward, Stewart Menzies, T. P. and D., 19,814; Second Ward, Wm. C. Pease, T. P., 2,786; Third Ward, J. J. Kenney, D., 564; Fourth Ward, Arthur M. Ebbets, T. P. 4,199; Fifth Ward, John R. Sime, T. P., 4,293; Sixth Ward, James H. Deering, T. P., 2,886; Seventh Ward, James B. Roberts, T. P., 2,639; Eighth Ward, A. L. Wangenheim, T. P., 4,675; Ninth Ward, A. W. Scott, T. P., 3,937; Tenth Ward, George Hewston, T. P., 2,872; Eleventh Ward, M. Lynch, T. P., 1,680; Twelfth Ward, D. A. McDonald, T. P., 1,594.

School Directors—Jos. Clement, T. P. and D.; George C. Hurlbert, T. P.; H. J. Tilden, T. P.; John O. Hanscom, T. P.; H. Rosekrans, T. P.; Andrew McF. Davis, T. P.; W. T. Bradbury, T. P.; J. M. Buffington, T. P.; John P. Shine, T. P.; M. J. Donovan, T. P.; J. Spaulding, D.; Robert Bragg, D.

A TRIFLING EXCHANGE.

Said grave papa, "Why, Kittie, child,
What do I on your finger see?"
"Oh, this, papa?" the maiden said:
"Why this you know Sam gave to me."
"And pray what right had Sam, my dear,
My daughter's hand to fetter thus?"
"Oh, let me see!" Miss Kittie said;
"It was the day he dined with us."

"He dined with us!" papa replied:
"Pray, what has that to do with it?"
"Why, nothing, sir: but then, you know,
We tried to see if it would fit;
And then we couldn't get it off,
Although we tried and tried and tried!"
"Poor child! I'll take it off at once,"
With tenderness papa replied.

With blushes Kittie hung her head;
"Oh, no, papa! because, you see,
Sam said, if *something* I'd give him,
Why, he would give the ring to me."
"Oh! ah!" replied papa, "indeed!
And pray what did you give him, miss?"
"Only a trifle, sir," she said:
"He wanted, and I gave—a kiss!"

THE FRENCHMAN FROM LIMERICK.

The natural modesty of an Irishman has not in many cases been a bar to his application for, or acceptance of office, but one of the coolest pieces of impudence by one of that nation we have ever met with came across our notice a day or two ago. A Mr. Williams, self-styled Professor Williams, was appointed by the Rev. O. Fitzgerald examiner in the French language of candidates for teachers in the High School. The Professor may be a very good Irish scholar, but as his knowledge of French is derived from the coaching of an ignorant deputy named Simon, we don't think that he can examine natives of the country as to their proficiency in their own tongue. In fact, we know that he is utterly incapable, and so ignorant as to be amusing. We overheard him asking a French girl to translate "red surf" into French. What on earth red surf is, only the Hibernian can know. His deputy, chosen with a due regard to his mental incapacity, in order not to excel the boss examiner, is equally stupid and arrogant, and the poor French girls are nearly distracted by the extraordinary questions propounded them. What we want to get at is this: Why should not French Professors be appointed for the purpose of passing upon the qualifications of French girls to become teachers. German teachers are examined by Germans, and one might as well appoint a Chinaman Professor of Music as an ignorant Irishman to be a judge of French.

A GALLANT ELEPHANT.

Few sentimental damsels would approve of the transformation of a well-known line into "a *trunk* was on my shoulder, I knew its touch was kind." According to a young lady who lately visited the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, in company with her friends, was more terrified than flattered on perceiving that the corpulent in the menagerie was neglecting the sugar and cakes placed within reach of his long proboscis to pursue her wherever she went. When she stood still, he stood still; when she moved he followed. An elephant's trunk is indeed a marvel of animal mechanism, but to the unscientific observer it resembles somewhat too closely Mr. Mantalini's description of his corpse, being both damp and unpleasant. The attempt made by the poor animal to attract the lady's attention by means of this appendage soon caused her to hurry away in alarm; seeing this, her admirer [illegible] and on which he caught a keeper to the spot. He soon [illegible], and asked her to hand the elephant a bouquet, which formed part of her *bouffe*. She did so with trembling fingers, whereupon the elephant carried it to his mouth, drank in its perfume with evident delight, and to the surprise of all present returned it to its owner with that mixture of grace and clumsiness which may be imagined in a courteous elephant. The bouquet was composed of orange flowers, of which these animals are passionately fond.

AGRICULTURAL BUREAU AND LAND DEPARTMENT.

The Placard Exchange, having secured the services of competent agents, and being supplied with maps and charts of the public lands of the State, as well as of the Ranchos, or private land claims, is now prepared to give the necessary information in relation to the location of desirable lands and the mode and manner of obtaining them. A specialty of this branch of the CALIFORNIA PLACARD EXCHANGE will be the purchase and sale of Ranchos and public lands generally, as well as the subdivision of large Ranchos in farms or desirable tracts for sale, when required. Maps and other information and charts furnished, and conveyancing executed with neatness and dispatch. Charges moderate, by application to JOHN MELVILLE, Secretary to the California Placard Exchange, 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco.

An Oddfellow—Judy's only cousin.

OUR SAVINGS BANKS.

In San Francisco we have ten Savings Banks, all of which are doing a large business, speaking volumes for our financial status. The following is a condition of the California Savings Banks, July 1, 1873:

	Deposits.	Av. to each Depositor.
Savings and Loan Society	$9,324,273	$1,221 09
Hibernia Savings and Loan Society	12,480,470	783 26
French Savings and Loan Society	5,127,772	875 31
San Francisco Savings Union	5,121,511	1,006 19
Odd Fellows' Savings Bank	5,309,053	917 72
Farmers' and Mechanics' Savings Bank	392,994	825 61
German Savings and Loan Society	3,618,179	811 06
Masonic Savings and Loan Bank	905,162	483 12
Humboldt Savings and Loan Society	645,993	581 97
Security Savings Bank	805,816	733 89
Totals—July 1, 1873	$43,731,223	$886 95

THE "MAISON DOREE."

Our old friend and prince of caterers, Leon Dingeon, has done two wise things. He has taken unto himself two excellent men as partners who thoroughly understand the business, and he has leased the elegant building on Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, and fitted it up as a restaurant, ice cream and refreshment saloon. However slight and fragile woman appears to be, the dear creatures must eat, and they like to have their food daintily served to them. The consequence is, that the *Maison Dorée* is crowded all day long with ladies, not only in the elegant saloon up stairs, but also in the restaurant that opens from the street. There they sit enjoying the good things of this life, and the unhappy outsiders stare at them through the window panes, hardly knowing which to admire the most, the pretty faces or the good things over which they are bending. It is also a great resort after the theater. The sterner sex likewise is much comforted therein with delicacies from the best *cuisine* in San Francisco. Such an institution was wanted there, and the want is well supplied.

THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS.

Captain Watson, master of the British bark *Reconnaisance*, now lying in this port, and for years engaged in the trade between the Australias and South Sea Islands, informs us that the commercial activity between those countries is increasing every year. Regular lines of ships are running between Australia and the Fiji Islands, and extending, as the occasion demands, to the Society and Navigator Islands. In the South Seas, as the world over, the British flag is conspicuous, and the traveler there is forcibly reminded of the old refrain—"Britannia rules the waves." War vessels of the great civilized nations are constantly plying about between the islands, those of England, the United States and France being most active. For the past few years the German flag is frequently seen, and from present indications the German Empire will be well represented in this respect. Capt. Watson speaks in the highest terms of the natives of all the islands, with the exception of those of the Solomon group, which are reported to be very fierce and expert cannibals.

DANBURY.

For a long time we pondered what it was that made the writer of certain articles in the Danbury *News* so popular. Our *Town Crier* was more witty and sarcastic than he; he hit harder. It is true that he didn't care whether he planted his blows at Mother Church or at muddy politics, but he struck right out and with good effect, and yet he has never been quoted and clipped like the above-mentioned journal. We think that we have solved the problem. Bailey's sketches are more domestic: they are drawn from our hearths and homes; they appeal to our every day life. In another sense the principle may be applied to the establishment called the "City of Paris" (Ville de Paris). Its articles are sought by those who can understand the good genuine stuff. There is the real good wear about them, and for those who appreciate the delicate and beautiful, nothing can excel the taste and finish of the articles in this vast establishment. Not large enough for their requirements, but of that anon.

We have received, as a further addition to the already replete "Land Bureau of the Placard Exchange," two fine maps from Gustavus De Young, publisher of the Commercial Directories of the Pacific Coast. One map is of Nevada, the other of Butte.

COURT CHAT.

The visit of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur to the Danish Court only lasted six days. The Royal Family are spending the Summer at Fredensborg Castle, a huge monotonous construction of the beginning of the eighteenth century, built in the bad Louis XIV. style, with shining white-washed walls, square windows, and an ungainly cupola, but charmingly situated in an extensive park with venerable trees and sombre avenues sloping down to the shores of the romantic Esrom lake. The British Prince almost daily visited Copenhagen, which is distant by rail from Fredensborg some hour and a half, and, in the company of his Royal Highness the Danish Crown Prince, went the round of museums and collections, most conscientiously doing all the lions of the place. One day he stayed in town to dine with Sir Charles Wyke, the British Minister. The gentle and unpretending manners of his Royal Highness won him the good opinion of all who had an opportunity of coming in contact with him, and to the people generally he was the object of sympathetic interest. The visit of the Prince has been mentioned in connection with certain matrimonial projects, but, as far as can be ascertained, nothing has as yet been decided; it is understood, however, that his Royal Highness will soon return with the intention of making a somewhat prolonged stay.

Some two hundred ladies and gentlemen, nearly all French, paid their respects to the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Louis Napoleon at Chiselhurst on August 15th. Divine service was held in the Roman Catholic church, and the Rev. Mr. Goddard preached a sermon (in French), in the course of which he exhorted the young Prince to bear in mind that "without religion there is no throne, nor power, nor grandeur, nor prosperity, nor happiness, possible for any people." After service there was a reception and lunch. The Prince, who was received with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" made a short speech, in which he said: "I thank you, in the name of the Empress and myself, for having come here to associate your prayers with us, and for not having forgotten the road which you have already followed for some months. I thank also my faithful friends who have sent hither from afar the numerous testimonials of their affection and devotion. As for myself, being an exile and near the tomb of the Emperor, I represent the teachings which he has left me. I find in my paternal heritage the principle of national sovereignty and of the flag which consecrates it. This principle, the foundation of our dynasty, is summed up in this motto, to which I shall always be faithful, "Govern for the people and by the people."

The Shah had a quarrel with the journalists of Vienna. All the old sayings in other parts of Europe were raked up there and given with evident relish. For instance, one of the English comic papers represented his Majesty as saying, when invited to the races, "Why should I go there? I know very well already that one horse runs faster than another," and this piece of folly was given as one of the Shah's sayings when refusing to attend the races at Vienna. An attempt was made to conceal these things from his majesty, and when he saw what was being done he insisted upon having all the journals read to him. His appreciation of them was shown at the reception. A distinguished English journalist was presented to him. "Of course," said the Shah after some previous conversation, "of course I have learned something since I came to Europe; and naturally I know more than I did. I have learned to distinguish things. I know, for instance, that you don't write for German papers," and then he went on to pay a high compliment to the gentleman who wrote for the English journals. Some further remarks were made which might irritate our Vienna *correres* if repeated, for the Shah took this occasion to retort upon them, and doubtless he will get the editor of the Teheran official journal to reply still more pointedly to them as soon as he gets back to his capital.

Describing the progress of the King and Queen of Sweden and Norway, a correspondent states that there was one incident which occurred at Hamar which is perhaps worth mentioning. While the Royal carriage was driving through the town the crowd was so enormous that it was necessary to go very slowly. Progress at times almost came to a stand-still, and such was the pressure that a boy of about twelve years of age was unfortunately knocked down by the horses attached to the carriage, and one of the wheels passed over him. Almost before any one realized that there had been an accident, the King had jumped out, picked the boy up, and carried him into a neighboring house. The Royal physician and a couple of local medical men rendered every assistance, and, having reported that beyond a few bruises there was not much harm done, His Majesty, after giving instructions that the sufferer was to be taken good care of, returned to the carriage and continued his drive.

Dr. G. Schliemann writes that, with the view to preserve the Tower of Ilion, the Tempæ of Minerva, and other architectural relics of antiquity from destruction, he has—with more ingenuity than piety—spread abroad the report in the plain of Troja that it was in those buildings that the Holy Virgin with the Saviour Child appeared to King Priam. Dr. Schliemann managed to convey an image of the Virgin into the Temple of Minerva, which, according to his account, quite sufficed to convince the credulous population of the truth of his statement. To make doubly sure, the doctor prevailed upon two priests formally to consecrate the image, after which he considers the venerable building safe. This is how the trick is done, and these are not the only credulous and befooled population.

There is a rumor that the O'Donoghue, M. P., is to be the new Governor of Ceylon.

The Imperial Prince of Germany, who is making a tour through Denmark, was received at Malmoe by the Crown Prince of Denmark, who had arrived a short time previously from Copenhagan. In compliance with an invitation brought by the latter, His Imperial Highness will shortly pay a visit to the Royal family of Denmark at Fredensborg. The King of Denmark has conferred on the Prince Imperial the Order of the Elephant. At a grand Court dinner, given in the Prince's honor, the King proposed the health of His Royal Highness, warmly thanking him for his visit. The Prince, in reply to the toast, proposed the Royal family of Denmark and the restoration of the old friendship between the reigning houses of Denmark and Germany.

The Spectator says it is understood that the Orleanist princes "will no longer be an obstacle to the reconciliation between France and the prince who represents the monarchic tradition." Very good, there is one obstacle got over, and of course Paris, Gambetta, the peasantry, and the Assembly, are mere trifles in comparison. Even the *Times* correspondent, who telegraphs all this solemn nonsense, seems to forget that nations, though they may be disposed of by force or fraud, are not now disposed of by family intrigues. Imagine France recalling the Bourbons because the Comte de Paris graciously says he gives her his permission.

The Czar will leave shortly for a series of military inspections in the south of Russia. His Majesty will subsequently proceed to Livadia, where all the members of the Imperial Family have assembled to receive the Duke of Edinburgh in the course of next month. His Royal Highness will remain at Livadia until October. He will then return for a short time to England, and will arrive in St. Petersburg during the month of December. The nuptials of his Royal Highness with the Grand Duchess Marie will be celebrated in St. Petersburg in January, 1874.

The Comte de Chambord has sent word to the Pilgrimage Committee of Paray-le-Monial that he thinks it best for him not to return to France till after the termination of the political crisis. He feared that his dignity would be compromised by the political manifestations which his presence would call forth, and will not stir a finger to forward his claims to the Throne, relying entirely on the worthiness of his cause, the prayers of the Pope, and the sympathies of French Catholics.

The Comte de Paris has declared that there no longer exists any Orleanist Pretender, but there remains an Orleanist party which is thoroughly decided with regard to the conditions of Monarchical Government, and no less steadfast to the principles which the Monarchy of 1830 put into force. It is believed that this declaration may be regarded as the programme of the Right Center.

Mr. Gladstone will be in attendance on the Queen at Balmoral during the latter part of this month.

STATISTICS OF MINING IN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, 1872, COMPARED WITH 1871 AND 1863.

In 1871, 924,704 tons of quartz crushed produced an average yield of 10 dwt 11.39 gr per ton; 167,196 tons of quartz tailings, cements, mullock, etc., produced an average of 2 dwt 14.91 gr per ton, and 3,562 tons of pyrites, blanketings, etc., produced an average of 2 oz 11 dwt 4 gr per ton.

In 1872, 954,571 tons of quartz crushed produced an average of 11 dwt 21.81 gr per ton, by 182 tons of quartz tailings, mullock, etc., gave an average of 2 dwt 16.11 gr, and 5,008 tons of pyrites, blanketings, etc., gave an average of 2 oz 14 dwt 10.83 gr, showing an increase in quantity and quality.

In 1863, there were 771,321 alluvial, and 15,673 quartz mines employed, producing an average for alluvial, £59 7s 10d, and for quartz, £123 3s 9d per man.

In 1872, 36,141 alluvial mines produced an average of £65 0s 6d per man, and 16,824 quartz mines produced an average of £150 0s 6d per man.

In 1863, there were employed in alluvial mining, 357 steam engines of 5,999 horse power; in 1872, 379 steam engines of 9,896 horse power; in 1863, quartz mining employed 435 steam engines of 7,907 horse power, and in 1872, 782 of 15,718 horse power.

Value of machinery in the gold fields in 1863, £1,503,459, and in 1872, £2,098,574.

Depth of shafts of some of the quartz mines: New N Clunes, 1,012 feet; Clunes Consols, 886 feet; Black Horse, 830 feet; Albion, at Steiglitz, 866 feet; Collman & Co., at Sandhurst, 790 feet; Newingtan and Pleasant Creek, 890 feet; the Magdala, 1,200 feet.

Gold produc for 1871, 1,355,477 oz; for 1872, 1,331,377 oz. In 1872, 294 tons, 19 cwt of tin ore, and 92,960 lbs of tin were exported; 1,573 tons of antimony ores were raised, and 1,408 tons of ore and 39 tons 8 cwt of antimony regulus were exported. Value of gold raised from the first discovery to December, 1872, estimated at £168,149,305; value of silver, £5,282; of tin, £282,105; of antimony, £77,237.

—*Abridged from the Australasian.*

The most startling feature in the Budget of Paris which has just been issued—the first that has appeared since the war—is a statement of the city debt. Its amount is, in round numbers, 1,600 million francs—64 millions sterling.

HOW CORONER STILLMAN STUCK TO HIS "POST."

The *Post's* little editor rose from his chair,
And read his MS. with a satisfied air;
"Mr. Coroner Stillman," said he, "I propose
My opinion of your goings on to disclose;
You'll use your discretion! you'll dare to decide
If an inquest should rightly be held or denied.
Don't think it great, Stillman, a greater than you
Will settle the courses you ought to pursue.
If you rule the jury, still I'll rule the roast,
So you'll see, sir, *between you and me and the Post.*"

The Coroner read the attack with surprise—
A d—d good-natured friend brought it under his eyes;
He began with a frown, but he stopped with a smile,
Gave a wink, put his hat on, said, "You bet your pile;
Tho' for George's opinion no man cares a cent,
I'll soon make that wee little scribbler repent.
There's a dead man on hand—go and summon me four
Stout and sensible jurymen. I'll get two more;
We'll not only decide why he gave up the ghost,
But the question *between you and me and the Post.*"

At ten in the morning, six hundred and five
Montgomery street was awake and alive,
And Editor George, with his usual taste,
Was writing a leader with scissors and paste,
When the Coroner's footstep was heard on the stair,
And the Coroner's accent rose in the air;
"Mr. George, I believe?" with a smile and a bow,
And the editor muttered, "I'm in for it now."
"Here's a summons; don't fail, for you're worth the whole host
On a jury, *between you and me and the Post.*"

Doctor Stillman politely departed and left
The editor nearly of reason bereft;
But he called for a steed and he called for a drink,
And he whispered, "I look well on horseback, I think;"
Galloped off to the meeting, but found he was late,
Will be sued for the fine that is due to the State,
And in future will find it is best to confine
His attention to things that belong to his line,
"For in this case he cannot of victory boast,"
Said Stillman, "*between you and me and the Post.*"

Our Breadstuff Exports for the United Kingdom continue upon a grand scale. Up to the 18th inst. the figures stood thus:

	Ctls.	Value.
Totals since July 1st, 1873....48 vessels.....	1,391,009	$3,258,240
63 vessels since July 1st, 1872, with.....	1,886,585	3,135,580
10 vessels since July 1st, 1871, with.....	298,254	662,243
36 vessels since July 1st, 1870, with.....	1,01 ,135	1,800,316
54 vessels since July 1st, 1869, with.....	1,490,396	2,673,662

*17,787 barrels Flour.

Railroad Exports.—We have received from J. C. Stubbs, General Freight Agent C. P. R. R. Co., the following statement of freight forwarded East for the month of August, 1873:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Wine, lbs, 387,566; Fish, lbs, 607,972; Tea, lbs, 1,682,986; Leather, lbs, 191,453; Silk, lbs, 87,825; Merchandise, lbs, 94,430; Wool—domestic, lbs, 2,255,081; Skins, lbs, 531,368; Quicksilver, lbs, 23,780; Glue, lbs, 38,600; Borax, lbs, 107,340; Canned Goods, lbs, 164,920; Blankets, lbs, 28,036; Coffee, lbs, 314,811; Horns, lbs, 11,400; Hops, lbs, 7,209; Metal, lbs, 21,091; Peanuts, lbs, 121,692; Rice, lbs, 160,000; Stock, lbs, 20,000; Wheat, lbs. 20,570; Cotton, lbs, 44,595. Total, 6,922,737.

FROM SAN JOSE.

Merchandise, lbs, 1,835; Clothing, lbs, 800; Leather, lbs, 2,185; Fruit, lbs, 120,600; Quicksilver, lbs, 18,000. Total, 142,880.

FROM STOCKTON.

Wine, lbs, 435; Merchandise, lbs, 1,846; Leather, lbs, 8,961. Total, 11,242.

FROM SACRAMENTO.

Merchandise, lbs, 30,748; Wool—domestic, lbs, 231,855; Wine, lbs, 43,040; Flour, lbs, 20,000; Fruit, lbs, 140,000; Borax, lbs, 4,600; Empty Tank, lbs, 20,000. Total, 493,243.

FROM MARYSVILLE.

Merchandise, lbs, 2,623; Flour, lbs, 60,000; Fruit, lbs, 20,000; Wine, lbs, 1,825. Total, 84,448. Grand total, 7,654,548.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Will the Bulletin Please Explain?---It tells a pretty little story in its Wednesday's issue of a good little English boy who was apprenticed by his mother to the Captain of an Indiaman. But the Captain walloped him so fearfully that he ran away the first opportunity that presented itself, and that was when the vessel arrived here. The good little boy was then employed as errand boy in a drug store, "where," says the *Bulletin*, "he performed his duties with cheerfulness and alacrity" for some months. He then received information from England that he had fallen heir to £50,000. The *Bulletin* finishes this pretty little story with a kind of moral, viz.: That the career of this lad affords a lesson to our own American boys by illustrating what sheer luck can accomplish. Now what was the luck, and what did it accomplish? Was the luck £50,000, or did the luck accomplish £50,000? If the former, then it was accomplished by being walloped by a playful Captain, and afterwards running errands with cheerfulness and alacrity. If the latter, then the boy was damlucky in being walloped, etc., etc. The *Bulletin* is so stupid sometimes. Pick., won't you explain for the benefit of hundreds of our American youth, who are at present bothering the lives out of all the chemists in the city: Lots of 'em want £50,000, but they don't want to have their blessed little heads knocked off with a marling-spike for that amount. Rouse yourself, Pick! Where does the lesson come in?

We had hoped that the paper sometimes known as the *Waverly Place Gazette*, but more generally as the *Chronicle*, had satiated itself with the social filth it has fed on and wallowed in since its birth. But, alas, it is not so; like a dog it returns to its vomit. It's last Sunday issue, with its month-old scandal hashed up by its local editor (we suppose to fill up space) was one of the most contemptible specimens of live journalism we have ever had the misfortune to see. The worst part, too, of the matter was that the hypocritical sensation sheet took high moral ground, and, while raking up a thing of the past, and poking its dirty nose into family affairs, would have its readers to infer that it did it merely for the public good. This, however, is played out, and those who know anything about the paper and its proclivities will at once recognize in its disgraceful article on Mr. Kip the same despicable lowness which characterized its earlier days. Of course, it can do no harm to either the Bishop or his son, but it only shows what it would do if it could. People are too used to its sensational Sunday pills to swallow any more of them. Its list of new subscribers is interesting, its personals are suggestive, its quack doctors are a medical study, and its telegrams are cribbed and altered with care, but its wretched attempts to make trade out of private misfortunes are weak, dirty and unworthy of any paper supposed to be read by respectable people.

We cry anathema upon the Rev. Mr. Jewell, who, by means of a cleverly worded title, lured us into one of those abiding places of greed and gammon—a church. From the looks of disgust upon the faces of our fellow-victims we concluded John the Baptist to be not so popular a person as he is generally supposed to be, and we could find no person, save the prosaic parson, who cared an ejaculation whether he were beheaded, strangled or crucified. If our sympathies are to be wasted at this late day upon a person who is a comparative stranger to us, what tears shall we have left to weep over Stokes, Irving and Co. when they shall have dropped from their beam. Try your hand at something else, O, fossilized parson. You might as well raise the corpse of Crittenden as that of John the Baptist, for all the sympathy you may arouse. Tell us who struck Billy Patterson, or if Irving had anything to do with the Nathan murder?

The irrepressible quacks, the modern miracle workers of the Pacific Coast, still flaunt their filthy flags in our midst. It is almost impossible to take up a paper without finding some horribly burlesqued bogus accounts of miraculous healings by their hands. The New Testament has to take a back seat; the charming little yarn about Lazarous looses all its piquancy, and the pool of Siloam seems but a dirty duck pond, compared with what these quacks *say* they can do. The *T. C.* has a barren fig tree in his garden, and if the quacks will step up and try their hands at it they are quite welcome. Any one with anything approaching a knowledge of choice California oaths could wither any fig tree in ten minutes, but if the quack can make it produce fruit, the *T. C.* will blazon forth his fame, become a disciple, and put in all the "ads" he wants for nothing. Don't talk of Tyndall's prayer-gauge after that.

Another of those charming little tragedies that so enliven the dull monotony of our every day life in Frisco, has just been enacted in the tenement house on the north side of Ashburton Place—a "*cul de sac*" running off Dupont street, between Sutter and Post. It seems that Mrs. Erni and her son lived in one room, and slept there, too. The son gets drunk, has some words with mamma, and in the morning the old woman is found lying dead on the bed, with a gash in the back of her head. The natural inference to be drawn, is that this dutiful son quietly knocked her on the head, to teach her manners, as he says "she was a good mother, but had a bad tongue." It is to be hoped that if he did do the wicked deed, his days will not be long in the land, for it looks very like a most flagrant case of busting the fifth commandment.

An addition has been made in the Litany in Trinity Church. It runs as follows: "From the low blackguardism of live journalism good Lord deliver us."

We have had some fair specimens of female cheek here, from our strong-minded woman up to the three pound female baby, but Mrs. Walters, of Sacramento, may fairly claim to take the palm for cool cheek. This lady has been gifted by nature with some five feet of hair, being no doubt meant by a kind and just Providence to make up for a deficiency of brain. This favored lady is now on show at the Fair, and claims a prize for her hirsute developments. We hope that Mr. Walters approves of the course this lady has taken to gain notoriety; if he does not, he has lots to pull at. The *Town Crier* would suggest to Mrs. Walters, being so bountifully haired, that she should play "Lady Godiva," say just before one of the races started, and that Mr. W. should go round with the hat. He feels sure that a large collection could be made, and no material damage done to the morality of Sacramento.

If you want a really good day's sport, you should go and fish on the Oakland wharf. Sport must have an element of danger in it to be sport at all, and surely, dodging locomotives and using bait that bites better than the fish do, are elements enough. It's great fun. Try it. If you have a rich uncle who has any sporting propensities, by all means advise him to have a day's smelt-fishing off Oakland wharf. Letting alone the chances he runs with engines and bait, if he dangles his legs over the wharf—as he will have to do if he wants to escape lumbago—ten to one the cry of "look out for the cars" will make him lose his presence of mind, and over he'll go. An uncle who can't swim is the best subject, and if he is lame with it, and nervous, its a foregone conclusion his riches are yours.

The Chronicle, hitherto the spicy, the pungent, the racy, the bold, the daring, has despaired a degeneracy in the matter of headings which every one must regret. On Thursday, the *Alta*'s account of a recent murder bore the caption, "Is it a Matricide?" A thrilling question for that staid journal to propound. As the *Alta* generally contents itself with a very mild statement of facts, we are wont to go to the *Chronicle* for the chicken fixin's. Judge of our dismay when we discovered the live paper's caption to be a fac-simile. No curdling of blood, no spanning out of horrors, no standing of hair on end, no anything that was *Chronicle* like. Can such things be, and if so, how long? Chronny, stand to your guns, for if the old *Alta* is to catch up in this way she may take a spurt and get ahead.

We have never considered the propriety of putting Bunsby Stillman in charge of the Asylum for the Insane, and we would scarcely request the gentleman to select a medical library were we in need of such an article, but we have never questioned his ability to sit upon a corpse with due ponderosity and gravity, and we are impressed with added respect when we find the gentleman capable of delivering himself of a joke, however grim. We have heard a flea snap under the weight of an oppressive thumb; we have seen a mosquito checked in its career by a heavy hand; we have known a mouse suffer for coveting cheese. Why, then, should not our obese coroner come down upon a gad-fly with an inopportune subpœna?

The disappearance dodge has reached San Francisco, and we are glad to see it done in proper style. It is greatly to the credit of the estimable gentleman who accomplished the feat during the week, that, although his business was embarrassed, he did not find it necessary to disappear in a state of utter impecuniosity. If he comes to life in pastures new, sorrowing friends will be satisfied that he has a little stake, and if he has really become an unpleasant corpse, he carries with him enough to pay the funeral expenses, which shows how many awkward *contre-temps* may be saved by a little foresight. It is scarcely expected in business circles that the gentleman and his little satchel will turn up.

Mr. W. W. Smith, who hails from the cool city of Sacramento, and looks after the impounding interest as deputy, lately showed his zeal for the business and his extreme courage by cruelly beating an old man of seventy, and his aged wife also. We wish we had Mr. Smith here for a few days: we would let him try his hand at impounding the grizzlies at Woodwards. No one should be allowed to interfere with him in the discharge of his duties. The cage should be carefully locked, and Smith, when well digested, should be put in the Museum—a position he never can hope otherwise to aspire to, unless the law allows surgeons to operate on and pickle the bodies of the hanged.

It is said, and the *T. C.* believes with some truth, that the ladies who hang out their shingles as sharps on stars do not depend wholly and solely upon the heavenly bodies for their support. They have been seen to eat, drink and even to be merry. They wear waterfall's and bustles like other women, and if report speaks correctly, have an utter contempt for all the odd-numbered commandments. Poor Biddy's hard-earned two-and-a-half goes at one oyster supper, while the stock operator's wife's stealthily expended twenty often goes for a new plug hat and boots for the fancy man who, for the time, runs the stars.

We are glad to see that Louderback has given Joseph Matthews a pretty heavy sentence for beating a Chinaman. John never interferes with the white man, and is in almost every case the aggrieved and not the aggressor. It is only a dirty coward, who dare not hit a white man for fear of getting the worst of it, that would assault a Chinaman, and we admire Louderback in showing such ruffians that, though often persecuted, they are sometimes protected by the police.

When the Barnacle goes in for maps and plans of where ships are wrecked, etc., it should be careful to have them correctly done, and not botches, like the *Costa Rica* one, where everything is upside down. The *Barnacle* is bad enough when it sticks to its sensational bosh, but when it rushes into illustrations—bah!

The New York Herald says: "Rev. Mr. Patterson, the Scottish Evangelist, has accepted the invitation to visit California and the Pacific, on a revival tour, this Fall." [Well, let him come, and revive as much as he darned pleases; we don't care. As long as he leaves a little of the reviving element for our parsons here, he is welcome to part of the fools' money. We should not, however, like to see these Eastern sharks taking away all our religious moneys, for a parson out of employment is the worst kind of bummer. God knows we have enough bummers here without Mr. Patterson and ilk.

The vain, weak-minded females who were persuaded to trot out their productions at the late baby-show, have the satisfaction of having gained notoriety but no prizes. How like a woman it is to be flattered by praises lavished upon her probably ugly offspring, into making an ass of herself by exhibiting the little darling. We do not admire the manager's bolting without giving the promised prizes, but still, we think it serves the weak mothers right, and will probably teach them to stick in future to private life and pap-bottles.

The painfully funny man on the Call, who does the Clown business, has made an immense joke, one worthy in every way of the source it emanates from. He calls the unfortunate *Costa Rica* the "Costa Wrecker." It is a truly funny joke, and, no doubt, old Pick will laugh over it till his sides ache. Who shall say after this that with Bret Harte and Mark Twain San Francisco lost her brightest wits.

There seems to be every possibility of Livingstone's being lost again, as the latest dispatches announce that he is pushing his way into the interior. No doubt the "live paper" will have a man on hand to find him this time. It may act better than the map dodge, and, besides, there are so many smart men on its staff that the loss of one would not hurt it a bit.

What sort of men will our boys grow up to be, if the following is a fair specimen? Scene, corner grocery; father out; boy, aged ten, left to mind store. Enter *T. C.* Finds boy drinking large glass of whisky. Boy says, "Father lets me take a little for the worms." The above is a melancholy fact, and an unvarnished tale.

The Barnacle reporter at the late Mexican ball, on their Independence day, says, "Singing by Mexican ladies in *natural* costume was a pleasing feature of the entertainment." We should rather imagine it must have been pleasant for the spectators, but just a little cold for the performers.

The war against the railroad monopolists and "aggregated capital" goes bravely on in the East as well as here. Meantime the dispatches inform us that a financial panic has commenced in New York. Of course there's no connection between the two facts.

The Guide proprietors have been sued by Messrs. Goodall, Nelson and Perkins for $5,000 damages, for advertising their steamers *Constantine* and *Ventura* in such a manner as to mislead shippers, who, wishing to ship goods to Santa Barbara, and looking at the *Guide* for information concerning the movements of steamers, would find no mention made of their taking freight for the above port, and as a consequence would ship by vessels of a rival line. [No doubt our sensible and business friends of the *Guide* will arrange this little difficulty, and fix it so that parties in interest will be for the future friendly and pleasant.—Ed. N. L.]

The ship Three Brothers, formerly steamship *Vanderbilt*, is now receiving her spars and finishing touches at Market-street wharf, and has already received on board of her cargo some 17,000 sacks of wheat. Jabez Howes, Esq., of the firm of George Howes & Co., the managing owners, will take passage in her, and is now having some alterations made in the cabin for his personal comfort. We bespeak for him a pleasant voyage and a recovery of his health.

A magnificent illuminated copy of Buddah's works (says the *Indian Mirror*) is being executed for a Mongol Prince in the language of Thibet. The whole consists of the usual 180 volumes, 80 of which are completed, printed in letters of gold, and bound in embroidered silk with silver clasp. For this the copyist is to receive £25,000. There are but very few copies of these works in existence.

A telegram from Paris says the Rev. Isaac Goddard, curate of the Catholic Chapel at Chiselhurst, has received a special blessing from the Pope, transmitted through Cardinal Bonaparte, for the sermon he preached on the day of the *fete* Napoleon.

The Railroad horse, *Occident*, has beaten *Goldsmith Maid's* best California time. Where were Governor Booth and the Dolly Vardens when this triumph of the monopoly was permitted?

JONES GIVES A BALL.

A man, whose name I do not care to tell,
(Jones, Brown, or Robinson will do as well),
Grown rich in trade, must needs at last aspire
To buy a country seat and act the squire.
Became a magistrate, to sessions went,
And talked of poachers, foxes, crops and rent;
Conformed, in short, in every point, and then
Was welcomed by the country gentlemen.
His wife, too, anxious to essay the sphere
Of rank and birth and fashion, said: "My dear,
We'll give a ball at Almack's. Write and say
We want the rooms. What? When? Six weeks to-day."
"Whom can we ask—we do not know a soul?"
"Leave that to me, and I'll arrange the whole.
We know the Duchess; I'll consult her Grace,
She'll issue all the cards and fill the place."
The Duchess graciously invited all
Her friends, and hers alone, to Jones's ball;
The numerous guests arrive, her Grace receives
With all the ease of birth and strawberry leaves;
The Joneses, who at length discerned their doom
Remained—the only strangers in the room.
The crowd grows thicker, and the luckless host
Makes to the door, and leans against its post.
Buried in thought he cursed himself, his wife,
Society, and fashionable life,
When a familiar voice salutes his ear:
"What? Jones? Why, who the devil asked *you* here?"

—*Horace Without his Toga* (*Temple Bar.*)

OUR USUAL GROWL OR GRUNT---MAKING HISTORY.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Every now and then we are reminded by certain prophetic wiseacres that we are making history, and the survivors of the late debasing onslaught upon private character seem willing enough to admit that we are making history, and that, too, of a kind its authors, ere very long, will be likely enough to repudiate with a supremely distant contempt. Would it, in any other country, be possible to aggregate in so circumscribed an area as this sandy peninsular strand, so many specimens of the full-blown enfranchised biped as were had, just as so many head of corralled cattle, at the beck and call of our electioneering jobbers during the late week's contest? We think not; we are little inclined to think that outside the United States, humanity, as a unit, has as yet become so depraved. History, indeed? A very little more of it, and Tom Macaulay's voice will hardly have ceased proclaiming philosophic probabilities and pronosticating universal revolution before verification is vouchsafed. The public school system is nothing but a hot-bed culture for the propagation of pretentious mediocrity, corruption and imbecility. The little rudimentary jack-knife-ism that, under the most judicious supervisionary insight and forethought, can be acquired at school, is here inflated to gigantic dimensions, overweighted with vain and conceited assumptions that betray them worthless emptiness upon the least probe. It might not be safe to say that we, to our credit, differ from some old countries where the schoolmaster is looked upon as the greatest ignoramus in the parish, while the clergyman is the biggest fool in it. To be sure, our legitimately gascons bodies have acquired a refreshing strength. A judicious blending through nigger miscegenation may check mental degeneracy as well as it is said to do physical, and if so, why should an Irish miscegenation in our public schools prove less efficient? The nasal drawl of the true Yankee might be advantageously supplanted by a genuine *Connaught* brogue; a little *Skibbereen* cassic might give an aristocratic tone and vim to the monotony of the native to the "manor born." Just a little more Popish tolerance, and our much lauded public schools must become immaculate conception nurseries, swayed and controlled by the never-ending fear of a purgatorial tyranny, exercised by an ever-watchful and by no means over-nice Jesuitical priestcraft, who attain and uphold their power by the vile exactions extorted at the Confessional.

Direct importation into the United States of Japan tea is lately stimulated by the new tariff which came into operation last July, abolishing the duty on all teas imported direct from the country where they were grown, while a duty of ten per cent. is levied on teas imported through other countries. The total imports of tea into New York from the beginning of January to the 20th of June, 1871, were 36,000,000 pounds, of which 7,500,000 pounds were Japan teas, and during the corresponding period of 1872 there were 8,000,000 pounds of Japan teas out of a total of 37,500,000 pounds imported.

Commercial Summary.

Arrivals from sea are numerous. Tonnage is plentiful and freights lower. Judging from the large fleet of vessels now heading to this coast, we look for cheap freights for the balance of the year. Business in many lines of traffic is quite active, and prices satisfactory. Coffee, spices, etc. rule high. In other articles, trade languishes; for instance, British Goods, such as Bags, Coal, Iron, Salt, etc., are hard to sell, owing to excessive imports. It is said we are carrying over 5,000,000 English Grain Sacks for next season. Some say our Grain crop will pan out that much less than was expected early in the season. It is this poor out-turn of Wheat that causes the great depression in freights to the United Kingdom, and has contributed to the late rise in Breadstuffs. The export demand for Flour and Wheat continues, while Barley also sympathizes in the upward movement in price. We have before alluded to the purchase of 2,000 tons of Chevalier Barley for Liverpool. The St. John has been chartered to carry the same at £3 5s. Makin & Hubback are the shippers of this the first cargo of Barley to the United Kingdom.

The Breadstuff market continues to be the all absorbing question of the day. Wheat arrives freely, and buyers vie with each other in securing all available lots here and in the interior at full prices. Millers and shippers have purchased largely during the week both here and to arrive, say in all the bulk of 150,000 sacks, within the range of $2 30 *a* $2 35 per cental. The latter price is freely offered for large cargo parcels to arrive within the next thirty days; we know of $2 35 repeatedly offered and refused for 5,000 tons in store. Oregon is also the scene of more or less anxiety to secure both Wheat and Flour for export, large purchases resulting at $6 *a* $6 50 for Flour, and $2 and upwards for the Wheat. Our market for Flour closes strong at $6 for superfine, up to $7 25 for best silk-dressed extra's from the Golden Age and Golden Gate Mills. The ship *City of York* has sailed for Liverpool with a full cargo of Flour, and will soon be followed by others loading with extra Starr Mills at Vallejo, etc. Barley continues strong. The *St. John's*, for Liverpool, will carry 1,500 tons bright Chevalier Barley of superior quality, and will soon be followed with another like cargo. Feed Barley sells readily at $1 50 *a* $1 55; Brewing, $1 65 *a* $1 75 for old and new. Chevalier scarce at $1 70 *a* $1 75 per cental. Corn has advanced to $1 75. Oats, $1 85 *a* $1 90 per cental.

Dundee Bags by the invoice sold this week at 12c. Coffee continues in request. Last sales at 22c for Central American; now held higher. Coals continue to rule; Australian has been sole as low as $9, perhaps for less; market slack. Candles rule from 14c to 18c, with a good stock of Adamantines. Cordage is in good local supply, and prices favor the buyer, say 15c to 18c. Chemicals command good prices. Caustic Soda is scarce at 10c *a* 12; Soda Ash, 4½; Borax, 20c. Fish, Cod, is plentiful at 7½c *a* 9c. Salmon in cases $2 *a* $2 80 *a* $3 per dozen for 1lb, 2½lb, and 3lb cans; the export demand exceeds the supply. Mackerel are in light stock. Furs and Skins are lower by 15 per cent., on the average, since the last (March) sales in London. Gunny Bags are out of first hands. Malt Liquors are in good supply and prices unchanged. Metals drag heavily; Pig Iron, Bar Iron, etc., all dull sale, at low prices. Molasses is scarce and tending upward for distillation. Nails move off slowly at the late reduction in price. Oils are plentiful, and prices unchanged. Petroleum is cheap. Provisions are in good stock, with no material change in values for any kind of meats. Butter is, however, tending upwards; Pulu sells at 7½@7½c. Quicksilver is strong, at $1 10. Rice is sluggish. The Sumatra, for Hongkong, carries 800,000 lbs Japan Rice, at $4 freight per ton. Salt is very plentiful; Liverpool, $18@20 per ton. Soap is steady in values, local supply good. Spirits—California Neutral, 5@10c higher, now $1 15@1 30; J. H. Cutter's celebrated Bourbon Whisky continues to command the market at old rates. Spices are in light stock; Cloves, 35c; Cassia, 25c; Pepper, 24c; Allspice, 15c; Nutmegs, $1 10. Starch is in good supply, at steady agency rates. Sugars are without change; the steamer Costa Rica, from Honolulu, has 4,000 kegs, and the D. C. Murray half as much more; prices have undergone no change for a month past, with no sales of Raws worthy of note; Refined are steady in values; the Bay refinery seems to be in luck, having secured a very desirable patent right for making Cube Sugar cheap and good, thus giving it exclusive advantages over all others. Teas move off glibly. Tobacco finds constant sale, at good prices. Wines are unmoved; we see that Gerke is shipping 50 cases Claret to Yokohama, and 100 cases Malaga, etc., to New York.

Among other arrivals during the week is the Austria, 128 days from Liverpool, with 540 tons Coal and general cargo. Clara Bell, 45 days from Yokohama, with a full cargo of Teas, to C. A. Low & Co.; 5300 packages and 200 jars, all to be sold at public auction next week. The St. Mark is from Callao in ballast. The City of Paris, from Ardrossan, has 1153 tons Coal, and this was sold the day previous to her arrival. The Nearchus, from New York, has 3200 boxes Candles and a large cargo of general merchandise to C. L. Taylor & Co. Eric the Red, from Galway, Ireland, is in ballast and free for business. Ship Eaton Hall, 72 days from Newcastle, with 2326 tons coal, to Pacific Mail Company, has a £5 charter to load Wheat to U. K. Fortunately for her charterers, they secured her Wheat cargo months ago, before the rise, say at $1 80@1 85. The Flechero, from Liverpool, has general cargo. Ship Dauntless, from New York, was chartered prior to arrival at £5 5s. The ship St. John came in ballast from Callao, and has accepted a Grain charter to Liverpool at £3 5s. The Galatea, from N. S. W., has 1995 tons Coal. The Commodore, from Sydney, had 1920 tons Coal. The steamship Alaska, from Panama, arrived on the 18th, with a large cargo of merchandise.

THE FROZEN SOUL, OR HOW ABOUT THE POLARIS?

A weary soul retired,
It left this vale of tears,
It left some little debts behind,
But had no doubts or fears.

It hardly took a minute
To waft that soul to hell,
For Satan had been watching,
He'd heard the passing bell.

Siz! went the soul, it crackled,
Like pig-skin does on pork,
As it landed in the fire,
Transfixed upon the fork.

"Damnation!" cried the devil,
"Thus is the queerest soul
I've ever had the pleasure
Of stirring in my bowl."

For the soul had turned to water,
It never quivered twice;
The Devil feared he'd wasted
His time on a lump of Ice. —*Our Mad Contributor.*

A BRITISHER'S FIRST IMPRESSION IN MENDOCINO CO.

Dear News Letter:—Having left my maternal apron strings to seek a big fortune, I found myself one of fifteen, in a coach capable of safely carrying nine, one fine Sunday last month. You will observe with religious satisfaction it was Sunday: the better the day the better the deed, and moreover, the Lord's day had this advantage, that on it alone could I go through from San Francisco to Ukiah City, a distance of 120 miles, in one day. Charmed with such speedy and comfortable travel, it was amusing to hear the eloquent denunciations of railroad monopolies by some embryo politicians we had on board. One born politician—an Hiberman, of course—said that the monopolists use so much lubricating oil, that they *rally* slip through your fingers before you see the *Cars* at all. Thus entertained, we sped along at the break-neck rate of three miles an hour, around several Cape Horns and down frightful grades, oscillating like the pendulum of a clock. Just as our anti-railroad politician was employed emphatically declaring his preference for the old time-honored institution we were riding in, he, we, and his arguments were ruthlessly and incontrovertibly upset. Politics, like ourselves, were laid aside; we had seriously a most narrow escape with our lives, and the scene after the disaster was not unlike a battle field. One lady had her arm badly broken, one man his leg frightfully lacerated, another his skull opened; unfortunately this latter was not the politician's. Those on the outside were thrown into a dry creek and severely hurt; altogether it was a bad smash, and we were much scared. There was one exception, a Mr. W. H. Wiester, of your city, whose pluck, energy and attention to the wounded ladies deserves grateful notice. I received a strong indentation in my ribs, and this was my first impression in Mendocino County. Our Republican driver, in explaining the accident to me, thought he would score a point against my Monarchical ideas by attributing it to the faultiness of the *king*-bolt. I knew better; the reins were in the hands of a casual, the legitimate whip being, unluckily for us, of a religious turn, and attending a camp meeting that day. Eventually we pursued our journey, and six miles further on, we had another break-down; this time a tire came off one of our wheels. It was 8 o'clock P.M.; fair Luna was out for the night, a camp-fire was lighted, and wagons sent for. I objected to being out for the night; thought it better to decamp, and wagon to the residence of a fellow-Britisher a few miles distant, where I was most hospitably welcomed. This gentleman, Mr. McGlashen, was the Pioneer sheep-farmer of Mendocino County fifteen years ago. A great change has taken place since: wool-growing is a very large and important interest here now, and annually increasing. The mountainous character of the country is admirably adapted for the purpose, producing a clean and marketable article, known as Northern wool. The following day I proceeded to Ukiah City, the county seat of Mendocino, prettily situated at the foot-hills, in a valley of about ten miles long by six wide. It has a large and pretentious new court house with a lock-up, affording accommodation, till the assizes, to 3 under indictment for murder. The whole county population is about 11,000, so that the proportion of accused murderers is not bad for one sessions. They are, however, only accused, and no one here thinks that any of them will be convicted. The hotel accommodation of the town is decidedly poor, but you will be glad to hear the church ditto is ample. It is a splendid place for absconders, as no telegraphic wires extend here yet, and the inhabitants are always glad to get rid of a thief. Come up for a week or two. I made a very short stay, being able to thoroughly do the lions in five minutes. On the whole, I was very favorably impressed with the place. I pursued my journey still further north to my new home in the mountains, where I intend to profitably occupy my mind wool-gathering. As I recline, *sub tegmine fagi*, penning this incubration, it strikes me I have commenced the business well. If so, I had better let well alone, and gracefully retire till after shearing. DOGBERRY.

Some interesting figures are published in a trade paper relative to the circulation of London new-papers. The *Daily Telegraph* takes the lead, with a daily circulation of 170,000 copies; the *Standard* follows with 140,000; the *Daily News* has 90,000; the *Echo* 80,000, and the *Times* 70,000. The morning and evening papers of London altogether give a sum total daily of 569,000 copies.

THE NIGHT-SONG.

Known only, only to God,
And the night, and the stars, and me;
Prophetic, jubilant song,
Smiting the rock-bound hours
Till the waters of life flow free,
And a soul, on pinion strong, [sea
Fileth afar, and hovers over the infinite
Of Love and of Melody;
While the blind fates weave their nets,
And the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to me,
And the night, and the stars, and God;
Song, from a burning breast,
Of a land of perfect delights,
Which the foot of man ne'er trod,
Like a foaming wine expressed
From passionate fruits that glowed
'Mid the boughs of the Eden lost,
'Ere sin was born and frost;
Song wild with desires and regrets,
While the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to God,
And me, and the night, and the stars;
The beacon-fire of song,
Flaming for guidance and hope,
While the storm-winds wage their wars;
Balm for the ancient wrong,
Dropping from healing wings
On the wounds of the heart and the brain
Quenching their ancient pain;
Love-star that rises and sets
While the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to me,
And God, and the stars, and night;
Dove that returns to my ark,
Murmuring of grief-flood falling,
Of light beyond all light;
Voice that cleaveth the dark,
Singing of earth growing heaven,
Of distant hands that bless,
Though they may not caress:
And, blessing, pay love's old debts,
While the world in sleep forgets.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT IT.

I was one morning turning over the leaves of my newspaper, when my eye fell on an advertisement headed "No Home Complete Without It." To see was to read, and I found that the announcement referred to an "Ivory Back Scratcher," described as "the lady's and gentleman's universal companion, a comfort in sickness, a solace in solitude," and all the rest of it. The "Back Scratcher," it appeared, was a long-handled instrument, carved at one extremity in the shape of a hand with the fingers bent, and its purpose was to enable the public to reach their own backs without the help of their friends. This, then, was needed to complete a home. I ridiculed the notion and threw the paper aside, but the advertisement was in my thoughts all day, and that very night, before retiring to rest, I became, for the first time in my life, sensible of the want of the article in question. Next morning I wrote to that advertiser and requested him to send me one of his home-completing instruments by return of post. It came, and with it a printed catalogue of the man's stock. From the receipt of that fatal book dates a revolution in my life. I who had believed myself to be without one want, now found desires invented for me by hundreds. I tried to scoff them into insignificance, but at the end of nearly every announcement there was the disquieting phrase, "No Home Complete Without It," and the curse of completeness was upon me. My home seemed as naked as if it had been the scene of an "execution." Where was the beauty of my toilet table without that "Patent Magnetic Brush, indispensable for promoting the growth of the hair?" What was my washstand without the "India-rubber Tooth-brush," which the catalogue assured me was "the great desideratum," and which, to remove all possibility of hesitation, would "be exchanged, if not approved, after a month's trial?" For all the years I had used scissors I had been tempting Providence by not providing myself with a "safety" pair which closed with a spring; and at this very moment, if my carelessness were rewarded with a cut, how could I heal that cut without the "Patent India-rubber Finger-stall—entered at Stationers' Hall?" I had some sticking-plaster by me, it is true, but it lay in a drawer, and where was the "Superior Morocco Gilt-bordered Plaster Case," which alone formed its appropriate receptacle? What was I without the "Gent's Useful Companion," to hold a moustache comb, button hook, eyelet-opener, nail file, whisker tweezers, and a dozen other things that a man might naturally stand in need of at any moment of the day?

The prospect in my study was equally gloomy. The sword of a dreadful affliction might be said to be suspended over my head so long as I neglected the precaution of supplying myself with an "Anti-Paralysis Pen Holder—reduced for the benefit of the working classes to one-and-six." With this perhaps I might write in safety, though I could hardly hope to write in comfort without the "New Revolving Inkstand," framed especially to assist the fluid in the difficult operation of finding its own level. I seized a pencil in the hope of finding one perfect instrument left, but a glance at the book reminded me that I was without a "Pencil Sharpener—the artist's best friend." My very desk stood condemned, for as the catalogue showed, it must become a "Cylindrical Writing Case" before I could derive any real benefit from its use.

I was sitting in a very melancholy frame of mind, when Martha, my housekeeper, called me in to lunch. I obeyed her mechanically, but the sight of the well spread table revived me, and I was just thinking of cooling a bottle of hock, when the book flew open at an illustration of a "New Silver Ice Hammer," which reminded me that I had no proper means of breaking ice. Nor was this all: "Table requisites, page 20," said the mournful page, and I obeyed. "History," said the catalogue, "contains no record of the date of the introduction of eggs to the breakfast table, but it is certain that from a very remote antiquity the busy millions of

must have been sensible of the want of a machine for breaking off the shell. This want is now supplied by the 'Egg Guillotine' on sale at our This was enough. My returning appetite left me once more, and I went ady in feverish haste to compile a list of "requisites," without which I could no longer live at peace with myself. I wrote at first from mem- to guard against the possibility of omission, I afterwards ran through logue from beginning to end. It was well that I did so, for in a kind of fly- ppended to the book the author merchant intimated that he had just become the sole agent for the sale of a "Nose Straightener," of American invention, which had only to be properly adjusted at night to insure a graceful line of nose the next morning that would last the whole of the day. I started, book in hand, for town, and went at once to the shop and produced my list, and as soon as the articles had been packed up for me, I turned towards the door with a feeling of great relief. But the tradesman interposed with the cruel courtesy of an offer to conduct me round his "establishment" to inspect some few "indispensables" that were not in the catalogue. I was in his hands; and, in the twinkling of an eye, he compelled me to add to my burdens a "cork-lined jug" for what earthly purpose made I am unable to say, unless to guard against the injurious effect of damp on earthenware. Before I could collect myself sufficiently to ask for information on the subject, he had plunged into a lecture on the advantages of shelling peas by machinery, and paring apples by pressing them on a kind of revolving spit. I bought the two contrivances for these purposes. He then fell to turning a handle of another instrument with great rapidity, asking me the while, with many apologies, if my teeth were in perfectly sound condition. I told him rather testily that they were strong enough to serve my purpose. "Because, sir," he went on, "this little invention, known as 'The Masticator, or Churchwoodi's Friend and Age's Best Companion,' is invaluable, sir, to all persons who are averse to those quite unnecessary labors which have hitherto been associated with the pleasures of the table (see circular—hem!) A, sir," he continued, pointing to a woodcut diagram, "is a gentleman's dinner; B is the mouth of the invention. Put A into B, and turn the handle of C or the grinder, and the food is at once ready for— "What!" I exclaimed, with a start of horror and surprise, "am I even to eat by machinery?" and I left the ill-omened house as fast as my encumbrance of "necessaries" would permit.

I hastened home, arranged my purchases in order, and surveyed them with the satisfaction of a man who is once more reconciled with himself. At length my domestic surroundings were perfect in their completeness. I called my aged servant. I ordered a dinner in the preparation of which she would be compelled to use all the culinary inventions. I showed her those inventions. She shrank from them like Error started by a ray of Truth. I invited her to consider the use of the egg guillotine. She said she would rather die first. I gave a turn to the apple parer. She uttered a scream. I gave it another turn and pared a piece off my finger. She ran for a rag. I produced the "Superior Morocco Gilt-bordered Plaster Case." It was very unfortunate, but the plaster would not come out. I was obliged to submit to the old-fashioned bandage. But as a compromise, I insisted on the "Patent Finger Stall," at which Martha smiled in contempt.

In my strivings after completeness, then, I was to be thwarted by this stupid domestic. Never. I handed her the "Ice Hammer" and the "Cork-lined Jug," and the other articles that belonged to her department, with the strict injunction that she was to cure herself of the vicious habit of doing without these things, or to pack up her boxes at once. She retired in dudgeon, and I went to my own room. I was not sleepy, but I could not resist the temptation of going to bed at once, to give the "Nose Straightener" a trial. "Carefully adjust the invention before retiring to rest," said the catalogue, "and the result will be a Grecian profile in the morning." I did so. I lay awake for some time and mused. How long I lay thus I cannot say. I was sensible of no break of continuity in my reflections, but they seemed to change their character.

I was standing near the kitchen door watching Martha through the chink as she tried to prepare a dinner with the aid of the various inventions. The foolish old creature had confounded one with another, and she was in a state of the greatest moral and material confusion. She took up the "Egg Guillotine" and began to decapitate one of the apples for the pie. The head fell, and with it the machine, irretrievably fouled and ruined by the obstruction of an unusually tough stalk. She brushed it off the table with a gesture of impatience, and—horror!—began to fix a hard-boiled egg in the "Apple-parer," in order to remove the shell. I tried to rush forward, but my limbs refused to serve me. I tried to shout, but could not utter a sound. In another moment the apple machine had gone the way of the guillotine. The wicked old creature raised a laugh of demoniac triumph. She looked like a witch in *Macbeth*. She was not cooking a dinner; she was celebrating some infernal rite. She seized the pea-shelling machine, which seemed to be instantly transformed into a cauldron, and filled it with coffee berries, which rattled like dead men's bones. I trembled in every limb, but could not stir. She turned the handle. I heard a dire, grating sound, like that of machinery being wrenched to pieces wheel from wheel. In another instant I experienced a stifling sensation; the wicked old woman had come to the door and had seized me by the nose. I struggled for life; she held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog. She swayed to and fro, and at length by a superhuman effort I tore myself free, and with a great gasp for breath—awoke.

It was the "Nose Straightener." I had been dreaming. I rose and struck a light. My nose was very red, and there was a swelling at the end that gave it a

roundness of contour decidedly more Egyptian than Greek. The first was, perhaps, the parent stage of the beautifying process. I laid the "straightener" aside, but not in anger. The fault lay, no doubt, in my want of endurance, but my second sleep was certainly more refreshing than my first. In the morning I gave the magnetic hair-brush a trial. "Apply it smartly to the scalp," said the book of directions, "and continue the operation until the magnetic influence has reached the hidden roots of the hair." I applied it for five minutes, until I felt an intense tingling, which I concluded was the magnetism, and then I left off. In another moment my head was the color of beet-root, and my brain seemed to be on fire. I plunged into cold water, and came out of it covered with little specks—each speck a pain. I waited patiently for the hairs, but they seemed to be waiting for me. I thought I would not put quite so much magnetism to the roots next time; and I rang for my hot water.

Martha came to the door with a grin which made her aspect hideous in its resemblance to the bag of my dream. Something was floating in the jug. It was the cork lining of my latest acquisition.

"I poured the boiling water on 'un," said Martha, "and it all peeled off like."

What could I say? Perhaps the thing was meant to hold cold water only; but I ought to have told her. I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart. On rising from the table, I entered my study and took up the "Anti Paralysis" to pen a note. I certainly felt no more cramp in my fingers than would have resulted from the use of a common penholder. This gleam of triumph was cheering. I tried the "Revolving Inkstand." It went well, though some little ingenuity was required to ensure a straight shot into the aperture for the ink—if you missed it you had to wait until it came round again—but this might be conducive to reflection, and it certainly tended to check the excesses of a hasty style. "The Pencil Sharpener" left the pencil wanting in absolutely nothing but the point, which generally remained in the machine. Matters were mending. I only wanted one thing—a success. I would go and try the "Gentleman's Own Tool Chest." I walked to the door.

Martha met me—a broken plate in one hand, the "New Silver Ice Hammer" in the other. My best dessert service was ruined. The unexpected shock to my feelings was too much for me. I looked for the explanation which I could not find words to demand.

"I put 'ee on," said the miserable domestic, holding up a fragment of ice, "and gave 'ee a crack; and then 'ee cracked together."

I recoiled in despair. There was no glossing over these manifold disappointments and afflictions. Fate and Martha were against me. The Emperor Napoleon was right; the desire of perfection is the curse of mankind. I sank into my chair in a perplexity of utter distress. When a man is in that state he has an instinctive recourse to one remedy—he scratches his head. I did so, and for some time without effect, until I became sensible of something unusual in the sensations attending the operation. I looked at my hand—it held the "Ivory Back Scratcher," the first cause of all my woe. I made a supreme effort, and flung the hated thing against the wall, where it shivered into a thousand fragments. I rushed forth in the glow of a noble resolution, and in a few minutes I had buried all that was left of my new purchases in a hole in the garden. I returned to my study with a sense of freedom and peace which I had not known for days, and found that in the haste of my exit I had knocked a long-forgotten book off the corner shelf. It lay open at the words—"The art of happiness is the art of limiting your wants."

SPECIAL LETTER FROM HONOLULU.

From Honolulu we have advices of September 6th. The Hawaiians go it strong for reciprocity with the United States. The King has been quite unwell, but at last accounts was said to be "a little better." Our attentive correspondent has written us a private note, from which we glean a few items, thus:

"The news from Australia about our sugars have excited our people very much, net 5½c. for dark molasses sugars in bags, while our No. 1 net less than 4c. in kegs, sold in San Francisco. We and others have sugars stored ever since March, and what we will get after the charges are paid we would not like to say. I am going to do all I can to have our planters make sugar for the refineries, put it in bags—that is, not to make much No. 1; in that case we either could sell here, or be under contract, so we should have nothing more to do with it than deliver either here or at your wharf, and know what we are to get at once. The saving in charges, at even a low price, would make us all able to live at least. I go in for this, with or without a treaty. The refineries would then provide for us, and work for us and with us. I have got quite a number of our largest planters to agree to it. Unless we make some arrangement of this kind we shall lose San Francisco. A large lot of sugar has gone to San Francisco lately, from the fact that it was to the interest of the agents to send it there (and not the planters), and some parties are likely to lose their agencies for so doing. Of course we all like San Francisco; we know the people, we need the freight to load vessels, we need the good will of our friends and return favors. We need the money in your city to purchase English or Eastern exchange. All this may benefit us, and not the planter, and if we have no direct interest in the plantation we may notice it, but the planters do not, and are therefore growing much in favor of going the other way, and unless we get a treaty or make some refinery arrangements, they will do it. A large number are out of debt and independent, but they have to do something to keep it so.

mankind must have been sensible of the want of a machine for breaking off the top of the shell. This want is now supplied by the 'Egg Guillotine' on sale at our house." This was enough. My returning appetite left me once more, and I went to my study in feverish haste to compile a list of "requisites," without which I knew I could no longer live at peace with myself. I wrote at first from memory, but to guard against the possibility of omission, I afterwards ran through the catalogue from beginning to end. It was well that I did so, for in a kind of fly-leaf appended to the book the author merchant intimated that he had just become the sole agent for the sale of a "Nose Straightener," of American invention, which had only to be properly adjusted at night to insure a graceful line of nose the next morning that would last the whole of the day. I started, book in hand, for town, and went at once to the shop and produced my list, and as soon as the articles had been packed up for me, I turned towards the door with a feeling of great relief. But the tradesman interposed with the cruel courtesy of an offer to conduct me round his "establishment" to inspect some few "indispensables" that were not in the catalogue. I was in his hands; and, in the twinkling of an eye, he compelled me to add to my burdens a "cork-lined jug"—for what earthly purpose made I am unable to say, unless to guard against the injurious effect of damp on earthenware. Before I could collect myself sufficiently to ask for information on the subject, he had plunged into a lecture on the advantages of shelling peas by machinery, and paring apples by pressing them on a kind of revolving spit. I bought the two contrivances for these purposes. He then fell to turning a handle of another instrument with great rapidity, asking me the while, with many apologies, if my teeth were in perfectly sound condition. I told him rather testily that they were strong enough to serve my purpose. "Because, sir," he went on, "this little invention, known as 'The Masticator, or Childhood's Friend and Age's Best Companion,' is invaluable, sir, to all persons who are averse to those quite unnecessary labors which have hitherto been associated with the pleasures of the table—(see circular—hem!) A, sir," he continued, pointing to a woodcut diagram, "is a gentleman's dinner; B is the mouth of the invention. Put A into B, and turn the handle of C or the grinder, and the food is at once ready for——" "What!" I exclaimed, with a start of horror and surprise, "am I even to eat by machinery!" and I left the ill-omened house as fast as my encumbrance of "necessaries" would permit.

I hastened home, arranged my purchases in order, and surveyed them with the satisfaction of a man who is once more reconciled with himself. At length my domestic surroundings were perfect in their completeness. I called my aged servant. I ordered a dinner in the preparation of which she would be compelled to use all the culinary inventions. I showed her those inventions. She shrank from them like Error started by a ray of Truth. I invited her to consider the use of the egg guillotine. She said she would rather die first. I gave a turn to the apple parer. She uttered a scream. I gave it another turn and pared a piece off my finger. She ran for a rag. I produced the "Superior Morocco Gilt-bordered Plaster Case." It was very unfortunate, but the plaster would not come out. I was obliged to submit to the old-fashioned bandage. But as a compromise, I insisted on the "Patent Finger Stall," at which Martha smiled in contempt.

In my strivings after completeness, then, I was to be thwarted by this stupid domestic. Never. I handed her the "Ice Hammer" and the "Cork-lined Jug," and the other articles that belonged to her department, with the strict injunction that she was to cure herself of the vicious habit of doing without these things, or to pack up her boxes at once. She retired in dudgeon, and I went to my own room. I was not sleepy, but I could not resist the temptation of going to bed at once, to give the "Nose Straightener" a trial. "Carefully adjust the invention before retiring to rest," said the catalogue, "and the result will be a Grecian profile in the morning." I did so. I lay awake for some time and mused. How long I lay thus I cannot say. I was sensible of no break of continuity in my reflections, but they seemed to change their character.

I was standing near the kitchen door watching Martha through the chink as she tried to prepare a dinner with the aid of the various inventions. The foolish old creature had confounded one with another, and she was in a state of the greatest moral and material confusion. She took up the "Egg Guillotine" and began to decapitate one of the apples for the pie. The head fell, and with it the machine, irretrievably fouled and ruined by the obstruction of an unusually tough stalk. She brushed it off the table with a gesture of impatience, and—horror!—began to fix a hard-boiled egg in the "Apple-parer," in order to remove the shell. I tried to rush forward, but my limbs refused to serve me. I tried to shout, but could not utter a sound. In another moment the apple machine had gone the way of the guillotine. The wicked old creature raised a laugh of demoniac triumph. She looked like a witch in *Macbeth*. She was not cooking a dinner; she was celebrating some infernal rite. She seized the pea-shelling machine, which seemed to be instantly transformed into a cauldron, and filled it with coffee berries, which rattled like dead men's bones. I trembled in ever limb, but could not stir. She turned the handle. I heard a dire, grating sound, like that of machinery being wrenched to pieces wheel from wheel. In another instant I experienced a stifling sensation; the wicked old woman had come to the door and had seized me by the nose. I struggled for life; she held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog. She swayed to and fro, and at length by a superhuman effort I tore myself free, and with a great gasp for breath—awoke.

It was the "Nose Straightener." I had been dreaming. I rose and struck a light. My nose was very red, and there was a swelling at the end that gave it a

roundness of contour decidedly more Egyptian than Greek. The first was, perhaps, the parent stage of the beautifying process. I laid the "straightener" aside, but not in anger. The fault lay, no doubt, in my want of endurance, but my second sleep was certainly more refreshing than my first. In the morning I gave the magnetic hair-brush a trial. "Apply it smartly to the scalp," said the book of directions, "and continue the operation until the magnetic influence has reached the hidden roots of the hair." I applied it for five minutes, until I felt an intense tingling, which I concluded was the magnetism, and then I left off. In another moment my head was the color of beet-root, and my brain seemed to be on fire. I plunged into cold water, and came out of it covered with little specks—each speck a pain. I waited patiently for the hairs, but they seemed to be waiting for me. I thought I would not put quite so much magnetism to the roots next time; and I rang for my hot water.

Martha came to the door with a grin which made her aspect hideous in its resemblance to the bag of my dream. Something was floating in the jug. It was the cork lining of my latest acquisition.

"I poured the boiling water on 'un," said Martha, "and it all peeled off like."

What could I say? Perhaps the thing was meant to hold cold water only; but I ought to have told her. I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart. On rising from the table, I entered my study and took up the "Anti Paralysis" to pen a note. I certainly felt no more cramp in my fingers than would have resulted from the use of a common penholder. This gleam of triumph was cheering. I tried the "Revolving Inkstand." It went well, though some little ingenuity was required to ensure a straight shot into the aperture for the ink—if you missed it you had to wait until it came round again—but this might be conducive to reflection, and it certainly tended to check the excesses of a hasty style. "The Pencil Sharpener" left the pencil wanting in absolutely nothing but the point, which generally remained in the machine. Matters were mending. I only wanted one thing—a success. I would go and try the "Gentleman's Own Tool Chest." I walked to the door.

Martha met me—a broken plate in one hand, the "New Silver Ice Hammer" in the other. My best dessert service was ruined. The unexpected shock to my feelings was too much for me. I looked for the explanation which I could not find words to demand.

"I put 'ee on," said the miserable domestic, holding up a fragment of ice, "and gave 'ee a crack; and then 'ee cracked together."

I recoiled in despair. There was no glossing over these manifold disappointments and afflictions. Fate and Martha were against me. The Emperor Napoleon was right; the desire of perfection is the curse of mankind. I sank into my chair in a perplexity of utter distress. When a man is in that state he has an instinctive recourse to one remedy—he scratches his head. I did so, and for some time without effect, until I became sensible of something unusual in the sensations attending the operation. I looked at my hand—it held the "Ivory Back Scratcher," the first cause of all my woe. I made a supreme effort, and flung the hated thing against the wall, where it shivered into a thousand fragments. I rushed forth in the glow of a noble resolution, and in a few minutes I had buried all that was left of my new purchases in a hole in the garden. I returned to my study with a sense of freedom and peace which I had not known for days, and found that in the haste of my exit I had knocked a long-forgotten book off the corner shelf. It lay open at the words—"The art of happiness is the art of limiting your wants."

SPECIAL LETTER FROM HONOLULU.

From Honolulu we have advices of September 6th. The Hawaiians go it strong for reciprocity with the United States. The King has been quite unwell, but at last accounts was said to be "a little better." Our attentive correspondent has written us a private note, from which we glean a few items, thus:

"The news from Australia about our sugars have excited our people very much, net 5½c. for dark molasses sugars in bags, while our No. 1 net less than 4c. in kegs, sold in San Francisco. We and others have sugars stored ever since March, and what we will get after the charges are paid we would not like to say. I am going to do all I can to have our planters make sugar for the refineries, put it in bags—that is, not to make much No. 1; in that case we either could sell here, or be under contract, so we should have nothing more to do with it than deliver either here or at your wharf, and know what we are to get at once. The saving in charges, at even a low price, would make us all able to live at least. I go in for this, with or without a treaty. The refineries would then provide for us, and work for us and with us. I have got quite a number of our largest planters to agree to it. Unless we make some arrangement of this kind we shall lose San Francisco. A large lot of sugar has gone to San Francisco lately, from the fact that it was to the interest of the agents to send it there (and not the planters), and some parties are likely to lose their agencies for so doing. Of course we all like San Francisco; we know the people, we need the freight to load vessels, we need the good will of our friends and return favors. We need the money in your city to purchase English or Eastern exchange. All this may benefit us, and not the planter, and if we have no direct interest in the plantation we may notice it, but the planters do not, and are therefore growing much in favor of going the other way, and unless we get a treaty or make some refinery arrangements, they will do it. A large number are out of debt and independent, but they have to do something to keep it so.

THE STATE FAIR AT SACRAMENTO.

The Twentieth Annual Fair was opened on Sept 8, when some thousands of people visited it. The Pavilion presented a very dazzling appearance, the decorations being beautifully and tastefully arranged, and the constantly moving crowd adding to the liveliness of the scene. Of course the sewing machines, as usual, are a prominent feature, and their click, click, is plainly heard as their "engineers"—some of whom, by the by, are good looking girls—show off their merits. The pianos also make a good show, and certain melancholy young men in the conventional broadcloth occasionally extract a semblance to music from them. The fountain in the upper hall is one of the prettiest sights. It is a large one, and all around its base are grouped such ferns, flowers, etc., as most love water; tables on either side of the fountain are covered with rich flowers and rare shrubs. The band, a particularly good one, played some well selected music each day. Among our San Francisean exhibitors we note the following as showing articles of much merit: The Domestic Carpet Manufactory exhibits some rough but useful carpets made from rags. C. S. Eaton shows three square pianos and one grand; also two parlor and two vestry Estey organs. Seward and Aiken exhibit their Objective Musical Staff system of teaching music. It consists of a board with movable notes; the board represents the musical staff, while the notes can be altered at will, so as to form a tune. It is an excellent plan for teaching music. Sherman & Hyde show the Weber Pianos. Hallet & Davis have a fine show of pianos and organs, shown by Wm. G. Badger. The San Francisco Silk Manufacturing Company exhibit four large cases filled with skein and spool silk manufactured by them. They make a fine show, and attract much attention. The show of fancy goods, such as wax-flowers, needle-work, etc., was small but good, while the paintings, etc., were not up to the mark. In the lower hall, the Babcock Fire Extinguisher Company have one of their large engines and two hook and ladder trucks on exhibition. The display of stock and the crowd at the Park on the first day swept away whatever doubts there may have been as to the complete success of the State Fair. The stables were well filled up with horses, sheep, goats, swine and horned cattle, and there was an unusually large attendance for the opening day, albeit the heat was excessive and the racing by no means a choice cut out of the week's programme. The best farms in the State are this year most liberally represented in the department of neat cattle. We thought at the time that it would be impossible to improve on the bulls, cows, calves and yearlings exhibited here last September, but there is in this year a considerably greater number and a shade better in quality. In the exhibition of fine sheep there is a more marked improvement, and also in graded stock, both horses and neat cattle. The racing has been of an unusually good kind, wonderful time being made. Sam Purdy trotted two mile heats in 2:23¾ and 2:24¾, while May Howard won the first heat in 2:24½, and trotted one half mile in the extraordinary time of 1:05. Ella Lewis, a comparatively green mare, trotted three heats in 2:30, 2:29¾, and 2:31½. Occident came out to trot against time in the $2,000 purse, and was received with loud bursts of enthusiastic cheering, showing how popular both horse and owner are in the State. The excitement was intense, as, with George Tennant driving, Occident, the pride of California, made his appearance. The little horse went round the first heat without a break in 2:16¾, the fastest time ever made in the State, and never beaten by any living horse. The first quarter was reached in 36½ seconds, the half mile in 1:10½. Loud was the cheering as the little horse came thundering down the home-stretch; hats were thrown up in the air, handkerchiefs waved, and the vast crowd seemed wild with delight. Occident came out again for the second heat, which, owing to a break at the distance post, was not equal to the first, but was still done in the excellent time of 2:18¾. In the pacing race, Dan Voorhees won in two straight heats; time, 2:20 and 2:30. The two mile and repeat running race was won by our old friend, the game Thad Stevens, after a severe struggle with Irene Harding and Target. Target won the first heat 3:42½; Irene won the second in 3:37; then old Thad. came on and won the next two heats in 3:42 and 3:45. The mile dash for two year olds was won by a black filly by Eclipse, Bill Hazle second: time, 1:49. The mile running race was won by Thornhill in two straight heats, Nell being second: time, 1:44 and 1:43. The mile and a half dash was won by Alpha, beating Little Agnes; time, 2:47½. Among the cattle, horses, etc., shown, were some remarkably fine specimens. A herd of splendid Durhams was shown by Robert Ashburner, San Mateo county, and ten fine cattle, four bulls and six heifers, shown by Thomas S. Page, of San Francisco, were much admired by judges of stock. The sheep are scarcely as good as usual, but the horses make a fine show. There can be no doubt that our climate is one suited to the horse, and it we do not breed more world-beaters like Occident, Thad. Stevens and Thornhill, we must not blame the climate for it. Taken as a whole, the Sacramento Fair was a complete success. It is true that some of the departments were not well filled, and that some confusion was visible, but as this was confined to only a few departments, it was hardly noticeable. The weather all throughout was fine, being, if anything, a trifle too hot for us, who are used to the cutting afternoon winds of San Francisco. We cannot close this summary without thanking Mr. Boruck for the pains he took to secure proper accommodation for the Press. Heretofore it has been a most painful struggle for the reporter to even catch a glimpse of what he came to write about. We wish our sister city every success in all her future State Fairs, and only hope that her next one may be equal to her last.

A Search Warrant—A gold-digger's license.

NURSY-PURSY.

[This poem, written by a child aged only five years and three months, is printed more as a literary curiosity than for any other reason. A kind of tender pathos may be observable here and there, which in a child so young is, at least, surprising:]

Who wore a hideous high-crown'd cap,
Who called me tootsy-wootsy chap,
Yet used my little head to slap?
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who gazed into my heavy eye,
And said, "A powder we must try;
This horrid child, he lives too high?"
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who said she'd watch, then meanly slept,
And pinch'd me spiteful when I wept;
And for my pap her stale crusts kept?
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who, when I yell'd, cried 'Hold your din!'
Or choked me with a drop of gin
(It wasn't spasms, but a pin)?
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who on my toddlums let me run
Much sooner than she should have done,
Which I've grown up a bandy one?
My Nursy-pursy.

Moral:—Drat her!

CORN AND CATTLE.

[BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.]

London, Aug. 23, 1873.—My discourse shall be of bread and of beef, although, indeed, sir, I am myself but indifferently interested therein. In regard to the former I may say, that as an old bachelor, I do not share in the anxieties of my friend Jack Multiply, who, being compelled to rise early in the morning to assist Mrs. M. in the arduous task of cutting bread and butter for thirteen healthy brats, winces at every announcement of a rise in the price of the staff of life, and studies the harvest reports with the same avidity that characterizes a young lady's perusal of the latest number of *Le Follet*. Two square inches of dry toast with my matutinal coffee and bacon, one small crust with my midday chop and potato, a little bread sauce with my bird at dinner, and a single slice at night, should I desire to indulge in the occasional luxury of a Welsh rarebit, suffice to supply my simple requirements at an average prime cost, I suppose, of a penny a day. The latter commodity certainly enters somewhat more largely into my daily consumption, inasmuch as it is impossible to devise any substitute that will take its place in the manufacture of soups and gravies; but I, like most men in this island, have ceased to consider the roast beef of Old England as the only fitting dish to set before a king.

However, at the call of duty, despite my small personal pleasure in the matter, I sought and found in Mark Lane and in Copenhagen fields the statistics that are likely to interest you, and I can only say that if they lead you to send us a plentiful supply, at a reasonable price, of those staples wherein we are grievously deficient, I shall rejoice on account of my friend Jack and his congeners, to say nothing of a little idea I may entertain as to the probability of a grateful and spontaneous increase upon your part, in the amount of those welcome remittances which follow my exertions on your behalf. I suppose that you could hardly send us meat, although the Australians are doing it to a pretty tune, and I cannot see why you should not go into the trade, for at present prices it would certainly pay you very well. For instance, Australian beef at this moment fetches in our market 41s. 6d. per cwt. and mutton 43s. 6d. at the wharf, and there is every probability of an increase on those rates. Our own stock has reached famine prices, and I am beginning to think that we shall soon have to submit to a sumptuary law in the matter of steak, and realize that unhappy state of things described in the old saying of "One mutton chop and two to eat it." Our present ruling figures are as follows: Beef, six shillings and four pence; mutton, six shillings and six pence; veal, five shillings and six pence; pork, five shillings and four pence, and lamb, seven shillings and two pence per stone of eight pounds, and the consequence is that by the time the retailer has made his profit of 33 per cent., and other little additions for cost of carriage, loss by tainting, and so forth, are counted, the consumer pays a shilling to sixteen pence per pound for inferior joints, and sixteen to twenty pence for prime pieces. In fact even these rates hardly represent the business done, for, as very few beasts arrive, and large retailers must have an ample supply, the competition is fierce and the result costly. Last week our entire English cattle supply in London only numbered 4,640, and the foreign contingent added 2,240 to the total. English and Irish farmers are at last bestirring themselves in the matter, and large breadths of land are being laid down in pasturage to the exclusion of wheat. This movement, which has long been going on in Ireland, is now proceeding with extreme rapidity. There is this year hardly a morsel of land sown with grain in the county of Limerick which used to show a vast area of golden fields, and all over the southern and western country the corn is giving place to the cow. So it is with us in Lancashire and Cheshire, and so it bids fair to be, for our men, hopeless of ever growing bread enough for our population, are doing their best to control the meat supply.

Our harvest is as usual deficient in quantity, but I am happy to say it is of excellent quality. Our new wheat, very little of which has at present come to market, is excessively good, and has never been seen in finer condition. Still the absolute exhaustion of all old stocks, the deficiency in France, and the unusually scanty

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GOVERNOR STANFORD'S WORLD BEATER.

At half-past 3 o'clock, says the *Record*, Governor Stanford's bay gelding *Occident* appeared upon the track, to trot for a piece of plate, valued at $2,000, which was offered to any horse beating the best time on record in California. It was necessary to make 2:17, as *Goldsmith Maid* trotted in 2:17¼ over the same track on the 28th of September, 1872. The horse looked well, and his driver, George Tennent, appeared confident. Governor Stanford was in the reporter's stand. He said he had no doubt the horse could beat 2:17, but he did not know whether he could do it on this occasion or not. He was a little nervous, which was very natural. The horse was loudly cheered as he came up in front of the grand stand. The running horse *Brown Dick* was in his company, and was assigned the duty of following the trotter around the track. The judges were the same as on the other races, and the timers the same, with the addition of C. Green and E. H. Miller, Jr. After a little preliminary scoring, the bell was tapped and away went the horse, *Brown Dick* being kept about twenty yards behind. *Occident* trotted honestly to the quarter pole in 36½ seconds and to the half in 1:10½, evidently being held back under instructions. He was then given his head and came home 1:06½, making the heat in the remarkable time of 2:16¼ without a skip. The running horse had his nose at the wheel when he passed under the line and seemed to be working hard, which made it appear like a closely contested race, and the wildest applause came from the thousands who were looking on.

As soon as the horses passed the score an immense throng of people crowded upon the quarter-stretch cheering the horse and driver and looking up anxiously for the time board. When it was finally hung out the people gave vent to their joy in loud shouts and cheers. They called for Governor Stanford until he was compelled to go to the front of the stand and acknowledge the compliment by a bow. The Governor was congratulated by many friends, and could not conceal his pleasure at the result of the race. He at once went into the judges' stand and presented the plate, valued at $2,000 to the Society, with the understanding that it should be put up every year to be competed for by other horses, and given to the horse beating the time just made by Occident. This was announced from the stand, and greeted by the applause of the people. Many people had given expression to the thought that there might be some trick about going in the time, but after the heat no one had any such idea, for besides the five watches of the official timers, and several others in the stand, there were about a hundred on the track and more than half of them had stopped on 2:16¼ and 2:16¾, while some were over 2:17.

After the first heat of the next race, Occident was brought out again and trotted another mile for the amusement of the public. He trotted splendidly to the quarter pole in 35½ seconds, and to the half in 1:09½. He increased his speed on the third quarter, and would have beaten his first time had he not broke when about 200 yards above the distance flag, where an immense crowd of excited humanity were shouting at the top of their lungs. As it was, he came under the line in the exceedingly good time of 2:18¾.

Governor Stanford certainly has reason to be proud of his horse. He has not only beaten the fastest time ever made in this State, but has equaled the fastest time ever made by a trotting horse, that being the time made by Goldsmith Maid at Boston, Massachusetts. George Tennent, the driver of Occident, is a very young man, and has had little experience in driving in races, never having driven but five. He has been in the employ of E. H. Miller, Jr., and Governor Stanford for some time, but only commenced handling Occident a few months ago.

HOMEWARD BOUND—FOR SYDNEY.

The British Skipper, when homeward bound, may be considered the prince of the high seas. The wife and family awaiting him, the plum pudding and the succulent roast beef, the greeting of old ship-mates and the hand-shaking of jolly tars; the healthy atmosphere springing from British soil, and all the influences that go to make a Briton's heart mellow with the beautiful memories of home and country are the brightest pictures in the skipper's mind when "homeward bound." So fair breezes and a pleasant, successful voyage to the good ship *Reconnaisance*, Capt. Watson, bound for Sydney, Australia. This staunch bark sails on Thursday next for her destination, touching at ports in the Navigator and Society Islands, principally Asia in the former and Tahiti in the latter. Capt. Watson has been remarkably fortunate in securing a full cargo for the islands, and in addition will take nine first-class passengers, having had to courteously refuse several additional applicants for want of accommodations. This success has been attained without the aid of agents or middlemen, and speaks well for the "pluck" of Capt. W. The *Reconnaisance* reached here last month from the islands with a large cargo of oranges, cocoanuts and cotton. Among the special freight which she takes in her voyage to the South Seas will be large files of the *News Letter* and *California Mail Bag*, destined for our hosts of friends and admirers in the Isles of the South Pacific.

H. M. S. Tenedos, with the newly appointed Admiral of the Pacific, is daily expected here from Vancouver Island.

NOTABILIA.

A blushing maiden of forty Summers entered the Town Clerk's Office, in Wheeling, West Virginia, recently, and asked, in a voice, trembling with agitation, for a license. The clerk took down the name of the visitor. "Name and address of the other party?" asked the clerk. "Faithful, and he lives with me," replied the fair one. The clerk looked at her for a moment, and blushingly completed the filling of the document, which he handed to the lady He was astonished at her conduct. She gave one glance at the license, hoarsely whispered "Monster!" and swept majestically out of the office. The clerk had presented her with a marriage license, when it was a dog license she wanted.

The other day I met a friend, we passed the time of day,
And chatted gaily down the street; but ere I went away,
I kindly asked him if he'd take a glass of Gerke wine.
"Yes, that I will," he answered; "and by the Gods its fine."

Domestic Concessions.—"I found it very inconvenient, and a great loss of time," said Chateaubriand, "to dine before seven o'clock. My wife wanted to dine at five o'clock, and insisted upon that hour After many arguments and many heated discussions we finally compromised upon six o'clock an hour which was very inconvenient to us both. This is what they call domestic concessions."

Oh, give me Houseworth's photographs,
So life-like and so sweet,
All taken at his gorgeous place,
At 12 Montgomery street.

A Graphic Peroration.—A Scotch minister recently, in discoursing of a certain class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration—"My freens, it is as impossible for a sinner to enter the kingdom o' heaven as for a coo to climb up a tree wi' her tail foremost, and harry a craw's nest; or for a soo to sit on the tap o' a thistle and whistle like a laverock."

"**The bees shall lavish,** make no store,
And the dove become a ranger,
The falling waters cease to roar,
Before I'll ever change her."

So sang a man who had used one of De la Montanya's Union Ranges for two years. He swears by them, as also does his wife.

The Coroner of Cleveland, O., while sitting on a drowned man the other day, trying to identify him, was informed by one of the jurors that "if the corpse had an impediment in his speech, he should say it was one of his neighbors, named Kelsey." A vigilant search failed to discover any impediment.

"**Maxweltons Braes** are bonny."
So is the G den Gate Park,
And its there hat all the *elite*
Do go for a uiet lark.

The Mangenberg's are there, too,
The Villa's where they live.
Of course, you'll stop and try the fare.
The best they always give.

The minister of a rural parish having neglected to pray for rain, was waited upon by a deputation to remonstrate with him on the omission. "Weel-a-weel," he replied, after hearing what they had to say, "I'll pray for to please ye, but the feint a drap ye'll get till the change o' the moon!"

When the earth shall have grown so large that space cannot contain it, when man shall have become so like his Maker that he can fly like an angel, when the *Chronicle* shall grow respectable, the *Call* cease to be inane, and the *Bulletin* shake off its yoke of thraldom, then and only then will we acknowledge that there are better photographers in San Francisco than Bradley & Rulofson, of Montgomery street.

During the recent "season," a little knot of ladies were discussing the subject of marriage. One of the party, a single young lady, said, "Matches are made in heaven." "Very likely," was the quiet rejoinder of a married lady, "and they are often *dipped* in the other place."

My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Oh, never look so shy,
But come with me, my darling,
And new carpets we will buy.

The spring is waning fast, my love,
The summer's hot as h—l,
So let us get our carpets, love,
From old friends Plum & Bell.

A blushing damsel called at the office of a Scotch paper a few days since and inquired for "papers for a week back," and that innocent young publisher's clerk thought she wanted perhaps a sticking plaster, instead of giving her a bundle of papers suitable for a panier.

The Graphic Balloon, the monster of the world, has burst. Professors Wise and Donaldson are disconsolate, and are seen sitting for hours munching peanuts and wrapped in melancholy study, at times exclaiming, in most piteous accents, "Up in a balloon, boys!" Wise is an old man, and fears that by the time the next is made, he may have paid nature's debt. Donaldson is younger and more hopeful. However, let us not put our trust in balloons, but stop on earth and buy really good furniture from N. P. Cole. It never bursts.

All hail to the great Cutter,
And to thee, friend Hotaling;
Thy whisky's soft as butter—
It's too good for retailing.

Joseph de Maistre observed that, if he had a choice to make between Madame de Sevigne and her daughter, he would marry the latter, and then travel to receive letters from his mother-in-law.

Native wine has been for a long time pooh-poohed by the ignorant. At last people have found out that if kept the wine is excellent. Our sparkling wines, too, are, when properly made, as by Schleifer & Co., not to be sneezed at. Any one who is at all skeptical on this point should go to Cutting & Co., the Agents, and try it.

A poet says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying "that was before the introduction of capital punishment."

My name is Jones, I'm rather a swell,
Though perhaps in a smallish way,
Although, you know, it's hard to tell
What envious folks may say.
I'm a squat little pursey man,
And my face is wont to shine,
I'm happy, I've struck on the plan—
Eberhart & Lachman's wine.

The young men of Chicago are said to be classified according to their skill as velocipedists into the "timid toddlers," the "wary warblers," the "go-it-gracefuls," and the "fancy few."

Governor Booth can afford to look down from his pedestal upon the lawyer who has in vain tried to move him from his rock. Felton must have known that he was making a mistake when he or his friends wrote that answer to Booth's letter. Governor Booth is an authority worth quoting, and he says that Main & Winchester's harness is the only good made in the city. We believe he is right.

A sign on a door of a Paris lodging house reads:—"Music Lessons—Piano and Big Drum—from 8 o'clock A. M. to 10 P. M." Pleasant house to live in, we should think, especially for a poet.

Spectacles are hard things to get good, if you don't know the right place to go to. Go to Muller's, on Montgomery street.

A man, describing a church in Aberdeen, writes to a friend:—"No velvet cushions in our pews. We don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat."

At a public gathering lately one of the gentleman present was called upon for a speech, and this is how he responded:—"Gentlemen and women, I ain't no speecher; more'n twenty years back I came here a poor idiot boy, and now what are I?"

"**Well, well,**" said John to his own little sweetheart Mary, "so you say that the doctor says you are to take tonics to keep your strength up; take my advice and don't take any of his nasty trash." "Then what would you have me take?" asked Mary, blushing at her own audacity in thus daring for a moment to question John. "You come with me every day to the Saddle Rock, on Pine street, and have a plate of oysters; you'll soon be well." Our readers shall know in our next how Mary is progressing.

We have often noticed around our streets some of the handsomest buggies we ever saw. Often have we asked where they came from, but not till the other day did we get to know where they were to be had. A friend of ours took us over to Crego & Bowley's large store on California street, a few doors from Montgomery on the right. A finer lot of buggies, harness, robes, etc., we never saw. Their sales on Tuesdays are well worth attending.

A small Aberdeen child being asked by a Sunday school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am; but perhaps they dried themselves."

"**Ah,**" said a friend of ours, who we were showing round the city, "things have wonderfully altered since I was a boy. Why, those desks that you have just shown me, at Gilbert & Moore's, on Bush street, are the most perfect things I ever saw. Is his office furniture, too, much sought after?" We, of course, told him the truth, viz., that no one with any sense used anyone else's make.

ITALIAN OPERA.

Another delightful and varied week of Opera. On Sunday *Il Trovatore* to a crowded house, the price of seats being a dollar to all parts. On Monday, *Ernani*. Signora Visconti was, of course, "Elvira," and being in splendid voice, did full justice to the character. Her rendering of "Ernani involumi" was perfectly beautiful, and in her duo with "Ernani," as indeed throughout the whole opera, the applause of a very critical audience was frequent and well merited. She and Signor Verati were recalled at the end of the third act. Verati, as "Ernani," sang and acted with his usual accuracy. We consider him one of the most finished tenors we have ever had in California. Mancusi, as the "Emperor Charles," was magnificent, and correct in his costume; and as the action of the opera proceeded, both his singing and acting was excellent and spirited. Signor Rigo made the most of the part of the "Duke," and the whole opera, abounding as it does with beautiful music, gave universal satisfaction. On Wednesday, the ever-charming, sparkling *Crispino*, reintroduced Miss Wadsworth to a California audience. This young lady's voice is a pure soprano, very clear, not as yet of great compass, but with study she will attain a high rank in her profession. Her acting, likewise, requires more practice, at the same time she has made considerable improvement, and we could not help remarking that her execution of the more difficult passages was better than that of more easy ones, evidently showing an application and perseverance in her studies. Mancusi is eminently at home in the character of the cobbler, and his singing and acting were as good as they possibly could be. In fact, the whole piece depends upon him, and whether he is at home cursing his ill luck, or discoursing with "la comare," or prescribing as a doctor, he was equally clever and amusing.

Last night another crowded house was present to hear "Lucia." It was indeed a treat. Donizetti's exquisite music was most faithfully and delicately treated by Signora Visconti and SignorVerati, and as the well known and favorite airs succeeded one another, the applause of the audience was rapturous. Signor Grossi was spirited and animated as "Enrico," but the whole interest of the opera centers itself upon "Lucia" and "Edgardo," and the two performers of those parts well deserved the plaudits of their listeners. There was a thorough understanding and interpretation of the great composer's work, and an intensity of feeling, both in singing and acting, that marked the true artist. We understand that the same opera will be repeated on Sunday evening, at popular prices, and that *Crispino* will be played at the matinee this day, also at the uniform rate of one dollar per seat. The company are deservedly having a prosperous and brilliant season. The immense success of *Lucia*, last night, has induced the management to repeat it on Sunday. On Monday, *Il Barbiere*, with Mme. States and Orlandini, and on Wednesday *Norma*, with two prima donne. *Il Ballo* is likewise underlined.

THE SACRAMENTO STATE FAIR.

Our Special Correspondent sends us an interesting article upon the opening of the Fair, but want of space compels us to omit all but the following extract. Our correspondent says: "The display of pianos and organs this year is rather meager, except as regards the Hallet, Davis & Co.'s pianos and George Wood's & Co.'s organs, exhibited by the well-known and enterprising agent, Wm. G. Badger. This gentleman's display is greater than that of all the other piano exhibitors combined, and is attracting marked attention from all visitors on account of the great variety of style of the instruments. Pianos in rosewood, pianos in French walnut, pianos in gold ebony, etc., from the modest square, made specially for this Fair, and specially constructed to withstand extremes of climate, to the magnificent and graceful Orchestral Grand, which created such enthusiasm among the foreign artists at the Boston Jubilee. All admit that a finer display has never been witnessed, and really Mr. Badger has sent for our inspection enough instruments to stock a first-class store. As regards the Geo. Wood's organs exhibited, there *can* be but one opinion, and every musician who plays upon them pronounces them, after minute examination, far ahead of all competitors. No instruments have ever made so great a sensation in this city as those sent here by Mr. Badger.

The Rev. Wm. Arnott, D. D., from Edinburgh, Scotland, arrived in this city a week since, and preached last Sunday evening for Dr. Scott. Dr. Arnott is a man well advanced in life, yet he retains much of the fire of his youth. He was honored with a full house and an interested audience. The discourse was eminently practical, and was well received by his hearers. Dr. Arnott is a delegate to the World's Alliance, to be held in New York during October, and in the interim Dr. A. thought he would improve the time by coming to this coast sight-seeing—visiting Yosemite, Big Trees, etc.

The Dunbar fishermen entertain the belief that artillery firing frightens the herring off the coast, and on Saturday, by some sharp practice, they effectually prevented the local company from engaging in a competition.

THE LAY OF THE LOST ONE.—No. III.

It seems like a hideous dream of a crime that I should become a wife,
And marry the man I had longed to kill, to save his desperate life.
They cannot make me a witness now, to come up to the dock and swear,
And they seek to fasten the murder on him, but I was the only one there.

When I came out of the hospital the world appeared new and strange,
I felt old and weak and friendless, yet I cherished my revenge;
I went round among my former haunts, but all the folks had fled,
I hardly knew where I could gather a crust, nor where I could lay my head.

At length I found out Charley, but the fever had laid him low,
He was stretched, as I thought, on his deathbed, so I could not strike the blow;
He looked so wretched, and thin, and pale, so deserted by every one,
That the old love burnt in my heart once more, and the deadly hate was gone.

I nursed him through all his illness and begged in the open street,
I washed the steps of the very house where my lovers I used to meet;
The same old scenes were acted and the well known songs were sung,
And I felt as if Death were upon me as I thought of the time I was young.

But when the fever had left him and his wonted strength returned,
I shuddered to hear his wicked words and the thoughts that within him burned.
Whenever a sin is plotted the Devil will find the time,
And murder was mated to robbery to consummate the crime.

I am now an honest woman, as the world accepts the phrase,
And labor to earn my daily bread in the weary working days;
But oh, how I long for the time to come when this misery will cease,
When this worn-out frame shall find at last oblivion, if not peace.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Costa Rica ran ashore on Wednesday night, off Lime Point, and is a total wreck. It was so foggy that no lights could be seen, thence the accident. No lives are lost.——John Heenan, the prize-fighter, known as "the Benicia Boy," is about to visit California.——The half-hourly trips on the Oakland route will be commenced on the 29th.——Joseph Tucker, a laborer, dropped dead on Wednesday at Fort Point.——W. H. Tweed is stopping at the Occidental. His friends say he has been "tried out" by the heat, as he is any number of pounds lighter now than before the Summer heated term.——Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, having returned from Oregon, will hold Circuit Court on Monday next.——The fifth anniversary ball of the Dramatic Verein Eintracht will be held in Horticultural Hall to-night.——Capt. Ed. Higgins, formerly of the U. S. Navy, has been appointed to inspect the vessels and general affairs of the Pacific Mail Company. He is expected to arrive on the next steamer from Panama.——John T. Raymond returns to San Francisco in April. He has secured from the author of *Pygmalion and Galatea* another charming comedy entitled *The Wicked World*, and a drama dramatized from Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew*.——A woman named Erni was found dead in her bed on Wednesday, with her head cut open behind. Her son, who lives with her, is suspected and is now in jail.——On Thursday the Chileans celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of their independence; a salute of sixty-three guns was fired from the Market street wharf.——M. Henry McCrea, a prominent citizen, has been missing since Friday, the 12th. When last seen he was on his way to the San Rafael boat.——The Montgomery Avenue is slowly but surely progressing.——We are to have a grand steeple-chase meeting at Alameda on October 31st and November 1st.——The Yosemite Social Club has elected the following named officers: President, Felix W. Levy; Treasurer, Levi Strauss; Secretary, Harry Schiller; Sergeant-at-Arms, George Givens.——A pair of huge runaway horses, careering along Battery street with a heavy dray at their tails, created consternation on Wednesday afternoon, but strange to say, no damage was done.——The *Alaska*, which arrived Thursday from Panama, reports that on the morning of the 3d inst. James E. Hart, a steerage passenger, leaped overboard and was drowned.——Charles Goodall and others have sued the proprietors of the *Guide* for $5,000 damages, alleging that defendants have maliciously mis-stated the destinations of plaintiff's steamers, and thus lost them freight.——Captain John Faunce, of the U. S. Revenue Marine, who arrived on Thursday by the overland train, comes to this coast to establish life-boat stations, and he will visit all important points between Puget Sound and the Gulf of California.——Templar Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., will celebrate its twentieth anniversary by a ball and supper and literary exercises at Union Hall, on the evening of October 22d. Hon. Solomon Sharp, one of the charter members, will deliver a historical address, and there will be appropriate poetic recitations and glee-club singing.

The propeller Ajax has been sent to Portland to bring down a press of freight that is accumulating in Oregon. It is currently reported here that a shrewd operator here in breadstuffs has chartered all the freight room down on the Oregon steamers for some time to come, hoping thereby to expedite the delivery of his wheat and flour to exporters.

LATEST FROM LONDON.—SPECIAL REPORT OF ENGLISH MARKET INTELLIGENCE.

CORN.

London, August 30th, 1873.—The market during the last week has been but thinly attended, as there has been a falling off in the receipts of foreign wheat. There is a disposition to await further orders before entering into heavy transactions, but prices have been just as firm, and are not likely to recede. Last Monday there was a general rise of a shilling a quarter, and a further advance is likely to occur when the next lot of large purchases are made. English Red Wheat stands at 63s to 66s. per quarter: White, 68s. to 70s.: Californian, 63s. and 64s. The most noticeable feature is the exceeding scantiness of Barley, which has gone up to unheard of prices, and is in great demand at extreme rates. The last official quotations were 37s. to 38s., which is fully 5s. per quarter higher than the average of the past five years, but business has been done at an advance upon those rates. The latest estimate of the French deficiency is given at four hundred millions of francs ($80,000,000), but their harvest returns are not yet complete, and their estimates are notoriously inaccurate. But this is probably under the mark, so they are formidable competitors with us for the foreign supply.

CATTLE.

It may interest you somewhat to know that our meat supply is still very scanty, and our prices consequently high. Of foreign stock we have this week received 13,517 head against 20,340 in the corresponding week of 1871 (two years ago). Our own districts do not furnish us any increased number, and our entire English supply only amounted to 4,240. Prices for prime beasts, oxen, 5s. 10d. to 6s. 4d. per stone of 8lbs. Sheep, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 6d. Calves, 5s. to 5s. 8d. Lamb, 6s. 8d. to 7s. 8d. Pork, 5s. to 5s. 4d.

HOPS.

Prices dull and little present demand, as the buyers are waiting the arrival of our own crop. Our plantations are looking better, and the hopes of our growers are reviving. Quotations for English vary from 3s. 10d. to 6s. 12d., the lowest figure being that of the Sussex and the highest that of the Farnham (i. e., South Surrey growth); Bavarian, 6s. 6d. to 7s. 7d.; French, 4s. to 5s., and American, 2s. to 3s.

IRON.

In spite of the general depression, our merchants are hopeful, and business is decidedly improving. During the last fortnight Pig Iron has gone steadily up in price from 105s. at which it stood on Friday, August 15th, to 112s 4d, which was the closing price yesterday. Farther advances are hoped for, and as the rise has been gradual are not unlikely to occur. Finished Iron is still dull, and few factories are working more than half time; but no reduction is likely at present. Boiler plates are quoted at £17 per ton.

MINES.

The Last Chance Silver Mining Company of Utah report their weeks earnings (by telegram from their manager, Mr Maxwell,) at £2,500, and The Flagstaff Company of Utah state, upon similar authority, that they have earned £8,752. The prices, however, slightly receded. The closing quotations were: Last Chance, 2⅛ to 3; Flagstaff, 5 to 5⅛. The Emma Mine, in spite of recent good news, has not held its advance, and stands at 3¾ to 4.

RAILWAYS.

Erie shares rose nearly a dollar on the strength of a favorable report, and were in considerable demand, as there has been for some little time a tendency to depress them, and the settlement of the fortnightly account made it necessary to take up enough to cover previous operations. The actual rise was ⅞, and the closing price 47⅞ to 48⅛. Other American railways unchanged, and it is noticeable that no *Bear* operations have recently been successful in this class of securities. On the contrary, all speculators for a fall have lost heavily.

U. S. GOVERNMENT STOCK.

The popular 6 per cent. 5-20s keep up their price, and the general tone of the market is in favor of firmness in U. S. securities. The final values were U. S. 6 per cent. 5-20 bonds, ex 4-6, 93⅛ to 93¾, do 1865 issue 95 to 95⅛. 1867 issue 94⅞ to 95⅛. Showing no real variation during the last fortnight.

On account of the many fraudulent attempts to palm off inferior gloves as the real Jouvin's, Veuve Xavier Jouvin & Cie., of Paris and Grenoble, have appointed Murphy, Grant & Co. sole agents for the Pacific Coast, and have declared all gloves sold as Jouvin's to be frauds, unless one of each pair bears their trade-mark: "Gants Jouvin, Brevet d'invention, 1834. Medaille D'or." This is in an oval, with Gants Jouvin in the center, brevet, etc., above, and medaille d'or below.

The ship Carrier Dove has been laid on for New York, to carry miscellaneous cargo.

"PANIC IN WALL STREET."

This is the purport of the news from New York to-day on 'Change, announcing the failures of Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, and others of the gold ring. Well, what effect is this news to have on California credits? Answer, none whatever. Why not? Simply because California is the creditor State of the whole Union. Had this panic in Wall street occurred a year ago, the effect would have been just the reverse of this, for then California was a debtor to the East. This, then, brings up the Wheat question. A year ago the Liverpool quotation for Wheat was precisely what it now is, and our price then was $1 60 *a* $1 65 against the present rate of $2 30 *a* $2 35. Freights a year ago to Liverpool, £4 17s. 6d., against £3 5s. for to-day's rate. One reason why Wheat ruled so low a year ago was the great and universal scarcity of money. Farmers a year ago were sadly in debt; no credit, and they could not borrow money on their Wheat. Now the reverse is the case—money is superabundant; no trouble to borrow money on Grain, and at reasonable prices; besides, a year ago crops in France, in England and the Continent were good, but now all are short, and must look to America for heavy supplies of Wheat and Flour. This they must and will have at all cost, and although to-day's Liverpool Wheat quotation is down a penny, yet that is nothing to disturb us. It is simply the effect of a *bear* movement to allow of stocking up preparatory to another and still greater rise in the value of Breadstuff. The highest press telegram yet received is 13s. 6d.; Beerbohm's telegram, 13s. 9d. We, however, look for higher rates before the close of the year.

Latest From the Merchants' Exchange. — NEW YORK, Sept. 19th, 1873.—Gold opened at 112⅝; 11 A. M. at 112⅝; 3 P. M. at 111¾. United States Bonds—Five-twenties of 1862, 113⅜; 1867, 115⅞. Sterling Exchange, 108½@109¼. Pacific Mail, 33. Quicksilver Mining Company, 24. Wheat, $1 70@$1 90 quiet. Pork, 17½, dull. Cotton, 20½. Hides, dry, 24½@25, green, 13, dull Oil—Sperm, quiet, $1 50@$1 52, fair demand; Winter Bleached, $1 68@— —; Whale, quiet, 58@65c. quiet; Winter Bleached, 69@74c. Wool—Spring, fine, 22@23c.; Burry, 18@25c.; Pulled, 30@55c. Fall Clips, 16@26c.; Burry, 15@19c. LONDON, Sept. 19.—Liverpool Wheat Market, 12s. 11d@13s. 1d. Club, 13s. 3d@13s. 4d. United States Bonds, 91⅜.. Consols, 92⅜@92⅝; ac., 92⅜.

Californians registered at the office of Charles Le Gay, American Commission Merchant, 1 Rue Scribe, Paris, August 29, 1873.—Mrs. Theodore Payne, Warren Payne, Theodore Payne, F. B. Taylor, E. F. Northam, R. J. Tiffany, Dr. Holland, Mrs. Ross, Miss Ross, Hon. C. Hillyert and family, Mrs. Chas. Crocker and family, C. F. Crocker, George Crocker, Mrs. Major Hensley and family, Charles. Hensley, Mrs. Hopkins, Joseph Gruss, Theodore Boyle, William M. Lent and family, Mrs. C. Reis and family, Mrs. A. L. Barnes, Captain Levi Stevens and wife, Miss Kittie Stevens, Miss Dollie Stevens, J. M. English and wife, Miss L. Hawkins, L. Sachs and family, Mrs. John B. Le Gay.

San Franciscans Abroad.—PARIS: Theodore Bogle and Mrs. Bogle, 6 Rue Balzac; D. Cady, 3 Rue Luxembourg; Mrs. John B. LeGay, 30 Rue Malesherbes; Mrs. L. Sachs and sons, 5 Rue Lafayette; W. C. Talbot and the Misses Talbot, Hotel Splendide; Miss J. G. Kercheval, Hotel Chatham; Mrs. R. G. Makin, 8 Rue de la Bienfaisanée; Captain and Mrs. Stephens, 13 Rue de Surene; R. J. Tiffnay, Hotel de l'Athéne; W. H. Hood (of Sonoma) left for London. LUCERNE: —Horace Hawes, Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Tevis.—*American Register.*

All the medical men in San Francisco, in fact all over the State, unite in saying that for the invalid, the valetudinarian, and the healthy, there is no drink like "Napa Soda." Agreeable to the palate, and acting as a tonic to the whole system, it cannot be too highly praised. It comes direct from mother earth, and is one of the greatest boons Nature has conferred upon California. The agent for this fine mineral water is Col. Jackson, 18½ Geary street.

Major Harry Larkyns, who appeared among us under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances about six months ago, has written a play for Miss Charlotte Thompson called *Lenore, the Loveless;* or, *The Moral of a Dream.* Miss Thompson is said to have given $500 for it. We must congratulate Major Larkyns on his success as a playwright if such is the case, for few men are so lucky with their first endeavor. We presume that *Lenore* is not a translation.

TAR, FEATHERS AND DEATH.

The most singular and exciting of a series of "mysterious disappearances" that occured in and about New York during the Fall of 1872 has been recalled by the discovery, at Oyster Bay, L. I., of the remains of Charles O. Kelsey, a young farmer of Huntington, who was tarred and feathered and exhibited around town on the night of November 4th, and never seen afterward. The whole affair was intensely dramatic. Kelsey was deeply enamored of Miss Jinna Smith, a young lady of Huntington, and for some time seemed to have enjoyed her favor. But she cast him off, at length, and the cruel rebuff upset him quite. He rushed into poetry, and with the productions of his muse he rushed to the lady and frantically read them to her. His verses were fearfully and wonderfully made, and his hearer must have been so, too, to resist their tremendous pathos and the impassioned eloquence of his delivery. It is certain that she did, however, and evinced her continued aversion to the poet by forbidding him ever to speak to her again.

At this time Mr. Kelsey went into a very unlover-like line of conduct, and precipitated his ruin. He thrust his obnoxious society upon his heart's love, lingering fondly around her house, frequenting her favorite haunts, and poor, infatuated man even dared to climb into the window of her chamber in the stormy night, that he might gaze upon her innocent slumbers. She had patiently endured his less aggressive attentions, but this last act was too rude and indecorate to be pardoned. She informed Mr. Royal Sammis, a young man who had succeeded the unhappy Kelsey in her affections, and he was appropriately enraged. Invoking the aid of a few trusty companions, he seized Kelsey on the night of November 4th, and "by force and arms" did tar and feather him, much against his wishes and the peace and dignity of Long Island. It was a dark and fiendish outrage, made more galling to the victim by the fact that his former mistress witnessed his complete degradation, for his relentless captors bore him to her back-yard and invited her to witness the edifying spectacle of a man clad only in borrowed plumage.

This exhibition was the last public appearance of Charles O. Kelsey as a live man. Whether Sammis and his gang slew him when they were surfeited with torture is unknown, and even judicial inquiry may fail to determine. It is only known that he has never been seen since that night. Appearances indicate that he returned to his room, left his watch—which was covered with tar—tried to wash the offensive substance from his body, and then went out. A bloody shirt was found on the beach, and this with an old boot constituted nearly all the evidence in the case. The most intense excitement prevailed, and several men were at once arrested, among whom were Royal Sammis, Dr. Banks, Cavalius B. Prince and several prominent citizens. During the litigation that followed the town took sides on the matter, and a most bitter dissension sprung up. Nothing was heard from one end of the village to the other but animated and often sadly harsh discussions of the Kelsey matter. The church was rent by the partisan quarrel, society was broken up, friends were estranged and discord reigned generally where peace had been. The law was slow and clumsy in the matter. There was endless bickering and haggling over technicalities, and the services of a New York judge was called in before any definite result could be obtained. This was the indictment of the parties named in the warrant on a charge of riot and assault.

Huntington was more quiet after this, but the outrage has furnished a fruitful theme for gossip, and now that Mr. Kelsey's body has been found the excitement grows ten times greater than before. Two fishermen found the remains while out on the bay. There was little that was human left, but the pantaloons, the watch-chain and the presence of tar and feathers adhering still to parts of the body were sufficient to establish its identity. Kelsey's relatives swore most positively that the remains are those of their kinsman. The inquest, begun on Saturday, stands adjourned to Thursday. Meanwhile, the indicted parties will be gathered in to await the verdict. This is difficult, however, for Sammis has gone to Europe, rumor says, and Prince is in Connecticut, crazy. Some of the others are missing.

A good marine picture by Shedd is on exhibition at Currier & Winter's frame store. It is a view on Long Island Sound. A schooner coming, "head on," before a good stiff breeze. A sloop on her starboard quarter holding her way very well. A high mass of thunder-cloud from the horizon up forms an effective background for craft's canvas. Out of the dim obscurity of the big cloud steals, phantom-like, a white, side-wheel steamer, near which some small sailing vessels show their white wings against the murky cloud, while further out the canvas of other craft rises dark against the sun-illumined sky, beyond the passing storm. A pretty contrast, artistic and effective—Stanfieldish! Altogether, it is a very good study of cloud and marine effect. The same artist is painting some very clever landscapes lately.

It is most gratifying to state that neither our local or provincial Banking Houses have been in the slightest degree affected by the failure of Jay Cooke & Co. In fact, California, as heretofore, is the safety-valve of the United States. Gold is its basis.

Special Brevities.

What France has to Pay for Glory.—It used to be a common saying here that France was rich enough to pay for her glory, and in those days she little thought of the cost of adversity. Now the attention of the country is drawn to the following items, which show what a costly game war sometimes is. The war indemnity is 5,000,000,000 f.; the interest on the same for two years, 300,000,000 f.; the keep of the German troops, 273,637,000 f.; requisitions, 327,581,000 f.; value of objects taken without requisition, 254,172,000 f.; war contribution levied on Paris, 200,000,000 f., and so on till the account forms a total of 6,673,811,000 f. But this enormous sum does not include pensions to the army, the damage done to material, nor the expenses of reorganization, nearly as much again. The average value of a day's work in France is one franc and a quarter, so it is easy to calculate the amount of labor which will be required to repair the folly of a few months of violence and bloodshed.

There was a sham fight at the Curragh on Aug. 15th, in which all the forces now in the camp took part. The enemy, or invading division, were under the command of Gen. Wardlaw, and the home division under Col. Glynn; Major-Gen. Sir Thomas Steele acted as umpire. One division marched from Kildare and the other from Newbridge, and they met nearly in front of the camp. The British force commenced the battle by a general advance, supported by artillery and cavalry. The two forces came within two hundred yards of each other, and both continued to maintain their ground until the umpire decided that the home force should retire. When the order to cease firing was given, the invaders seemed to have the best of it.

A notorious brigand chief, named Manzi, and his band, who for the last four years have infested the Neapolitan province, have been surrounded and captured by a body of Carabineers and police, headed and personally directed by the Prefect of Salerno. The brigands took refuge in a house, and a fierce struggle ensued. Five of them were killed, including, it is stated, the chief, and others wounded. The captain of the Carabineers and two of his men were wounded, and one soldier was killed. The population manifested much joy at the breaking up of this nest of brigands, from which they have been great sufferers.

A forthcoming volume by Chevalier Ernst Bunsen on the "Chronology of the Bible," which is to be issued, I believe, simultaneously, not only on both sides of the Atlantic, but in four of the leading languages of Europe—English, French, German, and Italian—will present some features of extraordinary interest. One of the most startling, and on the whole most novel, of its eccentricities will be the calculation which assigns to Jesus Christ the age of 49 years at the time of his crucifixion, an event which, according to this theory, took place in the year 35 of the common era.

M. Rochefort.—A Paris correspondent writes: "Poor M. de Rochefort is now on his way to his distant home, which he is probably not destined to reach. His demeanor prior to his departure was that of a gentleman in every sense of the word. In his intercourse with the Bishop and the other authorities he was courteous and respectful. He could not help pointing to the gangs of coarse ruffians around him, and said, 'I have been wanting equality all my life,' and added, smiling, 'you see, monsigneur, I have got it at last.'"

An inventor has demonstrated that it is not necessary to groove a rifle-barrel along its whole length in order to get good results in shooting. About four inches at the muzzle are grooved; all the rest is smooth, by which the initial velocity of the bullet is much greater than in a barrel grooved from breach to muzzle, and the flight of the bullet is more direct, or, as shooters say, it has a flatter trajectory. It is found in practice that the few inches of grooving at the muzzle are quite sufficient to set the bullet spinning.

C. P. R. R.

Commencing Wednesday, Sept. 10th, 1873, and until further notice, Trains and Boats will Leave San Francisco

7.00 A. M. (daily), Atlantic Express Train (via Oakland) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding and Portland (O.), Colfax, Reno, Ogden and Omaha.

7.30 A. M. (daily) Cal.P.R.R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Connecting at Vallejo with trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento; making close connection at Napa with stages for Sonoma.

12.00 Noon (Sundays excepted) Stockton Steamer (from Pacific Wharf), touching at Vallejo, Benicia and Landings on the San Joaquin River.

3.00 P. M. (daily) San Jose Passenger Train (via Oakland., stopping at all Way Stations.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted) Passenger Train (via Oakland) for Lathrop, Merced, Visalia, Delano, and Los Angeles, Stockton and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted) Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf), connecting at Vallejo with trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted) Sacramento Steamer (from Pacific Wharf), touching at Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

6.30 P. M. (daily) Overland Emigrant Train (via Oakland)—Through Freight and Accommodation.

OAKLAND BRANCH—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO, 7:00, 8:10, 9:20, 10:10 and 11:20 A.M., 12:10, 1:50, 3:00, 4:00, 5:10, 6:30, 8:15, 9:20 and *11:30 P.M. (9:20, 11:20 and 5:00 to Oakland only.)

LEAVE BROOKLYN (for San Francisco), *5:30, 6:40, 7:50, 9:00 and 11:00 A.M., 1:30, 2:40, 4:55, 6:10, 7:25 and 10:10 P.M.

LEAVE OAKLAND, *5:40, 6:50, 8:00, 9:10, 10:20 and 11:10 A.M., 12:00, 1:40, 2:50, 3:40, 5:05, 6:20, 8:05 and 10:20 P.M.

ALAMEDA BRANCH—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO, 7:20, 9:00 and 11:15 A.M., 1:30, 4:00, 5:30 and 6:00 P.M. (4:20, 11:15 and 5:30 to Fruit Vale only.)

LEAVE HAYWARDS (for San Francisco), *4:30, 7:00 and 10:45 A.M., and 3:50 P.M.

LEAVE FRUIT VALE, *5:25, 7:35, 9:00 and 11:20 A.M., 1:30, 4:05 and 5:30 P.M. *Except Sundays.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.
A. N. TOWNE, General Superintendent.

The Colonel Stuart who is mentioned as being confined with Captain Travers in the citadel of San Sebastian, amongst other Englishmen taken by the Spanish authorities from the *Deerhound*, is the son of Count d'Albanie, and is an officer of thirty years' service in the Austrian cavalry. Two years ago he communicated a series of interesting sporting papers to the *Field*, the materials of which he had collected during a long period of military duty in Hungary.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Times*: "SIR—I was this morning a witness to a feat which may possibly be of interest to your readers. Mrs. Elizabeth Leatherland, of the age of 110 years, reaped two sheaves of wheat in a field belonging to Mr. John Mead, of Tring, Herts. Her baptismal certificate may be seen at Mr. Tompkins, ironmonger, Tring.—Your obedient servant, ARTHUR LOXLEY.—Norcott Court, Herts, Aug. 14."

On Saturday evening the first anniversary of the Brighton Aquarium was celebrated by a dinner given in the Brighton Pavilion to a distinguished party of guests. It was stated in one of the speeches that during the past year 680,400 persons have visited the Brighton Aquarium, exclusive of annual subscribers; so that the popularity of this important undertaking is already abundantly demonstrated.

AN INFAMOUS OUTRAGE---THE LATEST SPECIMEN OF "LIVE JOURNALISM."

The Career of the San Francisco Chronicle furnishes a curious proof that in this community a brace of vulgar and ignorant scamps, possessed of a fair endowment of impudence and cunning, and having control of the columns of a cheap newspaper, may, for a time, at least, successfully defy both public sentiment and the criminal law. Its conductors seem to be rogues, belonging to that class for which decency has no restraints, the courts no terrors, and justice no whip. During their entire journalistic career; from the time of the bogus-extra rascality down to the adventurous swindle (with perjury as one of its concomitants) in the street assessment advertising cases, though their little "enterprises" have frequently engaged the attention of the Grand Jury, we believe that no indictment has ever been found. At any rate, they have thus far managed, by luck or cunning superior to that of less pernicious malefactors like the Brothertons, to keep outside of the penitentiary. Their last achievement in the line of sensational journalism, is one which we should imagine that the meanest and most malignant devil of Dante's hell would be ashamed of. An inexperienced young man, with no head for business, undertakes to dabble in stocks and speedily gets beyond his depth. Waking up to the peril of his situation, he becomes bewildered, and in his efforts to extricate himself he is betrayed into errors which malice may easily exaggerate into crimes. The young man belongs to a good family, and has always up to the time of his entanglement borne an irreproachable character. He has a father, who occupies a conspicuous and honorable position in the community, a gentleman of high culture, of sensitive feelings and kindly disposition, who never willingly injured a human being. He has a mother who idolizes him, a young wife and children, who must be sharers in whatever of good or evil befalls him. If he can but extricate himself from the net in which he has become entangled by his imprudence, he may yet retrieve his errors and enter upon a new career, strengthened by good resolutions and made wiser by the memory of past folly. Aided by his father and his friends, he is working manfully to this end, when the *Chronicle*, needing a sensation article for its Sunday issue, pounces upon him as a victim. It matters not that the affair is stale; that those who have been the chief sufferers by the young man's errors make no accusation against him; that most of those who have incurred pecuniary losses have been paid, and that efforts are being made to pay all.—It matters not that the blow aimed at him must pierce so many innocent bosoms. The proprietors of the "live paper" are not sentimentalists that they should pause with a "sensation item" just within their grasp, to consider how much anguish they may cause, what hearts they may break, or what lives they may blast. The denizens of the slums and bagnios must be furnished with their regular Sunday dish of spiced offal, or what will become of the reputation of the "live paper?" But the simple facts in this case are not sufficiently scandalous or exciting to gratify the depraved appetites for which the "Sunday issue" attempts to cater, and accordingly a literary scavenger is employed to "work it up"—that is, to distort, exaggerate, misrepresent, and make the narrative "spicy" with such vulgar humor, vile inuendo, and ribald wit as shall render it palatable to the proletarian rabble. The scavenger sets to work, and the job is done in a style worthy of the defunct *Mazeppa* or its rival, the *Varieties*. There are eleven display lines of top headings, in which occur such phrases as "Fallen from Grace," "Startling Discovery of Extensive Defalcation," "A Ruined Family," "Modus Operandi of the Frauds Described." Then follows the pretended "exposé," written in beastly style and well seasoned with lies. A paper that is capable of such an act is a disgrace to the community that tolerates it, and, if the law furnishes no remedy against its outrages, we fear its victims will sooner or later resort to a violent and bloody one. Yet so extreme a step is not necessary. The most terrible revenge which a person calumniated by the "live paper" could take would be to reply by publishing the true history of its proprietors. Meantime it is gratifying to know that the object of the infamous attack referred to has the sympathy of the entire community, while the conductors of the slanderous sheet that perpetrated the outrage are universally denounced.

JAY COOKE & CO.

The late failure of Jay Cooke & Co. gives us an insight into the peculiarly uncertain state of our commercial integrity. Here is a firm hitherto supposed to be away above anything like a failure, whose name alone was good for millions of dollars, smashed, we fear, almost hopelessly. Like the sinking of a big ship, it swamps all the little crafts around it with the waves it creates, and we hear already of some six firms who go under with it. The intelligence of this great failure came upon our business men like a thunder-clap, and doubtless its effects will be seen in our own midst, and crop out in places least expected. The North Pacific Railroad is said to be the immediate cause of this financial disaster, but at present nothing definite is known. This at any rate we know, that a firm holding probably the highest business standing in New York, Philadelphia and England, has failed, and when firms like this fail, the public naturally inquire "Who next?" and the effect upon the money market is, of course, depressing.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

The Duke of Edinburgh will be received by the Court at St. Petersburg in October. His marriage will take place in January next.——Holyhead has been honored with a visit from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, on the completion of the great harbor breakwater, which was commenced a quarter of a century ago.——Prince Arthur has had a narrow escape from drowning, when bathing at Trouville.——A few words on school boards by Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, and a speech by him at the Welsh National Eisteddfod, have been the only Ministerial utterances this week.——The fête Napoleon was celebrated at Chislehurst on August 15th. The Prince made a short speech, declaring his devotion to the principle "Everything for the people and by the people."——The statement that 317 French deputies supported the Fusion is denied; 183 is said to be the number. The entire failure of the Fusion is rumored, on the question of the flag.——M. Thiers has been received at Mulhouse and Belmont with enthusiasm, and shouts of "Long live Thiers, the deliverer of France."——The Vienna Exhibition prizes were distributed without much ceremony on August 18th.——Passports between Germany and Italy are abolished.——The Carlists besieging Bilbon have, by firing on French and English vessels, brought a British and a French war vessel to look after them.——Proceedings at law are being taken against Isabella, the ex-Queen of Spain, by her con-ort, to prevent her squandering her fortune in political enterprises and extravagant amusement.——The Cannock Chase Maneuvers are now in full swing.——A medical officer of Guy's Hospital has lost his life in operating upon a poisoned wound. Dr. Hicks, whose death was also reported, has recovered.——A bicycle race from London to Brighton and back has been won by Mr Wood, of Middlesex Club, in eleven hours and five minutes.——The swimming championship has for the third year been won by Johnson, hero of the London Bridge Adventure.——The Exchequer receipts from April 1st to August 16th amount to £25,735,966 against £26,170,180 last year.——The Bank rate of discount was unexpectedly reduced on August 21st from 3½ to ½ per cent.——A fire destroyed five blocks of Chicago on Wednesday.——SPAIN. In the Cortes the debate on the suspension of the sittings was opened on Wednesday. The minority urged that no recess be taken until the new Constitution had been considered. The police have seized a Carlist newspaper in the capital.——LONDON. The steamer leaving this week for New York takes a number of delegates for the World's Evangelical Conference to be held in that city. A Belgian firm has contracted for 2,500 pounds of Walworth iron. The Earl of Hardwick died on Thursday, aged 70.——PARIS.—The number of deaths by cholera, in this city, from the 9th to the 14th inst., is reported to be twenty-one.——MADRID.—The bombardment of Carthagena, by the Government forces, was begun on Monday, and a heavy fire from the batteries besieging have been kept up ever since. The guns of the Insurgents reply at intervals, but without effect. The damage to the town is not known. The loss of life must be heavy. The Insurgent frigates have again sailed, this time to collect provisions.——VIENNA.—The King of Italy arrived here on Wednesday, and was most cordially received by the Emperor.——HAVANA.—A meeting was held here on the 15th inst. to take into consideration various propositions for the abolition of slavery. It is reported that the planters want to adopt ex-Minister Morel's sixty-year emancipation law.——BROWNSVILLE.—There is a rumor that General Rocha, Commander-in-chief of the Mexican Army, is getting up a revolution on his own account. Rocha has the reputation of being the fighting man in the Mexican Army, and the rebels will have plenty of followers. He is now at Zacatecas, in command of a large force, and is said to be in sympathy with the malcontents of Sa.timo and Monterey.——LONDON.—The walls of a building in the town of Stonehouse, Devonshire, which had been recently burned, fell on the morning of the 17th, killing eight persons and injuring several others. Dispatches from Australia report a great fire in Auckland, New Zealand, by which fifty-eight buildings were destroyed. The loss is estimated at £240,000.

BLACKGUARD JOURNALISM.

No one can better afford to criticise the Chronicle newspaper than the *News Letter*. We have recognized in it all the essential requisites of a live journal. Independent, fearless and enterprising. The failure of William Kip, Jr., was made the occasion of a most unnecessary and brutal article, in which the family and friends of the young gentleman were offensively dogged. Young Kip has been unfortunate in stock speculations, and has to a certain extent involved his friends. His father, the Bishop, comes forward, and indemnifies the losses, pays the obligations, and the whole matter is settled. To even publish the unfortunate fact of his failure could accomplish no good. To drag in the name of his father and family was inexcusable—the more offensive because clothed in a maudlin and hypocritical sympathy for them. Such instances of a desire to drag family matters to public gaze, for the purpose of sensation, are too common in all papers, and they are very common in the *Chronicle*. It is pandering to a base and morbid public sentiment. It ought to be discouraged and discontinued. No one will hail the time with more satisfaction than the *News Letter*, when the *Chronicle* feels strong enough to drop its nastiness, its personal abuse, its sensational news feature, and plant itself upon the higher, broader, and more dignified field of respectable journalism.

PERSONAL JOURNALISM.

A bombastic generation chants the march of improvement, and its chief refrain is, freedom of the press. As a rule, the *News Letter* inclines rather to gay than grave, to lively than severe. Yet there are times when serious evils move us to wrath, and our seal of disapproval is set just now upon that ulcer in the side of progress—personal journalism. We do not realize how insidious and certain have been the works of this rampant intruder, until we learn from a glance at circulation lists, that those papers are considered jejune and unreadable which are too respectable to bristle with sensational points gleaned from the privacy of family circles and inner lives. Time was when a man's home was his castle; but now, they who would be ignominiously ejected from the drawing room, penetrate to the closet, where hangs the family skeleton, open wide the doors that all the world may see, and rattle the bones that all the world may hear. Time was, when such stories appearing, names were disguised in accommodating blanks, or at most in unoffending initials. Now they are given uncompromisingly complete. The man of acute feeling who shrinks sensitively into privacy awakes to find his name in huge capitals, his doings in long paragraphs, and himself the theme of every breakfast table. Youthful indiscretions are dug from under the kindly drifts of accummulated years, polished by practiced hands, and held to the searching light of publicity that friends and family may be dazed with their unwelcome glitter. Stories that had best be forgotten, or at least unrecorded, are given with enlargements and additions for a greedy public to swallow, knowing well that every detail has been gathered in the sloughs of disgraceful weakness. A black sheep in an honorable family is their favorite prey. The prayers of a father, the tears of a mother, the grief of shame-bowed sisters they disregard. A flashy heading, a sensational column, an extra sale or two must be considered before all the grief and shame, and the higher the social altitude and the more respectable the surroundings the greater their stock in trade. Many a girl whose feet might have been timely stayed in the downward path, has been moved to recklessness and defiance through the rash publicity of personal journalism. Many a young man who would have repented and expiated a first fault, has been moved to further sinning in the same way. It is said that we live in a fast age, when energies and enthusiasms die early, and that stimulants alone will revivify them. Let the sated appetites of the reading public be regaled with tales of dangers by flood and field, of murders most foul, of wars and fires, and disasters by sea and shore. Let the men who have wittingly placed themselves before the public, and their names at the point of the journalist's pen, be written about and joked about, criticised and laughed over, but let the sensational marauders be displaced from the family hearthstone, upon which they have taken their uninvited stand. Personal journalism should be frowned upon, discouraged, unpatronized. It is every man's duty; for no man knows when it may attack himself or his family. Like a boil, it is unexpected in its attack and irritating beyond endurance; like an ulcer, its discharge is continuous and vile; like a leech, it fastens itself, and may not be displaced until it is gorged; and, like a leech, too, it can vomit forth its horrible meal at will, and return with fresh unction to batten upon its familiar food.

WATER AND GAS.

A morning journal suggested during the week that the city proceed immediately to the laying of pipes and the manufacture of gas, to be dispensed at popular prices. This is precisely the step which we have persistently and untiringly advised for many months, only that, as water is a more absolute and immediate necessity, we have urged that attention be first directed that way. If the gas monopoly has been hateful and oppressive, what is to be said of the water monopoly, which has carried matters with such high hand that it has almost forced the city to the payment of a large sum of money to which the company had no legal right. If we refuse to pay exorbitant gas bills, they can shut off the gas, and we are greatly inconvenienced; but we still live. If the water supply is shut off, as was boldly threatened, what is to become of us? Artificial light in some form is easily procured; artificial water is an impossibility. If the gas be poor in quality and scant in quantity, what is to be said of the water, which comes from a region so thoroughly exhausted that it is uncertain what day the supply may give out altogether, yet for which the directors demand a modest ten millions. In the numberless issues of the *News Letter* we have called the attention of the Supervisors and the public to this abuse, and to the manner of its easiest and speediest remedy. We have advised the laying of pipes and the building of water works which shall belong to the city alone, and have urged the issuance of bonds therefor. We have pronounced against the idea of negotiating with Spring Valley for its worn out works and drained supply, when there are numerous water sources so immeasurably superior in that the water is clear and good, and the supply sure and unending. Water is our first and most crying need, and should receive the first attention. The ways of gas collectors and gas meters are queer indeed, but those of water measurements and collectors are beyond understanding altogether. When our citizens are rejoicing in an abundance of water, good, plentiful and cheap, the gas question will not long be a vexed one. It is but the first step which counts. When the city begins to lay water pipes they will not be long without gas pipes to keep them company. Let the newly elected opposers to monopolies once take these things in hand and we shall not long continue to pay out the major portion of our revenues for light and water.

THE EFFECTS OF IRRIGATION.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is probably the largest landed proprietor in Great Britain, has decided to increase his enormous wealth, and the wise measures he has taken to that end deserve the careful consideration of Californian agriculturists. In the April of this year he determined to try the effect of irrigation upon a quantity of barren heather land, which had never borne a blade of grass since the creation of the world, and he selected for the purpose a *strath* (i. e. moorland) situated seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and near the foot of a rugged highland hill called Ben Hom. Three miles off, amongst the hills, there is a solitary mountain lake called Lock Hom, and from this water was conveyed by a five-inch iron pipe to ten acres of land set apart for the experiment. The difference of level, 180 feet, insured a sufficient flow of water, and from the main tube branch pipes, each 150 yards long, were run under the surface at equal distances from each other of fifteen yards. The land was not plowed, but as soon as the pipes were down was scarified with a harrow, the tines of which were sharpened to a knife edge. It was then manured, the water turned on and sown with clover and Italian rye grass, on May 20, 1873. Each day the water was turned on sufficiently to supply the loss by evaporation, and consequently the growth was continuous, the absorbent vessels of the plants being never checked by the dryness of the soil. In a month the herbage was six inches high, in the beginning of July it afforded sufficient pasture for 43 sheep to the acre, and though the number was lessened to 35 upon more consideration, yet for these 35 it will afford food to the end of the season. It was found that the hotter the weather the greater was the growth, and as hot weather is the rule on our Californian fields, which, by the way, do not at present manure, the experiment here would be thoroughly successful. The yearly value of the land before the reclamation was 1s 6d. per acre, which is that of the ordinary highland sheep run. It is now calculated to be worth one hundred times its former value, and each acre is considered exactly equal to five acres of the best cultivated meadow land. The cost of the irrigation imposes a charge of 35s. per acre annually, which is barely 10 per cent. on the increased returns. In order that the sheep may not trample over and destroy uneaten herbage, a new form of hurdle is used, which confines each to his position. By means of this improvement, the Duke calculates that he can bring mutton to market at three pence a pound and as the ruling price in Edinburgh just now is 7s. 6d. per stone of eight pounds, he will not only add largely to his princely income, but greatly increase the food stock of his country, and confer a benefit on his fellow citizens. If our farmers would take to irrigating small patches of land instead of keeping large areas barren and unproductive, the wealth of this country would be incalculably increased, and a vast population would soon flow in. Where now for scores of miles scarcely a habitation is seen, the land would smile with happy homes, and "every rood of ground maintain its man."

THE COSTA RICA.

About seven o'clock on Wednesday night, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's iron propeller *Costa Rica*, from Honolulu, ran ashore between Point Diablo and Point Bonita. Her captain, Capt Lapidge, has been for many years one of the most reliable commanders in the Pacific Mail employ; hitherto he has been singularly fortunate, never having met with any mishap. Wednesday's was one of those wretchedly foggy evenings, which render the use of fog signals an almost constant necessity. The *Costa Rica* was kept outside the heads for some time in hope of the fog clearing up, and clear up it did, but only just enough for the Captain to sight the Seal Rocks. Hardly had he taken advantage of this break in the fog, when it came on thicker and darker than ever. Again a halt was called, till once more the treacherous fog lifted for a few minutes, and so like the "Will o' the Wisp," it kept tempting them on. A few moments more and they would have been as safe as in dock, when suddenly a rock was sighted right ahead, the propeller was reversed, but only to back her on another rock, or rather ledge of rocks. Everything was at once done that could be done under the circumstances, Capt. Lapidge acting throughout with the utmost calmness and judgment. The boats were lowered and all arrived safely on shore with the exception of one man, who was hurt by being jammed between two boats. News was at once sent to the Pacific Mail office. Tugs were dispatched, and this is about all that has been done in the matter. No one seems to have the power to do anything, so that while the agents here are telegraphing to New York, and getting no answers, the vessel may become a wreck. Had the Pacific Mail employés had the authority to have gone to work at once, no matter at what cost, to raise the vessel, the damage would have been but slight in comparison. The looseness of the P. M. S. S. Company's arrangement in New York are strikingly evident, from the fact that the employés here do not know whether the *Costa Rica* is insured or not. No blame can possibly be attached to any one unless as stated—the fog signals did not whistle. It was one of those unfortunate accidents that often spring from the simplest causes. One of our daily contemporaries, the *Chronicle*, has thought fit, in the cowardly and dirty manner peculiar to itself, to throw out an inuendo to effect that carelessness had more to do with it than accident, and Capt. Lapidge than God. But the public, knowing the source whence the inuendo came, will take it for what it is worth.

The schooner Caroline, from the Ochotek Sea, has arrived with a valuable cargo of seal and otter skins.

LONELY.

Sitting lonely, ever lonely,
Waiting! waiting for one only,
Thus I count the weary moments passing by;
And the heavy evening gloom
Gathers slowly in the room,
And the chill November darkness dims the sky,
Now the countless busy feet
Cross each other in the street,
And I watch the faces flitting past my door;
But the step that lingered nightly,
And the hand that rapped so lightly,
And the face that beamed so brightly,
Come no more.

By the firelight's fitful gleaming
I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the rain is slowly falling all around;
And voices that are nearest,
Of friends the best and dearest,
Appear to have a strange and distant sound.
Now the weary wind is sighing,
And the murky day is dying,
And the withered leaves lie scattered round my door;
But that voice, whose gentle greeting
Set this heart so wildly beating,
At each fond and frequent meeting,
Comes no more!

TRAGEDY ON BOARD A SHIP.

A communication from Smyrna, of the 4th, has the following: "A fearful tragedy at sea has just been brought to light here. On Sunday last one of the small native coasting crafts came dashing up against the *Cerigo Quay* at Smyrna, in a manner which led to the belief that she had been abandoned. On boarding her, the dead body of an elderly man, who appeared to be the captain, was found on deck. The body was much hacked about the head, being nearly severed from the trunk, and the clothes torn and in disorder, leaving the impression that a severe struggle had taken place. Near the remains was found a large hammer, smeared with blood. A little boy, under ten years, lay wrapped in a sail close by. He was uninjured, but appeared to be stupefied, and nothing intelligible could be elicited from him. The craft was partly loaded with a cargo of melons, but no papers whatever could be discovered. The same evening the small steamer, on its way to Cordelio, fell in with another body at sea, fearfully mutilated. The public was still lost in conjectures respecting this strange event, when, on Wednesday morning, a Russian monk presented himself at the Consulate here, and asked for an interview with the Consul. He said that he had embarked at Scio for Smyrna, in company with a Persian, on board a coasting *tchirnek* manned by two men, with a little boy. Some hours before doubling Point James Castile, the monk overheard a conversation between the Persian and the captain. The Persian said that the monk had about him a sum of several hundred pounds in gold, besides some bank notes, and proposed that they should murder him for the purpose of obtaining possession of the money, the other sailor to be at the same time got rid of. The captain agreed, and it was arranged that the Persian should go below to bed, so as to divert suspicion.

The conversation took place in Turkish; but the monk is perfect master of six languages, and understood perfectly all that was said. He did not lose his presence of mind, but took up his position in a careless and indifferent way near the bows, divested himself of his clothes, and said to the captain, who was at the helm, that it was so hot he would sleep on deck in preference to going down below. 'Sleep in peace,' said the skipper, 'I will take care and wake you when we get to Smyrna.' They were at the time not very distant from the coast, and the Russian, availing himself of the chance, slipped over the side and swam in safety to the shore. He landed at Ayou-Georgiu, Tifilk, and then made his way to Smyrna. The Consul at once communicated this statement to the Turkish authorities, and on the police making inquiries at the Persian rendezvous Agen-Khan, they found that a Persian had arrived there from Scio on the previous day. On the monk being confronted with this Persian, he at once identified his fellow-traveler on board the coasting-craft. The Persian, of course, was arrested, and the stolen money belonging to the monk was found amongst his effects. He has since made a full confession of his crime, and his story is that, after waiting for some time below, as arranged, he had gone up on deck, and finding the priest gone, believed that the captain had facilitated his evasion. High words ensued, and the Persian murdered the captain with the hammer. He killed the sailor also, and threw his body into the sea. He wrapped the boy round and round in a sail, thinking to suffocate him. He then ransacked the vessel, and taking all the money he could find, including the large sum found in the pocket of the monk, made his way to the shore in a small boat which the coasting craft dragged in its wake. This story may read like an emanation from the morbid fancy of an Edgar Allan Poe, but it is in all particulars exact in its grim and literal truth."

"My Gal" is the name of a very popular song, sung by Billy Manning at the Alhambra. "Watching and Waiting," a new song, words and music by J. Ford, of Philadelphia, is very pretty. We have received copies of the above of Sherman & Hyde, corner Sutter and Kearny. They are now publishing the schottische of "My Gal," which will be ready in a few days.

THE DOOM OF SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

In Traditions of Hearthside Stones of Cornwall, by William Bottrel (Trubner), we have a tradition of the fate of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who now lies in Westminster Abbey, and of his crew, shipwrecked in 1707, as he neared the coast with his fleet from Toulon. There are many Cornish men of threescore years of age who believe the story now:

"The day before the Admiral's ship was wrecked, one of the crew, who was a native of Scilly, and well acquainted with the channel, represented to Sir Cloudesley that the course the ship was taking would bring her on Scilly rocks. The Admiral and his officers were incensed at the man's interference; and, because he persisted in affirming that the ship's way was wrong, and would bring them to destruction, Sir Cloudesley Shovel—rather summarily, one might now think—condemned the man to be hanged for insubordination and endeavoring to excite a mutiny. When the poor fellow was tied to the mast, preparatory to his being suspended by his neck from the yard-arm, he begged, as a last favor, that a psalm might be read before his execution.

His request being granted, he selected the 109th, and repeated certain imprecatory portions of it after the reader; and the last words he uttered were to the effect that Sir Cloudesley Shovel and those who saw him hanged should never reach the land alive. His body, shrouded in a hammock, with a shot to sink it, was cast into the deep, and but little heed paid to the dying sailor's sentence. Shortly after, however, the sky, which had been gloomy all day, became much darker; black, lowering clouds hung over the fleet like a funeral pall, and the gale rose to a violent tempest. Then the hanged man's curse was dreaded; and lo! to the crew's consternation, they beheld his corse divested of its rude winding-sheet floating near the doomed ship, which it closely followed, with its face turned towards her—in all her varying course, through eddying currents—until she struck on the Gilstone, when the hanged man went down with the ship and his messmates."

In the wreck of the Admiral's ship, the Association, and other vessels, 2,000 men are said to have perished. The Admiral's body came ashore, and was recognized by the diamond ring on his finger. There is, by the way, a story of the Admiral falling a victim to the wreckers who infested the coast.

CHINA AND THE PANTHAYS.

The Rangoon correspondent of the London Times gives some particulars of the capture by the Chinese of the Panthay cities Talifoo and Momien. Talifoo, he says, appears to have succumbed in February last to an army of 200,000 Chinese, who invested it for some months before it finally fell. The treachery of a Panthay officer at length enabled the Chinese army to enter between the outer fortifications and the town itself, and from this time the investment became complete, and the days of Talifoo were numbered. The Chinese general is said to have led Soleiman to believe that if he surrendered himself the town and population would be spared. At any rate Soleiman poisoned his three wives and all his children, and then, having entered his palanquin, ordered his bearers to convey him to the Chinese camp. But he must have taken poison before he started, for upon arrival at the camp his dead body was found in the palanquin. The Chinese general decapitated the body, and sent the head preserved in honey to Peking. All his attendants who had come out with him, besides another embassy that appeared later to treat for surrender, were beheaded, and eventually the city was entered at the end of February last, and every Mohammedan man, woman and child remorselessly massacred. A Panthay's idea of numbers is hardly trustworthy, but there is every reason to believe that between 40,000 and 50,000 people were killed. After the taking of Talifoo, the victorious army marched for Momien, and taking all the smaller towns in their way, finally stormed Momien on May 25th, and massacred those who were not fortunate enough to get away.

STOCK.

There are not many words susceptible of more varied significations than that at the head of this notice. In old days it was chiefly applied to farms and graziers, or people said that so-and-so came of a good stock, and there were stiff stocks that soldiers wore to make them upright, and garden stocks that smell so sweet, and Delaware has its public stocks for the legs of sinners, and we have mining stocks, and heaven knows how many wild cat or other money making or losing contrivances; but for the stock of stocks, the cynosure of all eyes, feminine or masculine, commend us to the present stock of the White House. Their Fall stock, to wit, which is more varied, more beautiful, chosen with more taste, and sold cheaper than ever. This house has its eyes all over the world, and when it sees the right thing it is bound to be forwarded to the White House.

Incorporated Yesterday.—The California Oleamarzarine Manufacturing Company, for manufacturing oleamarzarine from fat, extracting its product, etc. Capital, $300,000; 3,000 shares at $100 each. Trustees—West Evans, Vernon Seaman, Frank A. Davis, C. T. Wheeler, Charles Miller, Charles G. Athearn.

ALFALFA AS A GOLD MINE.

We have frequently called the attention of our readers in the interior to the great value of alfalfa as a most productive and remunerative crop. Its yield per acre is really immense, and can be harvested, on an average, three times per year. It is the most nutritious clover grass ever sown. In Kern County the farmers are very active in its production, and the *Courier*, of Bakersville, calls for renewed exertion. That journal says that "land is now offered for rent to suit parties, on easy terms." It is well known that the *News Letter* is the avowed opponent of all agrarian schemes, communistic dodges, and like bosh, which threatens to disturb the natural law governing capital and labor. We believe in doing everything in a solid and substantial way, and have not failed to denounce the custom already too prevalent in this State of land renting. If the Bakersville paper had said that land was for *sale*, instead of for *rent*, on easy terms, we believe that every Californian and every immigrant intending to come to California would find Kern County much more attractive. It is not the nature of the Anglo-Saxon to be a serf, and we are not afraid to avow that a mere "renter" takes but little more interest in the soil than a serf. Let the great land owners offer their estates for sale at reasonable prices by the fifty, one hundred, or two hundred acres, to actual settlers, and we warrant that there will be no lack of substantial immigrants. Then will the raising of alfalfa be as a gold mine, and other crops likewise. This is good "horse sense," divested of all poetry.

A HUMAN TABLE.

In the Italian section of the Vienna Exhibition Dr. Marini exhibits, among an assortment of human feet, hands, legs, arms, and busts of shriveled proportions and deep-brown color, a large, round plateau, evidently of hard and polished material, which has been likened to stale gelatine or potted boar's head. It is a conglomerate of specimens, illustrative of an art invented by him—the petrifaction and mummification of human corpses. It was this very Dr. Marini who petrified Mazzini, and executed his work so well that the admirers of the arch-conspirator proposed to set up the corpse on the Capitol, and save economical Italy the expense of a statue. The doctor's preparations are weather-proof, and will not only stand wear, but take on a high degree of polish. His mummified specimens, by a process known to him alone, can be restored to their original size and elasticity; while the petrified ones are as hard, and possibly as durable as granite. The top slab of the table is composed of muscles, fat, sinews, and glandular substance—all petrified together in a block, the surface of which has been planed and polished till its face resembles marble. Certificates from Nealton and other distinguished surgeons are attached to the specimen limbs, setting forth that the limbs in question had, for the satisfaction of the certifiers, been restored to their pristine softness and pliancy by Dr. Marini.—*The Lancet.*

D. D's.

Our Presbyterian brothers have been much shocked at a proposal, by an erring and untitled divine, to drop the prefix of D. D. It was, to say the least of it, an envious proposition, but it at any rate shows us that these followers of "the meek and lowly Jesus" have not yet divested themselves of the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world." Like most Californian, nay, American titles, the D. D. does not amount to a row of pins, and is, in nine cases out of ten, a kind of brevet rank, indiscriminately bestowed upon gospel slingers, from the howler who presides at a camp meeting to the demure and, in some cases, erudite Episcopalian. The one clings to his borrowed plumes even more tenaciously than the other, but still the same "old leaven" is seen in both. For our own part, if a man honestly earns his D. D., we say let him by all means have it, and travel on it, if he can; but any intelligent man without snobbism would see at a glance that the D. D. of to-day is not worth the extra ink required to write it down.

BOSS TWEED.

This New York financier has thought fit to honor our coast with a visit, no doubt with the idea that he can combine profit with pleasure. He travels with a party of eight, including several ladies, and will, of course, do the Big Trees, Yosemite, etc. The air of California, we hope, will do the late N. Y. Alderman some good, after his late troubles. No doubt if there had been enough to make here he would have come before election day, have run for Supervisor or Mayor, and we should have had the benefit of his financial genius. Thank God, he didn't think it worth his while.

£3 5s. to Liverpool direct.—This is the rate of freight paid for two grain ships to-day—the ships *Eric the Red* and *St. Marks*—both chartered at same rate. Both came here in ballast, the former from Ireland, and the latter from Callao.

A lady correspondent in London writes as follows:—Some curious combinations in spots and stripes are being shown as the newest fashions from Paris; but I think the style too *outre* to find much favor, except with those ladies who pride themselves on being eccentric in their costumes. I saw the trousseau of a bride a few days ago, and some of the dresses had come from Worth's and were very stylish, though some were equally ugly in my eyes, the spotted and striped costume particularly. It was of brown and white silk; the skirt was striped, the stripes being about an inch wide, and the skirt was trimmed with two flounces around the bottom, one spotted and one striped; above the spotted one, which was uppermost, was a broad band of brown silk, and two upright plaitings to match the flounces. The tunic was spotted, trimmed with bands of the striped silk, and was of a very pretty shape. It was cut with a long square waistcoat front, and the skirt of it was quite open in front and square at the points. The back was very much rounded and well puffed out at the waist, where it was supported by a broad and soft silk sash, which hung more like China crape than ribbon. The bonnet was brown, dotted with white daisies; and the boots had tiny white buttons up the front. Another of the dresses was at once curious and very stylish. The skirt (a long train) was of white silk, very thick and rich, trimmed with a curious plaited trimming in which each plait looked twisted from the middle. Over this there was quite a new style of polonaise, called I believe a surtout. It was cut in the Princess shape behind, and the front was double-breasted, and the sides crossed each other. A square waistcoat appeared below the bodice in front, and the sleeves were of the old-fashioned coat shape, with a deep cuff. This surtout was in a very rich shade of blue, splendidly embroidered, and it had a ruffed bar of white silk, very high in the back and tapering down to a point at the bottom of the opening of the bodice, where a bar of blue and white silk finished the costume. The rage for blue linen for seaside wear is extending to hats; ladies wear hats trimmed with it, and hats made of it after the fashion of drawn bonnets twenty years ago. These last look remarkably like children's sun-hats, and more eccentric than pretty. An article in the *trousseau* I spoke of above was a very costly and beautiful white crape polonaise, embroidered with what looked like pearl beads. An exquisite pattern of vine leaves and grapes went all round the skirt and sleeves, and a deep fringe edged the whole, every knot of which was a larger pearl. The effect was extremely light and elegant, but the cost of it was something fabulous. I saw some very pretty nick-nacks in majolica ware the other day, quite new in design, I was told. One was a bachelor's or breakfast cruet, and was certainly original, to say the least of it. The whole looked like a pretty chimney ornament, and consisted of the stump of an old tree, an owl, and a squirrel, very natural and well colored. The tree stump held the salt, the spoon within it looked like a twig; the owl became a mustard pot, when his head was taken off, and the pepper was obtained through little holes at the back of the squirrel's head. The contrivance to keep the owl and squirrel in their places formed a part of the old tree, and the whole thing was excessively pretty. A new fancy has arisen this season for ladies to cover their parasols, and gentlemen their umbrellas with white linen and brown Holland cases. They are made with a ring in the top for the point of the stick to pass through, and elastic loops at every seam for the ends of the ribs. They are very ugly and clumsy looking.

It must have been edifying to see the word multiplying Swift and the fiery Tirrell disputing before the Dolly Varden forlorn hope, convened at Sacramento, as to the policy of nominating a judicial ticket. Swift acted his part so naturally that the innocents, who didn't know the programme, thought he meant what he said. But, in fact, Swift had hard work to keep his face straight. Bless you! *he* isn't fool enough to dream of running any one against Sam. Dwinelle.

The greatest discovery of modern times is the famous X Twiaba X, or Nevada Hair Restorer. It has been tried by thousands, and pronounced to be the finest preparation for the hair ever made. Its action is mild but effective. It produces no irritation of the skin, acting directly upon the roots of the hair. It turns a scant crop of scattered hairs into a luxuriant head of hair in a remarkably short time. All drug stores keep it. Ask for it, and try it.

H. B. M.'s ship Tenedos, Captain Kay, commanding, left Esquimault on the 18th inst., for San Francisco, having Vice-Admiral Hillyar and staff on board. The Admiral is en route for England.

There are various stations in life, but the least desirable is a police station.

PRICES OF MINING STOCKS.

Highest Quotations for Three Days of the Week ending Sept. 19, 1873.

NAME OF STOCK.	MON.	WEDS	FRI'Y	NAME OF STOCK.	MON.	WEDS	FRI'Y
Adams Hill	—	—	—	Justice	7½	7	6¾
Alpha	25	—	22	Kentuck	11½	10½	10¾
Alps	½	—	—	Kentucky	—	—	—
Amador Tunnel	—	—	—	Knickerbocker	3½	3¾	3¾
American Flag	3¾	3½	—	Kossuth	—	—	—
Arizona & Utah	1¼	—	1½				
Arkansas	—	—	—	Louise	—	—	—
Alamo	—	—	—	Lower Comstock	¼	—	—
American Flat	4¼	5¾	5⅜				
				Mahogany	8½	8	—
Bacon	—	—	—	Mammoth	¼	—	—
Baltimore Consolidated	7¼	8¾	7½	Meadow Valley	17½	17¼	—
Belcher	66	65	66½	Minnesota	16	—	—
Belmont	2	1½	—				
Bullion	—	—	—	Newark	7¼	6¾	—
Best & Belcher	6	—	5¼	New York Consolidated	1	—	—
Buckeye	—	—	—	Noonday	—	—	—
Caledonia	21	19¼	19	Occidental	—	—	—
Cederberg	—	—	—	Ophir	69	52	55
Central	11½	8½	9	Orig'l Hidden Treasure	7	7¼	—
Charter Oak	—	—	—	Overman	8	7⅜	7¼
Chapman	—	—	—	Original Gold Hill	—	3	4½
Chief of the Hill	90	—	—				
Chief East Extension	—	—	—	Page & Panaca	1	1½	—
Chollar	43½	39	40	Pea Vine	—	—	—
Columbus	—	—	—	Phœnix	15	—	—
Confidence	6¾	6½	6¼	Pictou	¼	1¼	—
Cons. Gold Hill Quartz	—	—	2¼	Pioche	4¾	4¼	—
Consolidated Virginia	102	101	100	Pioche West	—	—	—
Cook & Geyer	—	—	—	P Phœnix	—	—	—
Crown Point	88	88	88½				
Central No. 2	—	—	—	Raymond & Ely	71	71½	—
Consolidated Amador	—	—	—	Revenue Consolidated	—	—	—
				Rye Patch	9¾	10¾	—
Daney	1¾	1¼	—	Red Jacket	2¾	—	—
Eclipse	—	—	—	Savage	51	45	47
El Dorado	—	½	—	Seg. Belcher	34	—	35
Empire Mill	4¼	3¾	3⅜	Sierra Nevada	14	11¾	12
Empire, Idaho	—	—	—	Silver Peak	1	—	—
Eureka Consolidated	12½	12½	—	Silver Hill	15½	15½	15½
Eureka, G. V.	20	—	—	Silver Mountain	—	—	—
Exchequer	—	8	—	Sterling	—	—	—
				Succor	—	—	2
Globe	—	—	¾	Southwest Consolidated	—	—	—
Golden Chariot	27	25½	—	Silver Chariot	—	—	—
Gould & Curry	13	11¾	12	South Overman	—	—	—
G. H. Quartz	—	2¼	—	St. Patrick	—	—	—
				South Comstock	—	—	—
Hale & Norcross	30	28¼	28¼				
Hermes	—	—	—	Tecumseh	—	—	—
Huhn & Hunt	—	¾	—	Tyler	¾	1	90
Hayes	4½	4½	—				
				Union Consolidated	2½	1¾	1½
Ida Elmore	5½	5¼	—	Utah	1¼	—	—
Imperial	5¼	4½	4½				
Independent	1½	—	—	Washington & Creole	—	2⅜	—
Ingomar	20	¼	—	Washoe	—	—	—
Insurance	—	—	—	Woodville	1	1	1
Ivanhoe	—	—	—	Wellington	—	—	—
Jackson	—	17½	—	Yellow Jacket	51½	48	47½
Julia	1¾	—	1¾	Yule Gravel	—	—	—

When a stock has not been dealt in on any one of the three tabulated days, the last price is given, distinguished thus *. † Buyer 30.

PRICES OF LEADING STOCKS AND GOVERNMENT BONDS.

SAN FRANCISCO.....Sept. 19, 1873.

Stocks and Bonds.	*Bid.*	*Ask.*	*Stocks and Bonds.*	*Bid.*	*Ask.*
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1865-7-8	103½	104½	Nat'nal Gold B'k & Trust Co.	124	125
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1864	101	102	Oakland 10s	105	107
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1862	101	102	Spring Valley Water Co	83	85
Legal Tender Notes	89	89¾	Omnibus Railroad Company	40	45
California State Bonds, 7s '51	100	—	Central Railroad Company	—	—
S. F. City Bonds, 6s, 1855	95	98	N. B. and Mission R. R. Co	50	52½
S. F. City and Co. Bonds, 6s, '58	93	95	Front St., M. and O. R. R. Co.	16	18
San Francisco City Bonds, 7s	100	—	Fireman's Fund Insur'nce Co.	50	60
Sacramento City Bonds	30	32½	Merchant's Mutual M. Ins. Co.	65	70
Sacramento County Bonds, 6s	75	—	California Insurance Co	80	85
Yuba County Bonds, 8s	92	96	Union Insurance Co	90	93
Santa Clara Bonds, 7s	93	95	Pacific Bank	87½	90
San Mateo County Bonds, 7s	90	—	The Bank of California	127½	130
San Francisco Gas Light Co.	70	70	Pioneer L'd & L'n Association	100	100

WOODS & FREEBORN, Brokers, cor. California and Leidesdorff streets.

LATEST PRICES OF IMPORT AND EXPORT STAPLES.

METALS.	PRICES.
Pig Iron, Scotch, No. 1	$50 00 @ 52 50
Bar Iron, assorted, ₱ lb.	— 3 @ — 4
Metal Sheathing, ₱ lb.	— 24 @ — 25
Tin Plates, I C, ₱ box	13 00 @ 14 00
Tin Plates, I X, ₱ box	14 00 @ 15 00
Lead, Pig, ₱ lb.	— 6 @ — 6½
Lead, Sheet, ₱ lb.	— 9 @ — 10
Banca Tin, ₱ lb.	— 26 @ — 28
Quicksilver	1 10 @ — —
COAL.	
West Hartley, ₱ ton	11 00 @ 11 50
Australian	9 00 @ 9 50
Cumberland	22 00 @ 25 50
Anthracite	12 00 @ 14 00
Bellingham Bay	8 50 @ — —
Mount Diablo	6 50 @ 8 50
COFFEE.	
Guatemala, ₱ lb.	— 22 @ — 23
Java, Old Government	— 25 @ — 26
Manila	— — @ — 21
Costa Rica	— — @ — 22
RICE.	
China, No. 1, ₱ lb.	— 6¾@ — 6¾
China, No. 2	— 5¾@ — 5¾
Hawaiian	— 6¾@ — 7¾
WINES.	
Champagne, ₱ doz.	20 00 @ 25 00
Port, according to brand, ₱ gallon	2 00 @ 6 75
Sherry, do. do	1 75 @ 7 00
OIL.	
Coal and Kerosene	— 32½@ — 40

TEAS.	PRICES.
Japans	₱— 20 @ — 75
Oolong	— 50 @ — 85
SUGARS.	
China, No. 1, ₱ lb.	— 9 @ — 9¾
Sandwich Island	— 6¾@ — 9¾
Manila	— 7 @ — 7¾
Crushed, American	— 11 @ — 11¾
Muscovado	— 7 @ — 8
Peruvian	— 7 @ — 8
CANDLES.	
Sperm WAX, ₱ lb.	— 30 @ — 42
Adamantine	— 13 @ — 18
SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.	
Whisky, American	1 25 @ 4 00
Whisky, Scotch	5 00 @ 5 50
Whisky Irish	5 00 @ 5 50
Alcohol, American	2 00 @ 2 10
Rum, Jamaica	4 50 @ 5 25
Brandy, French	4 00 @ 10 00
BAGS AND BAGGING.	
Chicken Gunnies, 200-lb.	— — @ — 20
Gunny Bags in bales	— — @ — 20
Burlap Bags	— 12 @ — 12½
Hessian, 40-inch, ₱ yard	— 9¾@ — 10
DOMESTIC STAPLES.	
Wool, ₱ lb.	— 12 @ — 23
Tallow	— 6¾@ — 7
Hides	— 18 @ — 19¼
Wheat, ₱ 100 lbs.	2 15 @ 2 25
Barley	1 45 @ 1 75
Oats	1 75 @ 1 95
Flour, ₱ 196 lbs.	6 00 @ 7 50

SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE.

MAILS FOR	CLOSE.		ARRIVE.	
* Sundays excepted.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Alameda *	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Antioch, Black Diamond, etc. *	.....	1.40	.....	12.00
Benicia and Rio Vista (by C P R R Co.'s steamers *	.....	3.15	.....	9.00
Cloverdale and Coast Points *	.....	3.15	10.30	.....
Eureka *	.....	1.40	12.00	.....
Napa Route via Vallejo *	.....	3.40	12.40	.....
Northern California, Oregon and Washington Territory	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Oakland	6.30	3.40	.....	1.00
			.....	9.00
Overland	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Petaluma and Coast Points *	.....	1.15	.....	12.30
Sacramento via Vallejo	7.15	3.40	.....	12.40
			.....	8.40
San Rafael *	9.1	.....	9.00	.....
San Jose	7.55	4.10	9.30	6.00
Southern California and Arizona *	1.5	.....	.....	6.00
Stockton via Western Pacific Railroad	6.30	3.40	3.00	9.00
Vallejo and Benicia	7.15	3.40	12.40	9.00
Visalia, Kern and Tulare County *	.....	3.40	.....	3.40
Great Britain, Monday and Thursday	.....	9.00	.....	.....

MAILS DISPATCHED by sea-going steamers will be closed one hour before the advertised time of sailing of steamers.

GENERAL DELIVERY open daily from 8 a.m. till 6:30 p.m. On Sundays the office is open from 9 to 10 a.m. Postal Money Order Office open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily, except Sundays.

N. B. STONE, P. M.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Monday, August 18th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Wm Dunphy to Chas Kerr	Sw 1st av nw N st, 50x200; also, 2d av and M st, 200x130	$ 950
Alex Badlam, Jr, to C Hartson	½ int com at 1 pt on Pacific Ocean high water line known as the nw corner of Golden Gate Park, th e about ½ mile x n about ½ mile, sub to a mort made by Ford & Badlam to S & L Society	5
H W Fortune to Ernest Baruth	W A blk 119 bounded by Vallejo, Broadway, Franklin and Gough	....
Willows L'd As'n to David Plate	Nw cor Mission and 18th, 60x80	4,000
E Martin to John McCarthy	Hayes w Laguna, 25x120	1,600
Michael Levy to Marcus Feintuch	6th se Howard, 25x80, subject to mortgage for $5,000	8,500
S F Cen'l P H Asn to J Henderson	Lots 8 and 9, blk 546, S F Central P H'd	500
J W Henderson to Lewis Becker	Same	300
Silver T H As'n to H Barroilhet	Lots 361 and 362, Silver Terrace H'd	155
Same to same	Lots 90 to 95 inc, same	446

Tuesday, August 19th.

C F Robison to J W Winter	Valencia s 16th, 24x88	$ 907
A Estensen to Samuel Bridgwood	Lots 211 to 215 inc, Gift Map 4	150
Jessie Holladay to H M Newhall	Sw cor V Ness Av and Sutter, 120x169:9	70,000
Wm Hayden to Pat'k Keinefick	Decatur se Bryant, 25x60	500
S Michaels to Jonas B Jacobs	Re-record	....
M Mendheim to Julia A F Smith	Pacific e Buchanan, 34:4½x127:8¾	6,500
B Pulverman to Rachel Pulverman	Howard n 20th, 45x122:6	5
Joseph Clement to same	Howard n 20th, 45x122:6; also, Noc s 18th, 50x105	5,800
Same to Bennet Pulverman	Capitol and Farralones, 200x125	2,000
John Hunter to T W Freelon	16th av n G, 50x100	500
Buena Vista H'd to Marg Roberts	Lot 10 blk 107, Buena Vista H'd	645
Wm Ware to Maurice Dore	Und ¾ n cor Beale and Bryant, 275x275	10
John S Doc to same	Und ⅔ same	60,000
A Schlosset to John Lynch	Tehama sw 1st, 25x80	2,650
John Lynch to B J Shay	Same	5
E Hager to Michael Ryan	Lot 3 blk 262, Geary St Ex H'd	600
Patrick Tobin to James Boyle	Perry sw 4th, 25x87	2,300
Jas Linforth to S & L Soc'y	Guerrero n 22d, 61x117:6	2,000

Wednesday, August 20th.

Fred McCrellish to Maurice Dore	Market ne 6th, 137:6x170; also, se Stevenson ne 6th, 137:6x70	$ 10
Same to same	Sw Pine and Mason, 137:6x137:6; also, Cal'a w Montgomery, 25x102:6	10
Same to Ellen M Hugg	Harrison ne 6th, 75x125, as her separate property	Gift
J McGregor to J W Mastick	Lots 775, 776, 778, Gift Map 2	300
Annie O Tillson to T F Enright	Mansell and Amherst, 129x50	200
Edward F Hall, Jr, to Julius Frink	Lot 336, Precita Valley Lands	2,500
Same to same	Lot 23 blk 119, Hillside H'd	800
Abner Doble to M Morrissey	Com 80 n Sac'to and 100 w Polk, 25x47:6	450
J K S Latham to J K Latham	11th av w M st. 100x100; also, 10th av w M st, 150x100; also, 10th av e L st, 75x200; also, ne cor 9th av and K st, 300x100; also, Hollis n O'Farrell, 25x90; also, York n 24th, 26x100; also, nw cor 15th and Guerrero, w 100, etc	5
Daniel Harris to J W Phillips	Howard s 15th, 60x125	5

Thursday, August 31st

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Monday, August 25th.

City and County S F to L Dutertre.	Eldorado St and Potrero Av, 200x140 ...	prem
Andrew Walker to H M Merrill....	Jackson w Mason, 93x80; also, Mason n Pacific, 63:3x45:9; also, Scott Place n Pacific, 50x56; also, Green w Jones, 23x50; also, und ½ Powell s Chestnut, 22:6x60	Gift
W C Jackson to Catherine Guichet	Bryant av nw Bryant st, 25x75	950
C T H Palmer to C C Butler	Lot 1 blk 231, lot 1 blk 233, lots 186 blk 234, lot 4 blk 274, lot 5 blk 277, lot 8 blk 216; also, Bush e Laguna, 26x137:6; also, n w cor Laguna & O'Farrell, 95:6x137:6	1
Wm Hollis to Louis Hemprich	E Pearl 190 n Ridley, 25x80.....	2,800
Same to G W Rockwitz.....	E Pearl 165 n Ridley, 25x80.....	2,800
C H Killey to Watson A Bray.....	Western Addition blk 517, bounded by Fillmore, Webster, Washington and Jackson, subject to mortgage	10,000
C T H Palmer to H M Newhall....	Lots 3 and 4, blk 275 W A.....	1
J W Lowry to T F Enright	Amherst n Mansell, 120x50	150
Maurice Dore to Chas Crocker.....	Cal'a and Taylor, 137:6x275	27,000
T Johnson to Wm D Johnson	Re-record	....
Wm Hollis to Dennis Kearney.....	W Pearl 225 n Ridley, 25x80	3,000
C F Hamilton to P F Lindberg	Lots 8 and 9 blk 844, W A, Presidio V H	1,000
R W Collins to F Junker.....	Gough s Oak, 30x87:6.....	1,800
Wm D Johnson to Esther A Perry.	Bush w Mason, 23x80, subject to mortgage for $4,600	5,500
A W MacPherson to I S Rosenbaum	N Geary w Hyde, 25x137:6	100
Peder Sather to Maurice Dore.....	Nw California and Taylor, 137:5x275....	10
F X Kast to Peter H Doncks.....	Ne corner Taylor and Scott, 27:6x120..	700
A E Fisher to Elizabeth Adsit.....	N Sutter, 68:9 e Jones, 68:9x80.....	2,000

Tuesday, August 26th.

S A Woodbury to Mrs Kate Adams	Five acres, com at mouth of Lobos Cr'k	$1,000
Ernst Piesse to Conrad Lindner...	S Greenwich e Dupont, 24:6x43:6.....	1,950
Robt C Johnson to G W Gibbs....	Undivided ½ sw cor Battery and Pine, 137:6x45:10	5
Jeremiah Carroll to Mary Carroll..	N Fulton w Octavia, 27:6x120.....	Gift.
Maurice Dore to W H L Barnes...	Nw Natoma ne 5th, 25x80.....	4,000
Elizabeth Paul to Peter Casson....	Lots 1 and 8 blk 15, University Ex H'd.	1,200
Andrew Furlong to Michael Kelley	Lots 1 2 3 blk 1, Belle Roche City.....	100
Vic'ne F S Mathews to H Gallagher	W Jones s Sacramento, w 40, etc, subject to mortgage for $500	1,300
A W Baker to Natale Vanni.....	N Pacific e Larkin, 28:8x60	2,000
Geo A Abel to Christian Abel.....	Undivided half sw Oak Grove Ave, 209 se Harrison, 25x112.....	1,550
E Charrierre to Chester W Wells..	E Stewart s Market, 20x45:10.....	3,000
Eugenie Charrierre to same.....	Same.....	1
Sil Ter H A to D V Koopmanschap	Lot 76, Silver Terrace H'd.....	315
Anne L Quellec to R Wertheman..	S Jackson e Dupont, 40x80	13,500
R Wertheman to See Yeung Tong.	Same	15,000
S Hancock to Wm Abbott.....	S Tyler w Gough, 137:6x32.....	3,000
John Lewelling to H M Newhall..	N Post w Van Ness Ave, 137:6x120.....	15,650
Paul T't H'd Ass'n to Mary Mullen	Lot 12 block 52.....	500
James L Watson to Jas Hackett...	N 24th, 100 w Guerrero, w 32:6x50	10
E S Welton to Anson Goldsmith ..	Sw cor California and Laguna, 137:6x137:6; also, Pine w Laguna, 68:3x137:6; also, Sutter and Laguna, 137:6x137:6..	1
M Buzzini to Gandenzio Buzzini ..	Lot 4 blk 57, Paul Tract H'd	600
John Spaulding to C W M Smith..	Sac'to w Polk, w 46:9, n 80, subject to a mortgage for $2,000.....	800
David Callaghan to John Donohue	S Folsom w Fourth, 80x20; also, leasehold int 38 bl 328	800
Angela Feliz to Isabel de Franchini	Buri Buri Rancho, containing 14,639 acs	50
Masonic Cem Ass'n to S M Locke.	Lots 16 and 20 sec 28 and lot 20, por lot 21 sec 28 Masonic Cem.....	240
Geary St Ex Asn to J E Woodworth	Lots 23 and 31 blk 261 Geary St Ex H d	700
Fel'n T't Hd As'n to J M Anderson	Lots 45 and 46 blk 1200, Felton Tract Hd	340
Daniel Fraser to W W Henry.....	E Sanchez n 32d, 25x117:6—sub H A 85	400
Felton T't Hd Assn to Mary Lennon	Lot 48 blk 1201, Felton Tract H'd.....	170
A de Leo de Laguna to G Nicholas	Lot 13 blk 223, Golden City Homestead; also, w Missouri, 433 s Colusa, 83x100, subdiv blk 156 P N.....	600
Jane Sullivan to Patrick Flood....	Lots 7 and 8 in blk 11, West End Map 2	313
Theodore Loessel to John Pforr...	E Taylor e Sacramento, 23x80	5
Tide L Com to Est of X Stallelbache	Nw Folsom ne 7th, 25x80	10
City and Co S F to A C Daggins...	Subdivision Western Addition blk 503.	....
Richard D Chandler to Peter Difley	N Eddy w Leavenworth, 52:6x137:6	9,000
Matilda D Hennessee to H S Ridley	Se Gough and Broadway: 68:9x127:6....	4,000

Wednesday, August 27th.

Thos H King to Thos G Taylor....	Undivided ½, w Beale, 229:2 n Mission, nw 45 x sw 137:6—sub B and W 310..	$7,000
Jacob D Casebolt to same.....	Undivided one-third of same.....	7,000
Wm H Vanderwater to L Sachs..	W Stockton n Filbert, 23 x w 112:6.....	5,500
B'd Tide L'd Comr to J McGrath.	Nw Cary ne 6th, 80x25	8
C H Reynolds to J B Robertson...	Lots 141 142 411 Gift Map 2	300
Bd Tide L'd Comr's to D Fraser...	W Maryland, 100 n Calaveras, 100x100.	290
Same to same.....	Nw cor Maryland and Calaveras, n 100x w 100—sub blk 532.....	333
Daniel Fraser to Wm Fraser.....	W Maryland n Calaveras, 100x100	512
Same to Isabella R Fraser.....	Nw cor Maryland and Calaveras, 100 x w 100—sub blk 532.....	1
Same to same.....	Sundry properties in Mission por of city	12,000
Daniel Fraser to J W Gunn.....	E Vermont n Nevada, 50x100, also, lot 12 blk 190 Golden City Hd; also, lot 9 blk 440 Golden City H'd.....	2,500
J E Gordon to Samuel I C Swezey	Se Park Lane ne 3d, ne 27x105:3.....	8,000
Wm Hodis to Louis Triebel.....	W Pearl 150 n Ridley, 25x80	2,800
Edward Wagner to Jas H Ross....	S Farralones e Marengo, 75x125	150
S Heydenfelt to W H Vanderwater	W Stock n Filbert, 45x112:6	2

Thursday, August 28th.

Thos Farmer to Chas P Seeley....	N 17th e Dolores, 25x115—sub M B 38..	$1,800
D Gonzalez to Jacob B Shroyier...	Se Howard, 200 ne 6th, 25x80—sub 100-v 219, subject to a mortg for $3,000.....	6,500
Martin Fallon to Francis B Wilde.	E Folsom, 35 s 23d, 30x90	1,500
Jane Ward to John Mayers.....	E Leavenworth, 100 s Vallejo, 200x68.9..	2,350
Silv Ter H'd As'n to H H Bauman	Lots 80 and 81, Silver Terrace H'd	634
City and County S F to E Carvalho	Sw 24th and Columbia, s 104 x w 50....	Prem
E Carvalho to P Lyman	Same.....	1,000
H L White to Thos F Morthy.....	Se cor Devisadero and Eddy, 137:6x60..	7,000
Silv Ter H'd Ass'n to J Hahn.....	Lot 303 304 305 306, Silver Terrace H'd.	823
Wm Lee to Michael H Keeley.....	Se Tehama ne 4th, 25x80.....	2,600
John Cherry to Henry G Fiske....	S side of an alley running through the center of 50-vara 500, 57:6 w Mason, w 20x60—sub 50-v 596.....	700
John Hagerty to Jacob Villier.....	N Liberty 255 w Guerrero, 25x114.....	600
Joel S Kennard to Ann A Hoaz....	Nw Powell and Ellis, 22x93:6	1
O Y Dick to J Pierre Manciet et al	E Brooklyn Place s Sacramento, 30x57:6 subject to a mortgage for $1,200..	3,500
Wm Agate to Carl Hinz.....	Sw Spear, 229:2 nw Folsom, 52:11x137:6	1
Carl Hinz to John Ptorr.....	Same.....	5,500
C C Bowman to Sav and L Society.	Nw Sansome and Broadway.....	29,500

Friday, August 29th.

F Creyton to Home Mut Ins Co....	Dolores n 26th, 100x125	$5,469
Nathaniel Cole to E R Carpentier.	Pine e Montgomery, n 96:6, etc, subject to a mortgage for $60,000	125000
H Johnson to Margaret Canavan..	19th w Douglass, 25:8x114.....	800
Odd Fellows Cem Ass'n to L Zeb..	Ne cor West av, 20x13.....	227
Chas Goetling to City and Co S F..	Filbert w Powell, e 6:11½, s 84:8½, etc..	68
City and County S F to Jas Daly..	Broadway e Lyon, e 50, etc; also, ne cor Baker and Broadway, n 136, etc..	prem
Silv Ter H'd Ass'n to P Schreiber	Lots 427 and 428, Silver Terrace H'd ...	661
Herman Shroeder to J C A Nolting	Minna sw 3d, 25x70.....	2,000
J C A Nolting to E A Enofeberge.	Same.....	5
J A Shaber to Michael Ryan	Lot 4 blk 262, O L	450
John Apel to Antoine Borel.....	Se cor Jackson and Kearny, 137:6x100..	100
John Lewelling to Eli Lewelling ..	Se cor Turk and Gough, 120x137:6.....	1
Alfred Borel to Mary Ann Apel....	Nw cor Stockton and Cal'a, 57:6x60....	9,000
Cath C Breed to Alfred Borel.....	Und 3 acs, Rancho Laguna de la Merced	500
John Hill to Wm R Sloan	Lot 6, Central Pac H'd Ass'n.....	350
Ira M Wentworth to R H Yates....	Turk e Devisa, 27:6x137:6.....	4,000
C S Capp to Diedcrich W Tietyen..	Union e Stockton, 35:9x58:9; also, all int in remaining por of said 50-vara	2,250

Saturday, August 30th.

City and Co S F to Jas T Hoyt	Bartlett n 22d, s 56:3, etc; also, Bartlett n 22d, 127:4x3:2	prem
W Wolfsohn to Ger Sav and L Soc	11th nw Howard, 75x100	300
C F Marwedel to John Weichart ..	Vassar Pl se Harrison, 25x70.....	2,700
John Meagher to Hugh Whittell...	23d e Folsom, 32:6x95.....	200
Hugh Whittell to Geo H Tay.....	Same.....	1,000
Geo H Tay to Henry B Brooks	Same.....	5
P R O'Brien to Henry B Brooks...	Same.....	4,500
Herman Wohler to J B Watson ...	Und 2 acres, Laguna de la Merced	....
T Jackson to Mary Horn.....	White n Vallejo, 20x57:3	825

Monday, September 1st.

John Center to Henry Mahan.....	E Harrison, 26 n 21st, e 100, s 26, e 100, n 520, w 200, s 26, e 100 s 156, w 100 s 156, w 100 s 312 to com; also, ne cor Alabama and 21st, e 200 x 520—sub M B 142.....	32,000
H Mahan to Harrison St Hd Ass'n.	Same.....	35,470
Harrison St H As'n to S S Arnheim	Lots 69 and 70, Harrison St Homestead	1,600
Same to Wm de Witt.....	Lots 61 and 72, Harrison St Homestead.	1,600
Same to Jonathan W Baker.....	Lot 74, Harrison St Hd	800
Same to David Plato.....	Lot 10, Harrison St Hd.....	800
Same to Henry Kohn.....	Lots 46 and 47, Harrison St H'd.....	1,600
Same to John E A Helms.....	Lots 24 and 35.....e	1,600
Same to Henry W Gray et al	Lots 53 and 54.....	1,600
Same to August C Kruger	Lot 34.....	800
Same to James Sullivan.....	Lot 11.....	800
August Humburg to M Humburg..	S Bush, 40 w Mary Lane, 20x137:6.....	Gift
J P Cantin to Chas Hawley.....	E Ellis, 77:6 w Polk, 50x120.....	13,500
Chas T H Palmer to Wm Barber..	Nw Geary and Buchanan, 137:6x137:6..	750
R W Collins to Aaron Bruman....	S Oak w Gough, 25x120.....	1,500
C S Storms to Kate Jackson	Nw Minna, ne 2d, 22x60.....	4,000
Samuel W Wilson to Parker Merrill	S Stevenson e 6th, 50x70.....	5,000
Robt F Morrison to Michael Kelly.	N Filbert w Buchanan, 27:6x120	700
Ann O'Brien to Bridget Doud.....	Undivided ½ ne Rincon Place, 175 se of Harrison, se 25x125.....	2,300
John Kelly to same.....	Same.....	2,300
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to T Donnelly	Lot 78, Harrison St Hd	800
Henry L Davis to John S Stratton.	Nw Harrison sw 25x80.....	5
H L Hutchinson to Luis F Emilio.	Ne 10th, nw Mission, 75x130.....	12,000
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to M Blair..	Lots 51 and 52 Harrison St Hd.....	1,600
Same to Henry Loewenhayn.....	Lots 79 and 80 Harrison St Hd.....	1,600
San Francisco Sav U'n to N Gray.	W Webb s Sacramento, s 62:6, w 99, etc	13,000
Henry Pierce to Francis Kauce....	N Green w Powell, 34:4x137:6.....	4,650
Jean Paul Roussot to R P Thomas	S Commercial w Davis, 20x49:6	3,100
Robt F Morrison to Catherine Fay	N Filbert w Buchanan, 27:6x120.....	700
Hiram L Coye to Francis De Long	Ne Sutter and Taylor, 21:10x81:8.....	1

Tuesday, September 2d.

John Wilson to Francis H Wooster	Ne corner Broadway and Buchanan, e 137:6x 137:6.....	$ 10
David Wooster to T M Edwards...	Same.....	1
Gilbert Shattuck to Same.....	Same.....	6,160
Geary St Ex H As'n to S B Boswell	Lots 11 12 15 26 and 19 blk 263, Geary St Extension Homestead	1,750
Morgan S Toy to Harriet Toy.....	Ne cor Powell and Ellis, 105x20.....	1,250
Chas H Killey to Thos P Winter..	N Jackson w Buchanan, 25x127:8.....	4,250
Elise Sanders to John P Medan....	S Mount Vernon Ave, 55 se Otego Ave, sw 80x50	125
Daniel Fraser to A R Fraser.....	Lot 6 blk 7 Junction Homestead.....	250
Michael McGaughran to M Ganon.	W Potrero Ave, 25 n 23d, 25x100	900
Sumner C Blake to David Porter..	E Gustavus, 78:9 s Sacramento, 38:9x60.	2,750
Isabel Van Winkle to I S V Winkle	E Sansome s Bush, 97x39:5	Gift
Fred Tillman to I S Van Winkle..	Se Fulton and Gough—subdiv W A 138	1
Timothy Lain to Joanna Lain.....	Nw Natoma sw 8th, 15x75	Gift
Harrison St H Ass'n to J P Nelson	Lot 27 Harrison St Homestead.....	800
Mission & 30th St Hd to M Downes	Lot 217 blk 34, Mission and 30th St Hd.	375
James Linforth to L B Benchley...	Ne Page and Laguna, 137:6x120.....	25,000
L B Benchley to John D Thompson	Same.....	15,000
Antonio Cuneo to D Cuneo.....	W Jasper Lane s Filbert, 50x60.....	6,500
Silv Ter H'd Ass'n to Jno O'Kane	Lots 433 to 436 inclusive, Silver Ter Hd	280
M L McDonald to J M McDonald..	N Post e Taylor, 137:6x32:6—subdiv 50-v 641, subject to mortgage for $7,000..	11,000
Chancellor Hartson to G L Beebee	Nw Webster and Broadway, 137:6x137:6 subdivision W A 270.....	5,000
Wm J Clark to Elias Birdsall.....	W Dolores n Liberty, n 50x105.....	3,250
S W Holladay to Robt F Morrison	Sundry properties in Western Addition	400
Patrick T Gaven to Mary Cusker..	N Sacramento w Scott, 50x127:8.....	500
George Treat to Andrew Gensoul .	Se cor Napa and Vermont. 100x100	500
Same to Gustave Mahe.....	Vermont s Napa, s 333, e 100, n 308, e 100, n 25, w 200, to com; also, Kansas s Napa, 45x100	500
Spring Valley H As'n to S Wafford	Lot 215	360
W M Bevins to Amelia Fitel.....	Tyler w Webster, 137:6x27:6	1,500
W H Gawley to R T Thomas	Sac'to w Davis, 20x60, sub mortg $3,500	2,000
G Zimmerman to Michael Reese..	Nw cor Spring and Summer, 43x50.....	10
W G Doolittle to Morris Shloss....	Lot 23 blk 157 N S S F H'd Ass'n.....	500
Felton T'ct H Ass'n to Wm Henry	Lots 37 and 38 blk 1,201.....	340
James Cameron to Henry Brook..	W Harrison n 18th, 75 s to Mariposa, etc	2

Thursday, September 4th.

John Campbell to James Duffey..	W Howard, 212:6 n 22d, n 60 x w 122:6.	$4,500
John McFaddin to Wm Walsh....	N O'Farrell e Gough, 27:6x120	1,800
Thos J Morse to Celia Morse.....	W Carlos s O'Farrell, 40x57:6	3,000
Edward Barry to J H Latham.....	N 10th Ave w M st, 150x100; also n 10th Ave e line e 75x200; also, sundry lots Cen Pk Hd; also e Hollis s O'Farrell, 25x90; also sundry lots in s por n city	23,556
Nicholas Larco to Gustave Mahe..	Se cor Sacramento and Leidesdorf, s 98:6, e 55, n 18:6, w 10 n 80 w 45—sub B and W 199 and 200	67,503
Zelotus L Webster to W W White.	Subdivisions 16 and 17, 18 acre lots Nos. 39, 50, 41 and 42 of the Bernal Hights; also, lots in San Diego	700
Fol & Howard U P to H Choynski.	Lot 40 Howard & Fol St Property Union	1,000
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to A Wilkie.	Lot 71 blk 142 Harrison St Hd	800
W H Jackson to Carrie A Beach...	Ne 2d se Howard, 50x85:10; also sw of Howard and 18th, 100x122:6; also e of Fair Oak, 101 s 18th, 42x135.10	770
Har'n St H Asn to A M Wardwell.	Lot 15 blk 142 Harrison St H'd	800
Same to Jamas Mee	Lot 1, same	800
Same to Peter McCarthy	Lot 48 same	800
Eugene Celle to Nam Poon Son...	W Dupont s Washington, 59x55; also, w Dupont 151 s Washington, s 6 inches x 55—sub 50-v 57	26,000

Friday, September 5th.

Anne E McNeil to Caroline Smith.	S Harrison, 30 e Beale, e 30 x s 80	$3,900
J C Duncan to Chas Ballser	Lot 12 blk 304, O'Neil and Haley Tract.	700
T O'Brien to Julia O'Connor	W Langton, 200 n Folsom, 25x75—subdiv 100-v 258	1
Thos G Taylor to Jacob D Casebolt	Undiv ½ 50-v 2 3 4 and 5, blk 188 W A.	7,000
Daniel Green to Hoffman Hoyt....	Commencing at a fence forming the sw boundary of "San Souci" property, running thence e 14:75-100 chains, sw 32 chains, w 15 chains, sw 15, etc	500
J B Anambide to Albert Solomon..	Ne Geary and Jones, 24x77:6	12,000
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to J Roseberry	Lot 33 blk 142, Harrison St Hd	800
Mis'n & 30th St Ex Hd to J A Scott	Lot 18 blk 6, Mission and 30th St Extension H d	350
Wm Davidson to Geo Haas	W Scott, 50 s O'Farrell, 25x90	600
J H Carroll to R H Lloyd	Ne cor Oak and Fillmore, n 137:6, 36, sw 140, w 41:6	600
Michael Lynch to Oliver Coulson..	N Dorland e Dolores, 45x18, sub M B 79	500
Claus Spreckels to Michael Lynch	Subdivisions M B 79	2
S F Gas Co to S F Gas Light Co ..	All the Real Estate belonging to S F Gas Co of San Francisco	1
R P Clement to Edward Sumner..	Ne Fulton and Parker Ave, n 13th, etc.	1,200
B Pulverman to Jos Clement.....	E Howard n 20th, 45x122:6: also, e Noe, 101:6 s 18th, s 50x105; also, se Capital and Farralones, e 200x125	9,000
E L Sullivan to F L A Ploche, dec	W 11th Ave and A, etc—sub O L blk 294	4,000

Saturday, September 6th.

C A Sturzenegger to P Sturzenegger	All his right and title to interest as heir at law to estate, real, personal and mixed, of Gustave Sturzenegger deed	$ 1
Univer Hd Ass'n to Ann Archey	Lot 26 fractional blk 124 University Hd	75
Isaac Lipman to Chas Nonnenman	E half of lot 140 blk 97 Central Pk Hd.	800
Cyrus D Hoyt to John Wood.....	Lot 13 blk H Pacific Sav and H'd Ass'n	1,100
C R Montgomery to W R Montg'ry	Sw Bacon and Knox, 120x100	400
W R Montgomery to John Landers	Same	500
Henry M Allen to Wm Sharon....	S Eddy, 137:6 w Jones, 25x80	3,850
John H Grube to Peter Wall.....	W Chenery, 300 n Randall, 50x125	....
Silver Ter H As'n to C B Houghton	Lot 15 Silver Terrace Hd	320
Same to same	Lots 187 188, 189, Silver Terrace Hd	1,232
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to J Dunn..	Lot 21 blk 142 Harrison St H d	800
Job N Grant to Mary Shephard....	S 17th w Castro, 75x125	5,000
Odd Fell Cem Ass'n to C P Blethen	Lot 20 Harmony Sect, Plat 5	72
Henry Besby to E H Gadsby.....	N 17th, 50:3 e Guerrero, 36x102	1,800
Chas H Palmer to C H Rumrill....	N Sutter, 137:6 e Laguna, 60:6x137:6, sub W A 199	800
Gus S Johnson to John P Molt....	Lots 14 and 15, blk 35, R R Ave Hd	250
Fritz Engestron to same	Lots 26 27 28 blk 17	250
E Gutzkow to Cheo Eipper	Sw Russ nw Folsom, 20x100	1
Univer Hd As'n to Sophie Wiseman	Lot 25, frac blk 124, University H'd	75

Monday, September 8th.

Silver Ter Hd Assn to L Eppinger	Lots 467 and 468, Silver Terrace Hd	$ 941
Same to same	Lots 476 and 477, Silver Terrace Hd	1,111
Har'n St Hd Ass'n to Susan Boley	Lot 68, blk 42, Harrison St Hd	800
Daniel Green to Francis L Green	Certain property on w line Noah Ranch	5
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to B Harkin	Lot 39 blk 142 Harrison St Hd	800
Noe Gard Hd Assn to R A Sanford	Lot 2 blk 16 Noe Garden Homestead	500
Frank M Pixley to John D Fry	Sw cor Pacific and Franklin, 200x127:8¾	16,000
Donald McDonald to Same	Nw cor Jackson and Franklin, 200x137:6	5
Cornelius Collins to J E Molera	Lot 427 Gift Map 4	1
Benj Richardson to Wm Hall	Se Bryant ne Kate, 25x105	1,875
Thos McInerney to Chas Esola	E San Jose Road, 75 n Eugenia, 25x100	780
Martha B Hunt to Willows L Assn	Sundry lots in Willows Land Assn	2,500
Harrison St Hd Assn to E B Perrin	Lot 13 blk 142 Harrison St Hd	800
W W Lapham to Marion Hill	S Laidley e Roanoke, 100x100	1,000
G B Cerruti to J Francisco de Leon	N Jackson, 144:6 e Dupont, e 68:7½ n 137:6, w 75:7½, s 68:9, e 7, s 68:9 to commencement—subj to $40,000 mortg	17,000
F L A Pioche to John Porter	Lots 45 and 46, blk 54, City Land Ass'n	190
Odd Fel Cem to Mrs B S Nichols	Lot 9 plat 4, Odd Fellows Cemetery	45
Geary St Ex H'd Ass'n to L Nathan	Lots 3 and 4, blk 167, Geary St Ex H'd	700
Masonic Cem Ass'n to J Clement	Lot 6 and s ½ of lot 4 in section 18, Masonic Cemetery	77
Silver Terrace H'd to John Hall	Lot 72 to 75 inclusive, Silver Ter H'd	1,275
Wm Hollis to Thos O'Neill	E Steiner, 78 n Sacramento, 25x93:9	3,500
John Chambers to C H Young	Nw Harrison, 150 sw 25x75	3,600
Edward Martin to Michael Raggett	S Grove e Buchanan, 25x120	1,450
Wm E Domett to Jotham Salisbury	W Sansome, 95 n Pine, 87:6x40:6	27,000
Paul Tract H'd Ass'n to D B Nye	Lot 1 blk 54; lot 6 blk 25; lot 1 block 6; lots 12 and 13 blk 12; Paul Tract H'd	250
Jas S McCue to same	Nw corner Sacramento and 20th Ave, w 120 n 279:7 se to w line of 20th Ave s 259:9 to com—sub blk C O L	2,250
Wm Hollis to Geo Wm Smith	W Pearl, 100 e Ridley, 25x80	2,800
Jas M McDonald to James O'Leary	N Lewis w Taylor, 18:4x57:6	1,400

Tuesday, September 9th.

Agnes Birch to Wm R Sloan	S Russell w Hyde, 40x60	...
Patrick Flood to Mathew Swift	Und half of lots 7 and 8 blk 11, W E M 2	195
E Barrett to David Stewart	Se Natoma sw 7th, 25x75	3,750
Ursula V Moxley to Chas G Moxley	Nw cor Fell and Franklin, 120x137:6	Gift
P Demartini to Alfred Rising	S Broadway w Dupont, w 37:2, s 66, etc	500
Alfred Rising to Louis Raffetts	S Broadway w Dupont, w 17:2, s 60, etc	5,000
Sebastian E Shaw to R H Cowan	Nw Jersey and Church, 80x100	1,050
M O'Brien to Geo Ulshofer	Ne 12th Ave nw L st, 100x100	300
F L A Pioche to James Collins	Lots 22 and 23, blk 49, City Land Assn	190
Same to Patrick Collins	Lots 12 and 13 blk 53, City Land Assn	190
Wm H Hamlen to Henry Philip	Und ⅓ Harrison & Hawthorne 112:6x156	5,000
Harrison St Hd Assn to J Dickson	Lot 55 blk 142, Harrison St Hd	800
Same to Margaret Dickson	Lot 56, same	800
Same to Wm Dodd	Lot 57, same	800

Wednesday, September 10th.

Anna Maria Evers to S A Franklin	W Fillmore s Kate, 25x96	$3,400
D F McDonald to Geo E Hinckley	1 acre Donald Tract	1,000
Geo E Hinckley to John G Nelson	Same	150
Chas J Newcomb to H Webster	Sundry lots Outside Lands	500
A A Jennings to Wm R Bovee	N 19th e Noe, 50x114	2,000
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to H F Precht	Sw Dacotah and Amador, 200x200	1,161
Same to same	E Idaho n Plumas, 100x200	600
Wm M Stoddard to E W Harral	Lot 33 blk 552, Bay Park Homestead	1
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to R Maguire	Lot 77 blk 142 Harrison Street Hd	800
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to J C Eggers	Lot 20 Silver Terrace Homestead	320
Same to J F G Eggers	Lot 387 same	375
Same to same	Lot 79 same	325
A Bruman to D H Mangels	S Oak w Gough, 25x120, subj to mortg	725
John Hill to Jacob M Pike	N Tyler w Larkin, 33:9 etc, subj to mortg	10,700
M T Herzog to Jacob M Cohn	S 24th w Sanchez, 50:11x114	1
B F Holbrook to Julia A Holbrook	Nw cor Horner and Guerrero, 122x117:6	Gift
John F Taylor to Harry W Taylor	Sundry lots in south part city	1,500
A Hochholzer to H S Hochholzer	N Geary e Buchanan, 50x137:6	Gift
T H Allen to Hugo Hochholzer	Same	5,000
Laura Pettit to Joseph Gosner	Lot 30x100 in Negro or Mereda Tract	250
Maria Luniewski to T McInerney	Sw cor Lizzie and Prospect sts, 70x70	150
Robt McCrum to John Hinkel	Se corner 24th and Bartlett, 100x72	3,000
Same to David W Martindell	24th, 92 e Bartlett, 45:6x100	3,000

Thursday, September 11th.

Donald Bruce to Johanna Haggerty	W Williams 62:6 n Geary, n 25x50	$ 110
Felton Tract H Ass'n to J M Pike	Lots 21, 22, 23 & 24, blk 1203, Felt T Hd	683
Thos De Vries to Maria Pescia	S Broadway e Kearny, 37.6x57:6	4,300
Wm Warner to Geo H Mitchell	Lot 17 blk 4 College Hd	5
Wm Hollis to A J Gunnison	E Steiner n Sacramento, 25x93:9	3,500
Isaac Rowell to L L Robinson	S Washington w Cherry, s etc	250
Benj E Arnold to Wm W Knight	Se M st 100 e cor 5th Ave, etc	100
Francis Ross to John Parnell	Lots 1 to 13 inc, Gift Map 2	1,800
Harris Myer to L R White	Undiv half 13 acres near Lone M Cem	1,500
Peter S McNeil to Emil Loeven	S Clay, 60 w Hyde, s 72 x w 20	150
Spring Val H'd Ass'n to B Lassens	Lots 166 and 167, Spring Valley H'd	720
Edward H Parker to J F Hough	N Pine w Laguna, 68:9 x n 137:6	5,000
Jeremiah Baldwin to Ellen Flynn	E Florida n Butte, 25x100	700
Michael Brogan to E McLaughlin	S Hunt 80 e 3d, s 55, e 5¾ in, n etc	5
James Lick to Soc Cal Pioneers	Subdiv 100-v 126	Gift
John Nuttall to Thomas Adam	W Gough n Grove, n 35:4x137:6	5,200
Thos Gardiner to John McGlashan	N Post 52 w Dupont, 23x74	11,000
Martha B Hunt to Land Pur Ass'n	E Stevenson s 19th, 25x80	125
J C Bideman to Wm Geiman	Se Turk and Van Ness Av, s 120x109	6,050
Wm Geiman to Land Purch Ass'n	E Van Ness Ave s Turk, 70x190	1
Ger Sav & Building Co to F Staud	E Steiner s Waller, 24x81:3	720
F Staud to Ger Sav & Building Co	Sw Van Ness Ave and Fulton w 109:9 x s 120—sub W A 75, subj to mortgage	18,000
E McLaughlin to Michael Brogan	S Hunt e 3d, s 22, etc	5

Friday, September 12th.

Moses Cerf to John A Faull	S Sutter w Polk, 68.9x120—sub W A 58	12,375
R W Collins to Geo L Bradley	Sw cor Oak and Gough, 87.6x30	3,300
G A R Cem Ass'n to J C Sargent	Lot 1 Grand Army of the Republic Cem	....
Nicolas Guillec to City & Co of S F	W Dupont n Broadway, n 17 w 68:9, s 13:7 se 44:3, e 40:5 to commencement	21,558
Isaac D Barnard to Mary A Porter	W Mason n Vallejo, 35x137:6; also, commencing at sw cor 50-v 612 n 67:6x27	1
Nicholas Guillee to E P Buckley	Commencing 93 n Broadway w Dup, etc	....
John T McLean to John Curry	50-v 2 blk 265, subj to mortg for $1,500	5,000

Saturday, September 13th.

John H Hassett to Julia Hassett	Lot 16 blk 91, Buena Vista Homestead	$ 250
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to J McCarty	Lot 26 blk 142, Harrison St Hd	800
Same to Frederic Preatorions	Lot 25, same	800
Same to Catherine Welch	Lot 28 and 29, same	1,600
Bay View Hd to Matthias Gray	Lot 4 blk 465, Bay View Homestead	500
Martha B Hunt to J B Meisch	N 30th e Valencia, 25x85	125
John Bensley to Carl Bartlett	Blk 96, Potrero Nuevo	1,000
F Dumartheray to Fred Mason	Sundry blks Potrero Nuevo	1,000
Bd of Tide L Comrs to C M Conlin	Se Perry sw 4th, 25x80	8
Jabez P Clay to James M Parker	Certain undivided property in W A	5,000
J B Lewis to Jeremiah Twohig	W Treat n 24th, 26x122:6	75
Harrison St Hd Assn to C H Aitken	Lots 40 & 42 blk 142, Harrison St H Assn	1,600
Cnas H Aitken to M Braudenstein	Se cor 20th and Alabama, 25x104	5
Wm Windsor to Peter H Velbert	Sc Howard sw Rausch, 25x75	5

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Armes & Sather to P Carroll	Oakland: 50x100 ne cor 5th and Linden	$1,050
Same to J Barker	Same: N 5th st 50 e from Linden, thence e25x100	550
E L Wetmore to M H Wetmore	Same: 123x110 nw cor Locust & Valley	3,000
T M Antisell to E Tripp	Same: 104x175:6 sw cor Broadway & 21st	16,000
A Brown to S S Montague	Same: E Linden 199:6 n fr 10th st, thence n 50x124	1,070
P T Sem'y Tract to M A Chabot	Same: Lot 14, P T Sem'y Tract	700
C J Behlow to W Behlow	Same: Lots 67 68 69 and 57, V H'd Tract	1,280
P C Dart to J C Nicholson	Same: N line 12th av 50 w from Myrtle, thence w 25x114:6	1,250
J Brown to C Brown	Same: E 1 Grove 50 s fr 6th, th s 50x75; also, 50x75 ne cor Brush and 8th sts	Gift
A P Brayton to M S Brayton	Same: W 1 Jackson 480 n fr 12th, thence n 120x170	Gift
Central Land Co to J M Haven	Same: Lots 16 17 and 18 in blk D, B T'ct	2,500
P Bartlett to M K Thornburgh	Same: 228:5x145 sw cor Middle & Center	6,200

D W Poor to A C Henry	Same: 75x76 near Locust & Telegraph; also, e Telegraph 87 s from Locust, thence s 87.x133	6,000
A C Henry to P T Sem'y Tract	Same	6,000
J R Rogers to J Tierney	Same: W line Washington 34 s fr 11th, thence s 29x90	3,000
P Murray to M Lestrange	Same: W Chester 175 n line 3d street, thence n 50x125	1,500
J C Wingate to M Quigley	Same: S line 14th st 75 e from Clay, thence e 50x100	1,625
J Lehman to W Smith	Same: S 26th street 332 w from Grove, thence w 50x96	525
B P Fisher to C Stubz	West Oakland: N R R av 130:7 w from Willow, thence w 25x100:4	1,500
C J Edmonds to W W Stone	Alameda: N line Encinal 350 w fr Walnut, thence w 50x150	350
F Franks to same	Same: N line Encinal 400 w fr Walnut, thence w 50x150	350
T A Smith to Christ Church	Same: 50x217:8 nw Santa Clara & Oak	1
J Ralph to W Nichol	Same: ½ int 95:9x140:2 sw cor Broadway and Lincoln	400
Hays & Caperton to J Gray	Same: 96x140:2 ne cor cent of Broadway	900
B C Whiting to E Mchans	R'd Wash'n cor to Centreville: 50 acres	6,000
H N Morse to J Demant	San Leandro: Lots A and B in blk 22	2,500
R McGraw to W Pearce	R'd Haywood to San Deandro: 5 acres	3,100
Atherton & Pearce to A Morton	Near S Leandro: 675 acs in S L'ndro C'k	17,720
H Durant to same	Same: 18 acres parts plots 66 and 79	....
Felton and Bona to A D Splivalo	Brooklyn: 40 acres near Sonsal Creek and San Leandro Old Road	1
Splivalo and Bona to J B Felton	Same: 39 acres	1
H B Valpey to H Curtner	Near Mission San Jose: 30 acres	2,700
J Chart to M Ball	Oakland: 50x103:9 nw cor 15th and Clay	5
S Harris to E C Sessions	Same: 100x150 nw cor 1st and Broadway	1
Vasburgh & Burnell to G A Abel	Same: S line Seward 80 w from Wood thence w 31:3x70	1,500
H N Morse to J A Folger	Same: S line 15th st 130 e from Clay th e 50x103:9	2,400
A C R Shaw to S E Shaw	Same: S line 18th st 173 from Broadway thence e 27x100	1,500
J A Folger to H N Morse	East Oakland: 4½ acres Watson Tract	3,500
E P White to A Perry	West Oakland: Ne Lincoln 95 e from Wood thence e 47:6x135	750
W Tierney to same	Same: 5 acres part plot 61	....
R Sisterna to same	Same: 5 acre plot 63	....
P Pioda to same	Same: 1 acre part plot 66	....
S U Hd Ass'n to A Eppelsheime	Same: Lot 10 in blk 2 State University Homestead Tract	300
Same to G Tart	Same: Lots 1 and 4 blk 3 in same	1,400
M Goldman to E Beinenfield	Same: Lot 1 in blk 2 in same	275
G O Davis to E T De Vay	Same: Lots 4 and 7 in blk 4 in same	1,500
W J Barven to Berkeley L & T I A	Berkeley: 1 acre	....
J Dabner to M V de Anna	Sar Leandro: 105x75	174
M V de Anna to M L Louise	Same: Same	400
Haven & Flint to A Rosenfield	Brooklyn Tp: Lot 16 Cameron Tract	4,000
J B Woolsey to F Senram	Oakland T'p: 3 acres Telegraph av near Temascal Creek	2,710
T B Bigelow to E L Beard	Oakland: 125x125 sw corner R R Avenue and Center	$3,90 0
E McLean to J M Brock	Same: E line Broadway 180 s from 20th st thence s 106x150	13.500
C C Beckman to F J Tyler	Same: 74:5x100 sw cor 16th st and San Pablo Avenue	5,500
Henry Harris to J Becht	Same: E line Broadway 50 n from 11th st thence n 25x100	11,000
F Linram to S M Lammer	Same: N line 13th st 120 w from Willard thence w 30x106:3	540
J R Rogers to S Thomson	Same: W line Washington 63 s fm 11th streeth thence s 37x90	3,500
J Caperton to P Sather	Same: Lot bounded e by market and s by R R Avenue	2,800
H E Mathews to L B Huff	Same: 88:6x100 ne cor 24th and Union	1,000
P Sather to J Caperton	Same: Lot bounded w by Myrtle n by R R Avenue	5
F M Smith to F Blake	Oakland: Lots 4 5 6 in block A Oakland View Homestead	500
L B Huff to H E Mathews	East Oakland: 100x60 e corner Alameda and Washington	2,100
A L & H Tubbs to L B Huff	Same: 150x300 sw by Washington se by Clay and ne by Adams	8,000
L B Huff to H E Mathews	Same: Ne line Washington 60 se from Alameda se 60x100	1,900

T Johnson to H Hufschmidt	West Oakland: S line Seward 133.4 e fm Wood thence e 66.8x113.7	2,500
J Millington to C Liese	Alameda: 60 Pearl st by 140 near Versailles Avenue	525
Jenks and Mead to A Conner	Same: N Eagle 230.6 e from Everett th e 45x150	500
R Robinson to A Mecartney	Same: ½ interest in Tract marsh land at Bay Farm Island	2,500
G Anghinbaugh to G H Thompson	Same: 100 s line Washington and 150 near Mastick Station	700
Z Montgomery to T Conway	Near Telegraph and Temescal Creek: ½ acre White House plot	1,000
A F White to J R Browne	Same: 1½ acres	1,500
A D Colby to L E Lamb	Same: Lots 34 and 35 Temescal Park	300
J Hurdy to G H Gray	Oakland Tp: Interest in lots 9 and 10 in Hardy Tract in plot 66	2 700
Byrne & Chappellet to H Berryman	Same: 150 acres, portion plots 84 and 85	19,000
G O Davis to G Talt	Same: Lot 3 in blk 4 State Univ H Tract	700
Merritt and Durant to J Chart	Berkeley: 110x150	1,300
M A Reilly to G Gwyther	Near Berkeley, 120x200	975
L Stevens to G W Annis	Brooklyn Tp: Interest 220 acres ne cor High st and San Leandro Road	5
J B Peralta to L M Peralta	Same: 14 acres and 240 acres near San Leandro	7,000
P Basten to D M Tyrrell	6 miles se from Livermore: 160 acres	2,500
R Livermore to C P R R Co	Near Livermore: 9 acres	360
F D Atherton to H Tyther	Haywood 100x200	225
M Camp to D C Camp	Same: 200x212	....
A G Sinclair to S Melton	Haywood ¼ interest in 100x211 with mill and machinery	3,850
S Molton to S Kirkendall	Same: ¼ interest in same	4,000
B C Latham to C M Bunkle	Brooklyn Tp: Block 17 e300x600 Fitchburg	5,000

CAPTAIN LAPIDGE.

For the last four or five months we have abstained from our wonted custom of producing a portrait and memoir of one or another of our distinguished citizens, not from any lack of such among us, but from a want of an exciting interest commensurate with the worthiness of the object. Recent events, however, have brought the name of the subject of this present memoir prominently before the public, and we purpose to give the detail of a life of work and active usefulness, extending over more than thirty years, nearly a quarter of a century of which has been passed in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

William Frederick Lapidge was born at Millbrooke, in the county of Devon, England, on the 13th of August, 1822. His father was Admiral Lapidge, of the Royal Navy, and his mother's maiden name was Elliott. The family on both sides had many branches serving their country, either in the Army or Navy. The two uncles of Captain Lapidge, Sir William and Sir James Elliot, were both in the service, and the Lapidges were distinguished for their intrepidity and military genius. Young Lapidge was educated at a classical school at Devonport, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Graves, a superior man, of considerable reputation in his district. It was to be supposed that, being brought up in one of the largest and most important naval dock-yard towns in England, joined to the high rank of his father, the boy's inclinations would naturally turn to the sea. Such was the case, for in 1836 we find him accompanying the Admiral in a cruise off the north coast of Spain in the brig of war Ringdove, which his father commanded. In 1837 he entered the service on board the twenty-eight gun frigate North Star, where he remained cruising off the Spanish Coast till 1839, when he was appointed midshipman on the same frigate. It was at this time that the internecine war was raging in Spain between Don Carlos and the Infanta Isabella. England espoused the cause of the young Princess, and her ships of war were watching the Spanish Coast. In 1840 the subject of our sketch joined the Queen, a first-class hundred gun frigate, at that time thought to be one of the finest ships in the Navy, and in 1841 was transferred to the Howe, commanded by Admiral Sir Watkin Owen Pell. In 1842, on board H.B.M. ship Warspite, young Lapidge received his commission as Lieutenant in the British Navy, at the same time a certificate from Rear Admiral Hyde Parker as to

his efficiency in mathematical and nautical studies. From 1845 to 1846, Lieutenant Lapidge served on board the Grecian off the coast of the Brazils, staying some time in the harbor of Rio.

About this time he took a step which decided his future course of life; he left the service of his government and joined the mercantile marine. An immense intercourse had sprung up between England and America; competing lines of steamers carried thousands of passengers to and fro weekly; powerful companies were formed to build the finest and fastest boats to cross the Atlantic, and an immense responsibility devolved upon the directors to insure not only the safety of the passengers, but likewise the property of the shareholders. To that end they must be officered by men of reliability, experience and naval science. Nowhere could such men be found better than in the Royal Navy, and the temptation of much greater pay, a more exciting and agreeable service, a certainty of getting on more speedily in the world, was offered to those who were deemed worthy, and Lieutenant Lapidge was one specially selected, so that in 1847 he entered into the service of the Cunard line of steamers, a line which has always stood at the head of any other competing lines, and which has had fewer casualties than any other company. Here he remained until 1849, when the California gold fever was at its hight. At the earnest solicitation of Mr. Aspinwall, then President of the P. M. S. S. Co., the Cunard Line reluctantly allowed Captain Lapidge to enter the service of the company, bearing with him the most flattering certificates from his late employers. It should have been mentioned that the mere fact of holding a commission in the Royal Navy is not of itself sufficient to qualify a man to command in the merchant marine; consequently, in 1847 young Lapidge passed the severe examination before the Trinity Board, London, for master and mate.

From the day when Mr. Aspinwall secured the services of Captain Lapidge for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company up to the present time, their mutual friendly relations have been uninterrupted. Mr. Aspinwall has shown a sincere regard for, and taken interest in, the progress and welfare of one whom he took by the hand when young, and on his side Captain Lapidge has always retained the heartfelt remembrance of Mr. Aspinwall's goodness towards him.

In 1850 he sailed for these shores as first officer of the Columbia, Captain Totten, and arrived here round the Horn in about ninety days, having touched at Rio, Valparaiso and Panama, entering the Golden Gate in the first month of 1851. At that time the temptation to remain in San Francisco was very great. Labor was exceedingly high, the sailors all deserted the ship, rapid fortunes were made on land, every one longed to take his share in the great lottery where there were so many prizes, but Captain Lapidge remained loyal to the trust reposed in him, and unflinchingly stuck to his ship. At that time he was not naturalized, and could

not command an American bottom, but he remained virtually in charge of the Columbia, running between here and Panama, until 1852, when he was transferred to the Northerner, Captain Randall, subsequently taking command as Captain of the Unicorn, an English steamer purchased by the company. Captain Lapidge ran her several trips to Panama, when other and larger vessels of the company having arrived, they had no more occasion for her, so he took her down to Callao, where he rigged her as a barque, and then sailed her across to Sydney, Australia, where he sold her. From Sydney Captain Lapidge returned to Panama, and whilst there waiting for a ship, his active spirit could not bear to be doing nothing, so he entered the office of the company, and proved himself as useful and efficient on shore as afloat. After some months he returned to San Francisco, and was appointed first officer of the Sonora, Captain Whiting. During the time he was on the Sonora, he was sent from Panama on a special mission to take the English steamer Valdivia to Callao, returning to fill the responsible post of Superintendent of the P. M. S. S. Co.'s works at Taboga. Having performed this duty to the satisfaction of everybody, he was in 1855 appointed to the command of the John L. Stephens, which command he retained till about 1860, and then began a succession of unabated services without a parallel in the history of the company. He commanded successively the Uncle Sam, St. Louis, Oregon, Republic, Golden Gate, Golden Age, Colorado, Columbia, this time as Captain, the Panama, Constitution, Sacramento, and finally the Queen steamer, the Golden City. During this eventful period the vessels under Captain Lapidge's command never met with a single serious casualty. He touched ground twice during the whole term, but not enough to damage the ship or impede her voyage. No commander has been more popular, none more conscientious to his duty, and none more preserving the strictest order and discipline on board ship than he, and to his unceasing watchfulness it is that the company owes the continued safety of their vessels under his command. Captain Lapidge has made seventy-two trips to Oregon and British Columbia. He commanded a steamer plying between San Francisco and Victoria at the time of the Frazer River excitement, when every trip took up thousands. He has made upwards of a hundred trips for the company to Panama and back, six trips to the Sandwich Islands and back, in addition to the extra services already mentioned.

When we calculate the number of voyages Captain Lapidge has made on this coast, not only to and from Panama, but also to and from Oregon and British Columbia, one is astonished to find that he has brought here a number at least equal to the population of our city. Taking the average number of passengers on each steamer (before the railroad) at the low rate of eight hundred and fifty, we can see how that result is obtained. In the early days, as many as ten, twelve, and even as high as thirteen hundred passengers, would arrive by one steamer, and this aggregate of

human souls, amounting, as we said, in number to the population of our city, or half the population of our State, have been landed on these shores under the careful supervision and responsibility of one man. There is scarcely a father, mother, wife or daughter in California, that has not at one time or other been under the charge of the gallant Captain, and all of them speak of him in terms of admiration and regard. His record is written in the hearts of the dwellers in our land.

This record is matter of history, but it was extremely difficult to obtain any personal detail from Captain Lapidge himself. His great reluctance to talk of himself or appear in the least vainglorious, compelled us to rely upon others for our information. It is only our sense of justice to one whom we think has been unfairly treated of late, that prompts us to publish this sketch.

In December, 1859, General Scott was a passenger on board the John L. Stephens, and before leaving, addressed a letter to her commander, whereof the following is an extract:

"On board steamer John L. Stephens, Dec. 4, 1859.

"DEAR CAPTAIN LAPIDGE: (After expressing thanks in the name of himself and staff, etc., the letter continues), "It has not, however, escaped me that everything about your ship, her neatness, comfort, order and noiseless discipline, indicated the presence of a vigilant supervision that does credit to the naval training and name of her commander."

Signed, WINFIELD SCOTT."

Praise of such a nature, and from such a source, is worthy of being handed down as an heirloom. Another letter, in the like strain of thanks and testimony of good command, was written to Captain Lapidge on board the San Louis, and signed by Generals Halleck, Ord and Naglee, as well as by our well known and lamented citizen, the gallant Captain Woodworth. Captain Lapidge commanded the Montana in the excursion last year to the Sandwich Islands and back, when so many of our San Franciscans found health and pleasure in the trip. A most flattering testimonial, signed by fifty odd of the passengers, was presented to the Captain on their return.

In the edition of the *News Letter* of the 3d September, 1870, we gave a description of a decoration which the Emperor of Austria had conferred on Captain Lapidge for his attention and courtesy to members of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy to Eastern Asia and South America, who had sailed with him from San Francisco. At the same time the Cross of the Knights Order of Francis Joseph was conferred. The following is the text of the letter which called forth the Imperial investment:

"On Board P. M. S. S. Golden City, Jan. 13, 1870.

"To CAPT. W. F. LAPIDGE, commanding—Dear Sir: In leaving your good ship, we consider it our duty to express to you our sincerest gratitude for the numerous attentions shown to us during the present voyage, and especially for putting us ashore at San Jose de Guatemala, thereby saving us much time and trouble. We shall not fail to report these facts to the Commander-in-Chief of the Royal and Imperial Mission, and to

call the attention of our Government to the kind services you have rendered to some of its public officers. Wishing you every success and happiness,

We remain, with the utmost esteem,

D. Carlo Scherzer, Chief Commissioner, and

Gabriel Baron Herbert, Counsellor of Legation."

The insignia of the order was a beautiful cross of chiseled gold, with the initials "F. J." enameled in the center.

When the contract with the Webb line of steamers between this port and New Zealand and Australia was at an end, the company, unwilling that the communication between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands should be broken, determined to place one of their steamers upon the line, and Captain Lapidge was appointed on the route. The Montana was first employed, making way for the propeller Costa Rica. As we before said, Captain Lapidge made in all six trips to and from the islands, arriving on every trip within schedule time, and becoming a most favorite commander. At length the fatal day arrived with which we are all familiar. The Costa Rica sailed from Honolulu on the 7th September, 1873, with a good cargo and forty-four passengers. For two days before approaching the coast, the fog was so thick that only inferior observations could be taken. But Captain Lapidge knew these waters so thoroughly, and kept so close a dead reckoning, that he knew pretty well where he was, and he knew the time when he would be near the Golden Gate. That day arrived, and an anxious look out was kept. The vessel was propelled at half speed and entirely under control. Soundings were taken every ten minutes with the greatest precaution. For a brief period the fog lifted, and there, true enough, and perfectly in accord with the Captain's instinctive knowledge, the coast and the Seal Rocks could be distinctly seen. To the practiced skill of the commander all was now plain sailing. The steamers head was pointed in the direction of the entrance to the harbor, and again the fog closed round denser than ever. Subsequently, for a brief instant, it again lifted. It was still daylight and every indication showed that the steamer was on her right course. By way of greater precaution, Captain Lapidge ordered the engines to be slowed down still more, and herein, in our opinion, lay the cause of the event that followed. She did not make enough headway to overcome the current setting in to the north shore. At two minutes past seven the Costa Rica struck, and remained embedded among the rocks off Point Diablo.

The passengers were all saved in four of the ship's boats; the first, containing the women and children, was placed by Captain Lapidge in charge of Lieut. Delahanty of the U. S. Navy; the second boat, also in charge of an officer of the Navy, Ensign Mayer; the third in charge of the mate, with instructions to seek the land and send assistance. All was performed to the letter. Steam tugs arrived, sent by the company, and took the passengers out of the boats.

It were idle to detail the occurrence further; how the coolness of the

commander preserved as much order as if the steamer were at anchor in the bay; how all the passengers' baggage was landed safely; how the Captain never left the ship, never took rest until, amid the applause of the crowds that lined the wharves, and the salutes from the shipping in the harbor, the somewhat crest-fallen, but still staunch steamer, was towed to her wharf to be repaired and refitted as good as ever. The stranding of the Costa Rica was one of those accidents that the most provident and skillful Captain cannot prevent. Had Captain Lapidge, confident in his knowledge and experience, pushed on ahead, he would, in all probability, have made the harbor in safety, but think of the consequences had he struck when at full speed. As it was, thanks to his caution, he did not so much strike, as ground, and the vessel being lighted, she was got off with comparatively trifling damage.

In personal appearance Captain Lapidge is below the middle hight, and although broad enough across the shoulders, is yet what would be called slightly built. Within that physically small frame, however, is a remarkably firm and resolute nature. Perfectly calm and self-possessed on board his own ship, he enforces discipline and authority by that very quiet determination of manner. It is in time of peril that these essential qualities of a commander are only felt and appreciated. In a smooth sea and with machinery working well, the Captain has nothing to do but to see that the internal economy of the ship is properly administered; but it is in the trying moment, when the lives of those intrusted to him are imperiled, that the true man of nerve is tested, and in those moments Captain Lapidge was never found wanting. It may be said of him, in words that were applied very differently to another man, that he was

> "Pleased with the danger when the storm ran high,
> A daring pilot in extremity."

Like all brave men, Captain Lapidge is peculiarly gentle and courteous to ladies and an agreeable companion to gentlemen. He has been one of the most popular captains that the steamship company has possessed, and is equally a favorite ashore and afloat.

If confirmation of our foregoing remarks were wanting, we can only refer to the admirable portrait, by Bradley & Rulofson, which adorns our frontispiece. The artist has most truly delineated the salient points of Captain Lapidge's intellect, and the firmness and decision of character for which we give him credit find their echo in the photograph.

It is not within our province to touch upon Captain Lapidge's private life. Suffice it to say that he is most happy in his domestic relations, and that on his return from the fatigue and anxiety of a voyage, he finds in his home that welcome and that rest which recruit him for another venture on the pathless ocean. We could say more, but two things forbid us, the one is the actual presence of the subject of our slight sketch among us, and the other the conviction that we have said enough for those who have not the pleasure of being acquainted with Capt. Lapidge, and more than enough for those who do know and appreciate him.

AND

BUREAU OF INFORMATION FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

The following is a few among the many Principal Business Firms which can be seen upon the walls of the California Placard Exchange and Bureau of Information for the Pacific Coast.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Northern Assurance Company of London and Aberdeen. W. L. Booker, Agent, 319 California Street, San Francisco.

Commercial Union Assurance Company of London. G. O'Hara Taaffe, General Agent, 322 California street.

Merchants' Mutual Marine Insurance Company of San Francisco. J. B. Scotchler, President, 406 California street.

Union Insurance Company of San Francisco. Gustave Touchard, President, 416 and 418 California street.

Home Mutual Insurance Company. John H. Redington, President, 433 California street.

BANKERS.

Bank of California. Northwest Corner of California and Sansome streets.

Anglo-Californian Bank (Limited). 412 California street.

A. Borel. 601 Montgomery street.

B. Davidson & Co. 515 Montgomery street.

Donohoe, Kelly & Co. 436 Montgomery street.

First National Gold Bank of San Francisco. 501 Montgomery street.

London and San Francisco Bank, (Limited). 423 California street.

Masonic Savings and Loan Bank. Under Masonic Temple, Post street.

Odd Fellows' Savings Bank. 327 Montgomery street.

Savings and Loan Society. 615 Clay street.

Wells, Fargo & Co. Corner of California and Montgomery streets.

IMPORTERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Castle Brothers. Teas and Groceries. 213 and 215 Front street.

W. W. Dodge & Co. Groceries and Provisions. Corner of Clay and Front sts.

Alaska Commercial Company. Furs, etc. 310 Sansome street.

J. D. Arthur & Co. Machinery and Wagons. Cor. California and Davis streets.

Hecht Bros. & Co. Boots and Shoes. 106 Sansome street.

George Howes & Co. 302 California street, Agents Sutton & Co's line of Clipper ships from New York.

Macondray & Co. Agents China Trans-Pacific Steamship Co. (Limited). For Hongkong, via Yokohama. 204 and 206 Sansome street.

A. S. Rosenbaum & Co. Cigars and Tobacco. Cor. California and Battery sts

A. P. Hotaling & Co. Sole Agents for J. H. Cutter's Old Bourbon Whisky. No. 431 Jackson street.

William B Hooper & Co. 304 California street.

Richard B. Irwin & Co. 200 Sansome street.

McFarlane, Blair & Co. 302 California street.

C. Adolphe Lowe. 208 California street. **Henry Lund.** 214 California street.

Parrott & Co. 426 California street.

Williams, Blanchard & Co. 218 California street.

David Porter, Liquors. 531 and 533 Clay street.

L. & M. Sachs. Dry Goods. Corner of Battery and Bush streets.

MANUFACTURERS.

The California Oleomargarine Manufacturing Co. 405 and 407 Sansome street. West Evans, President; Vernon Seaman, General Manager; John G. Baker, Secretary.

California Cracker Co. 801 to 807 Battery street.

Pacific Box Manufacturing Co. 483 Brannan street.

Pioneer Steam Marble Works. 422 and 424 Jackson street.

Mission & Pacific Woolen Mills. Depot, 517 and 519 Market street.

The Kimball Manufacturing Co. Make all kinds of Carriages, Light Buggies, and Wagons; also, the celebrated Wood C Spring and Thorough Brace Buggy, with their Patent Steel Plate Axle. Corner of Fourth and Bryant streets.

California Furniture Manufacturing Co. N. P. Cole & Co. 220 to 226 Bush st.

California Beet Sugar Co. 314 California street. C. I. Hutchinson, President and General Manager.

Pioneer Paper Mills. S. P. Taylor & Co. 416 Clay street.

"Babcock Fire Extinguisher." 312 California street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Bradley & Rulofson. 429 Montgomery street.

G. D. Morse. 417 Montgomery street.

EMINENT COUNSEL.

S. Heydenfelt. 401 California street. **John W. Dwinelle.** 509 Kearny street.

Haight & Temple. 207 Sansome st. **John B. Felton.** 731 Montgomery st.

R. C. Rogers. 604 Merchant street. **Pixley & Harrison.** 430 California st.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.

Arnold Fuller. 611 Montgomery street. **E. V. Joice.** 6 Merchants' Exchange.

F. H. Blanchard. 320 Montgomery street.

REAL ESTATE.

Pioneer Land & Loan Association. 405 California street.

H. F. Williams & Co. 321 Montgomery street.

ARCHITECTS.

A. Laver. New City Hall.

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

A SINNER'S PRAYER.

Satan, to thee I pray,
Father of evil!
Light thou my darksome way
Most holy Devil!
Thou art the better man,
Let him deny who can,
Angels before thee ran.
In thee I revel.

I do not fear the wrath;
Thee I will follow;
Thine is the sweeter path,
Freer from sorrow.
Though I this day should die,
Would there be one moist eye?
I'll not be troubled by
Care for the morrow.

Short is the time to live,
So much the better;
Let life its pleasures give,
Then slip the fetter
That binds us down to earth,
For there is little worth
Having, where Death and Mirth
Hob-nob together.

All is as 'sounding brass,'
Love gives no token;
Oaths are as brittle glass,
Easily broken;
Truth is not in the land,
Crime waves a bloody hand,
War waits with sword and brand,
A challenge spoken.

Women, so seeming meek,
Plot to deceive us,
Knowing the flesh is weak—
Then coldly leave us.
All that we love and prize
Withers before our eyes,
And when the body dies
Your fiends receive us.

Powerful Prince of Air,
Hear I implore thee!
Answer my earnest prayer.
Bowed down before thee,
I in devotion cry:
Thou art my God on High,
I live when thou art nigh—
Live to adore thee.

T. A H.

LIFE IN THE ICE KINGDOM.

Whaling, in its details one of the most replusive of human industries, has associations incomparably fascinating to the imagination, apart from the terrible toil, the courage, the endurance, and the danger involved in the pursuit. All these come into the picture, and underlie its charm, enhanced by the great distance, the parting from home and friends, the absolute silence, the complete insolation. No news comes to the homes of the whalers until they bring it, with ease and plenty, or the grim blank of failure; no passing ships hail the voyagers to the far North, to the region where man's dominion has never been acknowledged, where he is no more than a persevering invader, who snatches, with inconceivable toil and difficulty, a few swift victories, and then is steadily, inexorably beaten back by the floating forces of the Ice King. The giant barriers of the ice realm are closed against him, and the mysterious night of the Arctic Winter bids defiance to his puny daring. When the darkness comes down upon the Polar world does the strange calm that broods over the great wastes of water within the great wastes of ice which form the Spitzbergen Islands remain untroubled, or do the winds howl over the black waves until the ice barriers shiver, and moan, and split themselves into frantic fragments, careering wildly under the rushing lash of the tempest, and anon closing up for long spells of their inexorable ward?

The beach had a history to tell full of warning, and yet of weird attraction, for here were bits of whale boats reduced to matchwood by the frightful action of the boisterous seas; fragments of wrecks of ships that had fought bravely against the ice, but had been beaten; bits of masts of merchant vessels; huge piles of driftwood, once stately trees on the side of some Siberian river, now stranded on the Arctic coast, and the little tunnels with which the sea-worms had perforated it in every direction tenantless, for the wood-borers cannot live in the temperature of the awful Arctic seas. The wild duck and the white fox have the island to themselves, and beyond it lies the true commencement of the west ice, the surge of the heavy sea breaking upon the outer edge of the huge floating masses, and the illimitable distance laden with heavy blocks, interspersed with flat snow. Surely here is the end of all things, and no ship can ever get beyond this beautiful barrier—this spray-sprinkled diadem on the brow of the awful Ice King, shining with almost unbearable lustre of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires; and the thundering sound of the disrupted masses which strew the sea is the warning of dismissal. They heed neither, but sail towards the densest part, through a fringe of broken ice in a heaving sea, forcing the schooner at full speed, and charging the most likely

place for an entrance, as the surge rises and falls with awful fury. They get through, for they have men on board who are accustomed to deal with ice, to hit it carefully, and turn it gently from its way; and the wonderful operation succeeds, the schooner stands out to sea in a broad channel, with ice walls on either side, and the first terrific barrier lies between them and all life that is less than Arctic.

At first it is a little difficult to grow accustomed to the absence of darkness, then the perpetual light becomes pleasant; but there must be always some confusion about time, especially when occupation is either severe toil or strong excitement, when danger is never absent for long, and every object is absolutely strange and novel. To drift off into the indistinguishable fog on an ice-layer, when in pursuit of a family of seals, wariest and most tantalizing of creatures, is only an incident, and then the sailors begin to recall dismal precedents. "You remember them 'ere chaps as was left in this here way, and was all froze to death?" says one to another. "As for that ship *Enterprise*, I assure you, sir," says a third, "we could speak to the men on the ice, but could not get at them! blowing a gale and freezing hard at the time! thermometer 40 degrees below zero! We did all we could; the oars and fore-masts were tied together to try and reach them by means of a raft, when they disappeared in the fog, lost to sight, though not to memory, and they all perished!" The whaling boats are in requisition, and the shoals of seals multiply, as the schooner sails northward under the never-setting sun, amid a scene of silent desolation, and frequently muffled in dense fog; awfully insignificant, alien, and alone. Suddenly they are "beset with ice," and find themselves contemplating an aspect of nature "such as the painter might imagine, or the poet, with his lying license, might invent, or the imagination of a sleeper could fancy in dreams of night." A great storm is blowing over the unfrozen sea far away, but the schooner, fastened to a bit of ice, whose two projecting tongues keep off the pressure of the outer ice, which has closed them up within two hundred yards, lies in deep calm. A boat is lowered, and the men sit in dead silence in it, watching for the narwhals, which are blowing near, and throwing up little jets of vapor from the blow-holes on either side of the head. The harpooner is ready, the tubs and the line are prepared; but the narwhal is difficult game; he goes at tremendous speed, and his range of vision is wide; so that when he is dragged on to the ice, with his spotted hide and his polished horn, he is a trophy of the first class. Great hordes of this curious mammal travel through the Arctic seas, tusk to tusk, and tail to tail, like a regiment of cavalry, thousands strong, and their play in great ice-encircled water-wastes is wonderful to see, as their dappled sides curve close to the surface, and the tilting swords are thrust above the waves in their reckless lunges; or they suddenly skim along the surface, curve their backs, and plunge headlong down, following the vagaries of some chosen leader. When a crew of the schooner had killed their first narwhal, they made a vast fireplace out of his remains, the openings between the ribs serving for the purpose of a grate, packed in wood and oakum, and set fire to the materials, in order that the odorous fumes might attract any bears that might be in the neighborhood. But neither narwhal nor bear causes such excitement as the real "right whale," the tremendous giant of the seas, with the likeness of a man's head and face in the roof of his mouth; whose coming is waited for in speechless expectation, whose capture is the hardest work that men can do, whose value repays for all the labor and all the risk even men who have no eyes for the beauty and no sense for the sublimity of the scene. They are sailing on a silver sea, in the wonderful Arctic sunlight, which is unlike light in any other region, in the still, intoxicating air which fills their veins with life and thrills them with a strange happiness; past iridescent caves rising out of the pure water, they can see far back into them, where the upper edges are festooned with a dazzling ornament like a network of lace composed of fine gems, the fringe gleams in the prismatic light with every motion of the waves, and the fairy halls are filled with awful sound.

What marvelous, constant beauty and life where man is only a brief accident! Prowling in the distance are two Polar bears, which the crew kill, and whose stomachs are found to be quite empty. A few days more and a herd of walrus is reported (some of the individuals which compose it look, in the drawing of them, like very fat elderly men, lying on their stomachs placidly and happily drunk); so, with terrible interludes of danger, when the schooner was driven helplessly into the floes, and with constant endurance of extreme fatigue, they came to Spitzbergen, and found magnificent reindeer, the noblest of the Arctic creatures. These are extremely difficult to stalk through the ice ravines and snow valleys, for, though they have no knowledge of man and his murderous propensities, their keen scent warns them that something strange is near. And they love each other, poor, faithful beasts, with a love stronger than fear, or the instinct of self-preservation. "Mr. Leigh Smith, sailing in Beelopen Straits in 1871, shot a large stag, but could not get near its companion; as they were a long way from the ship, he had the head and horns removed, and brought along with him to his schooner. They saw the survivor go to the headless remains, and then follow the party to the ship. As it lingered on the shore, a man quietly landed from the boat and shot it." Over the grand beauty of the still transparent water of King's Bay: the enormous mountains, every foot of their frontage occupied by a sea bird, until numbers fail to give any notion of their myriads; and the great glacier which occupies the upper part of the harbor, and fills the mind with awe—the marvelous Arctic light is shining, and glorifies all that it illuminates. But where the grandeur and the beauty are greatest, there the solitude is most appalling, and nowhere on the earth does man feel his weakness and insignificance so much as here amidst the awful desolation.—*Spectator*.

JAMES PRINCE LEE, BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Shortly after the decease of the Right Reverend James Prince Lee, D. D., F. R. S., etc., first Bishop of Manchester, the accompanying satirical epitaph was inserted in the Manchester *Examiner* and *Times* of Wednesday, March 16, 1870:—

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Was large-hearted, merciful, meek, and forgiving;
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Made quarrels and scoldings his Christian vocation;
And, in mind of the pedagogue's narrowest span,
Held the birch the sole nostrum for governing man.
Would you edit a book without learning or brains?
You have only to study his 'Barrow's Remains.'
Are you seeking your posthumous venom to spill?
You cannot do better than copy his 'Will.'"

Dr. Lee was a son of the late Mr. Stephen Lee, Secretary and Librarian to the Royal Society. He was born July 28th, 1804, consecrated Bishop of Manchester, January 23d, 1848, at Whitehall, by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Chester and Worcester, and died December 24th, 1869, at Mauldeth Hall, Lancashire, formerly the episcopal residence, but now the seat of William Romaine Callender, Esq., J. P., D. L.

SOUTHERNWOOD.

THE OLEOMARGARINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

We hail with pleasure the starting of this company at No.'s 405 and 407 Sansome street, where the necessary machinery, etc. will shortly be in working order, for the manufacture of this excellent novelty of the dairy. The first public exhibition of this new butter will be held in the rooms of the Placard Exchange, Merchant street, so soon as the company have perfected their arrangements, which we understand will be within two weeks. We cannot better explain to our readers the new process and its advantages than by quoting the following from the Boston *Evening Transcript:*

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To produce butter in the ordinary way, we have to milk the cows, let the milk stand till the cream rises, skim off the cream, and then churn the butter. It is a long, tedious, round-about way (and not always very cleanly) to produce this essential article of food. Much of the butter made in this way is more or less rancid and not fit for the table. The butter thus made—good or bad—comes from the fatty tissues of the cow. A small portion of this fat or oil is combined with the milk; and as oil will not combine with water or milk, if the milk is allow to stand, the oil rises to the top in the cream. Take this butter and warm it to a certain degree, and you have nothing but oil.

Now the process of making butter is to go to the original source of the oil, viz., to the fatty tissues of the animal. This fat taken from any beef creature when killed—cow, steer, ox, etc., is taken and ground into a fine pulp. It is then warmed up to about 112 degrees Fahrenheit, when it is enveloped in cloths, somewhat like cheese, and the oil pressed out, large iron presses being used for the purpose. This oil is then cooled down to about sixty degrees, and placed in an ordinary churn, adding the same quantity of water or milk—though I believe they now use sour milk in preference—adding a little *anato*, a vegetable preparation used to color cheese; when the churning commences. In four minutes the operation ceases, and a splendid article of butter is turned out. The water or milk has then to be "worked out," as the ordinary buttermilk, and an ounce of salt to the pound added.

It is a remarkable fact, that seventy-five pounds of oil will produce one hundred pounds of butter!—the extra twenty-five pounds being increased by the water, milk and salt.

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no finer butter was ever tasted. Some months since, and before the invention was made known, one of the parties interested took some of the butter to one of the heavy dealers in Washington Market, saying, "A farmer in the country owes me a large bill, but I cannot get my pay unless I take it in this butter. I wish you would taste it and tell me whether it is good butter, and what it is worth." The market man tasted, and said, "That is good butter; I will take ten tons at fifty cents per pound." (Butter was then higher than it is now.)

The company are now turning out about a thousand pounds per day, and it is estimated that when the additional machinery is introduced, then will make ten thousand pounds daily. All they can make now is taken by a few leading hotels and restaurants. While I was in the office last Saturday a messenger came in from the Union Club—the wealthiest and most aristocratic club in the city—and presented the following order: "Please send one tub of butter to Union Club. The same time let the wagon take back four or five empty ones." The company have been very reticent about their work, fearing the prejudice against "artificial butter," preferring to get the butter into general use before allowing the public to know how it was made.

Another remarkable fact is, that although the butter is sold at the usual price of the ordinary butter made from cream, its actual cost is not more than twelve cents per pound! The butchers furnish the fat; so that the oil can be produced at about ten cents per pound. The process of manufacture has been patented in the United States and in most of the European countries. The capital stock of the company is five hundred thousand dollars, but how much of this is already taken I do not know. I was told that on Wednesday next, 21st instant, they make the first quarterly dividend of five per cent.

The works are carried on by steam power and in a building 45 by 100 feet and four stories high. It is situated in East Fifty-sixth street, between Second and Third avenues. One thing that gives me confidence in the enterprise is the fact that a number of wealthy and substantial citizens have taken hold of it. A number of "State rights," or rights to use the patent, have already been sold. A number of prominent men at Brighton have purchased Massachusetts, California, and, I believe, Ohio have been sold. This certainly appears to be one of the biggest things out, though I have no money in it, having none to invest.

Yours, etc., G. Q. COLTON.

New York, Aug. 18th, 1873.

RAILROAD ON THE BRAIN.

If our evening contemporaries could possibly be induced to treat their readers, now and then, to sermons on other texts than the worn out theme of railway monopoly, the change would be good for their circulation, and welcome to their subscribers. It seems impossible for them to comprehend the simple fact that railways are built and worked to pay, and no one in this world is ever satisfied with the way in which they are managed. The alphabet of railroad construction is short, and very few axiomatic truths constantly lost sight of in discussions upon this matter should be always kept in mind. Firstly, as a very large sum of money has to be spent upon permanent way and rolling stock, a proportionate amount will be required to give anything approaching a remunerative return for the investment. Secondly, that this necessary money can only be obtained by charging a great deal more for the carriage, either of goods or passengers, than the conveyance actually costs; and thirdly, that this sum can best be had by a proper discrimination as to the rates of charge between important centers of population at long distances from each other on the one hand, and small stations, comparatively close together, on the other. The practice of older countries where money bears a smaller interest is not exactly the criterion whereby we may best judge of our own affairs; but it will, at least, help to throw a little light upon the path of those persons who are bewildered by the unreasoning clatter of part of our press. In England, France, Germany, and Ireland the rate of working expenses is sedulously kept under half the total amount of earnings, and rarely rises over 47 per cent., yet a good proportion of the railways in those countries pay scarcely any dividend, and in only one case is a dividend paid equal to our ordinary bank rate of interest. As our lines are more costly by reason of their exceeding length and the nature of the country they pass through, it follows, as a matter of course, that this proportion of profit is in the present state of our population insufficient. In England the system of differential charges is based upon the undeniable fact that a large train of goods or passengers going a long distance can be taken at a much smaller rate than can a few scanty loads from between contiguous places. The cost of loading and unloading, of servants, and fuel is pretty nearly the same for fifty as for two hundred miles, while if the net amount expended on starting any train at all, for however short a distance, have to be charged upon ten bales of goods instead of one hundred, the ten bales will each pay a higher rate. Our excellent contemporaries can easily test this little principle by chartering an excursion train or steamer for themselves. They will find that the more companions they can get to share the prime cost the less each person's share will be. It is a nuisance to have to teach writers, who aspire to lead the public, that twice two make four; but it is unfortunately necessary to constantly repeat the lesson.

To the Benevolent.—There is a man so hard up that he sleeps on tick.

THE VISIT OF LORD SKELMERSDALE TO THE CALIFORNIA PLACARD EXCHANGE.

THE GREAT CATTLE SALE.

Recently, we gave some particulars of the Campbell herd of thoroughbred Durham cattle at New York Mills. The figures quoted were so large that some doubted their accuracy. The sale was the most notable one which ever occurred in this country, or even in England.

We have before us a copy of the Albany *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*, the best authority on thoroughbred cattle in the United States. The particulars of the sale are given at length. One hundred and eight head were sold in three hundred minutes, bringing the sum of $380,000. The following is a summary of the most important sales:

TO ENGLISH BREEDERS.

1st	Duchess of	Oneida, Lord Skelmersdale	$30,600
10th	do.	Geneva, Lord Bective	35,000
8th	do.	Oneida, do.	15,300
8th	do.	Geneva, Mr. Davies	40,600
9th	do.	Oneida, Lord Bective	10,000
3d	do.	do. Mr. Holford	15,600
Average on the six, $24,517—Total			$147,100

TO AMERICAN BUYERS.

2d	Duke of	Oneida, Mr. Megibben	$12,000
7th	Duchess of	Oneida, Mr. Alexander	19,000
13th	do.	Thorndale, Mr. Conger	15,000
4th	do.	Oneida, Bedford & Megibben	25,000
10th	do.	do. Mr. Alexander	27,000
12th	do.	Thorndale, Mr. Conger	5,700
Average on the six, $17,283—Total			$103,700

Average on the twelve, $20,900—Total, $250,800.

It is said that there had been no public sale of the Duchesses, a strain of blood well known and famous, since the sale of Lord Ducie's herd in England, in the year 1853. The highest quotation noted at that time was seven hundred guineas.

The statement has been made that Lord Skelmersdale made the first bid for the Second Duke of Oneida. We have his Lordship's own authority for saying that this statement is incorrect. Lord S. made no bid for the bull. At present there are not above twenty pure bred "Duchesses" in England, including the six purchased by Englishmen at the recent sale. In purchasing the 1st Duchess of Oneida, Lord S. virtually bought two animals, inasmuch as the cow is daily expected to calve. His Lordship was offered all the money he paid for the Duchess on the ground, and the sum of $10,000 for the calf, so anxious were the American breeders to retain some representatives of this famous strain of blood.

COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

An earnest struggle for commercial supremacy in the Polyuesian archipelago is quietly progressing. England, the United States, France, and Germany are the chief competitors. Australia, as representing England, is really master of the situation, but her power is being jealously checkmated wherever possible. The resources of the Samoan or Navigators' Islands, the Society Islands, the Fijis, etc., are immense, but as yet partially developed. Ten or a dozen years ago the trade of the Navigators' Islands was limited to an occasional call from a whaler. But in 1869 there were 13,472 tons of shipping entered and cleared at Samoa, of which 5,402 were British, 3,690 American, 3,230 German, and 1,150 Tahitian. In 1872 this total had increased nearly fifty per cent. Already the trade of the Fijis, which was open to anybody a few years ago, is being monopolized by the Australians. The French and the Germans have also been striving to secure a share elsewhere, but hitherto without much success. Neither nation is popular, if we may apply the expression, in that part of the world. The French are virtual possessors of the Society Islands, and the home government has its official representatives at Tahiti. The trade between the Fijis and Australia is very large, and Sydney reaps a rich harvest therefrom.

The American public has but little actual and practical knowledge of the Polynesian archipelago, and the *News Letter*, which is an international journal, has taken a deep interest in the South Sea Islands and desires to have reliable information thereupon. Hence our correspondent, Mr. B. Adonis, who sails to-day for Honolulu, will from there proceed to the archipelago. He is a gentleman who, divested of all prejudices, will be able to give our home and foreign readers accurate and truthful accounts of the resources of the islands, their people, habits, and customs. He will be the first journalist from these shores who visits the distant and interesting islands in the South Seas.

A mower who can't mow might as well be no mower.

A RAVING.

[BY F. W. CLARK, IN BOSTON COMMONWEALTH.]

[N. B.—For the benefit of all intellectual readers, I am obliged to say that Poe's "Raven" is a base parody upon the following exquisite morceau. Perhaps some impertinent and shallow critics may sneeringly assert that "The Raven" was published before I emerged from childhood; but such contemptible insinuations I hurl back with the scorn they deserve. I have no objection, however, to any one's saying that my poem is apres Poe.]

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I floundered, weak and weary,
On an awful nobby mattress, feeling very lame and sore;
While promiscuously tumbling, suddenly I heard a rumbling,
Like a tipsy earthquake grumbling somewhere near my chamber floor,
Or a herd of bulls a-practising improvements on their roar.
Only that, and nothing more!

Ah! distinctly I remember, 'twas a hot night in September,
And my chum in bed beside me fell asleep an hour before:
He slept soundly as a baby, and at first I was a gaby,
For I never thought that maybe he might perpetrate a snore—
That the individual who lay by me might perpetrate a snore.
That it was, and nothing more!

There he lay, and groaned and grunted, and I own I felt affronted;
Yet with patience quite enormous I did quietly implore
That he wouldn't snore, but cease it, and, if nothing else would ease it,
Take his windpipe out and grease it—that would surely stop the snore;
But he did it all the more!

And he heeded no imploring, but my patience still kept boring,
Weaving gasps, and chokes, and gurglings in the fabric of his snore;
And it drove me to distraction, for I couldn't sleep a fraction,
With his quintuple back-action reflex sympathetic snore;
Why! a constant tooth-extraction wouldn't make me feel so sore
As that horrifying snore!

So with energy astounding I resorted unto pounding;
And I punched him, and I beat him like a full drum-major's corps;
But it didn't stop his snoring—he regarded it encoring,
And complacently kept scoring nasal home runs by the score,
Till he swelled the dulcet chorus fifty thousand notes or more
In one everlasting snore!

Then, despairingly, I took him out of bed, and, having shook him,
Laid him *a la mode* spread-eagle on the carpet near the door;
But changing his position didn't offer opposition,
For it favored the condition for developing his snore,
And it made it so much louder, I'm inclined to think I swore.
Quoth I, raving, "Darn that snore!"

And in anger and vexation, with tremendous desperation,
I danced upon the fellow as he lay upon the floor;
But this made his music jerky, like the gobbling of a turkey,
And throughout the darkness murky it resounded more and more;
So my dancing was but bootless to eradicate his snore.
His unconscionable snore!

Then, with madness despairing, I exhausted all my swearing,
And I flung the mattress on him as he sprawled upon the floor;
And I left him there till morning, as a melancholy warning
Of the sad results of scorning tender feelings with his snore;
But I asked a final question—"Will you never stop that snore?"
And its echo, as before, seemed to answer—"Nevermore!"

FACE OR FIGURE.

It has long been and still is a mooted point which charms the most—a pretty face or a good figure, and the advocates of one side or the other are nearly even. Beauty fades, may be spoiled by ill-temper or dimmed by sorrow, whilst a graceful shape is more enduring, say the partisans of figure. The devotees to beauty of face, on the other hand, fall into poetic raptures and talk of angelic features and seraphic countenances. The fact is, that both of them depend a great deal upon dress. A pretty face in an ugly bonnet is no more to be admired than the most comely form in an ill-fitting dress. Go into the dress and cloak room of the City of Paris (Ville de Paris) and see in the countless mirrors that cover its walls how those blooming faces are made more beautiful, and those charms of person enhanced, by being adorned and draped in their exquisitely fitting robes, and loves of bonnets! Every steamer brings fresh goods from Europe, the cars are freighted with the latest novelties for this house, and, as a sign of progress, the proprietors of the City of Paris have been obliged to take in the nighboring store, and add it to their wholesale department.

AT PARTING.

Here we must part, we two that walked together
All a green gracious summer side by side;
Here we must part in misty Autumn weather;
So it is fated, so it shall abide.

O, my sweet lover, strong and proud and tender,
Lean low your stately head to meet my kiss.
Let life to life, let soul to soul surrender
Its best and dearest at an hour like this.

Never again in all the years hereafter,
Never again, O love, to see you thus!
From summers yet unborn, like mocking laughter,
Odors and melodies will float to us!

Perhaps in future dreams, with haggard faces,
We shall clasp ghostly, weightless hands and weep;
A moment met for shadowy embraces,
Among the long mysterious halls of sleep.

Yes, like two spectres, we may stand together,
Vague shapes amid the vapor of dim dreams;
Sadder than now, in blurred, bleak Autumn weather;
Since this at least *is*, that shall only seem.

Edward Fawcett in Galaxy for October.

DISCOVERY OF DEAD BODIES AT ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The discovery of the remains of Mrs. Constable and Mrs. Everett in the Alexandra Palace has created, as may readily be imagined, much consternation. On the day of the fire there were many thousands of persons in the park. The unfortunate ladies contrived unobserved to get within the inclosure, and to make their way to the south-eastern gable, in one of the portions of which, it is evident, they took their stand to peer into the ruins of the ill-fated palace. How long they stood scanning the *debris* it is impossible to say, but there is no doubt, from the position in which the bodies lay, that they were momentarily struck down while in the act of doing so, and buried beneath the lining wall, which fell with a crash that was heard throughout the park. The weight of the wall, which was two bricks thick, must have produced instantaneous death, and struck the sisters to the earth in the position in which they were leaning when it fell. When discovered they were both lying full length and slightly on their stomachs, with their faces towards each other. The right hand of Mrs. Constable was stretched slightly beyond her head, and the small bag which she had in all probability in her hand at the time was a little in advance of her outstretched hand, the unfortunate lady having evidently involuntarily relinquished her hold of it in her effort to save herself in her fall. Mrs. Everett lay with her right hand extended towards Mrs. Constable, as if she in her fall had sought to save herself by clutching at her sister. The watches, chains, and moneys which they had with them when they left their homes were all found intact, and with the exception of the lime-dust of the wall, their clothes were comparatively uninjured, but the bodies were so decomposed that it was with difficulty they could be placed in the boxes that were made to convey them to the mortuary. Another account says:—When discovered by the workmen engaged in the excavation of the ruins the two poor ladies were found linked arm in arm lying upon their faces at the southern extremity of the building, as if they had turned to make their escape when they heard a part of the gable masonry give way. They were too late, however, and for two of the hottest Summer months they lay buried beneath the ruins. Since the removal of the bodies, upon further examination of the ground, another human hand has been dug up—this being the third hand, one still missing—from the mutilated fingers of which several valuable rings were removed by the police. In the pocket of one of the ladies was a purse containing a half-crown piece doubled up, and another coin so discolored that the finders could not say whether it was a sovereign or a farthing.

Removal of Railroad Offices.—It is estimated that three hundred employés attached to the offices of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, now being removed from Sacramento to their new quarters, on Fourth and Townsend streets, disburse not less than $360,000 annually. The General Ticket Office, the Freight Auditor's Department, the General Freight Offices and the Ticket Auditor's Department have already been moved. The Civil Engineers' Department and the General Audit Department are now being removed, and the Land Office will soon follow. The officers thus already taken from Sacramento are T. H. Goodman, Charles J. Wilder, A. D. W. McCullough, Wm. H. Porter and S. S. Montague, with forty employés, many of whom are men of families. The departments presided over by C. A. Grow and General Master Mechanic Stephens will necessitate those gentlemen to also remove. Among those yet to arrive are the President, Treasurer's and General Superintendent's Offices.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

That Irish Valor.—Father Sheehy, lecturing on this inexhaustible theme, three or four days ago, delighted his hearers and the public by the statement that "Rome, under Agricola, feared to attempt the Irish conquest." We are not prepared to dispute this, seeing that Rome never was under Agricola; but if, as we incline to think, Father Sheehy meant to say that the Roman General Agricola, who conquered Britain, shrank with dismay from the task of subduing the heroic Irish, we beg leave to remark that he knows nothing about the matter. Agricola was the father-in-law of the historian Tacitus; and we venture to believe that Father Sheehy must have heard of the "Life of Agricola" by Caius Cornelius Tacitus. In that work, which has some celebrity among scholars, occurs this passage, the biographer himself speaking: "*Saepe ex eo audivi Hiberniam una cum legione facillume teneri posse;*" and as Father Sheehy may be rusty in his Latin, we translate: "I have often heard him say that Ireland could very easily be held by a single legion." The legion, at that time, numbered eight thousand men. More direct testimony could hardly be wanted. Those who do not care to accept the authority of Tacitus may believe Father Sheehy. Gibbon has a note on the passage. The reverend gentleman denounced Voltaire and Froude for calling the Irish cowards. Only a priest on a collecting tour could think of associating two men so totally unlike. Voltaire is frequently ill-informed, but he is never prejudiced or illiberal. His mind was not less Catholic than brilliant. Mr. Froude's is the very reverse of this. Voltaire could not call the Irish cowards, because his common sense told him that there never had been, and never would be, a nation or a people of cowards. What he did say was that the Irish, who make good soldiers in every foreign army, had always miserably failed in fighting on their own soil; and he said what was true.

"The Heathen Chinee" has had a great time this week. Like the Jews, they celebrated some big festival. In a little alley-way leading off Sacramento street, was erected a most gorgeous temporary construction, which had the appearance more of a booth in a fair than a temple. Two or three melancholy looking Chinamen discoursed "sweet strains of music," with the aid of instruments more noisy than musical. The priests, or whatever they were, seemed to take it uncommonly easy, smoking their pipes as if they didn't give a cent for Joss. It seemed to the *T. C.* to be a very sensible mode of doing business, and one which will no doubt soon be introduced into our own churches. Fancy what a dignity it would give to the spare presence of our worthy Bishop Kip, were he to have a two-stringed fiddle and a long pipe. What a competition there would be among our susceptible girls as to who should present the graceful and blarneyfied Hemphill with a pulpit smoking cap. What an effect the proper handling of a cigar would give to this preacher when dwelling with unctuous satisfaction upon the nice points of the rake's progress. Stone, of course, would chew. Alemany should have a hookah of the most improved kind, made out of an old censer. The Chinese could not possibly have chosen a better place in which to worship the devil, for if that worthy gentleman is to be found anywhere in the city, Sacramento street is the place to meet him. It is his stock board, and he is as sure to be around as a corner broker is to stand at the corner of California and Montgomery, when creditors are not too pressing and wildcat can be disposed of.

If all the anti-railroad lunatics in San Francisco were huddled together in one immense corral, if twenty cents per head were charged for the pleasure of seeing them, if we had the coin made by the speculation, our historic Cash Box would have to be enlarged. We have no desire to see our demented fellow citizens consigned to the institution at Stockton, nor do we wish any of them re-incarcerated in the State Prison, yet it is exceedingly nauseous to hear them howling at large. The highly cultivated public ear, gifted with the power of appreciating the highest productions of the masters of song, is getting untuned with the repeated howlings of the anti-railroad maniacs. The man who carries out great enterprises, who by his grand energies creates labor to put bread into the mouths of thousands, whose life is devoted to the development and advancement of the State, can well afford to look upon his traducers with silent, profound contempt. We have neither pity nor sympathy for him. His resolute will and commanding genius require neither. We are, however, weighed down with a great weight of heart-sorrows as we look upon the swaggering, swearing herd of anti-railroad maniacs. Yet, 'tis well that they are mad, for were they not, they would be the most rascally lot of thieves that ever infested the earth.

Neither the "Pacific" nor "Union" being high-toned enough to suit the fastidious taste of a certain congregation of callow youngsters who are pleased to term themselves "society *men*," (?) a new club has been organized by them. Its chief objects are to afford a refuge for members when playing truant from school, and to provide a shelter and resting place for those suffering from the effects of a first smoke. No *man* above ten is eligible for membership, and all candidates for membership must dance the "glide." We have no positive information as to what the initiation fee and dues are, but it is whispered that the former is three gunny sacks, and the latter two empty claret bottles, or twenty-five pins. Saturday nights are to be set apart for "feast nights," for which occasions a large supply of popcorn, molasses candy, preserved dates and liquorice is being accumulated. Derelictions by members are to be punished thusly: First offence, a spanking; second offense, expulsion.

The other day, as the *T. C.* was taking his usual walks abroad in search of rural felicity, he chanced to stray into a large paddock, in one corner of which two cows—one a white and the other a red—were holding a lively conversation. "Have you," said the white cow, "heard of the latest invention? Why, they are actually going to make butter without cream." "You don't mean it," said the other; "why, we might as well sell out at once." "I suppose," said cow number one, "that they will fatten us up for beef now. Well, a short life and a merry one, I say. Better to have a good time getting fat than to be half starved and have one's teats tugged at each day till they ache." "I don't know," said the red cow; "for my part, I think that I prefer living on, and do not like this infringement of our rights by the udderless, Oleomargarine Company." Here the *T. C.* broke up the conference by hurling a rock at the nearest cow, and left them to chew the cud of their bitter reflections. On his way home, however, he pondered over what he had heard, and anxiously awaits the time when he can give an unbiased opinion upon the merits and demerits of the new butter.

A rather amusing dispute has gone the rounds of the papers this week. "An Old Playgoer," writing about Miss Leclercq, mentions, perhaps somewhat indiscreetly, that she was a reigning beauty on the London stage in 1853, and that it is nearly twenty years ago since she first appeared in *The Corsican Brothers*. Miss Leclercq writes to the *Alta* and other papers contradicting the critic's date, and he responds with a few more, altering the lady's length of reign as queen of hearts from twenty to twenty-three years. Mrs. Bowers is lugged in to prove that nobody should mention twenty years ago to a lady; but we can't see why. To quote Charles Dickens (Matthew Bagnet in Bleak House): "A thoroughly fine woman is like a thoroughly fine day, and gets finer as she gets older." May Miss Leclercq's graces delight us for the next fifty years, say we, and Mrs. Bowers share in the triumphs.

The ungrammatical toady who styles himself the *Chronicle's* "ubiquitous courier of news," rushes into a description of two ordinary detectives who have come from New York to interview Irving. As a sample of his grammar, we quote the following: "Moving on, the ubiquitous courier of news entered the first car. There was comparatively but few inmates." The snob and toady come out in his description of these two police officers. He knew they were *gentlemen* because they wore large solitaire diamonds in their shirts. A sign we should think of shoddy. Of course the head detective immediately recognized the *Chronicle* man as an old friend, and told him all the news. A more sickening specimen of clap trap writing and wretched nonsense than this ubiquitous youth's gushings we have seldom read.

"**The town of Jacinto, Colusa County, Cal.**, boasts of not having a whisky saloon or minister of the gospel within its limits." This is indeed a model town. We do not know which most to congratulate them on, the absence of whisky or of parsons. Where the one is the other is sure to be. Here in San Francisco every other house is a whisky mill, and nearly every other man has slung gospel at some time or another. Parsons are among the curses of modern civilization. They are frauds upon a confiding public, and loafers at the bar of creation. Not having wit or sense enough for the stage, honesty enough for trade, or pluck enough to work, they prey upon the superstition of the ignorant.

A gentleman who, for many years, wielded a keen-edge blade professionally, in cutting the throats of animals of the bovine and porcine persuasion, has successfully tried the trick upon his own throat. While we are animated by no personal regrets for the gentleman, we yet would have wished him to delay the ceremony till after breakfast. Such an occurrence upsets a family terribly so early in the morning, besides which his report of our goodly city is apt to be biased, given in on an empty stomach. They have a bad enough opinion of us in the other world now. It will not be improved by finding that we have sent a fellow-citizen upon so long a journey without a square meal to fortify him.

Unfinished babies in all stages are to be picked up miscellaneously these times. They lie in pleasing profusion in the gutters and vaults, and quite an assortment of them may be discovered bobbing about in the bay. If it were a piece of mechanism to which the finishing touches could be put by strange hands, certain households that we wot of might be made complete. We are moved to inquire how the reporter ascertained that a six weeks affair was a Chinese production. He must either have been a deep student of Chinese psychology or a familiar frequenter of the Chinese household whence the incomplete emanated.

The Bulletin has put that unlucky competition wallah, G. O. Trevelyan, who had to apologize to the Duke of Cambridge for stating that the Royal Family were really in the way of army reform, down as a Tory. What a blaze his coming into the Tory camp would make. Like Samson's foxes in the Philistine's wheat, he would spread destruction farther then he could reach. The *Bulletin's* exercises with the pen are as destructive to its reputation as if its scribes had conspired to make it ridiculous.

We thought that a late reporter, famous for his cheek and inventive powers, had given up the reportorial assurance for the insurance business. We see, however, that "once an itemizer always an itemizer." We recognize our old friend of the *Chronicle*, this time of the *Post*, in the bogus tale of the boy saved by Ryan near the *Costa Rica* wreck. No boy fell overboard, and consequently Ryan saved no one. Stick to the insurance, old friend; you cannot serve two masters, even on Sunday.

Of all the disgusting, mawkish affairs in the shape of an advertisement we have ever seen, the "New Magdalen" placard of the California Theater, seen in most of our store windows, is the most disgusting. "Julian Grey" is represented as a Roman Catholic priest, and looks as if he'd had a prolonged lenten fast. With a charming disregard to ordinary custom, he wears the clerical bib out of doors. Mercy Merrick is standing by his side; she has a peculiar expression about the face, which impresses the observer with the idea that she has a large lump of chewing gum stowed away in her mouth. In the background is a group of interesting individuals with wings, doubtless meant to represent some extinct race of men (probably that known as the angelic). The whole concern looks like a leaf from a cheap illustrated bible, and would pass for Adam and Eve, rigged out in a dollar store, just as well as for "Julian Grey and Mercy Merrick." We can fancy what a look of disgust John McCullough would give if he saw the California Theater placards, looking as they do now, like ads. for a camp meeting.

A stranger in this city might at first be led to suppose that the fair Misses of San Francisco use the "weed" for chewing purposes. But it is not so; it is merely chewing gum. A young and blooming Miss of say sixteen summers is seen chewing away with might and main; suddenly she pauses, expectorates, and passes on. It is an innocent amusement, and splendid training for the jaws. This training is utilized when they become married.

Mrs. Horace Adams, the lady who returned the $100 presented to her by the Sacramento Board of Agriculture, certainly deserves a place among the "noted women of America." We do not know, in the circle of our female acquaintances, of one we could back with safety to do such a self-sacrificing act. If Mrs. A—— will send her photograph to the *T. C.*, he will honor it with a large frame and a prominent position in the Placard Exchange.

Cockrill, the new Chief of Police, is seriously ill, at least so the papers say; at any rate, some four hundred disinterested visitors called on Wednesday to inquire "how Mr. Cockrill's health was." How many would have called had Crowley been elected? We have an idea that Mr. Cockrill might have died and be d—d before anything like a tenth part of these disinterested and kind-hearted visitors would have come near him.

We are glad at last to see the *Chronicle* come out in its true colors. Its heading to its article yesterday on the nomination of Judge McKinstry, was perhaps just a little dirty, but still if was coming out in its true colors, and we prefer even that to its hypocritical platform. For a family newspaper we must own it was just a little rough. But perhaps it suited its class of readers. No doubt it did.

We have watched with keen interest, the advertisement of a certain Kelly, a bootmaker. This enterprising tradesman began with a cut of a boot, gradually an ankle crept in, then a little bit of the calf of a leg, and now we have a female leg nearly up to the knee. We look for further developments.

Were it not for a respect we entertain for certain sweetbreads, spare-ribs, etc., whereof we have unctuously partaken, we would denominate the Latin which now prevails in our Courts, Hog-Latin. Out of deference to the feelings of the quadruped, we style it "Dudley Latin" instead.

"The Attitude of the Chronicle." Defensive, like other bullies, it is belligerent till it gets a telling blow. Like aggravating little curs it whelps and barks at all the heels in sight, till some one turns upon it, when it sticks its tail between its legs and whines an explanation.

The Post has its little knife in the Coroner again, and undeterred by recent experiences, reads that sturdy official a lecture upon the propriety of holding an inquest on a stillborn child. Why don't the editor go in for a Coronership—say, in New Zealand or Patagonia.

Philosopher Pickett says he has been in the habit of meeting some of the very greatest asses in the world. What a comfort it must be to him, under the circumstances, to reflect that nature has made it impossible for a man to meet himself.

Owing to the obesity of the greater part of the Mancusi Opera Troupe, some sarcastic nomenclator has dubbed them the "Oleomargarine Troupe."

The early grass has been likened to a pocket-knife, because the Spring brings out the blades.

OFICINA DE ENRIQUE MEIGGS.

35 Calle de las Mantas, Lima, July 30, 1873.

Messrs. Barry & Patten, San Francisco:—Gentlemen: Your kind favor of 17th ultimo reached me by last mail, together with the very interesting volume that accompanied it. I have read no work for many years that has been of more absorbing interest, or that has given me greater pleasure. It has recalled old scenes and old friends most vividly, and I look upon it as a very decided success, upon which I most warmly congratulate you. Please accept my grateful acknowledgements for your attention, and the inclosed picture as an evidence of the kindly remembrance of Yours, very truly, Henry Meiggs.

FROM THE COURT SEMI-CIRCULAR.

Orders have been issued by the Lord High Fiddlestick for the Court going into mourning for his late Imperial Highness Robertus Augustus Octavianus Humptius-Dumptius Mephistopheles Ahriman XXXIV., ex-Grand Duke of Grimgribber-Bigwigstein, commonly called Robert le Diable, who "bust"—we mean died—at Old Tom's Town, Switzerland, on the 18th instant. The ladies to wear black eyes (given them by their husbands), black looks, and to carry black dogs on their left shoulders. Golden haired ladies to dye their locks a pale pink. Black puddings to be eaten at tea-time; boots to be polished exclusively with "Brunswick Black." Ornaments to be worn; a fringe of blackbeetles round the neck; fingers to be carefully black-leaded. The gentlemen to wear Black Boys and Stomach aches, black hats with white bands, and fans blackened with burnt cork. Black broth (from Sparta) to be eaten exclusively at the Court suppers, to be served by Black footmen, and to be washed down by Black strap. The Life Guard (Black) of H. I. H. are to be regaled with a Black dose a-piece on the day of the funeral. On the 3d of September the Court to go into half-mourning: the ladies to wear grey mullets and to ride grey mares; the gentleman to wear cocked hats, plumed shirts, fringed or plain pigtails, false noses, and crocodiles' tears. On the 1st of April next the Court to go out of mourning altogether, and everybody is to come to his or her senses.

[FURTHER PARTICULARS—FROM OUR OWN FIVE-POUND-A-LINER.]

OLD TOM'S TOWN, CANTON OF ALCOHOL, SWITZERLAND, Aug. 28th.—The ex-Grand Duke is to be buried to-morrow, that is if the executors can discover the ex-Grand Ducal remains, which have been unaccountably mislaid. A strong odor of lucifer matches is perceptible in the chamber lately occupied by the lamented deceased, and the window was open.

The property of the ex-Grand Duke is said to amount to ninety billions sterling consisting principally of notes of the Bank of Elegance, electro-gilt medals, inscribed, on the observe, "to Hanover," expired duplicates, post-dated pass-checks to the Theater Royal, old lobster claws and artichoke leaves, curtain rings, Sea Moss Farine, and bonds (payable at sight) of the Confederate States of America. Several sacks of Bristol diamonds have also been found under the bed of the illustrious departed.

It has been erroneously stated that the ex-Grand Duke has left all his fortune (with the exception of £4,000 to his Grand Cashkeeper) to the municipality of Old Tom's Town. Another will has been discovered, with one hundred and seventy-seven codicils, and by which the municipality of Old Tom's Town only get fifty million sterling, and £19 19s to purchase a mourning ring. The balance of the ex-Grand Ducal property is devised to a vast number of legatees. I transcribe a few of the bequests, some of which are in money, others in kind. To the Royal College of Surgeons a splendid collection of skulls and cross-bones, lately worn in the shakoes of H. I. H.'s Black brigade of Life Guards.

To the Shah of Persia H. I. H.'s diamond bootjack.

To the trustees of the Newspaper Fund: Reports, neatly bound in black morocco, of the actions "Grimgribber Bigwigstein *v.* Gregory," and "Grimgribber Bigwigstein *v.* Harmer," with complete files of the *Satirist* and another paper.

To the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, the identical hoop belonging to the balloon in which H. I. H. once made an ascent from Vauxhall Gardens.

To Mr. Phidias Praxiteles Tompkins, R. A., sculptor, a million sterling for the erection of a statue (equestrian) of the late Mr. Bernard Gregory.

To Mr. Correggio Rafaelle Pungino Snooks, R. A., half a million sterling for the execution of a portrait of the late Mr. Alderman Harmer.

To the ex-King of Hanover, ditto. To H. I. H. the Duke of C—mb—e, ditto.

To his brother, William Rufus Cornelius Nepos Numa Pompilius, the reigning Grand Duke of Grimgribber Bigwigstein, *something nice and comfortable in a small blue phial with a large white label.*

Other munificent legacies are made to the Royal Society for the Propagation of Cruelty to Animals, the Associate Institute for the Ill-treatment of Women, the Band of No-Hope Union, the Bad Templars, the Ancient Order of Ghoules, the Philanthropic Society of Vampires, the Committee of the Ugly Club, the Trustees of the Faustus Estates, the Society for Aggravating Accidents in Mines, the Young Men's Association for Throwing Orange Peel on the Pavement, the Friends of Animosity, and the Bite-each-other Society.—*Fun.*

THE "COSTA RICA."

Unqualified praise is due Mr. Wm. Waddell, Acting Superintendent of the Pacific Mail Co., for his prompt and unflagging energy in saving the *Costa Rica*, which threatened to become a total and unmanageable wreck. His work is to be the more especially commended, since the wiseheads all croaked and declared it a thing impossible to be done. The thanks of the company should be gratefully his, since by his skill and promptitude he has not only saved a valuable steamer, which they could ill afford to add to their list of losses, but he has prevented much aggravating delay. Being so far away from the principal office and officers, his responsibilities have been doubly great, but he has shouldered them manfully.

"LET DOGS DELIGHT," ETC.

God! how the newspapers haggle,
Chronicle, Bulletin, Call;
Giving each other the lie direct,
Predicting each other's fall.

Manufacturing lies by day,
Setting them up at night;
Giving us worse than no news at all,
For their news is never right.

Insulting women, slandering men,
Selling all truth for gold;
Giving the stab when the night is dark
To the trusting friend they sold.

Sneaking their way with honeyed words
Into unsuspecting homes;
Dragging the family skeleton forth,
Dishonoring dead men's bones.

Debasing the upright spirit of man
To worship at Dives' feet;
But letting the poor in their misery
Perish like dogs in the street.

Blazoning forth in their largest type
Each trifling deed of the great;
Recording only the poor man's crime—
The fruit of a bitter fate.

Stooping to humor a vulgar herd
That delights in murder and blood;
Piling up horror on horror's head
To get at the gold in the mud.

Spying the mote in their brother's eye,
Forgetting the beam in their own.
They scatter the seeds of dissension now—
They shall reap as they have sown.

T. A. H.

EUGENE CASSERLY.

That the end justifies the means, and that evil can be done that good may come, are Jesuitical *dictas*, followed out to the letter by Eugene Casserly. We can, however, speak with more confidence about the former than the latter, for it is a serious matter of doubt whether the good Casserly will do by his re-election, will ever counterbalance the evils already perpetrated by him. Utterly cold and superlatively selfish, Casserly is willing to sacrifice friends and party in order that he may satisfy the ambition which, if the Democratic Committee speak the truth, (and as Casserly has never contradicted them, we presume they do), has already cost him more than he cares to own to the public. These charges Casserly has thought fit to *try* and treat with contempt. Silent contempt does well enough when the person exercising it stands sufficiently high above his fellow men to make the position tenable, but when a man like Casserly plays that role, he fills the part about as well and gracefully as Little Mac would the part of "Coriolanus." A diplomatist of the Jesuitical school, Casserly has brought into play all the experience gained from a continued intercourse with the unscrupulous Jesuits. What cares Casserly if Republicans, Democrats, or bastard Dolly Vardens win so long as Casserly is Senator. These tactics are all very well, but what will be the inevitable result of such fast and loose play? The result will be that neither Dolly Vardens, nor Democrats will support him, and that his deep laid schemes will be the cause of his own downfall. Ambition is well enough, and every man should have more or less of it, but with it he should also have some sense of right and wrong, some honor and some regard for the party under whose auspices he took his first step up the political ladder. That Casserly would make, and has made a good Senator, we do not doubt, but we must own to some grave suspicions concerning the ways and means by which he obtained the Senatorship and is now seeking a re-election. Let Casserly bear in mind the fact that rich and conning though he may be, his conduct has made enemies that will spare neither of these to effect his downfall. All men cannot hope to aspire to be Napoleons, and expect men to sacrifice everything, like they did for him. He treated men and parties as so many chessmen, but then Casserly is hardly a Napoleon, and what would succeed with the one would turn out a miserable and presumptuous failure in the other. Even the worm will turn when trodden under foot, and some worms can bite, as Mr. Casserly will find out to his cost. Two years ago Casserly came the same trick, of splitting up the Democratic party, the only difference being that he called it the High Joint Committee instead of the Dolly Vardens. Can he after this expect to be supported by the Democrats? No! emphatically no! In fact, had not the President come to the rescue, Mr. Casserly's first senatorship would have been a *very* brief one.

RE-OPENED.

Martin & Horton have re-opened their "Sawdust Den" on Clay street, just below Montgomery. During their temporary banishment to the seclusion of Leidesdorff street, their disappearance from their old, time-honored haunt has been mourned by a multitude of lovers of "old Bourbon straight," and of those mysterious "mixed drinks" which "the Wizard" has such a marvelous skill in concocting. The thirsty public will rejoice that the place which for sixteen years knew Martin & Horton will now know them again. Their feet are once more upon their native heather. Leidesdorff street mourns their loss. Clay street rejoices and exults over their return. Their new saloon (covering the old ground) is a marvel of taste and elegance. It is adorned by Pellegrini's choicest frescoes, and is in every respect "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Ever since their sad exile to Leidesdorff street, Martin's spirits have drooped, and Horton has had no pleasure in fast horses. But now that they are back to their old stamping ground, things will be normal again, and the heart of Californian pioneer will pulsate jubilantly as of yore. To-day (Saturday) Martin & Horton will receive their old and new friends, on Clay street, the first door below Montgomery.

THE SPEECH OF SENATOR A. A. SARGENT.

At the State Fair, Senator Sargent delivered the annual address of the State Agricultural Society. He began by comparing the condition, manners, etc., of the farmer of Henry VIII's time with that of the American farmer of the present time. He touched upon the wonderful improvements made in all branches of agricultural machinery, and the advantages derived from them. He then went on to explain and comment upon the transportation question, and showed that the Illinois Railway Laws would not do here. Touching cheap freights he said: "Cheap freights and fares cannot be promoted by such warfare as

PURPOSELY CRIPPLES RAILROADS,

or adds needlessly greater burdens to those they now sustain. It is a misfortune that some powerful influences, which profess great zeal to reduce railroad charges, are very active in devising modes to make the maintenance of railroads expensive. Any one can recall instances of this inconsistent policy. I will briefly refer to one such instance. In the last Congress a question arose as to whether the Union and Central Pacific railroads should pay the interest that had accrued on their bonds issued by the Government, and the interest hereafter as it falls due, or whether under the terms of the contract the Government was to pay this interest until the maturity of the bonds, when principal and interest is to be repaid by the companies, one-half the compensation for transportation done for the United States, however, to be applied, as it is earned, on the interest. The amount of bonds issued by the Government to the Central Pacific Railroad Company was $25,885,120, the annual interest on which is one and a half millions. Up to this time the company has paid one-half of the transportation money on the interest; but there remains due for back interest, which the Government has paid, $6,419,892. To a California representative, desiring cheap freights and fares, and the welfare of the State, the question was a momentous one—Shall this matter be so decided that, except for one-half the transportation money, this great sum shall be paid by all the people of the United States; a payment easily made by a tax of ten cents per gallon on whisky; or shall it be paid by the people of California alone? If to the annual expenses of the railroad for the next twenty-five years $1,500,000 are to be added, that sum must be met out of the proceeds of the road. The interest on the $6,419,892 must also be annually paid; bringing up the additional yearly cost of maintaining the road in the future nearly $2,000,000. To meet the payment, that amount of money must be annually exported from the State. Does any one suppose that this will not lighten the pressure on our money market? that the interests of the State will not suffer? that it would disastrously affect only a few railroad directors? On the Union Pacific the additional annual burden would be about $2,000,000 more. Instead of hoping for any reduction of freights and fares, the prospect, with such added burdens, would be, at least, their maintenance at present rates, but probably an increase. No advantage would be gained by forcing the present companies into bankruptcy by such means, for the railroad would either step running, or any new company taking it would have to do so with this added burden upon it. In any event the people of this State would be great sufferers. Therefore, as a

QUESTION OF STATE POLICY,

to save an injurious burden being laid upon the industrial interests of the State, some of your representatives contended against the new construction of the liabilities of these companies. For so doing they were roundly abused by the newspaper guardians of the people, who clamor for lower freights and fares, and for every expense and injury to those who are to furnish them, which may tend to make compliance with the demand impossible. I looked in vain at the time for any statement in those papers as to the effect of an addition of four millions annually to the expenses of the Pacific Railroad; for any expression of a fear that such an added burden would keep up or enhance railroad charges; for any statement of the law which had to be constructed under oath; for any recognition of an honest motive on the part of those who were striving to avert the fall of this great load upon the people; for any admission that when the Legislature considered the subject of reducing railroad charges, it would have to allow a margin to cover two millions more of necessary expenses per annum. I only learned from such sources that your representatives were

DESTITUTE OF HONOR AND STATESMANSHIP,

because, instead of trying to avert, they did advocate this imposition."

The Galaxy, for October, is, indeed, a brochure. It contains some beautiful poetry. Prominent among which is a piece by Edgar Fawcett called "At Parting," which we quote elsewhere. There are also several interesting stories. The part devoted to science teems with useful information. Taken as a whole, it is one of the best numbers we have seen of a magazine always good.

"**Why were Adam and Eve** turned out of Paradise?" demanded a school examiner. The child questioned hesitated a moment, and then replied, "Probably they were turned out because they couldn't pay their rent."

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The Italian journals relate that the environs of Catanzaro, Calabria, are infested by a band of brigands under the command of a young woman. She is only twenty years of age, and of great beauty. Her name is Maria, the widow of Pietro Monico, a bandit chief, who was killed in an encounter with the gendarmes. At his death she seized his carbine and swore to revenge him. Some time after a young man, the son of a wealthy farmer, fell in love with her, and joined her band in order to be able to prosecute his suit. He was, however, peremptorily rejected, and, in order to avenge himself, betrayed her to the authorities. She was arrested, tried, and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment. While undergoing her punishment, a warder becoming enamored of her, favored her escape, and accompanied her, but was stabbed to death by her orders immediately she had rejoined her band. Since that period she has become still more redoubtable, her audacity and activity having redoubled, and she has made herself the terror of the country. She burns farms, carries off cattle, and levies forced contributions. The slightest disobedience to her orders is punished by death. Her troop is numerous, and always well informed by the peasantry, through dread of vengeance.

A prettier guide to matrimony has seldom been devised than the prize competed for recently by the bachelor Volunteers of Biggar. A handsome gold ring was given by the ladies of the neighborhood, the winner to retain it for a year, unless in the interim he should become disqualified by matrimony for further competition, on which happy event the ring becomes his own in perpetuity. Mars and Venus in conjunction are of happy augury, and there is something peculiarly attractive in a marksman winning the wedding ring and the right to wear it. Volunteers have been sometimes accused of being too commercially eager for substantial prizes, instead of wooing the marksman's fitting mistress, honor; but the Biggar riflemen may be absolved from such invidious insinuations. We trust, however, that, for the sake of all students of sociology, a careful record will be preserved in the archives of the corps as to the ultimate fate of the ring winners.

To the insect tribe is due the use of one of the most powerful agents in alleviating pain—chloroform. The little ant contains a substance called formic acid, about which old John Ray and Martin Lester corresponded a century ago, and they found that it contained an acid, and so it got into books as formic acid. It was found to be composed of compound radical formyle, and three atoms of oxygen. Dumas substituted chlorine for the oxygen, and thus obtained terchloride of formyle, which is chloroform. Then it was found that either was capable of taking away all sensations of the human body; and Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, found that terchloride of formyle was more thoroughly adapted for this purpose than either. And so this great boon to humanity came through the study of insects.

The Paris Mint is at this moment coining enormous quantities of silver five-franc pieces, the approaching circulation of which will have for effect to restrict the emission of the small notes of the Bank of France, which have rendered great service to the country and prevented a monetary crisis. As for gold, which has gradually disappeared by degrees as the payments to Germany were made, and which has become as scarce as before 1848, hopes are entertained of seeing it shortly as plentiful as ever, after the liquidation of the last installment, which takes place in September.

It is said that the reigning Duke of Brunswick is about to bring an action to cancel the late Duke's will, on the ground that the bulk of his property, especially the art treasures, was only held by him in trust, and could not therefore be passed out of his family. If this view should be adopted, the property will descend to Duke William, of Brunswick, and after him to the House of Hanover.

LAND SHARKS.

The land sharks sit around the board
And chant in strains sonorous,
Away their gains are safely stored
And thus they sing in chorus:
"Accidents! Rubbish! we care not a fig—
Smash em and gash 'em,
Crash 'em and hash 'em—
What are the odds, if the dividend's big!"

They stint the wages, they scrimp the work,
With lives for profit gamble;
Preventive measures calmly shirk,
For ill-got gains to scramble,
"Accidents! Rubbish! we care not a fig—
Smash 'em and gash 'em,
Crash 'em and hash 'em—
What do we care so the dividend's big!"

But by and by will come the end,
And then their sins they'll groan for;
When every man his dividend
Of murder must atone for!
"Accidents! Rubbish! we care not a fig—
Smash 'em and gash 'em,
Crash 'em and hash 'em—
What do we heed so the dividend's big!"

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

Mr. Editor:—I deem it a solemn Christian duty which I owe to my God, to humanity, and to myself, to call the attention of this unthinking community to the manifold blessings which they enjoy, in addition to the permanent dispensation of daily favors, showered upon us by a beneficent Providence in the shape of rum, rent, rags, religion and rascals; mange, measles, mould and mildew; small-pox, scurvy Chinee, potato rot, and a thousand and one other blessings too numerous to mention. I repeat, that in addition to all the above quoted favors; this Commonwealth hath received, at the hand of the Christian's divinity, an especial consideration in the shape of a holy conclave known as the Methodist Conference, which has been in session in this city for some time past. A small obscure sheet known as the San Francisco *Chronicle*, having only a limited local circulation in the city, has published and laid before its readers a garbled report of the proceedings of this august body, which statement is entirely incorrect. I do not wish to be understood as doubting the zeal, energy, honesty of purpose, truth and integrity of the itemizer of the above-mentioned small paper; I only state that the taste, habits, feelings, and antecedent surroundings of the little reporter, has shaped his pathway in the lower walks of life, reducing his naturally diminutive intellect to a hopelessly narrow circle of comprehension, rendering his perceptive faculties totally inadequate to the appreciation of the needs, wants, desires, hopes, aspirations and ultimate object of this holy band of self-sacrificing mortals known as the Methodist Episcopal Conference. Among the proceedings at the first day's meeting was a resolution passed, unanimously inviting your humble servant, the Parson, to attend. I acknowledged the honor, and responded to the invitation in the mild, modest and diffident manner becoming a man of God, and accepted. At the earnest solicitation of Bishop Peck, I now propose to give to this God-fearing community, through the only reliable religious journal on this coast, the *News Letter*, a correct, condensed report of the proceedings of the M. E. Conference.

First day, assembled at sharp 5 A.M., Bishop Peck in the Chair. Prayer by Brother Simonds: Our Father who art in Heaven (Voice in the gallery, "Owed Brown fourteen dollars, and paid him seven"), hallowed be Thy name (Voice, "Ill receipt my bill for one half the same"); Simonds closed out with a faint Amen. Brother Ross, the presiding elder, then gave out the following beautiful hymn, every member joining in the heavenly strain. Air—"Blessed Union."

Come, all good people, learn to tell
How our lay brother, John Magell,
Drank Jones' rum till down he fell,
And there he lay as drunk as hell,
And felt that blessed union.

Brother Benson then secured the floor, and stated, in substance, that this conference had met for business, whereupon Brother Gaber of Oakland arose, and said: Dear Brethren: As this is a business call, I wish to draw your attention to a superior article of peg shoes, my own manufacture, and I offer them at a very low figure for cash. You will find them all as per sample here exhibited. Next, was called by the chair. Brother Bower, from Red Dog, jumped up, and stated that he was turning out a fine quality of playing cards; they are made of dog skin, and are very durable, and, in place of the vulgar spots seen on those wicked gambling cards, the face of his cards were finely illustrated with beautiful Bible allegories—such as angels, houris, cherubs, naiads, nymphs, and the three graces. Bower sat down amidst the cries of Amen, glory, bless the Lord, from all parts of the house. Brother Briggs wished to draw their attention to a very superior article of soft soap; a full supply was subscribed for by every member. Eye-opener, was next in order, after which Brother Tood, from Hangtown, drew from his pocket a patent clothes-pin, saying that he wished to have it introduced into all the Methodist

theological schools. He said it was specially adapted to young students, and if worn as a compress on the nose, they would acquire the unadulterated nasal twang so useful at camp-meetings. Elder T. B. Tansey closed the first day's labors by singing the following beautiful verses from the songs of Solomon. Air—"When Shall I See Jesus?"

Low on a slippery place I stand,
A sparkling drink on either hand,
And know not which to try;
Behind me rum, before me gin,
My book says both are deadly sin,
Yet I am awful dry.

The first day's proceedings was a fair sample of each succeeding day's labor; each and every member had something to sell on his own account, or held an agency from some absent Brother. There were for sale patent articles of every description, medicine, shoe knives, paper collars, oyster tongs, flea powder, chewing gum, snake root, henbane, unk weed, and a host of other important blessings, with which humanity is burdened, and the ultimate end, aim and object of the conference was to extend the field of its labors and widen the circle of Methodism, until it should enfold in its grasping embrace all civilization; the final result to be money—hordes of money—for the leaders and directors of the pious movement. By special request, Mr. *News Letter*, I ask you to append to the foregoing report the following beautiful chant, which was improvised for the occasion, and sung by the conference, standing, at the closing scene, on the last day of its labors. The air was taken from an old shanty song, much used by negro sailors in the West Indies, and is called "John, Come Down with the Hi Lo:"

SONG.

Oh, brother, don't you know me?
Hurrah! hurrah!
The way to heaven I'll show thee;
Hang, boys, hang.
The devil sure will seize us,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Unless we go to Jesus;
Hang, boys, hang.
We'll hang and hang together,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll hang in stormy weather,
Hang, boys, hang.
The bed I mean to lie on
Hurrah! hurrah!
Is on the hill of Zion;
Hang, boys, hang.

We'll cross the river Jordan,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Along with Brother Gordon;
Hang, boys, hang.
We'll reach that blissful Aiden,
Hurrah! hurrah!
With golden glory laden;
Hang, boys, hang.
That land of milk and honey,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll reach by getting money;
Hang, boys, hang.
Come death and waft us over
Hurrah! hurrah!
To those endless fields of clover;
Hang, boys, hang.

Yours, in hunger, THE PARSON.

THE OAKS, September, 1873.

PURE CUSSEDNESS.

Having carried the recent election by arguments addressed to the ignorance of the masses—by appeals to that august tribunal which the late Mr. Mill describes as "That miscellaneous collection of a few wise and many foolish individuals called the public"—the communistic demagogues who inaugurated in San Francisco the crusade against "aggregated capital," are now taking measures to perpetuate their power. Believing in Carlyle's classification of mankind as "mostly fools," they naturally think the chances good for persuading a majority of the electors that the question of "monopoly or anti-monopoly" ought to enter into a judicial election. A Judge of the Supreme Court—the highest judicial tribunal in the State—is soon to be chosen. The two political parties have made nominations which are on all hands conceded to be excellent. The most violent partisans do not breathe a word against either the professional or personal character of Dwinelle or McKee. There is no pretence of any lack of qualifications on the part of either. And yet Pickering and Paul Morrill and Swift, and the Dolly Varden crew generally, seem determined to make a third nomination, though they know perfectly well that the election of their candidate is a sheer impossibility. If this course is not the result of a mere wanton desire to make mischief, to ruin the roast or pitch it into the fire, then it argues an amount of mental perspicacity on the part of the Dolly Varden leaders such as we might expect to find in an individual of ripe years who had been born an idiot, and had ever since been going through a process of intellectual deterioration. [Since the above was in type, our prediction has been fulfilled. The "Convention," notwithstanding strong opposition on the part of some of its own members, persisted in making a nomination, and Judge McKinstry is the candidate. In what respect he is a better man for the position than Judge Dwinelle, it will puzzle his most devoted friends to say.]

Said an inquiring child: "Mamma, what does the paper mean by saying that the Tichborne case is to go on '*de die in diem*'?" Mamma replied: "I think, my dear, it means that it is to go on till somebody in it dies."

LATEST FROM LONDON---SPECIAL REPORT OF ENGLISH MARKET INTELLIGENCE.

Corn---Since the beginning of harvest we have been visited with broken weather, and consequently our supplies are not all of them in such good condition as we recently anticipated. All that was gathered early is fine and in magnificent condition ; that which was gathered late is damp and second-rate. The best samples sold at an advance of 1s to 2s per quarter, and the same advance was paid upon California Wheat. The increase in the price of barley has continued, and the advance of 1s a quarter has to be recorded. Maize advanced 6d per quarter, and the inquiry for all sorts is very heavy. Nothing is so noticeable in the Exchange as the increasing relative values of Californian Wheat, which, having long distanced all other foreign importations in price, now advances even more quickly than do home growths. Ruling prices during the week—English Wheat, white, 69s to 71s ; Red, 64s to 68s ; Californian, 64s to 81s.

CATTLE -The market is bare of best English grazed Cattle, and business is brisk at a slight advance on the foreign side. Cattle, Sheep and Hogs have each advanced ; Veal is scarce, and the Lamb season is over. Prices for best qualities, sinking the offal. Oxen, 6s 6d ; Sheep, 6s 10d ; Veal, 6s ; Pork, 6s 6d per stone of eight pounds.

HOPS—Picking is going on actively, but the Hops have been injured by the high winds, and come down in a bruised condition. Although the accounts are discouraging, the market is not excited. Prices are firm and slightly increased, but buyers are waiting to see what importations will do for us. Closing prices—Kentish, £4 10s to £6 6s ; Surrey, £6 12s ; Bavarian, £6 to £7 7s ; American, £3.

IRON.—A very decided improvement is noticeable in the Iron Market, and this is the more remarkable, as recent utterances of our leading journals have led some of us to believe that the trade was going in a lump to your side of the water. Pig Iron, which commenced to rise in value three weeks ago, went steadily up from 105s. to 112s. 4d., at which price it closed this day week. But this week has witnessed a regular further advance, and the closing quotation this day is 118s. 9d., at which rate there are plenty of buyers. During the week the quotations have only varied from 117s. 6d. to 118s. 9d.

MINES AND MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.—Great depression has been observable in these securities during the past few days, owing to the stagnation in Germany, where the Bourses are closed for the deliberation of the anniversary of the victories at Sedan, and news of a slight decline in the American markets. Emma, Tecoma and Last Chance were low. Closing quotations: Eberhardt and Aurora, 5⅛ ; Emma, 3¼ ; Flagstaff, 4¾ ; Last Chance, 3½ ; Sweetland Creek, 5 ; Tecoma, 2⅛. London and San Francisco Bank declared, on September 2d, a dividend of 6 per cent., or 12 per cent. per share, free of income tax, out of the half year's earnings ending June 30th last. Their shares have been steadily marching up in value these three months, and this will certainly not send them back.

RAILWAYS.—English Railways very heavy, traffic returns being somewhat discouraging. American slightly depressed, owing to the rate of exchange being everywhere against this market. An uncertainty prevailed about Erie dividends, and that stock fell ¼ as against a rise of a dollar last week. The speculators for a fall are trying hard to turn the current in their favor, and to make up for recent heavy losses. Appearances are decidedly more hopeful for them than they were, and it cannot be denied that the recent upward movement is checked.

U. S. GOVERNMENT STOCK.—In spite of the slackness in all stocks, the U. S. Securities are firm, and the 5-20 6 per cents, 1865, have risen ¼. In all others there is no change.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Thos. Hill has returned from his Summer tour, bringing with him a magnificent series of sketches of Donner Lake and other views around the Summit and vicinity. He has some interesting studies of Mt. Lyell and its glacier, and also some views of Yosemite from new points. The series numbers about seventy oil sketches of fair size, besides any number of minor studies. We must in this connection reiterate a suggestion made by us formerly, that the Art Association should set apart an evening for "sketch exhibition," and now is the time to do it, when our artists are returning laden with their studies taken directly from nature. Such are not unfrequently far superior to their finished works, and always have a freshness and truth unattainable in studio work. As regards Mr. Hill's sketches, which would of themselves form a very interesting little exhibition, we must say that they are crisp and forcible, full of daylight and charming color, and quite finished enough for the appreciation of all but the utterly obtuse in art.

A general meeting of the members of the Art Association is called for Tuesday evening at 7½ o'clock, when important business will be laid before the Society. We are glad to learn that the Art Library is rapidly increasing in volume and volumes. A. S. Halladie has recently made a handsome donation of works bearing on Art to the Association.

Eusebius is the name of an old Latin Philosopher, and if Muller's Spectacles could speak they would shout his name, for by their aid men certainly do see.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

The Queen is at Balmoral. Mr. Gladstone remains Minister in attendance. —Prince Arthur has left Trouville for the Channel Islands. There is no doubt that he had a very narrow escape from drowning.—Further changes in the Ministry are likely to take place in October. Mr. Monsell will retire from the Postmaster-Generalship. The *Times* speculates on the appointment of Mr. Ayrton to the Post-Office, Mr. Vernon Harcourt to be his successor as Judge-Advocate-General.—The *Times* further hints at the retirement of the Duke of Argyll, the appointment of Mr. Lowe as Secretary of State for India, and the offer of the Home Office to Mr. Bouverie.—It is expected that Mr. Disraeli will deliver his address as Lord Rector of the Glasgow University in November.—Lord F. Cavendish, on joining the Ministry, has been re-elected for the West Riding unopposed.—The candidates for Shaftesbury are Mr. Danby Seymour (Liberal) and Mr. Bennett Stanford (Conservative).—The four Americans engaged in the Bank forgeries have been found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Great excitement was produced in London by a discovered conspiracy to liberate them. —In the Tichborne Claimant's trial the Court has been occupied with hearing witnesses, who swear that the claimant, be he whom he may, is not Arthur Orton. —Two serious and fatal railway accidents have taken place—one at Eastbourne and the other at Retford. In the latter case an excursion train was cut in two.— The first of a number of life-ships has been launched at Southampton. It is named the *Peronelle*, and is to keep watch in the Channel to succor vessels in distress.— The flag difficulty, or some other, is declared to have put an end to the Royalist's fusion negotiations in France.—A Ministerial crisis is imminent at Madrid on the question of the execution of certain condemned insurgents.—Senor Castelar is elected President of the Spanish Cortes.—Cartagena is still held by the insurgents.—King Victor Emmanuel, who goes to Vienna next month, has received an invitation to Berlin.—The Grand Vizier of Persia is said to have come to a perfect understanding with the Ottoman Government on all questions pending between Turkey and Persia.—The safety of Elmina is assured by the latest reports from Cape Coast Castle.—Sir Andrew Clarke is gazetted Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Straits Settlement.—The total English Exchequer receipts from April 1 to August 23 amount to £26,811,647 against £27,083,725 last year.— Edwin James is a candidate for Parliament in Marylebone. He is making an active canvass. He has received numerous pledges of influential support.—The *Provincial Correspondence* says the visit of King Victor Emmanuel to Vienna and Berlin offers to Europe other guarantees of an effective peace policy on the part of Italy, Austria, and Prussia.—PARIS. The leaders of the Right propose to call a grand re-union, to be held in this city at an early day. They have hopes of a division in the Bonapartist ranks.—*Herald* special from St. Domingo, September 18th, says: The insurgents have been totally defeated. Marcia has recognized Dais. Monte Cristo has been retaken. A schooner containing ammunition has been captured. Luperon has fled to Hayti.—ROME.—Francis Guerrazza, who was proclaimed Dictator in Rome in 1849, died on Tuesday at the age of sixty-eight years.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

Dexter Taft, an old Californian and wealthy mine owner, died on Tuesday night at the Occidental Hotel.—The blacklegs and gamblers are beginning to return to this city from Sacramento.—Judge Dwinelle dismissed the suit of Russell Card against Warren Loud, to recover $70,000 for the alleged seduction of plaintiff's wife.—A post mortem examination on the body of P. G. Postel, who fell dead at the Alameda ferry on Monday, showed the cause of death to have been apoplexy.— The friends of Jack Sheppard, who recently performed the feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, have tendered him a ball at La Grande Armory Hall this evening.—The United States steamer *Tuscarora*, in sounding in the Pacific, thirty miles from the Farallones, in a northwesterly direction, found a depth of water of over two miles, the thermometer showing a temperature of 35 degrees Fahrenheit. —It is said that the new line of steamers between this port and Guaymaz, La Paz and the Colorado river will be put on on or about the 5th of October, the steamer *Montana* running alternately with the *Newbern*, making trips every twenty days.—The Kennavan Zouaves have applied to the Board of Supervisors for permission to use as a drilling-room a portion of the old City and County Hospital. The company is composed of "young men born and educated in the Second Ward," as the petition shows.—In the Fifteenth District Court, the suit of E. D. Wheeler and John A. McQuaid against Samuel Brannan, to recover $10,140, alleged to be due for legal services rendered, was dismissed. Brannan denied the indebtedness, and filed a counter claim of $800 for office rents.—The unknown man who died at the corner of Dolores and Sixteenth streets last Friday was buried without having been identified.—The *Costa Rica* has been safely towed into dock, and will, no doubt, soon be in sea-going order.—D. T. Phillips, City Attorney of San Diego, is at the Russ House.—Captain Lapidge, ever since his ship ran ashore, has remained on board, as well as his officers and crew. Now the ship is docked they will have a chance to get sleep and rest.—The man who fell from the Montgomery and Broadway-streets cliff, Monday afternoon, and killed himself, was named John Curtin. For a long time he had been employed as barkeeper at Phil McGovern's saloon, corner of Kearny and Market streets.—T. G. Cockrill, Chief of Police elect, is seriously ill.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The local item column has come to be a feature of every paper, daily or weekly. It is generally the first column upon which the eye falls. People want to find out what is going on in their own burgh before they look to see whether the government changed yesterday in France, or if Victoria is at Windsor or Balmoral. The opening of Montgomery Avenue is of a great deal more consequence to a San Franciscan than the opening of the Isthmus of Suez. We like to know who was run away with, or thrown, or drowned, who is here, and who is coming. We like to know Irving's latest lie, and Dudley's latest *lapsus linguæ*. But we really don't care to read any of these items more than once. The local reporters copying the *News Letter* and *Danbury* man have tried to infuse a spirit of facetiousness into their items, and we are willing to laugh at their jokes—once. They really do become stale by repetition, and the locals do most unblushingly repeat themselves. If an item chance to fit comfortably into the head line it is used for many successive days with the most sublime assurance. Its familiar appearance causes the reader to imagine himself indulging in a daily a week old, and there is a constant and perplexing reference to the front page for date. For many, many days the locals informed us that Fred Lyster was going East. It is most gratifying to find that the gentleman has really gone. Not that we bear any animus towards him, but that it will be refreshing to read the line changed to read—Fred Lyster has gone East. Unless, indeed, he be displaced by the *Costa Rica*, of which we have several times read that it is in the Dry Dock. Miss May Howard will open in *As Good As Gold* is another favorite announcement. The young lady has given that remarkable performance on paper more times, we imagine, than can be comfortable. Every one knows how long Sothern and McCullough were kept on that fishing excursion. Boss Tweed's departure was the signal for a general outbreak of the new item for another week. The hanging of Captain Jack is the chronic paragraph just now, the dailies having just got over the Graphic Balloon. If they would only vary the phraseology, that we might read the familiar item in new diction, the change would be agreeable; but the evening papers copy from the morning, and vice versa. The journal of to-day copies from its own issue of yesterday, and we are conscious of chewing a cud of already digested hash with a new onion or potato thrown in to give it fresher flavor.

CALIFORNIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.

We are glad to see that the Eastern people recognize the artistic talent of Mr. Muybridge, who is with Bradley & Rulofson. We quote the following: "Perhaps the most remarkble of the Geyser springs is that called, happily enough, the Witches' Caldron. This is a black cavernous opening in the solid rock, about seven feet across, and of unknown depth, filled with thick inky liquid, boiling hot, that tumbles and roars under the pressure of escaping steam, emitting a smell like hat of bilge-water, and seems to proceed from some Plutonic reservoir. One irresistibly thinks of the hellbroth in *Macbeth*, so "thick and slab," and repeats the words of the weird sisters:

> "Double, double, toil and trouble,
> Fire burn and caldron bubble."

A clever photographer, MR. MUYBRIDGE, conceived the idea of grouping three lady visitors about this caldron, with hands linked, and alpenstocks held like magic wands, in which position he photographed them amid the vaporous scene with telling effect. Another notable spot is the Devil's Gristmill, where a large column of steam escapes from a hole in the rock with so much force that stones and sticks laid at the aperture are blown away like bits of paper. The internal noises at this vent truly resemble the working of a gristwheel. Milton's hero is sponsor for another spring called the Devil's Inkstand, notable for its black waters, specimens of which are taken off in small vials, and used at the hotel to inscribe the names of guests on the register.—*From 'The Geysers of California,' by Benj. P. Avery; Scribner's for October.*"

WHAT WE OWE TO OUR GOLD SYSTEM.

In the midst of the rumbling and tremors of the financial earthquake that has been felt throughout the Atlantic States, California has stood unshaken. Not even so much as a vibration has reached us. All along the Eastern sea-board from New York to Augusta (Ga.) there has been a series of failures and suspensions. Turning Westward, the panic crossed the Alleghanies at a bound, spread to the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Rocky Mountains; but was arrested in its course before reaching the Sierras. In Richmond, Charleston, Augusta, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago its presence brought consternation and affright. As far West as Kansas City, where all the banks suspended in a day, it carried confusion and disaster. But while in all the business and financial centers at the East the condition of things is so disturbed, everything goes on here as usual; while many banks and business firms have suspended or failed there, not a single case of suspension or financial embarassment resulting from the panic has occurred in San Francisco; here there has been no alarm, no run upon any bank, no disturbance of the ordinary course of business. This happy immunity from the perturbations of the panic we owe to our sound and wholesome financial system, based upon a currency representing intrinsic values.

GOVERNOR BOOTH AND HIS STAFF.

We had the pleasure of inspecting, at Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson's gallery, one of the most remarkable specimens of photographic work probably ever executed. It is a large picture, seventy-two by fifty-six inches, of Governor Booth surrounded by his staff. One peculiar feature in a party of gentlemen; to a republican form of government is, that the Governor wears the simplest dress of a citizen of his State, whose his staff very properly wear their brilliant uniforms. But it is of the merits of the picture as a work of art that we would speak. The grouping is excellent; there is no crowding, but each person appears to fall as naturally into place as if he had walked in to pay a visit in a drawing-room. Of course, the governor is the principal personage, as he stands surrounded by Adjutant-General Foote, Colonels Sherwood, Campbell, Buckner and Ledger Mills, Lieut.-Colonels Forrester, Hook, Spencer, Hancock, Hastings and Harney, all of them in various soldier-like positions, some sitting, others standing, but all in perfect harmony with ease of pose. The background photographed, cannot be said to be good. The tone is too strong and the contrast too abrupt, the very white and dark being here brought too near. The consequence is, a confusion of perspective and roughness and prominence of the figures that is objectionable. For want of a better word, we should call this work a photo-crayon. The artist, to whom all praise is due, is Mr. Max Rachert, so long known in connection with Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson's *atelier*.

THE TIMES' GREAT LIBEL SUIT.

The London "Thunderer," having consented not to liquidate Mr. Rubery's demand of £20,000, as the amount of damage sustained by him in consequence of the publication of an alleged libelous article charging said Rubery with complicity in the famous Spink and Arnold diamond swindle, has sent out an attorney to the United States to collect evidence for the defence. The *Times*, instead of backing out, apologizing, or compromising, proud as "proud Albion" that is, loudly averred that all the naughty things defendant had said about the plaintiff were true, and that defendant was prepared to prove the same. Mr. Somes, a London attorney, is now in San Francisco taking testimony in the case before Messrs. Morton S. Latham and F. D. Atherton, as commissioners. Several prominent citizens connected with the affair, as victims, have already been examined. Attorney Somes exercising a deliberate and methodical style of conducting his examination, together with the unruffled self-easiness of his demeanor, furnishes a curious contrast to the excited, fiery manner which characterizes the American lawyer, who, as a general thing, would rather sacrifice a point than lose an opening for a joke.

Bledgett Road Scraper Manufacturing Co.—This company has one of their [illegible] Scrapers [illegible] completed. This machine does all that was expected of it, which was fully demonstrated on trial the other day. The company is now prepared to supply contractors, farmers, and others in quantities and at prices within the range of all. For grading and leveling purposes it undoubtedly excels everything of the kind ever introduced in California. For economy and saving of labor in every respect to be used to appreciate its full value. The machine may be seen at the Railroad Car and Carriage Manufacturing Co., and all information in regard to it may be obtained on application to Mr. H. K. Moore, the President of the company, at No. 328 California street.

Tom Dibdin had a cottage near Box Hill, to which, after his theatrical labors, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night, after Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin had been in bed some time, Mrs. D., being kept awake by the violence of the weather, aroused her husband, exclaiming, "Tom, Tom, get up!" "What for?" said he. "Don't you hear how very hard the wind is?" "Is it?" replied Dibdin, half asleep, "I ought to get up and not help praising." "Get a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear, it is the best thing in the world for the wind."

This is a story told of Mr Thomas Carlyle. It is said that a lady who lived near him kept Cochin China fowl, and the crowing was such a nuisance that the philosopher sent in to complain of it. The lady appeared to was frightened. "Why," she said, "the fowls only crow four times a day, and how can Mr Carlyle be seriously annoyed by that?" "The lady forgets," was the characteristic rejoinder, "the pains I suffer in waiting for those four crows."

A Chinese Doctor.—Li Po Tai is a Chinese doctor who has made much money and fame in San Francisco, and this is the diagnosis of the case of a gentleman who consulted him: "I think you too much dance, too much eat, too much foo, round. If you dance you no get better, too much eating no good, too much fooling round no good. Good-bye."

[From the San Francisco News Letter of Sept. 27th.]

FAREWELL.

Dear Old News Letter: The winds of Destiny waft this human bark to tropical havens. Can I depart without saying, "Farewell; and if forever, still fare thee well." For two years I have been honored as an editorial writer on the *News Letter*, and during that time our relations have been of the most cordial character. I have had many things to admire, but above all do I glory in the complete intellectual liberty which you accorded me. The human mind conceives no thought, however bold and startling, even though mocking at the prejudices of centuries, which you dare not publish. Shams hoary with age and intrenched in vast power; frauds sanctified for time immemorial with venal veneration; wrongs and abuses fortified by ignorance and wealth, had no terrors for the old *News Letter*. As your correspondent, I shall carry this bold and dauntless spirit with me Whatever the good God of Destiny has in store for me through my wanderings in the South Sea Islands, I shall never forget the pleasant memories of our associations. So to you, and all friends, a final adios. If I have made any enemies during seven years of pleasant life in California, I do not deserve them, for I owe no ill-will to any of God's earthly children. My heart is full of mercy, and not malice, towards each and all. In unflinching friendship, your admirer and correspondent.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26, 1873. B. ADONIS.

Too Cunning.—A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the post-office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned the money, he said, "I've done the thing slick. I see a good many folks putting letters in the post-office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

A rural gentleman, visiting a friend in the Third Ward, found in the back yard, after dusk, an immense snake lying in the grass. He procured an ax, and when he had chopped the reptile into about a dozen pieces, he discovered it to be a garden hose which had not been properly hung up in the coal shed.

The gentleman who asserted that his friend never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it, being called upon to apologize, said he was very sorry, but when he made the assertion he did not see the size of his friend's foot.

An Irish sailor visited a city, where he said, they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet lead. Perhaps it was the same man who saw a white blackbird sitting on a wooden milestone eating a red blackberry.

How it Stands.—"Mary, go into the sitting-room, please, and tell me how the thermometer stands." Mary (after investigation): "It stands on the first mantelpiece, jest agin the wall, mem!"

A mathematician being asked by a wag—"If a pig weighs two hundred pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?" he replied, "Jump into the scales, and I will tell you immediately."

A Running Spring.—"It is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be kept perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

A pianoforte maker says that, of all manufactured things, pianos bear the noblest characters, since they are classified as grand, upright, and square.

The man who comes on the stage exactly at his cue is prompt; but the man who does not come on at all is prompter.

How is it that people always complain of a corn on the foot, and never complain of corn in the ear?

Those who have tried it, say that kissing is like a sewing-machine, because it seams good.

COURT CHAT.

The Prince of Wales paid a visit to the turret ship *Devastation*, in Plymouth Sound, on August 23d. On returning, he landed at Cremyll, and walked to the mansion of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, where he was met by a distinguished party, and took luncheon. Later in the afternoon the Earl gave a garden party, at which the Prince, Mr. Cardwell, Sir H. Keppel, Sir William King Hall, Major-General Sir Charles and Lady Staveley, the Dowager Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, and Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe were present. Lord Charles Beresford ran his yacht ashore within sight of the party, who were much concerned at the perilous position of the craft. A steam launch and several ships' boats came to the rescue, and when, after considerable difficulty, they succeeded in getting the yacht off, the Prince led the spectators in cheering the performance. In the evening His Royal Highness entertained a party at dinner on board the *Victoria and Albert*.

The report that the Comte de Paris has declared that the Orleanist party still exists, notwithstanding the personal fusion, is denied (according to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*) in well-informed circles. On the contrary, a letter recently written by the Comte de Paris expresses a totally different view, and is very enthusiastic in favor of the Comte de Chambord. There is no truth (the despatch goes on to say) in the reports of the visit of certain Orleanist deputies to Frohsdorff. Nothing has been changed since August 5th. The Comte de Chambord continues to maintain silence, and even seems disposed to do so for some time longer, as it is stated he will pass the month of September in shooting, and has announced that he will not be able to receive his friends until October, either at Frohsdorff or in France.

The Duke of Edinburgh has set an example which, we trust, will be followed at all concerts, oratorios, and theatrical entertainments, namely, that of remaining until the performance is concluded. Nothing can be more annoying, not only to the artiste, but to the general company, when, just before the termination, a rush is made. There are many—would that the number were greater!—who really go to concerts, operas, and plays to hear and enjoy the music, and as some of the most beautiful compositions are to be met with in the *finales*, it is a sad pity to have them marred by ill-bred persons, anxious to escape before what they term the "awful mob." The same remark is applicable to the theater, for real lovers of the drama do not wish to stir until the curtain drops. It is, then, "a consummation devoutly to be wished" that the example set by the Prince may be universally adopted.

Home Rule with a vengeance is now to be advocated in Dublin. Here is the programme it is to insist upon:—The replacement of the Lord-Lieutenant by a Suzerain (with a nominal title of King), nominated by the Queen, and elected by universal suffrage; the establishment of diplomatic relations with foreign powers; the right of "the people" to confer hereditary titles; 300 peers and 300 commoners elected by universal suffrage to form the Irish Parliament; no peer to sit in the House of Lords unless elected by the people; the right to establish an Irish army and navy, to confiscate the estate of absentees, and to order the sale of their estates; and a pair of breeches, we hope, for Brian O'Lynn, whose deficiencies in this respect have been the theme of eloquent Irish song.

The funeral of the Duke of Brunswick took place August 29th at Geneva with great solemnity. Early in the morning crowds flocked into the city from the neighboring Cantons. The public educational establishments and the shops were closed, and there was a general holiday. The body, having been embalmed, was transferred yesterday to the Hall of the Reformation; and a catafalque, of great hight, was placed in the middle. The Government and municipal authorities were present at the funeral service; and M. Leroyer, the President of the Administrative Council, delivered at the cemetery a funeral oration expressive of the gratitude of Geneva to the Duke.

Sir Henry Holland, who is about 85 years of age, has just left town on his ordinary two months' tour for Nijni-Novgorod. Sir Henry has made eight voyages to the United States and Canada, and one to Jamaica; he has four times traveled over the East; he has made three tours to Algeria, two in Russia, and has several times visited Sweden and Norway, yet he says he has never lost a patient by his wanderings. More than once in returning from America he has begun his round of visits on stepping into his carriage at the Euston Railway Station.

The Pope has appointed thirty new cardinals. Their names are not to be publicly known till after his holiness' death. Should nothing happen to render it expedient for Pius IX. to publish their names before his death, the newly appointed prelates would, on that occurrence, be instantly acknowledged as colleagues by their brethren, and therefore legally empowered and formally invited to sit in the Conclave.

The death is announced of Lady Elizabeth Byron, at the Rectory, Kirkby Mallory, Leicestershire. Her ladyship was the daughter of the late Sacheverell Chandos Pole, Esq., of Radborne, Derbyshire, and was born in 1793. She married March 18th, 1816, George Anson, seventh Lord Byron, Admiral R. N., an extra Lord in Waiting to the Queen. Her ladyship, by marriage, was cousin to the celebrated poet.

The question of Lieutenant-General Hay's successor at the Cape of Good Hope is at present under consideration, and will no doubt be settled on the Commander-in-Chief's return to the Horse Guards from the Continent.

A story is told of the late Duke of Brunswick which gives us some idea as to the way his large fortune accumulated. He went to the circus one evening and bought a programme, giving a piece of four sous in payment. He waited some time for the one sou change, and at length let it fall from his decrepid hand. His Royal Highness was very much disturbed until he had found the piece and placed it carefully in his pocket.

It is stated that before leaving Constantinople the Shah presented his portrait, set in diamonds, to the Grand Vizier and to the Russian ambassador, General Ignatieff. A like gift was proposed to the British ambassador, but Sir Henry Elliot, acting in accordance with the rules of the English diplomatic service, declined it.

The Cologne Gazette says:---Dr. Dudgeon, of Pekin, has received from the Emperor of Russia a beautiful diamond ring as an acknowledgement for his work, "The Relations of Russia with China." The work is based upon researches in the archives of the Russian Embassy at Pekin and Chinese documents and books. As a contribution to the history of Russia in Asia it has extraordinary value.

The Emperor of Austria has ordered a twelve days' mourning for the late Duke Charles of Brunswick, The Brunswick *Weiger Tageblatt* states it to be the opinion of several Brunswick lawyers of note that the late duke's will is not valid, at least as far as it concerns real property in Brunswick. The *Tageblatt* considers it likely that this question will be formally tried at law.

The statement to the effect that the ex-Empress of the French has paid three several visits to Geneva, incognita, in order to persuade the Duke of Brunswick to change his will in favor of the Prince Imperial, is denied by the *Telegraph*. Her Majesty has never visited Geneva, and has not seen the Duke of Brunswick since September 4th, 1870.

A telegram to the Daily News mentions a report that M. Guizot has written to the Comte de Chambord imploring him to follow M. Berryer's advice by making constitutional concessions. The letter was written, it is stated, at the instance of the Comte de Paris.

According to a Paris telegram, it is not the flag, after all, which stops the way to a Monarchical fusion. The Comte de Chambord agrees to the tricolor being retained by the army if the generals require it. The real problem is whether a charter shall be granted or accepted by him.

Queen Isabella of Spain has returned with her children to Paris from Sainte-Adresse, near Havre. Her Majesty will shortly leave for Boulogne-sur-Mer, where she will remain until October.

LAY OF THE LOST ONE.---No. IV.

The fiction, fancy, reverie or dream,
Has changed its hue to sad reality;
The image struggles with a fitful gleam
Of life in its last quiver of vitality.

Catherine Cathcart, an old woman, was taken to the Alms House yesterday in the last stages of consumption. She has been in several of the hospitals of late, but more recently has been a frequenter of her old haunts on Pacific street. For a day or two past she has been refused "a home of habitation" where she once reigned supreme in power, and had to remain in the streets in her worn and wasted condition, until yesterday Officer McDermott took her out to the Alms House. Her days are about numbered.—"*Brevities*," *Alta California, Sept.* 26, 1873.

The Costa Rica.---On Thursday we made a visit personally to the Dry Dock, at Hunter's Point, to witness the docking of this iron propeller, Capt. Lapidge still in command. The tug Gipsy, belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, towed the Costa Rica to the mouth or entrance of the dock, when she was at midday placed upon the stocks, and the water in the basin pumped out. The dimensions of the dock are 450 feet long and 125 feet in width. It takes about two hours' work to pump the basin out dry. We improved the time of going on board the steamer and examining the same. The vessel does not appear to be strained; her cabin and upper works, though in utter confusion, are not injured seriously. Nothing is broken or defaced about her upper works but what can all be made as good as new in one week's time. Capt. Lapidge we found on board in command, and doing all in his power to assist in safely docking the ship. For six days and more, Lapidge has stood on the deck of his wrecked propeller. He has worked like a hero in assisting others to save the ship. No lives were lost by the disaster, and it is estimated that $20,000 will cover the expense of all repairs, and render the ship again seaworthy and as good as new. The bottom of the steamer was foul and needed docking, to get off the barnacles, which retarded her sailing.

SEPTEMBER.

Not the full richness of autumnal gladness;
Thine, the languors of decay and sadness,
Roses, not withered quite, yet slowly fading,
Leaves, only edged about, with tint and shading;

Grapes, purpling on the amethystine cluster,
Not fulfilled, their highest tone of luster;
Juice-suckled fruits, on orchard boughs late swinging;
Still swelling with the sweets, moist skies are bringing.

Pumpkins a-gold upon the slopes reclining,
Slow, mellow suns above, haze-dimmed in shining;
Brookats, bereft of half their fret and babble,
Among the hebened rocks and pebbly rabble;

Gales, scented with the late mown hay and clover,
No more to deck the fields; the Summer's over;
The birdling's song has lost its wonted sweetness;
A twitter, now, the breath of its completeness.

Quiet the days; the cricket's note so cheery
Forbids the thought of Winter, cold and dreary;
Death seems afar,—and yet, before the morrow,
The scene may change, our waking be in sorrow.

For human lives oft die in their September,
As calm and sweet some of us well remember;
Happy are they to fade, when fade the roses,
Before the Autumn-tide its frost discloses;

Or, like the empurpled grape of royal splendor—
Or full-ripe fruit—completed life to render;
Let us be wise, give both due thought and measure,
Then death will not o'ercome, nor idle pleasure.

Springfield, Mass., September 1st. A. F. W.

Apropos of claimants, history tells us that one day during the reign of the Chinese Emperor Woo, a gentlemanly young man, dressed in imperial yellow and seated in a sedan chair covered with the same material, presented himself at the gate of the capital, and, in reply to the questions of the officer on guard, announced himself to be the eldest son of the late Emperor, whose death had been publicly proclaimed and bewailed some years before. The news of the arrival of this illustrious stranger spread like wildfire through the city, and the mandarins hastened to seek an audience, that they might offer their allegiance to their rightful sovereign. One of their number, however, more astute than the rest, took with him a pair of handcuffs and a detachment of police, and on entering the pseudo-Imperial presence, walked straight to the gentlemanly young man, and, instead of joining in the general kotow, fastened the manacles on his wrists and handed him over to his followers. His next proceeding was to introduce him to the torture-chamber in his Yamun, and there, we are told, the sight of the various instruments hanging from the wall produced a visible effect on the claimant, who, after some slight hesitation, acknowledged that far from having any right to the Imperial yellow, he was the son of poor parents, and that he had been induced to personate the late heir apparent by reason of the strong likeness which he bore to him. This confession was duly reported to the Emperor Woo, who, after careful consideration, ordered the adventurous young man to be cut into ten thousand pieces.

American Drinks.—The following, says a correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*, is a verbatim copy of the liquor card hung up in one of the largest hotels at Longbranch, United States:

TIME CARD OF DRINKS.

Eye Opener	5 A. M.	Delayed, No. 1	3 P. M.
Refresher	6 "	Social Drink	4 "
Double Header, No. 1	6 30"	Invigorator	5 "
Appetiser	7 "	Double Header, No. 2	5 30"
Digester	8 "	Solid Straight	6 "
Big Reposer	9 "	Accommodation	7 "
Stimulator and Lunch	10 to 3 "	Fancy Smile	8 "
Talker	12 M "	Pleasant Talk	9 "
Mixed Special	12 30 P. M.	Sparkler	10 "
Settler	1 "	Rouser	11 "
Lightning Express, No. 1	1 "	Nightcap	12 "

Floaters Free.

N. B.—Wild or irregular drinkers will keep out of the way and off the time of the regular customers. Passengers by late 'bus carefully forwarded home by Wheelbarrow Express.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Religion---Faith---Science.---This is, unfortunately, an unbelieving age. It seems to us that our young men—regardless of the warning voice of the clergy—are casting off the beliefs entertained by their forefathers; especially those of that gorilla-like individual, the *pre-historic man*. For instance, we do not know a single young man, outside of the sacred profession, who believes one word that has ever been said or written in regard to prophets and saints, miracles and witches, vampires and unicorns, giants and ghosts, holy oil or sky-pilots. "It is really very painful." It is a fact that cannot be over-looked. Our young men believe in no one thing that is essential to salvation; and without which they must assuredly "perish everlastingly." In this sad state we naturally turn to Rome and lift our imploring eyes to the holy and blessed Vicar of Christ to bring men back to a belief in holy things. His Holiness has already called on the reasoning masses to turn from their evil ways, seek the shrines of saints, and adore their bones: a really pius cus—like a dog loves a bone. English Lords—proverbial for their piety, purity of life, and sincerity—are hastening with naked and bleeding feet to visit the shrines of the saints. There is a new life springing up amongst the people: and the unselfish English Lords feel that it is necessary for them to go likewise; both as a "compliment to God, and an example to their inferiors." "It is a long lane that has no turn;" for ages war has been carried on between—so-called—"Science" and "Religion;" but the *turn* has at last been reached. It has never been a difficult task to teach men—possessed of "Faith—to believe in the great truth that a howling Deity can only be appeased by human blood; for in every land—at some time or other—"Blood Sacrifices" were found to be the great feature of every religion. The Christian clergy have for ages failed to make "reasoning fools" understand or believe that *they* are capable of changing "bread and wine" into the real presence or the actual body and blood of Christ. These reasoning fools were like St. Thomas, skeptical, and hard to be convinced. The clergy did their level-best, and failed; but here Science has come in to their aid, and it seems probable that before many years we will actually have but "one fold and one shepherd." There has recently been invented in Berlin "the Bismark forty-parson power microscope," which it is said can show to unbelievers the recently formed nerves and muscular fibres in the bread; and the red and white blood discs in the wine. There is no resisting such evidence—skepticism is fairly played out! Now may the lion lay down with the lamb; and the Protestant priest trap the Catholic priest without grinding his teeth.

Our Presbyterian brothers have been much shocked at a proposal, by an erring and untitled divine, to drop the prefix of D. D. It was, to say the least of it, an envious proposition, but it at any rate shows us that these followers of "the meek and lowly Jesus" have not yet divested themselves of the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world." Like most Californian, nay, American titles, the D. D. does not amount to a row of pins, and is, in nine cases out of ten, a kind of brevet rank, indiscriminately bestowed upon gospel slingers, from the howler who presides at a camp meeting to the demure and, in some cases, erudite Episcopalian. The one clings to his borrowed plumes even more tenaciously than the other, but still the same "old leaven" is seen in both. For our own part, if a man honestly earns his D. D., we say let him by all means have it, and travel on it, if he can; but any intelligent man without snobbism would see at a glance that the D. D. of to-day is not worth the extra ink required to write it down.

The Bulletin, in a touching obituary upon a gentleman who was found dead in bed, breaks into verse a little indefinite, but extremely pathetic, which concludes thusly:

"But more shall pray henceforth for aid
To lay them down like thee."

As the latter line alluded to the gentleman's life, and as his demise was rather sudden and unexpected on his own part, we feel moved to assert that we don't believe a word of it. We have not been able to find any one engaged in such manner of prayer. In fact, the *T. C.* circle is not much given to prayer, but when they do pray they don't deliver themselves of such darn nonsense. They pray for the annihilation of all canting deacons, of all white-livered hypocrites, of all envious dogs in the manger, of all hesitating, doubting, fence-straddling editors, of all dull, dreary, flat, stale, insipid, stupid and inane newspapers, of all growling, non tax-paying, non-producing citizens, of all adherents to the father of lies. In short, they make a good, ripping, slashing, tearing prayer of it, one likely to strike home, and they don't waste their time in whining their desire to die without any trouble, in bad verse.

It is darkly rumored that the great and wicked "master spirit" of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, Edward Curtis, LL.D., has conceived a Napoleonic idea, and is speedily about to carry it into execution. In a few days orders will be issued from Sacramento all along the line to Ogden, to suspend the running of trains, and to stop all the business of the road until further advices. Doctor Curtis says he wants to hear the anti-monopolists howl when the cars stop running, and to see what the Dolly Varden Legislature are going to do about it. We understand that Governor Stanford is opposed to this strong measure; but as the Doctor is inexorable, Stanford will of course be overruled.

We had given the relations of Messrs. Frank and Packer the credit of being the most disinterested of people. We wondered why the rewards for the recovery of the bodies continued to be offered, when the bodies lying at the bottom of the bay saved them the funeral expenses and the parson's fee for praying over them. The mystery is solved when the bodies come to the surface resplendent with much jewelry. Their jingling chains and glittering rings have secured them a grave, which is of no consequence to them, as Mr. Toots would say. Moral: When young men go down upon the sea in ships, let them wear all the jewelry they can borrow, and their relations will get the best of the crabs and shrimps.

The Alta of Tuesday says that the production of Wilkie Collins' dramatization of his own novel, "The New Magdalen," aroused the animosity of all the playgoers. It certainly was a piece of glaring effrontery on the part of the originator of the plot, in these times when poor young men of nimble pen but shallow pate are waiting to turn an honest penny out of the crumbs which drop from richer imaginations. At the same time, although we are ourselves frequenters of the play and enjoy an extended acquaintance among the youth of San Francisco, we have yet to meet one who bears a spirit of animosity toward Magdalens old or new, Magdalens in the abstract or the reality.

We are always willing to give praise where praise is due. Capt. Clarke and his mate are probably beasts, fiends, devils in human form—any of the polite names that have been given them. But, at least, they prevented the *Sunrise* atrocities from becoming monotonous. While one man was starved to death another was beaten, a third was kicked, and a fourth washed to death. Such methods display a versatility in the accomplished Captain and mate, for which we should look vainly in less experienced murderers. We suggest hanging, strangulation, impaling, crucifying, quartering, disemboweling and a few other little changes for the next trip.

Does a woman look pretty catching a flea? A certain photograph gallery on Montgomery street has ornamented its front door with a galaxy of charming women, all *decollete*. Each right hand is buried in the recesses of the left—dress lining, and each face seems triumphantly to say: "I've got him!" At first we thought a new business had come up and that we had come to a mammoth flea-catching establishment, where, as in Turkish baths, the work was done by women. Upon inquiry, however, we ascertained it to be the favorite attitude with young women desirous of making a pretty photograph.

Timothy Sullivan is a gentle youth of Hibernian extraction, and is somewhat facetious. When at a loss for amusement, he exercises his muscles on his aged mother; when the old lady is pounded sufficiently, he pitches into his sister. The thing at last grew monotonous, for the programme was never varied, at least if it was the variations were not appreciated, for Mrs. Sullivan had Tim arrested. Tim will have to pay a hundred for his little encounter with Ma, and another for putting a head on Sissie. The home of the Sullivans will no doubt be at rest for some time to come.

Stocks, like the Devil, come in for all the blame. If a man suicides, of course stocks did it. If a man's poor, he is pitied as having lost it all in stocks. If a man robs you, well, he was tempted to invest the money in stocks, and pleads that as an excuse for his rascality. If a man drinks, stocks drove him to it. If a man goes mad, stocks were the cause. If a man can't pay a bill, he tells you that he has just had to pay an assessment on Savage or some such stock, when probably he never owned a share of it in his life. But if men make money and grow rich, they never own that they made it all by accident in stocks.

A recent lecturer on Queen Elizabeth says: "She was not proud if she was a Queen. She always insisted on cleaning her own teeth. She did it once a week, with her own hand and her own tooth-brush." What a lesson does this teach to those who are haughty and vain! Doctor Lord, the eminent imported lecturer of the Mercantile Library Association, entirely overlooked this important point in his enumeration of the virtues of the "Virgin Queen."

The long-haired, greasy howler of the Sierras, who is now doing London on an ass, feels highly disgusted at the *Atheneum* calling his "Life among the Modocs" "a dull romance." If they knew him as well as we do they would never have noticed his trash at all. The idea of his saying that he was head man among the Modocs! A Modoc chief would hardly deign to eat out of the same dish as the squaw-man-would-be-poet.

The Australasian wants to know "what an ordinary mortal can do with an income of five million a year." The *Australasian* says he cannot spend it, and cannot use it. Our advice to the unfortunate in this terrible dilemma would be to buck against the tiger or start a daily newspaper.

Who was the first man that mentioned the Augean stables to the *Chronicle?* In heaven's name, let him give it a new idea. We have had the compost from that delectable barn before our noses with such unfailing regularity that we long for a new smell, even if it be a worse one.

The Chronicle asks, pathetically, "Is silver to be a drug in our market?" Judging from its advertising columns, silver will not soon be a drug in the *Chronicle* till.

Is Ensign to be locked up? And if so, who is to make the lock that he can't pick?

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Dean Stanley has contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* a new and remarkably true and beautiful translation of the world-famous Latin hymn, "*Veni, Sancte Spiritus.*" As the Latin version is accessible to all our readers for purposes of comparison, we will quote a few stanzas of Dean Stanley's rendering:

"Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright eyes impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

"O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

"O light divine, all light excelling,
Fill with thyself the inmost dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly:
Without Thy pure divinity,
Nothing in all humanity,
Nothing is strong or holy.

"Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed.
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that goodness need."

DR. LORD AS A LECTURER.

An Easily Humbugged Community.---We are not much given to flaunting the perennial strawberry, or boasting our California pea forever green, or our California sky forever blue. We are not a member of the Pioneers, nor of the Chamber of Commerce, nor of the California Glorification Society. Yet we hold that in matters of business, *in regard to material interests and money-making enterprises*, there is not a shrewder or more wide-awake community in the world than ours. So far we can go in all honesty and good conscience. But when it comes to the matter of critical taste and ripe culture in art and literature, we cannot join in the pæans to "our Golden State" that roll so smoothly from the tongues of our Fourth of July orators, and the post-prandial spouters on festive occasions. There is little genuine love or appreciation of literature among us. We do not read books, but devour newspapers, and dip into the magazines. The monthly reports of the Librarian of the Mercantile show that the great bulk of the books taken out are novels. Of book *buyers*, San Francisco probably has a smaller proportion than any city in the civilized world. Even the class making some literary pretensions, derive most of their ideas about current scientific questions and philosophical speculations from the reviews. The crudeness of the public taste in San Francisco is strikingly illustrated by the unprecedented success of Dr. Lord's course of lectures at Mercantile Library Hall. That the first lecture should have been well attended is not strange; for the Doctor had been noisily heralded and extravagantly eulogized by our extremely critical press. But the fact that after the Doctor had been once heard, he should still continue to draw, is decisive in regard to the literary taste of the people of San Francisco, and no less decisive of the caliber of the newspaper critics who failed to expose him. He possesses not one of the qualifications of a first class lecturer. He is not only destitute of originality of thought, but also of that rhetorical art and felicity of expression which in oral utterance produce the effect of originality. His turn of intellect is didactic, not philosophic, fitting him rather for preaching a sermon or maintaining a thesis than for the style of thought and composition suitable to the modern lecture. He treats historical characters in a narrow spirit, and dogmatizes, where a man possessed of the true genius of the lecturer would most scrupulously maintain the attitude of philosophic impartiality. He makes positive statements, and expresses positive opinions, where he should keep himself and his own private notions in the background. He knows nothing of the processes of picturesque presentation, or of serene, contemplative evolution, that lend such a charm to the lectures of Emerson, Henry Giles, and the late Starr King. He is a partisan, full of heat and rashness, who cannot state a question without taking sides like a lawyer or a priest. His mind is full of tumult without depth. He is neither a thinker nor an artist; indeed, his handling of his subjects shows that he has not a trace of the artistic instinct. As to the material of his lectures, it is gathered without much discrimination or critical selection, and compiled without any sense of symmetry or proportion. In addition to all this, Doctor Lord's delivery is wretched. And yet all the newspapers praise him, and the *elite* of "our most cultivated circles" crowd to hear him, while a lecture of far superior quality, by one of our own citizens, would probably fail to draw half a house.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company have declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months. The *Bulletin* of last Saturday publishes an elaborate leader to prove that the Company cannot afford to pay it, and in general making a savage assault on the credit of the Company. We are not the least in the secrets of the Railroad, but we have always heard that they had an immense land grant from Congress, besides subsidies from San Francisco and elsewhere which should lessen those enormous liabilities which the *Bulletin* figures out. We regret to see their attempts to assail credit and increase the financial disasters of the country. We don't believe in the policy.—*S. F. Occident.*

THE DEVIL'S WALK THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO.

"From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil has gone,
To visit his snug little farm, the earth,
And see how his stock goes on."—COLERIDGE.

The Devil sat munching sulphur, it was his chewing gum;
He said, "Things are awfully dull, it makes me feel quite glum.
I'll take another trip to earth; may be the change of air
Will do me good, for I feel quite blue, and sick of Hell, I swear.
The last batch of souls they brought in was but a meanish lot,
In fact, they were not worth the coal it takes to keep them hot.
The souls I get from Frisco they are the boys for me;
I wonder how goes the crop—by gad! I'll go up and see."

Away he started in haste for the City of the West;
He did not tarry on the road, or even pause for rest.
T'was night when he got to town; but a good old Cliff House moon
Was shining so bright and clear, you could see to shoot a coon;
He deemed it a little too late, to pay all the calls he owed,
So he thought he'd hire a team, and drive on the Cliff House road.
"I know," said he, "I'll have fun; for many an ancient scamp
Will be out on a bust to-night, led on by Luna's lamp."

So he hired a slashing team, a pair of pacers black,
That rattled over the road like race horses over a track;
But when he got to Lone Mountain, he hitch'd them up to a post,
And leaping the graveyard wall, danc'd midst the dead like a ghost.
He read a hundred epitaphs, but they all seem'd to say
That the souls had gone to heaven, and not one down his way.
He laugh'd when he read the names, and found that ninety-seven
Were now frizzling down in hell, not flying up in heaven.

Smiling at human folly, and the vanities of men,
He jumped into his buggy and drove on his way again.
The first man he met was B—, a merchant of good repute,
Who is a deacon of his church, and wears a broadcloth suit,
Who's left a wife and family at home with downcast looks,
Pitying poor papa, who's still at work on his business books;
He'd a painted jade beside him, with one arm round his waist,
That glittered with cheap jewelry and diamonds of paste.

The next friend that he saw was C—, a lately married man,
Down whose flush'd cheeks the maudlin tears of drunken sorrow ran,
And who to shameless courtesans was telling how his wife
Was suing for a divorce, to separate them for life,
Because, as he expressed it, he sometimes came home at night
A trifle worse for liquor, not drunk, but a little tight;
In disgust the devil whispered right in the drunkard's ear,
"Go tell your shame elsewhere—we don't want your sniveling here.

"Give me a drink," the devil cried; "I drink to Alcohol,
That in time is bound to ruin body as well as soul;
That fills my glorious kingdom, perpetuates my sway,
And dashes from domestic life the cup of joy away;
And here's to lovely woman, she helps to swell the list—"
Here the devil got excited, and a thick sulphuric mist
Hid him from sight, as through the floor he sank with scarce a sound,
And the pacers that he hired have never since been found.

But there was a large burn mark still left on the Cliff House floor,
And no one could sleep that night for the frighted sea dog's roar;
And perhaps in years to come, when the nights are long and dark,
Children will shudder to hear the tale of the devil's mark;
To hear how, one moonlight night, a queer looking stranger came,
Whose breath was a sulphur cloud, whose eyes were a burning flame;
How he suddenly disappeared, and ne'er was seen again,
Like the Will o' Wisp who dances out on the poison fen.

The papers still talk about "pricking the railroad bubble," and that "the railroads were not called for," and that the panic was the necessary consequence of their excessive investments. The panic was occasioned by the newspapers assailing the credit of the railroad companies. Every mile of railroad increases the value of the country through which it passes ten times the cost of that mile of road. The Northern Pacific Railroad would have enhanced property on its route and termini 1,000,000,000 of dollars. Our papers assailed our credit, and therefore the panic. It was perfectly needless and uncalled for.—*Rev. Dr. Woodbridge in the Occident.*

COURT CHAT.

A correspondent writes of the Duke of Edinburgh's betrothed: "The Imperial Princess has a most pleasing expression, and, better still, all persons about the Russian Court concur in expressing their high admiration of her character. She is said to be gentleness and amiability itself, and to be quite as domestic in her tastes and character as the Princess Royal, or any of our own family. In fact, I am told that she is 'quite charming,' and is beloved by all about the Imperial Court—which is by no means a bad test of the character of a Prince or Princess. The Emperor idolizes her, and, seeing that she is his only daughter, this may readily be believed. I was curious to know how the religious difficulty had been settled, as the Russian Court, it is known, are particular on this point, and I therefore made careful inquiries on the subject. Princess Dagmar, before becoming Czarevna, had to change her religion; but the arrangement that has been come to on the present occasion is different. Neither the Duke nor the Grand Duchess will change their religion, but if there are any children, they will be brought up in the faith of the Church of England. The marriage will take place in January next at St. Petersburg, the capital of the bride's Imperial father, but the Royal pair will reside at Clarence House, St. James."

The Children of the Crown Prince, whilst recently returning by express train from Potsdam to Berlin, had a narrow escape. The train was moving at full speed, when a lorry heavily laden with iron and workmen was seen advancing on the same metals in the opposite direction. The signalman had just time to notice the impending danger and give the dead-stop signal, which enabled the engine-driver to avoid the collision. The lorry was lifted off the metals to allow the train to pass. An inquiry will be made into the cause of the dangerous mistake.

We learn on good authority that the Shah, in bidding good-bye to the Sultan, and expressing the pleasure he had experienced during his week's stay at Constantinople, intimated that he would go there next year and pay "a regular visit," as he did not consider passing through the capital at the end of a long tour, and on his way back to his dominions, to be sufficient in any respect. The Sultan assured the Shah that he would be delighted to see him again in Constantinople, and for a longer stay than he had been able to make.

On Saturday, the 13th ultimo, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales held a deer-drive in the Abergeldie woods. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Christian were present from Balmoral. From Abergeldie were his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Prince John, and Colonel Teesdale. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh was successful in bringing down four stags and one roedeer. Prince John killed two hinds and one stag. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was unsuccessful for the day.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, attended by Capt. Haig, left Buckingham Palace on the 14th, to join the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Grand Duchess Marie, and other members of the Imperial Family, in Livadia. The Duke was conveyed by Her Majesty's ship Helicon from Marseilles to Constantinople, where his Royal Highness is expected to pay a short visit and then go direct to Livadia.

Miss Jerome, one of the prettiest young ladies that ever hailed from New York and landed at Cowes, is about to marry Lord R. Churchill, the third son of the Duke of Marlborough. The young lady, who has resided for some time in Paris, will receive a splendid dower on her marriage. Mr. Jerome is one of the most inveterate of American yachtsmen.

Sir Samuel and Lady Baker are expected to arrive in England during the present week, when it is expected that public details of their exploring achievements will be communicated to the public through the Geographical Section of the British Association at its Bradford congress.

It is reported that Pius IX. has ordered his large villa at Castel Gandolfo to be put in a fit state for the reception of some nuns. As soon as the convents are suppressed, the sisters under the special protection of his Holiness will go and reside there.

It is said that visitors to the Conservative *fete* at Gloucester were directed to the *locus in quo* by the following notice, posted on Conservative shutters: "Take Notice! The Conservative *Fete* is between the Workhouse and the Lunatic Asylum!"

Marshal McMahon has replied to the invitation of the Emperor of Austria to visit the Exhibition at Vienna, thanking His Majesty for his gracious invitation, but declining it on account of pressing duties which detain him in France.

Mr. Gladstone, after his walk across the Grampians from Braemar, was weighed at Kingussie, and his weight was a little over twelve stone. He will be weighed again ere long! And we hope not found wanting.

A large portion of the money left to the town of Geneva, by the Duke of Brunswick, is to be expended in the construction of a magnificent theater.

The Emperor of Austria will probably be present at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrowna at St. Petersburg.

King George of Hanover is at present traveling in Switzerland *incognito*, under the assumed name of Count Dannenberg.

The King of Italy, during his stay in Berlin, resides in the Imperial Palace.

Joaquin Miller, in his "Life Among the Modocs," gives the following idea of the creation of the world as that entertained by the Modocs: "The Great Spirit made Mount Shasta first of all. He pushed down snow and ice from the sky through a hole which he made in the blue heavens by turning a stone round and round, till he made this great mountain: then He stepped out of the clouds onto the mountain top, and descended and planted the trees all around by putting his finger on the ground. The sun melted the snow, and the water ran down and nurtured the trees and made the rivers. After that he made the fish for the rivers out of the small end of his staff. He made the birds by blowing some leaves which he took up from the ground among the trees. After that he made the beasts out of the remainder of his stick, but he made the grizzly bear out of the big end, and made him master over all others. Having done that, the Great Spirit converted Mount Shasta into a wigwam, and its volcanic eruptions are the outcome of the fire that he lights in the center of the mountain. The development of man was a later occurrence. The daughter of the Great Spirit ventured too far, got astray, and fell into the power of the grizzly bears, and she was forced to marry one of them, and the red men were the fruit of the marriage. These red men were taken under the protection of the Great Spirit; but the grizzlies were punished by being compelled to walk on four feet, whereas before they had walked on two. To this day the grizzly bear is never slain by the red men, who recognize him as a sort of kinsman."

NEW BOOKS FROM A. ROMAN & CO.

MIRIAM MONFORT. A Novel, by the author of "The Household of Bouverie." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is a powerfully written tale. The interest in the well conceived, well managed plot is sustained to the end by the skillful and natural manner in which the story is unfolded. The author shows close observation and study of men and women, and artistic skill in the development of character. Strange, passionate Miriam; stern, quiet, solitary Reginald Monfort; violet-eyed Constance Glen, are all strongly marked and well sustained characters, and with its judicious mixture of the grave and the gay, the pathetic and the emotional, the book, we are sure, will meet with that success that its merits deserve.

DRIVEN FROM THE PATH. A Novel, by Dr. Charles Smart. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A book full of wild adventure, hair-breadth escapes, war scenes, border ruffians, Indians, gambling, whisky, San Francisco, Barbary Coast, trials and temptations. There are touches in it of a masterly pen, and the struggle of virtue against vices are clearly depicted.

MISS OR MRS.? AND OTHER STORIES. By Wilkie Collins. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Wilkie Collins is certainly the most popular of living novelists. His books excite terror, pity, interest, and, above all, curiosity, so that after once beginning, it is impossible to lay the book down until the mystery of the tale is solved. This work is no exception to the general rule, and will be read from cover to cover with unabated interest.

THE WING AND WING; OR, LE FEN-FOLLET. A Tale. By J. Fennimore Cooper. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A beautiful edition of Cooper that Appleton & Co. are publishing for the benefit of the admirers of this famous American author, of whom Daniel Webster says: "The enduring monuments of Fennimore Cooper are his words. While the love of country continues to prevail, his memory will exist in the hearts of the people. So truly patriotic and American throughout, they should find a place in every American's library." And so say we all of us.

MANUAL OF AMERICAN IDEAS.

This excellent work, strongly recommended by President Gilman, of the University of California, Dr. Stone, ex-Governor Haight, James Denman, and others, including two disinterested relatives of the author's, has reached a "second revised edition." It will bear a good deal of revision, at other hands than those of Mr. C. T. Hopkins. With him we have nothing to do, and we wish to say at once that we know him to be a good citizen, an honest man, and a real worker. He is none the less a crack-brained sophomore, singularly unfit, by his natural gifts as well as his acquired deficiencies, for the task he set himself, in compiling this extraordinary volume. His title page bears a quotation from Deuteronomy; his dedication is "To the true idea of American liberty . . . an idea born of nature and revelation . . . educated by the intuitions of common sense . . . and germinating in the minds of a few." We need hardly add that common sense is content to abide with its institutions, and goes no further into the book.

Mr. Hopkins tells us, in his preface, that he looks to the introduction of the "study of patriotism into all our schools." Precisely what such a study means he does not say; but if his book is a specimen of the right thing in that line, we make haste to declare that the less the schools have to do with such a study, the better it will be for the minds and characters of the pupils. If patriotism means priggishness and self-conceit, then Mr. Hopkins' book is an excellent manual of patriotism.

American political liberty, it seems, is the invention of no less remarkable a person than Jesus Christ. After quoting, on page 43 of the Manual, "those magical words, 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," the apostle of American ideas tells us that "This little sentence contains the essence of the American idea of political liberty, though so slow was humanity to appreciate," etc. Deplorably slow, indeed!

And yet, since it required 4,000 years, according to the orthodox calculation, to produce a Saviour of Mankind, perhaps it was not too much to wait 1,700 years longer for a decent Yankee translation of his precepts. We are willing to make every allowance for the Ruler of the Universe; but it does seem to be, at least, a little odd in Him, once he entered on the business of revelation, not to speak out plainly and tell men how to be good Americans at once, without leaving them to sweat and groan and swash about in every kind of misery until the fateful Fourth of July, 1776. To Him it seemed otherwise; the will of God be done!

We must put up with our Hopkins as well as we can, and be thankful that, after all, the American system was not revealed three or four centuries ago. The Manual would have weighed upon the country so much the longer!

"There are many thousands of distinct governments in the United States," we are told, and we are left to infer that this autonomy in local affairs, which is a characteristic of the Aryans, from India to Ireland, is a recent American discovery. The nature of the Federal Government or Union, it seems, is *not* "that of a confederacy between independent States." No, it is something much more intelligible and direct, as becomes the perfect "development of civilization." Its "true nature and object consist in the uniting of the people of the whole country into one great nation for certain purposes only." This is very powerfully put, and children brought up on a diet of this robust reasoning, must be ready to love this flabby Union a good deal more than the Maine, or Massachusetts, or California, of which they think as their country. Mr. Hopkins knows perfectly well that there are not a thousand men in America who have more than a feebly sentimental attachment to the Union, and that the State rights doctrine, which he sniffs at, is bound up with the fate of American liberty. To be sure, this doctrine was most distinctively put forward by the Southern States, and become proportionately hateful in the eyes of one who believes that "It was the religion of the Puritans and Quakers of the 17th and 18th centuries that stamped itself upon American civilization." But it is none the less the vital doctrine.

Throughout his book Mr. Hopkins loses no opportunity of impressing upon his readers the contrast between the American freedom, invented in every detail at a single stroke and without obligation to anybody but Jesus, and the dull record of European tyranny. When we consider that this book is seriously recommended as a manual of political instruction for youth, this characteristic seems nothing less than monstrous. The political record of the human race, prior to the coming of Gov. Winthrop and Roger Williams, is held up to detestation as a continual season of despotism and anarchy. "The American," says this extraordinary teacher, "naturally believes in progress and a happy home." Fearfully and wonderfully made, after the rule of Mr. Hopkins, the American's nature must yet be singularly elastic and lively to believe in anything cheerful for the rest of mankind. Taught to look upon the efforts of other men as merely futile; turning his back on the immortal glories of the ancient world; coolly ignoring the history of the free cities of Italy and Germany; content to know nothing of the robust freedom of Switzerland and despising the name of Holland, "*que inició la libertad de pensar en el mundo moderno*;" filled with a jealous envy at the name of England, and ready to sneer, with the despots, at the sublime aspirations of France; the Americans, trained by Mr. Hopkins' system, will undoubtedly live and die firm believers in human progress. To doubt this were to doubt their claim to have invented all political knowledge and the very name of freedom.

We doubt nothing, but we look upon it as a curious omission in this otherwise perfect book, recommended by the University of California, that no mention is made of slavery other than that of the lower classes in Europe. One feels like rubbing his eyes, and asking himself if it is really true that this America, which

modestly calls itself the "highest form of civilization," maintained from its birth to the year 1865, the most detestable kind of human slavery. We are afraid it is the same America, and we are very sure that even Mr. Hopkins will have to assume his share of the responsibility, for a shame which repeated acts of subserviency on the part of the National Congress have fastened forever, not upon the South, nor upon the North, but upon the people of the whole Union. The shame is not to be washed away. We can quote, as well as Mr. Hopkins, whose pages bristle with odds and ends of the Bible; and he may lay to heart the text about visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. There is no fear that even America will forget her sin, for the document which most disgracefully marks her slavish veneration for slavery, is associated forever with the memory of her first civil war. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation is, in this light, the crowning infamy of America. This proclamation sets free all the slaves of the States in rebellion, *except* in those portions of territory held by the forces of the Union. Mr. Hopkins would do a service to the youth of America if he would point out, in a re-revised edition of his Manual, the entire agreement of this matchless baseness with the principles of the most perfect civilization hitherto known to men.

THE MANUFACTURE OF LOCOMOTIVES IN THE MINES.

"The Australasian" of April 29th contains a very interesting report of the proceedings at a banquet given at Ballarat, in honor of the completion of the first locomotive manufactured in that town and in the colony of Victoria. It was manufactured by the Phœnix Foundry Company, who entered into a contract with the railway department for the supply of ten heavy goods engines and tenders, for the sum of £30,710. They have since entered into another contract to supply 15 locomotives and tenders for the light lines of railway now in course of construction; the amount of the two contracts, £81,320. The engine finished is described as belonging to class known as six-wheel coupled heavy goods engines, with inside cylinders, 16 inch diameter; the power, 510 nominal h. p. The materials for the 25 engines are imported in the raw state by the company. The only portions which they do not manufacture themselves are the wheels and axles, which the government find, the brass tubes for the boilers, and a few of the springs. A large number of the invited guests being residents of Melbourne, a special train, with the locomotive in question, was employed to convey them to Ballarat, a distance of 95½ miles; 41 miles to Geelong took 1 hour 40 minutes, thence to Ballarat, 55½ miles, 1 hour 35 minutes—3 h. 15 m. The engine weighed 30 tons, the tender 10 tons. The engine gave entire satisfaction. The chairman of the board of directors of the Phœnix Co., in response to the toast "Prosperity to the Company," said he had been connected with the company from the commencement. When it was formed comparatively few men were employed. An arrangement was arrived at, between labor and capital, which enabled the company to carry on triumphantly. He put labor first, because without it capital could not exist. The men—or rather most of the men—were shareholders. When the profits of the undertaking were large enough to provide full wages for the workmen, the proprietors drew a full rate of interest on the capital they had invested. The workmen for three months drew only half wages; if at the end of the term the balance sheet showed that there was enough to pay full wages, then they got full wages. Full wages had been drawn on all occasions except two, since the company was formed. The cost of material imported was £30,000—the duty on which was £2,200—besides which the company had to pay £1,000 for freight to Ballarat. £45,000 would represent the wages which would be expended and the profits made on the two contracts. When the present contract was competed, no English firm would be able to compete fairly and squarely with the Phœnix Foundry Company. After this no government would dare to send out of the colony for a locomotive. He was assured nothing could surpass the workmanship in this engine. There was but little ornament: the specifications required none. The government said it was totally unnecessary. The company employ 130 hands, and what may, perhaps, possess most interest in California, is the fact that of the hands employed 60 to 70 are boys, two or three of the most noted "LARRIKINS" (in California "hoodlums") in Ballarat were furnished with employment in the foundry. But work took the larrikinism clean out of them. Let education be given to the youngster, and let him have fair and reasonable means of obtaining employment, and we should not hear much of the cry of larrikinism. Some of the boys were employed in manufacturing the most delicate portions of the machinery. With some parts they had to be very particular, because if they shaved over so small a piece off, the part was marred; yet he had been informed that no parts had been laid aside as marred. They must have been pleased with the youngsters when they noticed the manner in which they handled the machines. No public man who performed his duty would neglect any means of providing employment for the generation which was springing up in this country. The manager was daily besieged with applications from parents who wished to get their boys into the works. It was the duty of those who called themselves statesmen to make provision for the *employment* of the young, irrespective of what it might cost in the first instance.

If the French were as fond of Bourbon as the Americans are, they would settle their political difficulties in short order.

PHANTOMS AT THE BALL.

[BY THE AUTHORESS OF "PAUL FERROLL."]

One phantom was a girl, who here
Had glitter'd in her eighteenth year,
So heavenly fair in those bright hours,
With quaint device of dress and flowers,
That the eye dwelt on her surprised,
As on a fable realized;
One, spell-bound most of all, had burn'd
With love, which frankly she return'd;
But while their silken courtship sped,
Did sudden clouds a storm unroll;
And 'twixt them left a gulf so dread
As frightened from its place her soul.
The world, whose fragile ornament
She for a time so brief had been;
Heard, faintly, of some dark event,
That hid her from its festive scene;
Heard all that was, and what was not;
Inquir'd, conjectur'd, and forgot.
Meantime her spirit's broken wing
Just bore her to the grave's relief;
Too weak was life's elastic spring
To brook the bending hand of grief.
Her lover watched, with broken heart
(Or what to him and her seemed broken)
And the last words that she had spoken,
Were, "Not for long, my life, we part."
She heard, and smiled in death, to be
Love's victim, and its victory.

She came this night and (unseen) moved
Where she had glitter'd, triumph'd, lov'd;
And 'mid new beauty, sought for him
Who should lament that her's was dim.
She found him straight: but, ah! no dream
Of her, the dead, there seemed for him;
He moved among the fair and gay,
His smile and ready word had they;
He touched soft hands, and breathed a sigh,
And sought and found an answ'ring eye;
And in the dance he mixed with many,
As happy and as light as any.
Then on his breast the phantom rushed,
Her phantom hair his bosom brushed,
Her fond fantastic arms she wound,
Beseechingly, his form around;
Her airy lips his visage kissed;
In vain, in vain; no thought he cast
Back on the memory of the past,
And she must let it go at last—
The cherish'd hope that she was miss'd.

THE SACRAMENTO UNION AND THE RAILROAD.

The People of the City of Sacramento ought to be very grateful to the newspaper called the *Sacramento Union*. When the history of this deserted village shall come to be written, it will be recorded that it died of Journalism. That it was once a flourishing town; way back in the olden time, its people were resolute and enterprising. It was once afflicted as were the 'ancient Egyptians in the time of Herod. Lice abounded in the land, and the rats of Norway flourished in its streets; then came the fires and burned the lice, and floods came and drowned the rats. Speculators undertook to steal away the town and plant it upon the sandy hights of Sutter, and its aristocracy clustered upon Poverty Hill; but at Sacramento still lingered the energy of its people, and they fought the floods with levees and battled the fires with brick structures; from the sedgy margin of the Sacramento arose a goodly city, overwhelmed in debt. Leland Stanford and Huntington and Hopkins and Charles and Edward Crocker were leading citizens; they had taken their destiny with the town and were identified with its prosperity; they were energetic and enterprising, and with an audacity that now challenges our admiration they had the cheek to ask and the luck to secure the State Capitol for this lousy, rat-ridden, submerged village of the Sacramento swamps. Leland Stanford, through luck, Providence and the Republican party, became Governor of the State, and he aided to anchor the State house to the soil by the expenditure of something less than $4,000,000 in the erection of a splendid edifice, which now adorns this city of the plains. God was good to the five gentlemen named, and they had the supreme luck to become the corporators of the Central Pacific overland inter-oceanic Railroad, to be built by Government money. Because they lived at Sacramento and took an interest and pride in it, and because they liked their neighbors and desired to serve them, they deflected the great railroad ten miles from its true course and brought it to this debt-ridden city; they made their interior terminus there, and did everything in their power to build up, adorn and beautify Sacramento. Stanford, as Governor, had builded his mansion in the city, as Railroad King, he had enlarged it to a palace. Charles Crocker builded himself a handsome house. Edward Crocker constructed an elegant house and art museum, and from Europe introduced to this now growing and flourishing village such an art gallery as there is none in California and few in America. Here the company planted its workshops, reclaiming a nasty bog and slough from the center of the town plot and making it the center of a busy industry. Along the water front, before devoted to the accommodation of wood boats and a commerce of hay and cobble-stones, they erected wharves and sheds and warehouses. The city front, where an occasional prairie schooner loaded with flour and whisky, was transformed into a busy street. The town began to prosper; it was raised above the floods, its streets were paved. Railroad kings and clerks, artisans and laborers, gave to it life and a look of progress. Railroad stores were bought of its merchants; thrift and prosperity characterized the town; beauty took the place of squalid neglect, fine vehicles and fast horses of its wealthy men demanded roads and race tracks and suburban resorts. Sacramento became a beautiful city. Sacramento had, too, other citizens, Paul Morrill and James Anthony. These men owned type and ink and paper and press. A business quarrel occurred between the *Union* newspaper and the Railroad Directory—a question of job-work. The war commenced, and for years has been

waged with a bitterness and personal vindictiveness that has had no equal in this State for severity and duration. The journal, through hired writers, has poured out its malice upon the railroad enterprise without stint. Not satisfied with assailing its management, its rates of passage, its tariff of freights, it denounces its solvency, it states its credit in foreign markets, it villifies with personal abuse Governor Stanford, and allows its columns to become the vehicle of the vilest slanders and most offensive lies, and strangest thing of all, a part of the people encourages this warfare, and sides with the *Union*. The war is carried from business to social life, from social circles to politics, and upon a direct issue involving accusations of personal integrity and social propriety against the Directors of the Pacific Railroad, the *Union* triumphs. Now to us this seems ungrateful. If the railroad have gained money from the national treasury, it is not for Sacramento to complain. If the city of San Francisco has given the railroad too much money and too much land, it does not hate Sacramento. If the company get rich by excessive charges, they spend it at Sacramento. To injure the railroad seems to us to be like killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Leland Stanford and his associates have done that for Sacramento that a thousand Unions could never have accomplished—if to make a town attractive and to bring people and money to it is the test of serviceable citizenship, then the horse Occident is a better citizen than Anthony & Morrill—two bitter men, who love poker and whisky, one of whom is fat, and both of whom grow old, cannot support a town, employ its workmen, nor pay its taxes. This warfare has arrested railroad building; has brought to dismissal thousands of industrious laborers in Sacramento city; has driven some sixty families away by the removal of railroad offices; has prevented the establishment of a rolling mill and foundries in the town, and has manufactured a public sentiment and a social feeling that ought to drive every friend of the railroad from the city. When the Legislature shall adjourn; when the railroad offices are removed; when the unemployed railroad laborers have vacated the town; when the next Summer's dullness shall have thrown its pall over the city, its people will have time to reflect upon the quarrel in which they have been engaged. With their business destroyed; their houses vacant; their hotels unoccupied, they can estimate the profit of a war that drove the railroad from them that they might enjoy the privilege of reading the Sacramento *Union*, the *Bulletin*, and the *Call*. Real estate, which is now a drug in the city, will be valueless; city bonds, now worth a few cents on the dollar, will be squarely repudiated, and the few ragged villagers, too poor to get away from their over-taxed houses, will expiate their sins by pilgrimages to the vacant stables of the horse Occident, mingling their prayers for the return of the railroad with curses loud and long against Falstaff the fat, and Cassius the lean, who now own the Sacramento *Union* newspaper.

EPOCHS.

Every man or woman has his or her epoch in the course of their lives -the one event which leaves its lasting impression. Such, for example, that of the first explorer who, from the topmost Andes, looked upon the long swell of the Pacific on the one hand, and the vexed waves of the Atlantic on the other. Another epoch may be the applause that greets a success-ful maiden speech, or one's wedding night, or the first love kiss, or with the girl the day she leaves off short skirts, or her first ball, or as mother her first child; but we all have our epochs. That of the "White House" occurred last Tuesday. All that was refined and wealthy and distinguished in San Francisco society was gathered together in that vast emporium, to examine the rich and varied collection of goods just arrived from Europe. The rooms on the ground and first floor were filled with an animated crowd of beauty, whose elegant dresses of many hues gave the idea of a parterre. There was a sensation of lunch and champagne in a small antechamber, but the main attraction lay in the show rooms, for the *chapeaux* came from the famous Léonie Lechevalier of the Boulevard Italiens, Paris: the *confections* were from Worths, and for Eve's daughters not to know these two, they might as well remain in Eve's pristine state. An American Tunic of black velvet, trimmed with the fur of the red fox, and a cloak also of black velvet, but trimmed with black feathers, and suitable for a matron of middle age, were especially admired. The suits came from Previllier, and the most striking bore historical or well known names, almost all of them being composed of two shades of the same color. There was a "Lucie" of a Chrysophrase green silk, which it is almost impossible to describe: it was a maze or labyrinth of composition. Again, a "Marie Stuart" of two shades of chestnut. The bonnets matched the dresses. Next came a "Marguerite" of *noisette clair*, with immense steel buckles. Another much praised costume, rich and yet quiet, was of black silk and velvet, with steel trimmings and a fringe made of whalebone. In fact, it was the Longchamps of San Francisco, not the least noticeable feature of it being the avidity with which the elegant and tempting articles were snapped up, so much so that towards nightfall so many things were put away that the proprietors began to be afraid that their patrons would not have an opportunity of seeing all the very last Paris fashions, excepting on the persons of the purchasers. As we said above, last Tuesday was an epoch in the history of the White House.

The next worse thing to raining pitchforks must be hailing omnibuses.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes as follows:—Twine trimming is the latest fancy for ladies' mohair and tussore dresses. It can be made by hand and looks something like crimp, but it is usually made of fine twine, twisted something like whipcord. Sometimes it is mixed with a little bright-colored silk, and in some of the patterns of leaves and grapes that I have seen it is very fanciful and pretty. A new material, something of the bed ticking class, has come up for little boys' dresses. The effect of it is very odd, as it is used with stripes across instead of up and down. I saw a little fellow the other day in a costume of brown and black in this material. It was tight fitting everywhere, with a sailor collar and a sash of brown spun silk around the waist. The trowsers were short, showing brown stockings and black boots; the hat was a black sailor, with brown ribbon. A very fanciful style for boys is growing in favor. The jacket is very much like a square cut coat, and the waistcoat is long and flapped, with a belt across it. The trowsers are knickerbockers, and the boots reach to the knee. I saw several miniature men dressed in this manner, playing on the beach at Brighton. The suits are generally made in white or very light colored flannel or serge, with cuffs, buttons, and trimming of some good contrasting dark color. Some very odd veils are shown as the proper wear for Autumn. They are so ugly that I don't fancy they will ever become fashionable. They are very like the fine netting darned in squares, with a fringe or lace woven on at the edge. They are very large, and have a heavy, clumsy look, seeming to quite weigh down any bonnet they are thrown over. Some very pretty novelties in blonde trimmings, both black and white, are being shown now. They are intended to be laid on dresses in separate pieces or joined together, as taste may dictate. They are composed of leaves bunches of flowers, wreaths, Greek borderings, etc., in fine blonde, and look very beautiful at first; but I should fancy that the edges would fray and turn up almost directly. Some of the designs are really exquisite, and white blonde on black silk, or black on white, has a singularly rich effect. A curious combination in jewelry of bronze and gold is shown as fashionable, though it has a very heavy look. I had a brooch in my hand a few days since that at a little distance looked exactly like a piece of iron ore, though a closer inspection showed it to be a very fine pattern in bronze and gold. Large square pockets, with tassels on the corners, are put on the latest fashioned polonaises, which are not exactly like a coat in front. Colored stockings are worn with white dresses—an eccentricity that would have been looked upon as a savoring of madness within my recollection, but fashion makes strange strides. With a colored toilette the stocking must match the dress or the trimming, or both, by being striped; but with a white costume the hose must match whatever color the sash, etc., is composed of. As ladies are showing the whole of the feet now through tying their skirts so tightly back, the shoes and stockings are of the greatest importance, and it is rather startling to see a pair of crimson stockings peeping from under a white dress. The silk hose which are being made now are very brilliant both in color and material. The most fashionable are not very fine, the silk being much brighter and richer looking when rather coarse in texture. I had a curiosity in my hand a few days since—a glass bonnet or hat, I am not sure which. It was black, and was made of a great many pieces fastened together on some elastic foundation. I could not see how it was made for it was fully trimmed, with a bird of brilliant plumage with a spun glass tail of many colors and a very handsome shot ribbon. It was curious but very pretty, and exceedingly light; and I was told that with the trimming taken off it could be washed and rubbed up to look equal to new. It looked like a cluster of bright jet medallions, very small and finely fitted together, and as bonnets go there was nothing particularly *outre* in its appearance. I had the honor of inspecting the wedding dress of a very fashionable young lady last week, and a new style of trimming was adopted for the polonaise, which was very long and full. It was entirely edged with flowers; orange blossoms being mounted on a busking of something soft and transparent, and arranged so as to hang loosely from the edge. The whole dress as it was shown on the stand seemed to me to be loaded with flowers. Two large bunches looped the tunic, and a few very light blossoms were sprinkled on the veil, "to look as though they had been sprinkled over the bride," the *modiste* told me. The wreath was large and heavy, high in front, and very small at the back.—*Glasgow Mail.*

Just now it may be well for us to learn, if we do not already know, and if we do know to remember, that St. George is the patron saint for Russia as well as of England. That fair princess, the only daughter of the great potentate in the North, who is coming among us to draw infinitely closer the tie that already binds her to the Star of England, has always been no less familiar with the St. George of her native country than we are with our St. George in this land of her adoption. There are not, there cannot be, two rival St. Georges. He is one and the same St. George. Russians and Englishmen, as they stood face to face on the hights of Inkermann, were both equally ready to defend with their best blood the insignia of their own St. George—both alike in being as ready as were the English ready to stand by their St. George at Agincourt. Now, Englishmen and Russians, standing as brothers, side by side, may have one feeling of loyalty for the St. George who belongs alike to them both. Many of our readers are aware that the Order of St. George of Russia is one of the highest distinction, and only conferred on men who have done the State extraordinary and exceptional service.

RELIGIOUS BEGGING.

Sanctified begging has come to be one of the accepted characteristics of the day. No one knows when the hour and the woman may come, for the dirty work has been entrusted altogether to the gentler sex. It is preached to young girls that modesty is the quality which becometh them best; yet she who is fairest of face and trimmest of figure is chosen from the squad of incipient devotees and started out to beg in the name of the Lamb, laden with tickets—a flimsy fraud to deceive the uninitiated into the idea of value received. Ministers of the gospel thunder their anathema from the pulpit upon the knights of the green cloth. Lottery schemes are regarded as devices of the evil one, and games of chance are handled without gloves. Yet, what is a church fair without its raffles? Who is not familiar with the raffle spirit which comes in petticoats, and, with extended hand, containing a ticket for a sewing machine, a prayer book or a writing desk? Like Pendennis' creditors, she haunts our staircase in all sizes and guises. We find her waiting at our office door; we find her seated in our office chair. She is as persistent as an insurance agent, as indolent as a lorette, as insatiable as a subsidized corporation. As it is all done in the name of God, it is presumably all right, but, in the name of the other side of the house, it is most uncomfortable and annoying. If a man be of moderate pocket and somewhat yielding humor, the whole horde of church beggars will soon scent him out and come down on him like the Assyrians. And if it gets too much for human endurance, and they can't beg a dollar, they bully it out of him in the name of the aforesaid. Fairs are their favorite pitfalls. Mats, tidies and lunches are the announced attractions; but the scrupulous creatures have keener sensual eyes than wicked worldlings, and the fair creatures who dispense these mild attractions are selected with as fine a regard to points as as Nimbo would use for his coryphees. The pet coat presides at the flower table, and attaching a button-hole posy is a favorite dodge. The law of the land forbids lottery schemes of any sort, yet they are here in all forms, from the grab-box up. The laws of decency and of the Catholic church forbid fortune-telling, yet it is a favorite amusement in fairs of this denomination. In a harmless form, it is true, yet it is a bad precedent in a church which employs a special clause for its forbiddance. Fat parsons and old fogies generally disapprove of waltzing, because of the illegitimate contact into which it brings the sexes; yet in these fairs a bevy of girls will surround a man, pull, haul and maul him, and entreat with hand, lip and eye, as boisterously as the most experienced crowd of Magdalens that ever plied a trade. Modesty is a dead letter, for it doesn't pay; honesty likewise, for it necessitates the rendering of change, something uncommon at fairs. A new departure in church begging has been taken during the present week, in the shape of an excursion, where those interested may pay two dollars toward the furnishing of a flaring and gorgeous structure in which to worship the Prince of Humility. Neptune's greedy maw may relieve the excursionist of the necessity of taking two dollars' worth of pills. Other interest on the amount expended we cannot see, even though the name of several charming young ladies be appended to the Committee list—the usual tag. We advise church members to give up mendicancy as a profession, and to build their temples of worship within the limits of the congregation's pocket. Outsiders do not care to have their consciences loaded with church furniture and stained glass windows, in case they be obliged to render an account in the next world, where these items will not be in their favor.

THE VIRTUES OF WHISKY.

We commend the following to the notice of our whisky drinking readers: The following curious extract from Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, 1577, will be of interest to the advocates of whisky as a therapeutical agent of great power:—"There is used an ordinary drinke of *aqua vitæ*, so qualified in the making that it driveth more and inflameth lesse than other hot confections. One Theoricus *Episc. Hermopolis juxta Bonomiamo* wrote a proper treatyse of *Aqua Vitæ*, wherein he prayseth it to the ninth degree. He distinguisheth three sorts thereof—*simplex*, *composita*, and *perfectissima* . . . *Buying moderately taken*, saveth he, it sloweth age: it strengtheneth youth; it helpeth digestion; it cutteth flume; it abandoneth melancholie; it lightneth the harte, it lightneth the mynd; it quickneth the spirites; it cureth the hydropsie; it healeth the strangury; it pounceth the stone; it expelleth grue!; it puffeth awai ventositie; it kepyth and preserveth the hed from whyrling—the eyes from dazelyng—the tongue from lispyng—the mouthe from snarllyng—the teethe from chatteryng—the throte from rattlyng—the weasen from stiellyng—the stomache from wamblyng—the harte from swellyng—the bellie from wirtchyng—the guts from rumblyng—the hands from shuneryng—the sinowes from shrinkyng—the veynes from crumpelyng—the bones from akyng—the marrow from soakyng . . . *And trulie it is a soueraigne liquor, yf it be orderlie taken.*"

The work of restoring the wall of the oldest part of Windsor Castle, which was effected on the part facing Eton last year, is now being extended to the portion between the towers. The windows now patched up with bricks are to be removed, and the cavity thus occasioned is to be filled up with stone and windows more in accordance with the date of the wall. The improvement is to be effected as quickly as possible.

THE MINES AT NEVADA CITY.

THE WYOMING MINE.

This mine, situated on the south side of Deer Creek, about a mile below town, is perhaps the oldest worked mine in Nevada county, unless it be the Ural, now known as the Cornish mine, which is close to, and runs parallel with the Wyoming. They were both located about the same time, in 1851, since which time the Wyoming has been constantly worked, and its returns prove it to be a valuable mine, having ore of high grade, with a ledge from two and half to three feet thick. Under the old style of working quartz the average net yield of the Wyoming was $6 to $8 per day to the hand. The tunnel through which the rock has been taken out of the mine is 300 feet long, from the face of which an incline 150 deep was sunk on the ledge, all the pumping and hoisting being done by hand; and as all the work has hitherto been done by man power, in conveying the rock from the mine to the mill, it is plain to be seen that with a good mill and all the modern improvement for raising rock, the Wyoming can be made one of the best paying mines in the county. The Wyoming mine was recently purchased by a San Francisco company, who immediately proceeded to erect hoisting works on the mine, which are now completed. Mr. Charles Purinton, formerly the efficient Superintendent of the Pittsburg mine, was selected to take charge, and immediately assumed the duties of his office. Purinton is a practical miner, thoroughly conversant with mining, and with his large experience knows how to work a mine to advantage. The Company has made a good selection for Superintendent. The mine is now being put in condition for thorough and systematic working to a depth of several hundred feet. An incline shaft is being sunk, which is already down fifty feet, carrying a fine ledge of sulphureted ore, averaging eighteen inches wide. Water is being brought from the Gentry tunnel by a ditch, and boxes will be carried to a tank on the roof of the hoisting works, insuring protection and supplying the boiler. The new proprietors of the Wyoming have started in well, and there is no reason to doubt that the mine will prove itself to be all that its owners desire, and that 'ere long it will repay them a hundred fold for their investment. The ore in the new incline will average about $25 per ton; in the old incline the ledge is about three feet in thickness, showing free gold and rich sulphurets. A considerable body of ore in this part of the mine is ready for crushing as soon as the connection is made from the drifts to the new incline.

THE PROVIDENCE MINE.

This mine, a short distance from the Wyoming, is now a splendid paying property. Recently the owners have been sinking a new level, from which they ran a cross-cut to get the thickness of the ledge, which is over fifty-two feet, being the largest ledge yet found in Nevada county. Sixty pounds of gold were sent to San Francisco last week, worth $17 per ounce, from one run. The history of this mine is wonderful, nearly all the former stockholders giving up in despair. Messrs. Walruth & Co. are the owners.

NEVADA QUARTZ MINING COMPANY.

This mine was formerly known as Soggs' Mine, and is the same ledge as that worked by the Providence Company. Under the management of the present proprietors, it has increased in value, and is now a reliable, good-paying mine. Another level has just been sunk by the Company, and the ledge shows richer than ever before.

THE WYOMING, PROVIDENCE, AND NEVADA MINES

Are all in close vicinity of one another, and this fact has been fully demonstrated, that the ore turns out richer the deeper they go on the ledges, the same as the Amador County mines. In Eldorado county, the famous St. Lawrence is now at a depth of 600 feet.

At about three o'clock every afternoon, a stream of gaily dressed women may be seen patroling down Washington street on to Kearny. It is needless to say what class of women they are, for their business is written indelliblly on face and form. Virtuous women try to look disgusted at them, but a judge of human nature can see that there is quite as much of envy as of contempt in the look they give. The young sardine, fresh from the East, thinks it the thing to nod to these whited sepulchres, while the gray-headed broker gives them a quiet smile of recognition. Saturday is their great field day, and the matinee performances at our theaters are in a great measure supported by them and their admirers. That such a social evil must exist we believe, but let its existence be kept as much in the back-ground as possible, and do not let us, as we too often do, see ill-dressed sirtue have to walk on the muddy street while gaily attired vice monopolizes the ivdewalk.

Laura Cuppy Smith, the spiritualist and free-lover, writes: "The lover of my girlhood now walks the viewless causeways of the air, and inasmuch as he was cultured, lofty-souled, and large-hearted, he doubtless loves and is beloved by many a fair and queenly woman in 'that land of light and song;' yet he finds time to return to earth's turbulent scenes and bathe my toil-worn spirits in the deep waters of his passionate and intense affection; and those chords in my inmost being that first responded to his touch, remaining mute in presence of all others, thrill and vibrate as of yore, in an ecstacy of rapture when swept by his spirit touch." Which is blissful but unsatisfactory.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

PEACE IN THE BINDERY.

[BY PELEG ARKWRIGHT.]

Mary Ellen, where's that baby—gone to sleep, the little rogue?
What a blessin' 'tis to parents babies ever come in vogue;
But it aint considerate of 'em just to up and go to sleep,
When their Pops desires to see 'em; come, now, I must have one peep
At the little chunk o' beauty—what a trump the young 'un is!
'Fraid I'll wake him? Have to risk it: Pop has got to have his kiss.
Don't you know the reason, Mary, why my heart is full to-night?
'Cause it's just two years ago since we was hitched together tight.

Here's a little bunch o' flowers, fix 'em on your bosom true,
Bought 'em 'cause this little rose-bud quite reminded me of you;
Don't you mind, I always said, since our courtin' first begun,
That, if ever there was any female rose-buds, you was one?
Where's my slippers? Trot 'em out, and let's have supper piping hot--
Ah! But that smells appetizing, something nice I guess you've got.
Brought the last concluding number of "The Pirate's Bloody Dirk,"
Which I'll read it to you, blossom, when you once sit down to work.

Who'd a-thonght it, years ago, that seen me workin' like a bee,
A-feedin' of the rulin' pens and wishin' they was feedin' me,
That, within a few brief summers, winters, too, to be exact,
I should be a boss myself, a-boastin' cheerful of the fact;
An' who'd a-thought to seen us two, the time we had that awful breeze,
That we'd ever run together, close as double rulin' is,
Without any blots or scratches, straight as lines was ever seen,
Till, all fair and even-like, a little rule struck in between.

It has been almost too jolly, these two easy goin' years,
And it sometimes comes across me with a suddint rush o' fears,
That it cannot always be so—'taint like common human life,
For to jog along so peaceful, without any troubles, wife.
Look at this here small apartment, cosey, warm, and comfortin';
Look at you, so smart and handsome—there, I knowed I'd fetch a grin;
Look at that 'ere infant Johnson, Johnny Andrew, sleepin' sound—
Well, I s'pose the secret of it's 'cause we're healthy all around.

Speakin' of our comforts, Mary, somehow calls to mind again
That 'ere ugly breeze aforesaid—things wa'n't quite so lovely then;
When that Altemira Jenkins wriggled in 'twixt you and me.
Horrid thing? I s'pose so, but she was a comely one to see.
Knowed it? Yes, of course she knowed it, played it off like blazes, too,
For she see that you and me was goin' to make a match, true blue;
And it riled her female instincts, set her up to do her worst—
I believe that pairin' gals would kill each other if they durst.

So she went for me bald-headed; it's a fact I thereby learned--
Most men is constructed feeble, far as women is concerned;
If a hen that is extra handsome gets to foolin' round a man,
She can always start his stumps, it seems a part of nature's plan.
Well, I didn't mean no damage, but I s'pose I showed up weak,
And the gal was double-shotted to develop my soft streak;
But I hadn't no idea of it's partin' you and me,
Till that untimely noon-spell, when you up and mittened me.

Then the bad in me riz up, and come out hot and fierce and strong;
A infirmity of temper buckled in to help it 'long;
I had bogus pride sufficient not to show how much it hurt;
But I wasn't man enough to shake the scheming, heartless flirt,
For I thought that you despised me, and I meant to show that I
Was as gay and chirk as ever, but it was a livin' lie.
Oh! it cut me cruel, Mary, made my work a weary load;
Blew ambition up a flume, and shoved me on the downward road.

And I s'pose I should have flummixed shortest way I could devise,
If good luck or else good angels hadn't opened my two eyes,
Till I saw that you was pining, drooping, fading sorrowful,
And one day I ketched you lookin' right at me—your eyes was full—
Then I wakened. Thought a minute—slipped around behind by stealth
Took a holt and hugged you, darling; kissed you back to life and health.
Since which time, I would observe, that blessings seems to fill our cup:
Let us thank the Lord, my Mary—hello, baby's wakin' up!

Livingstone is heard from again. A Paris dispatch reports the arrival in that city of Mr. Starnes, the English traveler, who has been roaming around in Central Africa, where he had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Livingstone in June, parting from him so recently as the 1st of July. Mr. Starnes reports the doctor in perfect health, but the dispatch gives no information as to how much longer he expected to stay in Africa.

AERONAUTIC.

The Export Mercantile Advertiser and British Prices Current has the following: The *Scientific American* of the 26th of July contains an excellent engraving of M. Dupuy de Lowe's great aerial ship, with an interesting description of the machine, accompanied with diagrams, and an account of the ascent from the Fort of Vincennes in February 1872. We must refer our readers interested in the matter to the article in question for particulars, but would simply draw their attention to the fact that whilst M. de Lowe's improvement on old-fashioned balloons, for invention it cannot be called, is included in every point in the California Avitor, this latter goes much further than the Frenchman, and has more effectually solved the problem of aerial propulsion. In the three principal points wherein M. de Lowe has deviated from his predecessors, namely, in shape, propeller and rudder, he has but partially adapted the construction of the California Avitor. He changed the spherical shape of his balloon to that of an elongated cylinder; a long car suspended from it was propelled by a screw of two blades, worked by hand power, whilst at the rear of the gas holder was a triangular steering apparatus. In the California machine all these three agents are employed; but, in addition, the immense power given by planes acting on the air is brought into play, and it is this system of planes which not only eminently distinguishes our Avitor from any other aerial machine, but at the same time gives it the power of independent, arbitrary movement which no other air locomotion possesses. We regret that the writer in the *Scientific American* did not give the speed or force of the wind at the time of M. de Lowe's ascension. We can only surmise from descriptions that it was nearly calm, for we find that, after making many graceful evolutions—which, from the nature of its construction, could only be performed in still weather—the car was subsequently at an elevation of 1,800 feet, with the screw making twenty-five revolutions a minute, only progressing at the rate of two-fifths of a mile per minute. The natural wind driven direction of the machine must have been east, for we find that the steering apparatus enabled the aeronauts to go either in a northeasterly or southeasterly direction. This deviation from the hitherto involuntary course of balloons is a great step gained, but cannot in the least be compared to the superior properties of the Avitor. The grand principle of the Avitor is to do away as much as possible with the sustaining power of hydrogen gas, and to substitute in its place mechanical force. Such power acting on planes extending on each side of the machine enables it to sail against the wind, as well as allows the wind to assist it in its course, and everything gained by dynamic force over simply sustaining elementary power is so much gained in the rapid advance towards the locomation of the future. Our Californian Avitor is not dead, nor even dormant. Every year—nay, every month—hastens the beginning of the end. The construction of a steam engine, combining power and lightness is the present desideratum. That once determined, the rest is easy, and the day is not far distant when the complete air ship, constructed on the model exhibited in San Francisco with so much success, will cease to be a wonder in men's eyes, and become accepted as an every-day necessity for the purpose of travel. Mr. Wise's projected trip across the Atlantic is simply an immense balloon, availing itself of a supposed current of air flowing in one direction, which, if arrived at will enable the navigators to land in the Old World.

SILVER v. PAPER.

The downward tendency of silver is beginning to create some alarm, and means should be devised to check it. India and other Oriental countries have ceased to hoard and consume silver to anything like the extent of former times. Their methods of doing business have been largely assimilated to those in vogue among enlightened nations. Gold and bills of exchange are now employed to the proportionate exclusion of silver. Immense masses of the latter metal lie entirely inert in those countries. It has lost its charm, and the demand has ceased to equal the supply. Under such circumstances, a resort to artificial means must be had to maintain the value of silver. To this end we suggest the calling in of all fractional paper currency, and all legal tenders below five dollars, and substitute silver coinage in their place. Furthermore, instead of limiting payments in silver to five dollars as a legal tender, raise it to fifty. The population of the country is now sufficiently numerous to employ not less than $200,000,000 in silver coin, if paper fractional currency and all below five dollars in legal tenders be withdrawn by the Government. The sole value of paper money consists in the indorsement given it as money by the Government. It has no intrinsic merit, and left to its own responsibility would be universally repudiated. It is not so with silver, which has a specific value all over the globe, and is exchangeable for other commodities whenever offered. It is, therefore, our settled opinion, that the market value of silver can be fairly maintained by shaping the suggestions above presented into some systematized form which will recommend their adoption. It is alleged that some of our most prominent mine owners declare that they will be compelled to cease mining if silver continues to decline as it has done of late.

A man in New York has a watch which he claims has gained time enough to pay for itself in six months.

ORIGIN OF A FAMILIAR LINE.

A correspondent of Harper's Bazaar writes that the oft-quoted line, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," occurred with Rathven, Jenkyns, and was first published in the *Gentleman's Magazine for Matrons*, in 1701 or 1702. As a literary curiosity, we quote the whole poem:

"Sweetheart, good-bye! that duty says so. "Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace!
It speaks to me from there, there, O cruel fate! two souls to sever!
And I obey! Farewell, my love! Yet in this heart's most secret place
My ship sails North! I sail the sea. There shall you ever, ever, ever dwell forever.
Perchance all the world and fortune, And still shall I, in life, from face
These eyes shall never more see many a year; In Love's garden, ever near, face—
But, sweetheart, my own dearest, Each sweet, each true, that form, that
Please rest to smile, to memory dear Please rest to smile, to memory dear."

[The public is indebted to Longfellow's translation, published a few years for a long time as to the "Better Land I hear you speak," and "I shall see you again." Mr. Longfellow's version was published "We shall meet to see us again." The sentiment, as a common-place one, was the commonplace of the time, a time which seems to have been prosaic, if not dull, by the "savants" of America and Europe.—ED.]

"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."

Editor News Letter:—A few months since, an inquiring young friend of the writer hereof came to him for the origin of the line above quoted; and ultimately a note was written, stating that the line occurred in a poem originally published in the *Gentleman's Magazine for Matrons*, in the year 1701 or 1702, the author being Rathven Jenkyns. The meaning of the passage and particular phrases, connected with their appearance in the *Matrons*, was suggested by him to have been "very strained for a line as a heroic" as Jenkyns, and, as far as it was concerned, was quite natural and easy" and "to the point." If this somewhat critical note met with any attention, it must have been in the form of the Editor's consulting a search at the British Museum, but no one called to see the copy of the *Matrons* during the visitors, nor the Mercantile Library, nor the [illegible]. Yet [illegible] that a [illegible] that it existed as well as America's poor have the advantage to [illegible], so that the searchers in quest of the [illegible] can recommence their labors.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 28, 1875. C.

A remarkable instance of presence of mind occurred in New Zealand a short time ago. Two young men were fishing, when by an unlucky stroke, one of [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] clock. In his agony he ran to some friends and begged them to return the oar to its socket; but before it got [illegible], but during that [illegible] were [illegible] to help him, he was not in a manner [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]. He then drank two glasses of brandy, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ART NOTES.

Most of our artists have returned from their Summer wanderings, and are hard at work on commissions, or preparing for the forthcoming exhibition. Hill has in hand two upright, round topped views of Yosemite, which will, when finished, adorn the residence of one of our prominent bankers. One of them is from Glacier Point; the other from Indian Cañon. Both give that idea of vastness, grandeur, and distance which are conspicuously absent in most photographs and three parts of the paintings of Yosemite. The first-named is almost Turner-esque in character, but not at all *Turner-ific*. This distinction will be appreciated by those who know the sometime vagaries of the great English artist. Hill has some of his best characteristics, and none of his "wusser" ones. Marple has in progress two excellent scenes on the Sacramento River: that with evening effect is almost worthy of Claude himself. In the Post street gallery there are several pictures on view worthy of note, including three pleasing landscapes by Harvey Young. Denny has made a new departure: he has forsaken the sea *pro. tem.*, and has painted a really charming landscape, the "Source of the Walhalla River, Mendocino County." In style, it is somewhat after the French school. Comparisons are not always odious: this little work would not have disgraced Calame. In the same gallery we noted a charming portrait of a young lady of this city, by Mr. Jorgensen, the Danish artist. He has succeeded in producing a work which combines finish and detail with *character*. The first qualites are common enough, but are rarely combined with the latter: Mr. Jorgensen's portraits are studies. The drapery, etc., is also admirable. Niles, on Kearny street, exhibits a very fresh, true picture by Keith, the subject of which is "Mount Shasta from the head waters of the Sacramento." It has been purchased by J. J. Hayes, Esq. The picture of Mount Lyell, by the same artist, recently in the same gallery, has been added to the collection of A. K. P. Harmon, Esq.

San Francisco has reason to be proud of her photographers, and we have also some excellent artists here who devote their time to working up their productions in crayon, oil or water color. Foremost among them certainly stands Scott Tidball. We have had the pleasure of inspecting several crayon portraits by this artist, one of which is to be forwarded shortly to Japan. It is a capital likeness of the young Prince Ajuma, the adopted heir of the Mikado. He has also a portrait of Tom Hill, the artist, and a larger one of a lady of this city, all remarkable for artistic finish, and pleasing, life-like expression.

We are sorry to be obliged to chronicle the death, at Santa Barbara, of Oregon Young, an artist of the greatest promise, of whose pictures we recently wrote in terms of praise. Some half dozen of them are still on view at Niles' Gallery; the whole collection has been purchased by Senator J. P. Jones of Nevada. Oregon Young had only recently come among us, and his works were but just commencing to attract the notice they deserved.

At the last meeting of the Art Association the following gentlemen were elected life members: Messrs. G. W. Prescott, W. C. Burnett, Michael Reese, Louis Livingstone, Henry Payot, Abraham Seligman, A. Roman, E. C. Dewey, S. P. Dewey and G. W. Gibbs. Mr. Joseph Mezzara of Paris, brother of the sculptor—that is to say our sculptor—was elected an honory member, in recognition of his untiring efforts while acting as agent for the Art Association, in regard to the donation of casts generously presented by the French Government. These casts, many of them of large size, are now expected to arrive daily. They were shipped via the Horn, and will be set up immediately on arrival, thus forming a permanent attraction at the Art Association Rooms.

A portrait of Miss Minnie Walton appears in the last number of the New York *Clipper*. It is not libelous to the extent of more than five or six years in fact, is a little above the average of the *Clipper's* portraits. It is taken from one of Taber's statuesque pictures.

In an ancient MS. recently discovered whilst grading Telegraph Hill, it was found that the nectar so often sung by the poets as being the beverage of the jolly old gods, was nothing more nor less than the far-famed Napa Soda, which can be had in any quantities at the depot, 18½ Geary street. And when we consider its bright, sparkling, refreshing and never-to-be-equaled qualities, our estimation of the good taste of the aforementioned jovial deities increases ten fold.

Miss Sarah Miles, we presume a young lady of color, makes her debut before a San Francisco audience on Thursday, the 9th. She has long been studying diligently under Prof. Evans, who has found her to be possessed of a superb voice. She will be assisted entirely by colored artists—not burnt cork—and her first appearance is eagerly looked forward to by musicians and music lovers.

The Daily Mining News has stopped, or, as its editor expresses it, has dropped anchor. We hope they have not dropped coin as well. All the news hitherto given in the daily will now appear in the *Mining and Scientific Press*, published on Friday.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

Dr. Lord, as a lecturer, has proved quite a success.—The body of W. H. Packer has been found, but, singularly enough, the fish had eaten off the finger on which the $500 diamond once flashed.—F. F. Low, U. S. Minister to China, arrived here on Tuesday.—Charles H. Tyler has a tile loose. Stocks, as usual, are blamed, and he is sent to Stockton.—Lieutenant Emmet McCormac, U. S. N., died on board the *China*, on the passage from Yokohama to this port.—An English company is about to run opposition to the Pacific Mail. So much for Yankee go-aheadism.—The half-hourly trips of the Oakland Ferry were commenced on Monday, and are most successful.—The Clay-street railroad shuts off steam about sun-down. This we think a mistake; we advise two o'clock in the afternoon.—A most desperate incendiary was captured on Thursday by the Fire-Marshal and his myrmidoms. The resistance offered was terrific, and the entire Fire Department would have been called into requisition had not the dangerous captive broken into a "boo-hoo," and begged to be taken to his "Maw." The age of the vile wretch is five years and three months.—The *China-Wan* sails between this port and Sacramento.—A new race-track is to be constructed between First and Fifth Avenues, on the Cliff House Road.—The sneak-thief who stole the box of surgical instruments from Dr. Andrew's buggy is respectfully informed that hanging is too good for him.—An interesting discovery of old coins was made by some workmen whilst excavating Montgomery Avenue.—On the august authority of Tommy Newcomb, we state that a most important interview has taken place between His Imperial Highness Norton I. and the Duke of Manchester. The terrific secrets with which the interview was pregnant are withheld.—The Horticultural Exhibition is a "sweet-pretty" combination of flowers, ferns, and music.—Mesdames Bowman and Poddock are training for a prize-fight to come off sometime in the middle of next week on Goat Island.—The most sacred of all the Jewish holy days, that of the Atonement, was most religiously observed by all the children of Israel who have pitched their tents in this city of progress and frailty.—Officer Robert Burke, of the Harbor Police, committed suicide on Thursday night. Cause, disappointment in love. Very foolish young man.—David Scannell, prospective Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, is not dead, but has gone East.—The Public Schools reopened on Monday, and parents weep at the thought of the next holidays.—Miss May Howard begins a week's engagement at the California on Monday.

THE NEW CRUSADE AGAINST PROPERTY.

When an advocate of "popular institutions"—that is of government by the mob—cited the prosperity of the United States, in support of his argument, Macaulay replied: "As to the case of America, I appeal to the twentieth century." The state of things anticipated by the great essayist seems likely to be realized earlier than he predicted. Already the "masses" are taking the initiatory steps toward a systematic war against capital and the rights of property. The symptoms of the coming trouble are to be seen all over the country. The farmers, the cobblers, the day laborers, and nearly all the classes who have to toil with their hands in order to live, are growing bitterly discontented with their lot, and are planning how they may get more wages with less work. As the shortest path to this result is an organized attack upon capital, that is the plan that finds most favor with the proletarian malcontents. But the war is to be carried on not in the clumsy, old-fashioned Jack Cade style, but by means of legislation. Here in California it takes the shape of hostility to railroads. In Missouri the farmers think that the national banks are the source of all their woes. In Iowa the cry is against the "middlemen." All through the Western States the grain-growers and "Grangers" generally seem to think that it is one of their inalienable rights to have their produce carried to market at the expense of their neighbors, or that the charges for freight should be regulated with sole reference to their interests, and with no reference to the actual cost of transportation. "It begins to be very clear," says the *Nation*, "that if Congress protects the farmers against all their enemies—the railroads, the banks, the judges, the makers of agricultural implements, the carriage-makers and piano-makers, and the peddlers, who are now "devouring their substance"—the Executive Department of the Government will be kept pretty busy." What the "intelligent masses" seem to want is substantially what Jack Cade promised to his ragged constituency: they want to be able to sell dear and buy cheap; to fix not only the price of their own labor, but of all the commodities they have occasion to purchase. When the farmer can sell all his grain and pork at a rate to suit himself, and can also regulate the tariff of freights, and the price which the corner grocery man shall charge for his tea, coffee and sugar, he will be happy.

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could; but as he can't, does all he can to show the world he's not a man.

A NICE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The spirit of robbery and rascality seems to crop out so universally in all public bodies, from Congress to the Board of Supervisors, that it might, without any great injustice, be called "the spirit of the age." One of the richest illustrations of the insolence which official scoundrelism develops through long immunity, is to be found in a recent remarkable transaction in the Board of Education. A bolder and more bare-faced swindle has never been attempted by the most accomplished "ring" in America. In June last, our model Board advertised for proposals for a supply of school furniture. Gilbert & Moore, a well-known and responsible firm, put in a bid at $5 40 a set; Palmer & Co. bid $5 75. Gilbert & Moore's was the lowest bid of all, yet the Committee on Furniture and Supplies recommended the awarding of the contract to Palmer & Co. There was some opposition to this in the Board, and finally a new advertisement for bids was published. This time Palmer & Co. put in a bid at $5 25, fifteen cents less than that of Gilbert & Moore, and less than the furniture can be supplied at so as to realize a profit. Director Plunkett, seeing very clearly that there was a rascally job under the surface of this transaction, took upon himself the duty of keeping an eye upon the later stages of it. The result was the discovery, a week ago, that the Furniture and Supply Committee had been allowing their accomplices, Palmer & Co., $6 50 per set, instead of the $5 25 which they had bid. This is a swindle of such an outrageous character as to call for exemplary punishment, if there is any virtue in criminal law.

WATER.

Since the News Letter first drew the attention of its readers to the water monopoly, we have been visited by many gentlemen interested in the subject, who have entertained various plans for the relief of the burdened citizens. For the *News Letter*, and for disinterested parties generally, there is but one plan of relief—that the city should build and own its own waterworks. A rival company would temporarily remedy the existing ill. If the city itself come to the rescue, a lasting cure is effected. Extortion will cease and water yet be plentiful. Happy time! Their wrongs have already sufficiently roused the citizens. It remains for those gentlemen to open their eyes who can give official relief. It is probable that the matter will be one of the first considerations with the incoming Board of Supervisors, since the necessity is daily becoming more pressing. Why should not the outgoing Board put a feather in its cap by taking the initiative step? The Legislature will shortly meet, and the sooner the work is begun the sooner it will be completed. There will be some work to do, for country members perversely refuse to sanction any movement favored by the gentlemen from the metropolis. But they can soon be brought to see that while it does incalculable good to San Francisco, it does no harm to any other place. We wait almost with impatience the first movement of the City Fathers in this matter. Nothing could be more popular with the people than such a step, for the need has been pressing and of long continuance. And until such a step is taken Spring Valley, with its wealth, its power, its independence, and its tenure of desirable reservoir hights, has us on the hip.

For Arbitration.—An interesting, as well as important, case, involving the paymept of $86,000, came, upon Thursday, October 3d, before the Arbitration Committee of the Produce Exchange. A prominent commission house sold last month 2,000 tons of good shipping Wheat to a prominent export buyer, to be delivered at *seller's* option, between the 1st and 15th of October. Cash on delivery. Accordingly, the seller delivered to the buyer samples of the different lots of grain and an order on a warehouse for the delivery of same, and with the bill of purchase in hand demanded the coin on the first day of October. The samples of Wheat had previously been accepted by the buyer, and no exception made thereto; but when payment was demanded the buyer demurred, saying, in reply, that he did not consider the Wheat delivered, but he would put on his drays, and as fast as he could draw away the grain he would pay for it. To this the seller objected, claiming that according to the custom of the port, the delivery was made when samples and orders were given. Decision reserved. LATER.—The Committee declared that the Wheat, having been delivered in warehouse along the city front, as per wording of the contract, purchase was in all respects a delivery of the property according to mercantile usage, particularly as it was admitted that five days previous notice had been given in September that the cash would be required October 1st.

A characteristic anecdote is related of an out-at-elbows poet, who, by some freak of fortune, came into possession of a five-dollar bill. He came to a lad and said, "Johnny, my boy, take William and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it William?" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it Bill."

Punctuation was first used in literature in 1850. Before that time wordsand sentenceswereputtogetherlikethis.

A Dutch householder, bragging immoderately of his worldly gear, writes

"I've got a pig cat and I've got a pig tog,
I've got a pig calf and I've got a pig hog,
I've got a pig baby so pig and so tall,
And I've got a pig vife dat's pigger as all."

An old lady on a steamboat observed two men pumping water to wash the deck, and the captain being near, she asked him as follows: "Well, captain, got a well on board, eh?" "Yes, ma'am; always carry one," said the polite captain. "Well, that's clever. I always dislike this nasty river water, especially in dog days."

Things have changed in Washington. A representative said to a person at the door of the American Senate, "I want to get shaved and have my boots blacked." The man so familiarly addressed happened to be one of the colored representatives, who quietly replied, "Excuse me, I's not a waitah; I's a membah."

A housemaid who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner found him engaged in using his toothbrush. "Well, is he coming?" asked the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply, "he's just sharpening his teeth."

A young lady says that a gentleman ought never to feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the object of his choice, "for in life, as in grammar, we decline before we conjugate."

"Good morning, Patrick; you have got a new coat at last, but it seems to fit you too much." "Och! there's nothing surprising in that; sure I wasn't there when I was measured for it."

"Who dat hit me? Where's dat lantern?" were the exclamations of an astonished Elmira darkey, after being thrown something like a hundred feet by a locomotive.

"You seem to be a little hoarse, my love," remarked Simpkins to his spouse when she had a cold. "A little hoarse, indeed!" she replied, mistaking the allusion—"better be that than a big mule!"

A gentleman late one evening met his servant. "Hallo! where are you going at this time of night?—for no good, I'll warrant!" "I was going for you, sir."

The following words are inscribed on a sign over a restaurant in Greenbush, New York: "Mrs. Murphy's Porterhouse for sale by the pint or quart."

One San Francisco paper in the morning reported the sad death of a deaf and dumb girl. Its evening rival, not to be outdone, gave her last words.

The man that "sticks" to his business—The drummer.

A Secret—The surest way to get on in life is to grow old.

THE GERMANS IN THE WEST.

The following is taken from an able article by F. F. Lalor, in the "Atlantic" for October.]

The first emigration to the United States of persons of German birth—that is, in any considerable numbers—took place immediately after the Thirty Years' War, and was a proximate consequence of that struggle. The draughts on its resources for over a quarter of a century had made Germany a very poor country, and, like all poor countries, a very undesirable place for those dependent for a livelihood on the labor of their hands, since with the capital of the country went—as even the tyro in political economy must know—the wage-fund, the support of its mechanics and peasantry. Thousands of these classes, with no alternative but gradual starvation or immediate emigration, chose the latter as the lesser evil, and turned their eyes to our shores, then as now the land of promise to the Israelites of fortune.

Queen Anne of England had promised free passage to America to those Germans desiring to emigrate thither. She expected but a few ship-loads of the exiles. Great, therefore, was her consternation, and that of the generous Londoners, when they saw themselves threatened by a foreign invasion. History informs us that there were at one time thirty-two thousand German emigrants, poor, ignorant, and war-worn, in London, awaiting an opportunity to embark for America. The hospitality of the English had been over-eagerly accepted; of their too willing guests only twelve thousand were carried across the Atlantic.

Such was the advent among us of the German element—an element worthy of our best and most careful study; for we are sure that in the coming man—the future citizen of homogeneous America, an individual whose day is perhaps a hundred years in the future—the German blood will "tell," and go far to make him what he will be.

The first German emigrants were, for obvious reasons, far beneath the German emigrant of our own times, both in intelligence and position; for whereas they came almost paupers to the country, the German who lands here to-day does not, except in rare cases, come penniless. He comes generally with the ability to read and write, and with means sufficient to support himself and his family, if he has one, until his labor shall provide him with an income. Indeed, the German who comes to-day comes relatively independent. The first colony of Germans came as hewers of wood and drawers of water, the lowest of the low, the most ignorant of the ignorant, bearing to our forefathers the same relation that the Chinese do at present to our brothers on the Pacific Coast.

The richest man in New York city at the end of the seventeenth century was Jacob Leisler, a German, as was also—witness his name—Johann Peter Zenger, who distinguished himself in his day by his tirades on the English.

The great majority—it would not be far from the mark to say all—of our present population has come here within something less than a quarter of a century, nine-tenths of all who have come being from the artisan and laboring classes, the other tenth from the middle classes, with an occasional Baron or Count—whom German and American alike declare to be generally "no count"—thrown in by way of variety.

Owing partly to political and partly to other causes, the tide of German emigration assumed, about the year 1848, dimensions altogether unwonted; and up to the present time there has been no falling off in the numbers that land from Germany every year upon our shores. Statisticians have estimated them at the yearly average of 100,000 souls, for about twenty years. There are those—German authorities—who claim that of the present population 10,000,000 are Germans and their descendants, and, as the writer takes it, descendants in the first generation, and about as much American as if born in Westphalia. In 1864 they claimed one-sixth of our entire population.

There are as many Germans in many of our large western cities as there are Americans; in some of them there are more. They are found scattered over the East; in the West, they are thick as autumn leaves; they cover the country and swarm in the city.

Un-American in language, un-American in education, to some extent un-American in their views; socially, and in a degree commercially, isolated from the native-born population, yet endowed with all the rights of American citizens; Americans *de jure*, but not, in a sense, *de facto*—they present an object of study, political and social, second to none that can engage the attention of the American patriot or statesman. What are they? How do they live? What are their customs? What attitude do they take toward the rest of the population? What of their future? Will they found an *imperium in imperio*, or will they be absorbed into the American body? Will they permanently affect the American character, and how?

The Germans in this country are clannish, gregarious in their instincts. It is sometimes objected to the Germans that they herd together thus; but, as we think, unjustly. What else could be expected on their arrival? To find fault with them for not becoming Americans in a day is, to say the least, very unphilosophical; and whoever does so makes no allowance for the inevitable, and would go to law with gravitation itself.

Their quarters—and they have separate quarters in all large cities where they have settled in any numbers—are readily distinguished, so unlike are they to other quarters of the town, so un-aristocratic, so un-American, so unpretending in their architecture.

Our German population may, relatively, support the largest number of saloons. They by no means produce the greatest number of drunkards.

The Germans are a prolific race, raise large families, and enjoy doing so. Here, therefore, children swarm. Here children scream and grow large-chested; climb up piles of wood, over their father's heavy wagons, and grow broad-shouldered and muscular. Here infants drink from the fountain nature intended they should feed at: here "soothing syrup" and the nursing bottle are unknown. Here no effeminacy—no effeminacy even in women. Here the five-year-old learns sometimes to earn his daily bread, and the ten-year-old divides his time between school and work. Here men and even children who know the value of a penny—men and children who are willing to work, who understand from the cradle that life is a struggle, who earn relatively much, and spend relatively little: who are willing to live on beer and coarse meat and brown bread, and think it no self-denial to do so. Here, in fact, in the sternest of schools, are brought up those whom the children of Americans will have to meet in the battle of life: the men into whose hands, or into the hands of whose children the wealth and influence of the West, in less than half a century, will, in a great measure, have passed, and with the wealth and influence of the great West—which in a few years will mean more than half the continent—it may be the wealth and influence of the whole country: provided always the children of American parents are not brought up in a more Spartan-like school than they are at present, and taught that only through those virtues by which their fathers earned the competence they enjoy can that competence be preserved.

The stern early training of the young German is reinforced by the virtues he witnesses about him, economy, honesty, and industry, all of which in a high degree the German claims and obtains credit for wherever he settles.

The man works, the children work, and the women work, and work as hard, if not harder, than the men; for the German, although not destitute of romance, is far from believing that woman was made to be only ornamental.

The German is quite social, that is, with his own countrymen. With them he will sit, and smoke, and drink a glass of beer or wine, never of brandy or whisky, unless perchance he has been Americanized in that one particular, which sometimes happens. With Americans he is more reserved. He seems to feel that between him and them there is an impassable gulf. His only intercourse with them is of a business character, and of that even he has but little. If he keeps a wholesale house, or a very large retail one, he may have a small number of American customers; otherwise, his business relations are confined to those of his own nationality. Americans are practically foreigners to their German fellow-citizens, whom it is a kind of petty treason to the fatherland to patronize. Hence the German population have their own merchants, artisans, mechanics, dressmakers, and professional men.

It would not be hard to misinterpret this feature of the German character. Its existence, however, should not be attributed to any dislike of the German for the American. He may love him very well, he loves his countrymen more. And it is quite natural he should; it is but one instance in a thousand of the effects of the moral chemical affinity of race.

The German has, as might be expected, his own Church—that is, supposing him to be of the class that goes to church—and, as might not be expected, his own school, to say nothing of institutions peculiarly his own. In religion he is either Lutheran, of the German Reformed Church, or Roman Catholic; and when he professes the creed of any of these, his orthodoxy is unquestioned.

The German radical or the German materialist is not as fair minded as the American who entertains the same views. It were hard to find any one more positive or more impatient of contradiction than the disciple of Büchner, who assures you with Firdusi,

> "Von Erde sind, zur Erde werden wir,
> Voll Angst und Kummer sind auf Erden wir;
> Du gehst von hinnen, doch es währt die Welt,
> Und Keiner hat Ihr Räthsel aufgehellt."

The German's idea of Sunday is anything but Puritanic. It is the very opposite. It is for them a day of amusement. It is no unusual thing to be asked by a German on Monday morning, "Well, how did you amuse yourself yesterday?" There are those among the Germans, of course, who respect and keep the Sabbath; but then there are always enough of them who do not; and to judge by the numbers in which they frequent their places of amusement on Sunday—the parks, beer-gardens and public-halls—a stranger might possibly be tempted to inquire whether the Germans had any idea of Sabbath.

We have mentioned so many points in which the German is isolated from the American that the question, in what do the two agree, would not be impertinent. Have they anything in common? We think they have. We think that in their common adherence to the rights of humanity, and in their devotion to the principles of human liberty, they are one; that the German in America would fight side by side with the American for any broad principle of liberty or human right, for dignity or independence or union of the country—with this distinction, however: the American would fight for the country and the principle, the German, we think, for the principle only; that is, if the two could be separated. In other words, the German does not love America as his fatherland; he loves that which alone makes America—we do not say dear but—supportable to him,—liberty, and the opportunity it affords him to better his condition.

Although he does not mix with the American portion of the community, and has no very great love for it, he is no enemy of the American, he bears him no ill-will. That he does not mingle in American society or positively love the native American is not his fault. He cannot, and it should not be expected from him.

There is nothing to bring the two together but a common adherence to a few abstract principles,—principles which have no active opponents, and which, therefore, do not tend to cement the union of the German and American peoples as they would were they threatened from without or within.

His language, customs, education, and traditions, his daily mode of life, even, are different; hence he does not meet his American fellow-citizen as often as he would were any of these two things held by the two in common. Germans and American cannot meet even at the same table, which, however good it may be for one or the other, never can suit both at the same time, so different are their culinary tastes.

From all that has been said, it may be inferred that the German does not frown on or flatter the American. He gives him credit for perseverance, enterprise, and pluck, for his ability for self-government; but here ends his praise.

Such being the light in which we appear to those of our German population who trouble themselves at all with speculations as to the probable future of their race in the United States, it is not much to be wondered at that they do not wish to be Americanized any faster than they can help it; that they resist the change, if Americanization means changing them into anything like what the American is to-day, east or south, north or west. In fact, the German looks upon the invitation to Americanize himself as an invitation to forget his early associations and European impressions, to exchange the Alps for the Alleghanies and the Rhine for the Hudson; to efface Heidelberg and Berlin from his memory, and fall in love with Cambridge and New York; "to throw Goethe and Schiller into the fire, and read the Bible and Miles Standish;" to turn away from the grand old minster, and feast his eyes on ordinary houses built of fiery red brick.

But what of the future? By the very force of circumstances, and in spite of what the German wishes, his decendants will be American. If we are ever to become one nation, a homogeneous people, the distinction of German and American must cease. The German does not like this. He does not like to be swallowed up by the great American people, body, bones, and all. He does not like to be told that he will disappear and leave not a trace behind, for he has within him the instinct of immortality.

Will he live in America in any sense? We think he will. Even at present German ideas are not without their force. It is not for us to say whether this is always for the best. Let others decide whether the German boast—that they are the born enemies of "Yankee" thought and "Yankee" ideas—is true or not, and, if true, whether for the best or not. All we aim at is to take an objective view of them, not sparing them where their faults are patent, nor caring to spare the reader who would fain find everything as he would wish it to be.

Wherever they have settled in any numbers, they hold—or may hold if they so choose—the balance of power, and it would be almost impossible to pass a Maine Liquor Law, or a Sunday Law, or if passed, to enforce it. The principle that Christianity is a part of the common law is fast disappearing wherever they settle. In any question involving that point no judge, anxious for the German vote and caring more for the vote than the principle, or the dignity of the bench, would affirm it.

The German will effect the American community in two ways: by his blood and by his ideas. The resultant will be neither "Yankee" nor German; it will be American. The German character—there are enough of the nation among us to do it—will complement the American, and of all characters it is in some respects the one most able to do it. The American is too much taken up with the pursuit of gain: an effusion of German blood will have the effect of making him less so, but, at the same time perhaps, more saving; less abstemious in the matter of wine and beer, if this could be considered desirable, more so in that of brandy and whisky; less given to commercial speculation, fonder of music and the drama, of flowers and of nature. It is not probable that they will influence our form of government or our political principles at all. The mission of the Anglo Saxon race appears to be to educate men into governing themselves. Here Germany must come to school to America. Her genius is not political, however contemporaneous events may seem to favor the opposite view. Among no people are the ties of friendship and the family stronger. Among no people is political coherency less powerful. As a people, they may be manipulated by a skillful hand. Bismarck's success is moulding them in a short period into a great nation, if it proves the ability of the man, proves also a lack of political self-assertion in the people themselves. Were their political prejudices stronger, they could not have been overcome so easily. Of the thousands of Germans who have come to our shores, the late Dr. Lieber is, perhaps, the only political writer of any prominence they have given us; and of distinguished statesmen, they have not produced one. Their own most eminent writers do not hesitate to confess that, as a people, they have no political genius. They had no idea of the State until they came in contact with the Romans; and they have always considered the government as an estate, and not as a trust. We should be inclined to think that, if true to their instincts, they would in this country favor State rights, for they have always been impatient of universal governments, ecclesiastical and civil, and a tendency to decentralization runs through the whole of their history. Hence, the small States which only yesterday were united into an Empire—a union of which no one feels warranted to prophesy the perpetuity. We repeat it, therefore, it is only socially, and in our religious history that the Germans will act upon us; and, in the long run, perhaps, more in the latter respect than in the former. There seems to be a tendency in the German character that is anti-Christian. We recollect finding ourselves one

Christmas day in the house of a venerable German patriarch—a man with hair as white as snow that covered the ground outside. His little grandchildren were about him, climbing his knee, and talking of the "Christ-kind," or Christ-child, who had sent them all the pretty golden fruit, and the tree that bore it, their aged grandparent the while extolling Rénan, and arguing against the existence of God. Before those children had doffed their small clothes, Santa Claus and the Christ-kind were both relegated to the mythic age of the nursery. And something like this is taking place every day among the Germans in the West.

When it is known that one of the objects of the Turnvereins is the propagation of the most radical ideas in matters of religion and politics, and that these societies are to be found in every State of the Union, something is learned of how they are affecting us in that direction. These and other influences will survive the German in America. He will go; but they, for good or evil, will remain. The German's character will not die out, but will change; his name, his feelings, his thoughts, and his aspirations will cease to be German, and, in ceasing to be German, become American; but, on the other hand, not American in precisely the signification that word bears to-day; for America, even, is not exempt from the laws which produce the vicissitudes of nations and the constant variation of national character.

TRAGEDY ON BOARD A SHIP.

A communication from Smyrna, of the 4th, has the following: "A fearful tragedy at sea has just been brought to light here. On Sunday last one of the small native coasting crafts came dashing up against the *Origo Quay* at Smyrna, in a manner which led to the belief that she had been abandoned. On boarding her, the dead body of an elderly man, who appeared to be the captain, was found on deck. The body was much hacked about the head, being nearly severed from the trunk, and the clothes torn and in disorder, leaving the impression that a severe struggle had taken place. Near the remains was found a large hammer, smeared with blood. A little boy, under ten years, lay wrapped in a sail close by. He was uninjured, but appeared to be stupefied, and nothing intelligible could be elicited from him. The craft was partly loaded with a cargo of melons, but no papers whatever could be discovered. The same evening the small steamer, on its way to Cordelio, fell in with another body at sea, fearfully mutilated. The public was still lost in conjectures respecting this strange event, when, on Wednesday morning, a Russian monk presented himself at the Consulate here, and asked for an interview with the Consul. He said that he had embarked at Scio for Smyrna, in company with a Persian, on board a coasting *tchirnek* manned by two men, with a little boy. Some hours before doubling Point James Castle, the monk overheard a conversation between the Persian and the captain. The Persian said that the monk had about him a sum of several hundred pounds in gold, besides some bank notes, and proposed that they should murder him for the purpose of obtaining possession of the money, the other sailor to be at the same time got rid of. The captain agreed, and it was arranged that the Persian should go below to bed, so as to divert suspicion.

The conversation took place in Turkish; but the monk is perfect master of six languages, and understood perfectly all that was said. He did not lose his presence of mind, but took up his position in a careless and indifferent way near the bows, divested himself of his clothes, and said to the captain, who was at the helm, that it was so hot he would sleep on deck in preference to going down below. 'Sleep in peace,' said the skipper, 'I will take care and wake you when we get to Smyrna.' They were at the time not very distant from the coast, and the Russian, availing himself of the chance, slipped over the side and swam in safety to the shore. He landed at Ayon-Georgiu, Tiflik, and then made his way to Smyrna. The Consul at once communicated this statement to the Turkish authorities, and on the police making inquiries at the Persian rendezvous Agen-Khan, they found that a Persian had arrived there from Scio on the previous day. On the monk being confronted with this Persian, he at once identified his fellow-traveler on board the coasting-craft. The Persian, of course, was arrested, and the stolen money belonging to the monk was found amongst his effects. He has since made a full confession of his crime, and his story is that, after waiting for some time below, as arranged, he had gone up on deck, and finding the priest gone, believed that the captain had facilitated his evasion. High words ensued, and the Persian murdered the captain with the hammer. He killed the sailor also, and threw his body into the sea. He wrapped the boy round and round in a sail, thinking to suffocate him. He then ransacked the vessel, and taking all the money he could find, including the large sum found in the pocket of the monk, made his way to the shore in a small boat which the coasting craft dragged in its wake. This story may read like an emanation from the morbid fancy of an Edgar Allan Poe, but it is in all particulars exact in its grim and literal truth."

Good liquors are about as essential to a healthy life as good air, and the men who supply us with the first are worthy to be held as public benefactors. Such men are T. Schleifer & Co., Manufacturers of Brandies and Champagnes, for whom Cutting & Co. are agents in this city. For two score years has Schleifer given his time, thought, money and experience to perfecting these liquors, and wonderfully has he succeeded. The Brandies and Champagnes of this house are unequaled, and ever will be as long as they retain their present supreme qualities of purity and flavor.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The Brunswick Vase.---The precious onyx vase, which disappeared from the Brunswick Museum simultaneously with the flight of the late duke from this country, is described by an ancestor of the ducal line in the most glowing terms. He (the Duke Franz Albrecht of Saxe-Lauenburg) mentions in a prayer-book how the treasure came into the possession of his aunt by legacy, and how the princess was offered 24,000 thalers for it by a foreign potentate, but refused, believing the vase to be worth 150,000 thalers. The ducal diarist observes that the vase might, perhaps, be one of the vessels used in Solomon's temple for anointing the Israelite kings. The vase is made of a single piece of onyx; the upper portion is ornamented with garlands, flowers, fruit, and heads of animals; the vamp, or bulge, represents a sacrificatory *cortége*, and the lower part exhibits utensils appertaining to the ceremony. The lid, the handle, and the foot, are mounted in gold. This vase was pillaged during the Thirty Years' War from the Mantuan treasury, and was sold by a soldier for 100 ducats.—*English Paper.*

The French invention of making paper from the sheath of the hop-stalk, when the outer skin has been removed, is about to be carried on in an extensive way in England. The substance made from this material is of great suppleness and delicacy, and by its employment in this manufacture a new and considerable source of profit will be opened for the hop grower. The importance of this discovery to Kentish farmers cannot well be exaggerated; for if the season should not prove favorable, and fail to produce first-rate hops, the paper-making material will compensate for the deficiency in this respect. No doubt the growth of hops will be introduced in future in many districts where they are not known at present, as the large amount of material which they will supply for paper-making will alone ensure a good return for their cultivation.

Extraordinary Price of a Violin.---At a sale by auction at Dresden recently was sold the famous violin which Count Troutsmannsdorff, Grand Squire of of Charles VI., bought from Jacob Stainer under peculiar conditions. The Count paid Stainer 66 gold carolas cash for the instrument, and engaged to give him a good dinner daily for life, besides 100 florins a month, a new coat per annum, two barrels of beer, and the material for light and heat. Further, in case of Stainer's marriage, he was to receive as many hares as he required, and twelve baskets of fruit. His old nurse was to receive the same quantity. As the vendor lived sixteen years, his violin cost the Count 20,000 florins. It was sold recently for 2,500 thalers.

The Liverpool Post understands from a correspondent who has just arrived from Canada that it is reported there, in circles deeply interested in telegraphic enterprise, that the British Government, through Mr. Scudamore, are engaged in preliminary investigations tending towards the purchase of the Transatlantic cables which terminate in Newfoundland. This rumor is collaterally confirmed by the fact that the *status* of the present owners of these telegraphic lines, in reference to the rights of pre-emption vested in the Newfoundland Government under the charters, has been referred to eminent counsel in England.

The power of organized wealth was never so distinctly shown as in the closing of the Stock Exchange of New York for over a week. It is now known beyond all peradventure that, had the Exchange remained open, Vanderbilt and Jay Gould must both have gone down—or, rather, the brokers through whom they operate in Wall street. The stoppage of the Exchange business enabled those great monopolists to settle up, and the moment the settlement was made stocks took a jump, and the Governing Committee of the Stock Exchange announced the resumption of business.

Mr. Henry Blackburn, late editor of the *London Society*, and now the European representative of the *Daily Graphic* of New York, has, it is understood, undertaken the business of the American Literary Bureau, in London. Amongst the lecturers and readers expected in the United States next Winter are:—Messrs. Wilkie Collins, Hepworth Dixon, Professor Proctor, Gerald Massey, George Augustus Sala, Joseph Hatton, Charles Bradlaugh, J. M. Bellow, and Mrs. Scott Siddons.

A "Lady Correspondent" of the Belfast *News Letter* says that about 8,000 begging-letters were received by the Shah during his recent visit to England. They have been packed in a large chest, and sent off to Persia, where his Majesty means to deposit them in a museum. He was greatly flattered by having so many letters addressed to him, taking them as so many compliments.

"It is stated," says the *Entr'acte*, "that there are in Paris 11,314 cafés, wine shops, or beer saloons, containing in all 37,711 public billiard-tables, and in the clubs and private houses 3,127 others. It is estimated that each one for hire produces on an average 10 francs per day, or a total of over 101 millions of francs a year for the 27,711 in the establishments of public resort."

Irrigation in India.---No less than £20,325,000 are to be spent in canals and irrigation works in the peninsula of Hindostan. Some of these are "sanctioned," others are contemplated. An immense irrigation system is proposed, and it is suggested that $5,000,000 will be spent in fertilizing vast tracts in the Punjab.

Silver Mines of Peru.---Accounts have reached us of the extraordinary yield of the silver mines which are situated about fifteen leagues from the port of Chanard, Peru. Thousands of persons are flocking to them. Water in the locality was selling at $1 50 per gallon.

OUR GOOD DOG JACK.

I'm fond of that dog!
Well, I ought to be,
For he saved my life,
And is fond of me.
He knows what I am saying—
There—do you see—
He comes and puts
His paw on my knee!

I was took with the fever,
And down so low
I made up my mind
I had to go;
It was on the cards,
I hadn't no show;
It was—Pass in your chips,
And good-bye, Joe!

That's just where I was—
Played out, you may say,
For the doctor left.
When my chum run away;
Doctors in them days
Went for their pay;
I lay there alone—
Not a man would stay!

Only my dog,
Who sat by my bed,
Just where I could see him,
And pat his head;

He felt what I suffered,
Knew what I said,
And wouldn't believe
I was almost dead!

Day after day,
And night after night,
He sat by my bedside,
Always in sight;
He seemed to know
That my head was light;
He *wouldn't* lie down,
And the dog was right!

I felt if he did—
And I think so still—
I should lose my grip—
He was my will.
He put out the fever,
Broke up the chill—
Was something to me
Death could not kill!

I lead a rough life,
I get and I spend,
Pay what I borrow,
Lose what I lend;
I loved a woman—
It came to an end;
Get a good dog, sir,
You have a friend! —*Aldine.*

THE CATHOLICS AND THE JEWS.

The Tablet contains a very objectionable paragraph (says the *Jewish Chronicle*), which we regret to find has been copied without comment in some of the daily papers. The *Tablet*, the organ of an intolerant communion, a communion distinguished by its virulent and cruel oppression of the race to which its founder belonged, is of course quite in its element in speaking offensively to the Jews. The paragraph reads as if written by some disappointed Catholic speculator checkmated on the Stock Exchange by the superior intelligence of a Jewish opponent. We can afford to read complacently these angry invectives of our Romish contemporary. We cannot afford, however, to read them without regret when we find them copied into the columns of the general press. We appeal to our Protestant fellow-countrymen of the Church of England, for an expression of opinion as to whether the allegations and insinuations of the *Tablet* are justifiable. We are not misled by the fact that in so-called Catholic countries the Jews are treated with as much liberality as in Protestant countries—perhaps in some instances with greater liberality. The truth is that, when this is the case, Catholicism is at a discount in these countries. It was revolutionary, or rather constitutional France, the France of 1789, that emancipated the Jews. Italy and Spain were liberal and tolerant when Papacy, in those countries, was under a cloud. Heaven help the Jews if Charles the Seventh should reign in Spain, and Henry the Fifth in France, unless wiser counsels than those of the Vatican prevail, and unless for once the Bourbons *do* remember the past, and yield to the loud-sounding and persuasive voice of liberty of conscience. To us Jews it always seems singular that Christians should delight from time to time in reviewing and reviling the race to which they owe their religion, their morality, their early teachers, their master and *their* God! The Catholics worship "the sacred heart"—the bodily heart of Jesus, forgetting that the corporeal heart throbbed in the body of a *Jew*. Let us quote His words to the *Tablet*—"Forgive them; they know not what they do!"

It came out in the course of an examination at the Guildhall, London, the other day that receivers of stolen goods are in the habit of carrying small pieces of coal about with them. When they see a thief who seems to be rather shy, they will walk up to him, take out a purse, and innocently show him a bit of coal. It has been suggested that this proceeding is analogous to taking salt together among the Arabs as a sign of good faith and mutual hospitality. But more probably "coal" is employed in its old "cant sense of "money." A French slang term for coin is *braise*, which literally means "live coal." In gipsy language there is a word which is used in both senses, and we have here probably another of the numerous instances in which slang is derived from that singular tongue. It is easy to see why a receiver of stolen goods should signify his readiness to bargain by a typical offer of apparently meaningless "coal," rather than by a downright offer of money, especially if the meaning is well understood in the traditional language of thieves. Why "coals," or "*braise*," should be used as money is another matter, which would probably be more difficult to account for than the custom, though in these days coal and wealth are by no means inapt equivalents.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

On the northeast crest of Malabar Hill are situated the famous Towers of Silence. There are two approaches to the extensive tract of ground on which they are built. From the Gowalia Tank road towards the north a winding avenue of recent construction leads to the gateway at the top, on which is an inscription that none but Parsees may enter there. This prohibition was rendered necessary, it is said, by the unseemly and inconsiderate conduct of those who used formerly to be admitted within the inclosure. The gateway is also reached by a sort of giant staircase, half a mile long, which starting from the Gaumdavi road close to Back Bay, comes almost straight up the hill. Both approaches are striking and picturesque. The visitor who has obtained permission to disregard the notice at the entrance, will find, on passing the portals, that he is in a kind of small court-yard from which he can only advance by mounting some half-dozen steps. On the right is the Suggree, a low stone building open on all sides, in which prayers are offered for the dead. The chief object of having the court-yard lower than the level on which the Suggree is built is to prevent the ceremonies from being profaned by the gaze of unbelieving eyes. When the mourners are numerous they group themselves around the building, and from its being open they can, of course, see all that goes on within, and take part in the prayers. The dead, it should be mentioned, are never taken within the Suggree. Between the Suggree and the garden is a large and handsome building with arched roof, designed to supersede the present Suggree, which is found to be inconveniently small. Passing this new erection we enter a beautiful garden ablaze with flowers, amongst which roses are conspicuous. Along the walks are iron garden seats of elegant structure and European make. Here the relatives of the dead rest after the toilsome ascent of the basalt staircase, and on subsequent occasions come to pray. Beyond the garden on the undulating summit of the hill looking towards Malabar Point, is the park-like grass-covered tract in which, at irregular intervals, are the Towers of Silence where the dead are laid. The Towers, of which there are six, are round, and on an average from thirty to forty feet high, and about as much in diameter; one or two are, perhaps, higher. They are solidly built of stone, the walls being some three feet thick, and they are all colored white. There is no window, and only one door, covering a small aperture about a third of the way up. To this aperture access is obtained by a narrow stone causeway, up which the dead and the bier-bearers alone may venture. So sacred are the towers that no one except the bearers who are set apart for the purpose may approach within thirty paces of them. Inside, on the rock pavement, spaces are marked out on which the dead are placed to await the vultures, and pathways are marked out for the bearers to walk upon without defiling the place where their unconscious burdens are to rest.

When a Parsee dies his soul goes to heaven, but his body must not be tainted by corruption. Therefore it is at once washed and purified, and if there be yet time it is at once carried to the towers before sundown. If death takes place, however, after, say three o'clock, when there would not be time to gain the towers and pray becomingly before dark, the body is kept till the early morning. Having been rendered undefiled, it is clothed in white, and prayers are offered at the house by the family and friends. None may henceforth touch it; it is pure and must so remain. The women of the family take a last look, and the light bier on which it has been placed being covered with a white shroud, it is carried by the bearers to the hill. No vehicle can on any account be used; no one must even follow in a vehicle; the whole journey, no matter what the distance, must be made on foot. All who form part of the *cortége* must have been washed and purified and clothed in white, and to touch any one would be to become defiled. The women, in some cases, wear mourning (black) but the men never. No woman attends a funeral; the female relatives of the dead always remain at home on that day, but they may, and do, go afterwards to the garden near the towers to pray.

Carrying the body and following it in procession, holding scarfs passed from one side to the other, those forming the *cortége* wend their way slowly to the foot of the steps leading to the top of the Malabar Hill. Laboriously ascending these, they reach the crest in a quarter of an hour, and the priests go through the sacred ceremonies in the Suggree. Some Parsees consider that the prayers thus rendered have the effect of averting all decomposition or other defilement; but this view is not universally entertained. When the prayers are over, and those who have come the long and weary journey are somewhat rested, the body is borne to the foot of the causeway leading to the door of one of the towers. Here the face is uncovered, so that all may take a last lingering look; it is covered again, and the form disappears into the Tower.

Were there not serious misconceptions to be removed we would not seek further to penetrate these mysteries; but, as stories in which there is more of horror than of fact are rife amongst those who know absolutely nothing of what really takes place, it is better that the truth should be fully told. The towers are scattered over a large and park-like inclosure, secluded by its elevation from every eye. Outside the lofty wall which encircles the whole space there are hundreds of acres of land, partially cultivated, which the Parsees claim, and which while in their possession, they have carefully kept as a sort of neutral territory between the domain of outsiders' bungalows and that of the towers. What goes on inside, therefore, no one can see, and of course, no one need be offended at all. It is the imagination alone that is shocked, and it is the more easily shocked from being quite uninformed of what really happens. What happens is this: some fifty vultures make their abode in the lofty palms within the inclosure, and when the dead is deposited in the towers, they swoop down and do not rise again till all the flesh has

disappeared. In a few hours none of the body remains except the bones. Those who retail stories about fragments of human bodies being taken up by the vultures and carried outside the park and the surrounding neutral belt, and then being dropped on the roads, are ignorant of the habits of these jackals of the air. On the American pampas, when they alight upon their quarry they are so loth to quit the spot that they are eventually unable to fly from it on the approach of horsemen, who find no difficulty in knocking them over with their whips. Within the towers, they are secluded from all disturbance, and those who have watched for the purpose have never seen them come to the top with any substance whatever. It is only when all is over that they come to the summit of the towers, where they remain for hours without moving. Then they take their heavy flight to the palms around; seldom, indeed do they go beyond the trees in the rough ground outside the vast compound. There is nothing of a sacred character ascribed to these useful but obscene birds. They are regarded simply as a means of preventing decomposition, and in accomplishing that task they perfectly succeed. The consequence is, that the grounds about the Towers of Silence have nothing of the hideous taint of the charnel-house. There is nothing obnoxious to health; there is not the faintest odor of death to mingle with the perfume of the roses blooming around.

—*Indian Times.*

INTERESTING TO THE SMOKER.

At the International of London there is, in the East Ground Gallery, a very singular collection—the pipes of all countries, both ancient and modern. A smoker will smile at the various odd designs. There are North American tomahawk pipes; pipes of peace, carved in wood, stone, jade, bone, ivory; do. from Vancouver Island; African pipes; pipes of the German Empire—that smoke-loving people, who delight in huge long-shaped China bowls elaborately painted. But not only are they in China, but in metal, wood, stone, clay—some of exceeding large dimensions. But the most marvelous and unique collection is that lent by Mr. Bragge. At first one wonders at Mr. Bragge's patience, taste and money expended in such a collection; and, secondly, we begin to see how unique a collection can be made by devoting such taste, patience and money to one object. First we see a collection of Chinese, Indian, French, and English *hookahs* and *hookah* bases, and earthenware hookah *chillums*; then of Persian, Turkish and Indian hookah bases; they are of all material, and many beautifully inlaid with silver and gold. Then follow a collection of Russian, Norwegian, and a curious assortment of old English clay pipes, twisted into every contortion, as if it were the owner's fancy that the smoke should thoroughly exhaust its nicotine ere it touched his palate. Also, by the same indefatigable collector, a series of Chinese pipes, and all the apparatus connected with opium-smoking. The whole is capped by a really magnificent case of "snuff bottles" from China and Japan. These are carved and made out of the most valuable materials, such as jade, amber, agate, rock-crystal, soapstone, tortoise-shell, in enamel inlaid with silver and gold, etc. Connected with tobacco are, of course, the snuff-boxes, on which much art and taste were formerly expended. A snuff-box with a portrait or set in diamonds has always been considered a fitting regal present, and accordingly many beautifully-finished works are in existence. Of these Mr. G. Mitchell contributes a beautiful and valuable collection. In fine, tobacco in every form has not failed to find the most beautiful, costly and artistic vehicles for its consumption. There is a rhyme extant concerning a pipe, which, at the request of a lady, had been presented to her by her lover:

"May I, like the pipe you so kindly received,
Be pressed by thy lips so fair;
But let not my hopes, like the smoke from the weed,
All vanish away in the air."

A discussion in the City Commission of Sewers on the progress of the asphalte paving may be regarded as of good augury for the gradual extension of the system in the City, where there are still numerous crowded thoroughfares which require its application. One of the statements was that an experimental pavement which had been tried in King William street had failed, but the Val de Travers Asphalte Company had immediately received an order to relay the street with their asphalte, which they had executed in three or four days. Another statement was that a new horse shoe had been invented, which would prevent horses slipping on the asphalte; and, lastly, it was stated that Mr. Scudamore had urged upon the commissioners the absolute necessity of paving Newgate street with asphalte "inasmuch as the continual noise from the granite pavement was distracting to the last degree to every one employed in the General Post Office, notwithstanding thick and double window-sashes had been introduced throughout the new building to deaden the din."

Mr. P.'s little daughter came running to her aunt one day, saying, "Aunt Kate, little Mattie has swallowed a button!" Seeing her terror, her aunt calmly replied, "Well, what good will that do her?" Said the child very seriously, "Not any good as I see, unless she swallowed a button-hole."

BRENNUS.

[BY J. J. PROCTER.]

The chieftain stood by the weighing scale:
Ounces by ounces, and pound by pound,
He watched the weights, till the bagained tale
Weighed down the balance, and, all around,
The conquered shouted. "Nay! stay!" quoth he,
"*This* is not the weight of victory!"

Gold in ingots, and coined gold,
Emeralds, rubies, and pearls were there;
Sculptures and paintings worth wealth untold—
All that the world holds precious and rare.
"Your ransom, cowards, is paid," quoth he,
"But where is the price of my victory?"

So saying, he threw on the trembling scales
The ponderous sword that had won him Rome;
Might makes right where true manhood fails,
And the vanquished own neither soul nor home.
E'en the gold, that buys for them life and weal,
Is light when weighed 'gainst the victor's steel.

The lesson has yet to be learned again:
Our gods are the molten calves of gold;
We look for treasures and not for men,
So our sons and daughters are bought and sold,
And love's gold, weighed against hearts of steel,
Lies valueless under the victor's heel.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

The latest news from the Gold Coast is of such a character as to make it probable that Great Britain will be obliged to deal with King Koffee as it dealt with King Theodore. The disaster to the British force under Commodore Commerell, on the river Prah, cannot fail to produce a feeling in favor of vigorous measures against the Ashantees. The dispatches from the Commodore commanding the expedition, show a state of things which will elate the Ashantees as much as the earlier successes of Captain Jack elated the Modocs. On the 14th of August, Commodore Commerell, of the *Rattlesnake*, accompanied by Captain Luxmoore, of the *Argus*, and Captain Helder, of the 2d West India Regiment, set out on an expedition in boats and steam-launches up the River Prah. They had gone about a mile and a half when a fierce fire was opened upon the Commodore's galley from the dense woods that fringe the stream, where a large party of Ashantees, with a number of the people of Chamah, were lying in ambush. Commodore Commerell, Captain Luxmoore and Captain Helder were all seriously wounded. In the meantime the cutter sent to Chamah Fort was upset in the surf, and while the crew were struggling in the water, a heavy fire was opened on them by the natives, and several of them were wounded. One of the seamen was killed, and his body carried off by the savages as a trophy, in spite of all efforts to recover it. The loss in killed on the spot was four. The list of wounded amounts to twenty, including all the principal officers. Under these circumstances, the expedition was abandoned. Commodore Commerell returned to the *Rattlesnake*, cleared for action, and opened fire upon the town of Chamah, which was utterly destroyed in the space of two hours. The Commodore, in his dispatches, justifies this punishment of the people of Chamah, on the ground that though independent of the Ashantees, and professing to maintain an attitude of strict neutrality as between them and the English, a number of them were acting with the force in ambuscade. How far the fact alleged will justify the extreme measure adopted depends a good deal upon circumstances not clearly set forth in the dispatches. Things having gone thus far, the Foreign Office and War Office will probably feel compelled to make a serious business of the "Ashantee War." If it should be decided to march on Coomassie, the contest will at once assume proportions quite as formidable as those of the war in Abyssinia. Prior to the recent disaster, public opinion was a good deal divided as to the policy that ought to be pursued toward the Ashantees. The *Times* was noncommital. The *Pall Mall Gazette* spoke slightingly of the aggressive movements contemplated. The *Spectator* was for strong measures and those "bold strokes of war which have made the defence of the British Empire so cheap in the long run." But we apprehend that since the successful attack on Commodore Commerell's expedition there will be more unanimity of feeling.

We remember some little time ago reading the touching story of a poor, sick musician, who "wasted his substance on physicians," but all to no avail. The house was cleared of everything almost to pay the doctor's bills. At last, except the bed he was lying on, only a piano remained, and this the dying man absolutely refused to part with. "No," said he, "its beautiful tone, its glorious power, its superb touch, are all endeared to me. I cannot part with it." When he "fell asleep," it was found that the piano was one of Hallet & Davis', a firm unequaled in the production of first-class pianos. The agent in San Francisco is Wm. G. Badger.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The Town Crier did on a certain previous occasion make the memorable statement, that "next to Mrs. *Town* he admired generosity." It is with unfeigned pleasure, and with an increasing belief in the existent goodness of the world, that he reiterates the statement. That which has given rise to the present publicity of the sentimental side of his tender nature, is something after this fashion. The Jewish season of holidays and holy-days, just over, has been a very trying one to the choristers who take the part of singing Israel in the various Tabernacles. In one, not a hundred blocks from Mason street, twelve extra services have been held, of, on an average, four hours' duration. Four hours almost incessant singing in a terribly hot, close atmosphere, is a question of mere animal endurance of course, and as the soprano is only a widow lady with a family dependant on this physical endurance, and as even after this killing work, it is found that the jaded lady has strength the spirit, no -to sing elsewhere, we say all praise be to the munificent, noble, generous spirit of those who in the plenitude of their great hearts offered her the princely sum of *ten dollars* as remuneration! Who shall say now that this is a "mean world," when in our very midst are such close followers of St Judas! The misery of this thing is not to be gauged by the *T. C.'s* interest in the lady, but in the interest of Music and Musicians, he protests against the *utter* meanness that insulted a lady of superior social and musical status by offering her a pittance lower than the week's salary of an Alhambra super. What gives the transaction such a prominence, is the fact that those of the Hebrew persuasion who honor us by their presence here seem actively impressed with the advisability of ca-tung the old slough of time-*dis*honored cent-hagg ing and penuriousness, and *do* cast it. But this res-sumption of the discarded *scaly* affair has a fearfully strong smack of "*old clo'*!"

It was the Town Crier's agony when at the *California* on Thursday evening to have directly behind him what may be called The Explanatory Female. She had in charge a meek-looking man, a sort of mental atomy, presumably her better half, and to him and to all whom a cruel fate, and an unwitting usher, placed within reach of her cross-cut-saw voice did she display her explanatory powers, so: [*Enter Miss LeClercq as Ganymede*]. EXPLANATORY FEMALE (in a very audible whisper)—"That's Miss LeClercq. What legs!" JACQUES—"I can suck melancholy," etc. E. F.—"He can suck melancholy," etc. CHORUS (singing)—"The lusty, lusty horn." E. F. (like an echo)—"The lusty, lusty horn." (Cries of "Hush, Hush!" to which she pays not the slightest attention; but is heard repeating) "What shall he have that killed the dear?" ORLANDO "I'll hang these verses on this tree." E. F. (very loudly) "He'll hang those verses on that tree." And so on. Very delightful, wasn't it? At first the *T. C.* pitied himself; but after a night's sleepless consideration of the subject, he extends all his pity to the hapless, helpless, hopeless, poor devil who is wedded till death, or the divorce court, to a *parrot*. Shall he, with that refinement of cruel sarcasm which he prides himself on possessing (ahem!) extend his hands over the cuckoo and cuckold and say, "*Pax vobiscum?*" No, there can be no peace with such a woman until he adopts a simple, manly course and *shuts her up*.

And now Master Ellie Brown, of the tender age of five, spoken of as the infant orator, is coming to curse us with his frightful forwardness. Is this orator in pinatore and bib, an orphan, that he should thus wander about a sucking pague of precocity? Has he no maiden aunt, or bachelor uncle to keep him in toys? But no, such a terrible infant could have had *no* toy. He invented a patent, electro, hydraulic feeding-bottle with an inexhaustible siphon arrangement when three months old; wrote an elaborate treatise on the use of hoar-hound as applied to the painless cutting of teeth, when he was a year and a half; proved his poor, dear mother to be but a successful experiment of the conglomeration of infinitesimal particles at two years—we supposed that killed her; translated *Cæsar's Commentaries* into Modoc, when three; and conducted the Salt Lake City Young Men's Christian Association at four. And now at the age of five he has become a distinguished orator, for so says the immaculate *Alta*, and "arrangements are being made for his first appearance here." *Bah!* Put the dreadful prodigy to bed! Choke him with his own patent, electro, hydraulic, siphonic feeding-bottle! Kill him with candy and chewing-gum at the *Town Crier's* expense! He smells of bread and butter! Let him to the nursery, or we will have his bl-b-l-l-ood!

The "Jolly Giant"—have any of our readers ever heard of it?—must have been reading the *Alta* and got its figures mixed. We admire enterprise in journalism, and we ourselves are willing to make as broad a statement as decency will allow, but we do protest against going to the length of stretching two Indians who still in the flesh odorize the hills of Klamath. We have heard nothing of the success of the *Jolly Giant* since it constituted itself a battering ram with which to demolish the sturdy walls of Papacy. We have not heard yet that Papacy is demolished, and our attention has only been called to the ambitious little sheet by the two extra Indians with whom it has chosen to fill its illustrated page. In contemplating the cartoon, we are forced to confess that we are in a sea of doubt as to whether it is intended to be pathetic, grotesque, absurd or comic. And if the two braves must measure the length of a hempen rope, we hope it will be adjusted by defter hands than Thistleton's artist.

Oleomargarine.—Since the inception of this enterprise, the cows of California have commenced the study of chemistry: they are deep in the intricacies of Margarine, Sterine, and Oleine.

It is reported of a tender-hearted schoolmistress, for love of whom a popular policeman scattered his brains last week, that as she hung in tearful distress over his body, she proclaimed as the reason she did not marry him, "That he had had such a bad walk since he had been a policeman." Gentle aesthetic creature, to whom an awkward angle of the toe, or an inelegant crook of the knee is an eyesore, pray heaven that the coming man be not one who keeps for you a rod in pickle, and that when an adverse destiny links you, you shall go to bed of night sore from a recent thrashing by a man who walks well. Meantime, let all gallants who seek the favor of the average schoolmistress pratice their positions before the mirror as regularly as they pay their alcoholic devoirs. Let them measure their legs to a mathematical nicety, and carry them according to a dancing master's directions, or the fastidious Katie is not for them.

There is an exodus among the parsons. Heaven be praised! Necktie parties having come to an abrupt close in this place, the Great American Osculator has concluded to emigrate to a burgh where County Jail business is a little brisker. He says he departs in perfect harmony with the brotherhood, and knowing his affectionate proclivities, we opine he is not at loggerheads with the sisterhood. He is accompanied by the Reverend Dodge, who does all his whining and ranting and howling according to orthodox rule, without any of the cultivated eccentricities of his more ambitious brethren, and who will therefore not make so wide a gap in the circle of Christianity. Our only regret in speeding the parting guests is, that as religion is as necessary to womankind as wickeder stimulants to the sterner sex, we shall probably be infested with a couple more of the parsonic tribe, who may be even more indigestible.

Mrs. Curtin says she whaled her daughter as much as mothers ordinarily whale their children. Alas, Hannah was made of different metal, and required a more extended course of discipline. She should have been whaled and spanked and thrashed by her mother, after which the old man should have taken a hand. This not being sufficient, the young woman of fiery temperament should have been laid on ice, after which she should have been turned over to the Captain of the *Sunrise*. This might not have taken the old Adam altogether out of the young woman, but it would at least have had the effect of diverting her attention from Johnson to some other young hoodlum. Such a course taken in time might have saved old Johnson the expense of a funeral, old Curtin the expense of a trial, and the much injured State the expense of a hempen rope.

The style of conducting the cross-examination of witnesses in our American courts is peculiar. When the trial is for murder, the learned counsel consider it especially incumbent upon them to be facetious. Take the following in the Curtin case as an example: "By Mr. Tyler.—Did his hair stand up? Witness (Mrs. Hill).—He had a hat on; I couldn't see through the hat. Mr. Tyler.—How were his ears? Witness.—On his head I suppose. Mr. Tyler.—But were they excited? Witness.—I was looking in his face and not at his ears. Mr. Tyler.—You say his eyes were staring in his head—show the jury *how* he stared. Witness.—I am not able to do that part. Mr. McAllister (*sotto voce*).—Mrs. Hill was not bred to the stage." Tyler's style of cross-examination shows pretty clearly that if he was bred to the bar, it was not the bar of justice.

The Roman Catholic organ, the Monitor, says: "There never was a period in the history of the Church when union among its children was more requisite than it is now. The spirit of persecution is abroad, and the faith is subjected to grevious trials from despotic Governments and impious associations. Catholics should, then, unite in prayer, the invincible weapon of the just." It is pleasant to know that the Holy Church has laid aside her old weapon—the rack, the thumb-screw and the stake—and adopted, instead, so harmless a one as "prayer." The *Town Crier*, as an incorrigible sinner and desperate heretic, is delighted at the new programme. He would much rather be prayed at to any extent than have his knee-joints yanked out of their sockets, or be boiled in oil.

The editorials of our San Francisco dailies are, as a general thing, very weak tea. The *Call's* are the best. They are very stupid, it is true; but then they don't pretend to be anything else. The literary person who "does" them is altogether above (or beneath) the vanity of false pretences. He seems to have a noble scorn of the accepted canons of rhetoric and grammar, as of things characteristic of monopolists and the partisans of "aggregated capital." The *Chronicle* man, on the contrary, aspires to fine writing, and makes a fearful fist of it. He stuccoes his ignorance and poverty of intellect with laborious word-cobbling and cheap encyclopedic learning, quite good enough nonsense to impose upon the *Chronicle's* rag-tag and bob-tail constituency.

May Howard is no doubt a very delightful young woman, but she seems to increase and multiply at greater rates than there is scriptural precedent for. We hear of her limbering out her legs in one track, and coming in ahead of Sam Purdy on another. Next we are informed that Billy Mestayer is pulling her all over the bay, which the same journal tells us that she is a "dry goods star." What is a dry goods star doing on a race track, and why should the puissant Mestayer souse her in the bay? She turns up Monday night as the "Wandering Heir," after which we hope to have her identity so thoroughly placed as forever to dispel this maze of bewilderment.

The great man of mighty intellect and exemplary modesty who edits the *Monitor* ("the only Catholic and Irish organ on this coast"), speaks of M. Adolphe Thiers, late President of the French Republic, as an "insignificant little creature."

It is wickedly reported that the parallel wires stretched across the Church of the Flying Trapeze, *alias* Trinity, are for the purpose of allowing the celebrated acrobat, Professor Silliman, at present connected with that establishment, to display his agility, grace, and form he appearing in tights and spangles by a series of gymnastic evolutions and flights through and around them—the aforementioned parallel wires. But then others speak of them as simply being an acoustic dodge. *Quien sabe?* True enough, still, judging from the theatrico-circus style of the weekly performance given there, we incline to Prof. Silliman, the tights and spangles.

The Pilgrims seem to be a noble, liberal, free-hearted set. There is nothing stingy about them if they do economize on their traveling expenses, and go on pilgrimage to sacred shrines by contract—so much per head for the round trip. They may be reasonably prudent in the disbursement of their cash, but they dispose of whole kingdoms and countries in a particularly free-handed, generous way. At Paray, France, on the fifth of September, they solemnly dedicated and consecrated Great Britain "to the Sacred Heart." Parliament may be mean enough not to ratify the transaction.

We have no reason to be proud of our militia. At a funeral of a gentleman during the week their march reminded us of the Irishman, who at drill, being called upon to keep time, announced to the astonished colonel that he was the only man in the regiment who had the step. At the funeral just mentioned every man had not only a step, but a different step, and such sublime disregard of the music or the drum it has never been our fate to see.

On Thursday evening the poor little *Post* published, with ever so many topheads, as if the matter were new and startling, an account of the arrival of Mr. Soames in this city, as attorney for the London *Times*, to collect evidence for the defence in the Rubery libel suit. The entire three quarters of a column furnished by the enterprising *Post* is simply a weak and prolix dilution of an article that appeared in the *News Letter* two weeks ago.

An insane woman, in whose madness there is method, has requested Dr. Stillman to sit on her after death. It is possible that she is apprehensive of the avoirdupois of the incoming Coroner. Being poor she can better afford a deep burial lot than a wide one, and Dr. Rice sitting on a corpse of average proportion, would spread it all over Laurel Hill Cemetery. Wherefore we recognize a spirit of calculation in her bewildered mind.

If the little Post's cash-box is so plethoric that its proprietors can afford to pay $500 reward for the arrest of a couple of sailor-walloping mates, the mystery is why they should be in danger of ejection from their printing office for non-payment of rent. Before seeking the Lord's favor by their philanthropic enterprise, it would be judicious to pacify their landlord by paying up their arrears.

The problem of "Woman, where does she come from, and where is she going?" has been agitating Parisian circles recently. The problem with us takes a different shape, thus: "Woman; what is she made of?" God, the dressmakers and those unhappy wretches admitted to the secret of the charnel house, husbands, to wit, only know.

Since the commencement of the Oleomargarine excitement, many notable house-keepers have plunged into the study of chemistry, and are now deep in the mysteries of margarine, stearine and oleine. Cows of the "Dutchess strain" have declined, and Lord Skelmersdale considers himself out of pocket.

We are almost sorry the Matinee Brigade is to be dispersed. They were such a villainous looking lot, that while they were in sight on the sidewalk, we felt rather more assured as to the fate of our spoons and wedding silver on the vacated family premises.

Minnie Myrtle Miller has returned. When she left she looked as if the crows had a mortgage on her. Until we ascertain to what extent her somewhat skinny proportions have since been covered, we refuse to be interested. We prefer the Hebe style.

The waiters and cooks have organized for "self help." We suggest that they extend their organization to washers and ironers, as well as to chambermaids and nurses, and then resolve to "help" those who are willing and do pay liberal wages for their services.

The recording Angel has scored one more to our credit since we killed off that lecturing humbug, Dr. Lord. Our analysis of the Doctor so clearly revealed his intellectual poverty that he has not been able to draw a full house since it was published.

For a full week now, the *Call* and *Chronicle* have been bloviating about their "enterprise" in getting the earliest news of the strangling of four greasy Indians. If their assertions can be relied upon, there never was such riding and racing since the days of Young Lochinvar as was done by the "couriers" of these two papers, in the momentous struggle to see which of them could beat the other thirty minutes in forwarding the disgusting details of the execution, and the "last words" of the poor devils of redskins.

Charley Stoddard has got as far as New York on his way to England, and the Century Club has given him a dinner. The Century Club would have done better to have given Charley a spelling book.

THE WANDERING HEIR.

The theatrical event of next week will be the production at the California of Charles Reade's own dramatization of his story, *The Wandering Heir*. Miss May Howard, when in England, secured the exclusive right to produce this piece in the United States, the author deeming her a most fitting representative of his heroine. That this talented and charming lady will prove so, we are sure. In this case California will be ahead of any other part of the country, the drama not having been produced elsewhere up to date. It has only recently been put on the English boards. The following is the plot of the play, in ballad form, as published by Mr. Reade himself:

Old wine, old stories and old songs,
It's warm the heart they can.
Come hear the tale of an English girl,
That moved an Irish man.

He was a most unlucky boy,
Son of an Irish lord;
His father let him run in rags—
'Tis true, upon my word.

And when he died a wicked uncle
Kidnapped the noble youth
And shipped him to America.
I tell the simple truth.

And here in Pennsylvania,
He labored as a slave,
And often sighed and gazed in vain
Across the ocean wave.

But busy trouble sent that way
A girl in boy's attire;
She saw, she pitied, and her heart
Was filled with love's true fire.

Then woman's wit and woman's love
They beat the boy's ill luck.
The pair escaped in a British bark,
And home their voyage took.

Then did that wicked uncle quake
For his title and estate.
But soon misfortune fell again,
So hard was that boy's fate.

Scuffling with poachers for a net,
There was a man laid low;
And this poor boy's ill-luck prevailed—
Men said he struck the blow.

O hard ye swore, Tom Eagleston,
Against his father's son.
Ye swore he cursed and threatened him,
Then fired the deadly gun.

But the brave Philippa Chester,
She was too many for ye;
Her ye could not blindfold, lad,
Nor a British jury.

A dozen tradesmen keen and true
Said, "This is a private spite.
What, are the Crown to prosecute
A man? That can't be right."

Come, tired mechanic. See, true love
Labor and grief alloy.
Come, sit and see this English girl
That loves an Irish boy.

Then, merchant, lay thy cares aside,
Since life is but a span.
Come, sit and see this English girl
That loved an Irish man.

Then, drunkard, spare thy head awhile,
Set down the poisonous can;
She'll do thee good, this English girl
That loved an Irish man.

Old wines, old stories and old songs,
Ah, warm the heart they can.
Come, hear the tale of an English girl
That loved an Irish man.

VAST EMIGRATION FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.

From the emigration report for 1872 we learn that the number of emigrants who left the United Kingdom in 1872 was 295,213, being an increase with 1871 of 42,778. It was the largest emigration since 1854, and exceeded the average emigration in the 17 years since that date by no less than 109,971. When, however, this emigration is analyzed it will be seen that the increase in this emigration of natives of the United Kingdom has not been so great as the above figures appear to imply. For several years the emigration of foreigners through this country, which before 1864 was considerable, has rapidly increased, till in 1872 it amounted to no less than 79,023, or 26·76 per cent. of the whole emigration. The increased British emigration in 1872, as compared with the average of the preceeding 17 years, was not 179,971, but 53,521. The proportion of English emigrants to Irish was 61·59 to 38·41. The emigration from each division of the United Kingdom was larger than in 1871. The increase in English emigrants was 15,765; in Scotch, 809; in Irish, 1,696. Of the whole number, including foreigners and those not distinguished, there went to the United States 233,747; to British America, 32,205; to Australasia, 15,876; to all other places, 13,385—total, 295,213.

Of the emigrants to the United States there were—English, 82,339; Scotch, 12,691; Irish, 66,752; foreigners, 68,137; not distinguished, 3,828—total, 233,747. The males and females in the emigration were respectively 179,067 and 116,146, the excess of males, as might be expected, being principally in the unmarried adults. These amounted to 110,765, while the unmarried adult women were only 50,277. For obvious reasons this will always be the case, but it contributes largely to increase the excess of women over men in the United Kingdom, which has been so often the subject of remark. The emigrants to North America, 261,846, equal to 98.04 per cent of the whole, went in steamers, and only 4,106 in sailing ships. Among 230,531 emigrants on 545 voyages to North America the deaths were only 102, which, taking the voyage at 12 days, is equal to a mortality of only 13.38 per 1,000 per annum.

A commission of jewelers, at Geneva, have valued the Duke of Brunswick's diamonds at 2,500,000 francs.

BETWEEN THE DANCES.

Deep night! This night is worthy of you, Sweet,
So many stars it has! A soft wind woos
The aspens trembling o'er the garden seat,
And murmuring such low tones as lovers use.
It breathes along the flowers; and slumbering spices
Are blown abroad beyond the gilded spears
Which crest the gates. How coyly it entices
The wind-harp into strains which sound like tears
Changed by a charm to music! Love, it seems
That you and Night are sisters; both so pure,
So beautiful, so made to love and lure,
So full of music, murmurs, odors, beams;
Both queens of dreams divine and starred repose
Which day nor man less heaven-encompassed knows!

THE BURLESQUE PILGRIMAGE.

Once on a time, some two hundred years ago, a young lady of enforced celebate habits, by name Marguerite Alacoque, an inmate of the Nunnery of Paray-le-Monial, a little country town of France, was the subject of a very extraordinary and exceedingly delicate surgical operation. Jesus Christ, according to this favored young lady, appeared before her, opened her breast, took out her heart, placed it on his, returned it to its original position, and vamosed. This operation has been revived, re-christened a miracle, and several thousand believers in everything improbable, and those who love a jolly picnic—the pilgrims being in proportion of one believer to ninety-nine picnickers—placed the sacred badge on their arms and invaded the dirty little streets of the dirty little town of Paray-le-Monial. The nincompoops and picnickers have returned, none the worse for the consecration which they underwent, and none the better for kissing the nut trees under which Miss Alacoque underwent the operation. English and French devout fools, chiefly English, of high and low degree—chiefly high—were among the pilgrims. And, as may naturally be supposed, the religio-jocular trip created much sensation in England. Archbishop Manning maintained a discreet silence on the subject, until one "Senex Anglicanus" wrote such a stinger in the *Times* that his Lordship kicked against the prick, in the shape of a Confession of Faith. This vindication is simply a piece of Jesuitical ambiguity. Miracle, says the Archbishop, is a wrong term to apply to the sub-nut-tree transaction; it should rather be called a vision. "Such visions," he continued, "are not and cannot be matters of divine faith." Adding: "Nevertheless, I fully believe them to be true." What, in the name of common sense, does he mean by saying he believes a "vision" to be "true!" Does he mean that he believes she was really and *truly* asleep at the time, and dreamed a dream and nothing more, or would he have his readers believe that during the dream the physical operation actually, *truly* occurred. He cleverly leaves this issue open, trusting to the apparent setter, "Yet I fully believe them to be true," with which he craftily concludes. The story, says the sly prelate, "rests upon evidence sufficient to command our belief as to the facts in the history of a person." In straight, untwisted English, that there is no reason to disbelieve that she said she thought she saw and thought she saw what she said she thought she saw. When the R. C. Church Theater Co. has to rake up such a wretched piece of "steamboating" to create a sensation, it is, we think, a pretty sure sign that the show is about to burst up.

OLEOMARGARINE.

The Oleomargarine Manufacturing Co. is attracting a considerable degree of interested attention from the masses who are disposed to economize in housekeeping in the article of butter, now so extravagant in price, and it is hoped that the company having this laudable enterprise in view may meet with deserved success. We are advised that operations will soon be commenced, and in this connection we extract the following from the *London Medical Record*, as being of interest, the authority having the greatest weight:

OLEOMARGARINE BUTTER.—*Les Mondes*, in discussing this subject, observes that ordinary fats are composed of three substances—stearine, which is as hard as wax; margarine, of the consistence of butter; and oleine, a liquid. When these three are separated by chemical means, the first may be employed for candles, the second for butter, and the third for lubricating machinery. A company is at present operating upon beef fat, at East Twenty-sixth street, New York. In taste and in appearance the butter thus made is exactly similar to the best butter made from cows' milk. Professor Paraf, the inventor, hopes to drive genuine butter completely out of the market. Judging from the recent "butter controversy" among chemists, chemical tests for purity of butter have failed us; and there is now no obstacle to the success of Mr. Paraf in carrying out his design.

The Clay-street Railroad appears to be rather *up-hill work*, and not of great assistance to Russian Hill residents—and why? Steam is shut off, and the cars stop running precisely at 7 o'clock every evening. Conductors on those street cars must have a jolly good time every evening. Why is all this?

A BUBBLE BURST.

Another attempt to reach Europe by balloon has signally collapsed. The gigantic lift was successfully inflated, the adventurous passengers were all aboard, and the telegraph flashed the intelligence to all quarters of the globe that the novel voyage was safely began. Subsequent electric flashes spread the news from various points that the great air ship was moving swiftly eastward. The sanguine now regarded the experiment as *un fait accompli*, and even skeptics began to hope. Dreamers and marvel-mongers already shared Tennyson's visions of "Heavens filled with commerce," when the whisper was wafted to their ears that all was over. 'Twas even so; the balloon was nimbly evacuated by its living freight, and like a refractory steed left to prosecute its further adventures in solitude. It seems strange that, amid all the appliances of art and science brought to bear on the experiment, the sanguine operators should have been ousted by so every-day an occurrence as a cap-full of wind. Did they expect to accomplish their purpose in a dead calm? Was the Atlantic to forget its approaching equinox on their behalf? If the turmoil of the lower atmosphere disturbed their equanimity why not cast out a few sand bags and rise superior to the difficulty? No, they seized the opportunity offered by their low altitude and literally took to flight. Mr. Lunt, perched among the tree tops, might watch his receding vehicle grow "small by degrees and beautifully less." The diviner in the *Alta*, who graphically described the whole trip from a prophetic standpoint, may hide his diminished head. Where are all his speculations now on inferior cloud strata, glorious orbs of day, and patent chronometers set to New York time? Alas! neither in Sweden, nor in the British isles, nor yet in France and Spain, shall this prophecy meet with present fulfillment (for our diviner took no narrow scope for his terminus). But Pickering is joyful and triumphant. The wind that puffed away this enterprise has blown good to him. Had not the *Call* the first news of the misconduct of this gigantic deceiver? Regarding the Modoc execution, some doubt may be entertained as to which of our enterprising journals contained the earliest news, but in this instance the honor is all his own. Consequently, Wednesday's *Call* contains a paragraph which is at once a song of triumph and note of defiance. Wreath a laurel crown for thy acumen, Pickering, and send De Young a crown of cabbage. The occasion is small, it is true, but worthy your *Io triumphe*.

ANACHRONISMS.

Some few issues ago, we gave some glaring anachronisms to be found in *Coriolanus*. Here are a few more queer errors in date gleaned from various sources: Shakespeare is full of anachronisms of literature and art. In the *Comedy of Errors*, he alludes to ducats, marks, and guilders, and also to the striking of a clock in the ancient city of Ephesus. In *King John* and *Macbeth* he speaks of cannon. He makes *Coriolanus* a contemporary with Alexander the Great, Cato, Galen, all of whom lived centuries afterwards. Cassius, in *Julius Cæsar*, also speaks of a clock striking the hour. Beaument and Fletcher make a man discharge a pistol, who must have lived long before the Christian era. The painters do not behave much better. In one of Albert Durer's pictures representing Peter denying the Saviour, there is a Roman soldier in the background smoking a tobacco pipe. A Dutch painter in the painting of the Sacrifice of Isaac, makes Abraham point a blunderbuss at his son's head as an argument of obedience. Tintoret paints the Israelites gathering manna in the wilderness as carrying guns. Another master in a picture of Adam and Eve places a German student in the background shooting ducks.

A wretch has started the malicious report that London contains two thousand poets. There is some cholera in the metropolis, and there may be a few cases of small-pox at the East-end; but we indignantly deny that we are suffering from such an attack of poets. On the contrary, the city is unusually healthy.—*Hornet*.

A wealthy farmer of Fulton has this notice posted up in his field: "If any man or woman's cows or oxen gits in these air oats, his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. A man eye um, and pay mi taxes, but confoozilation to a man who lets his critters run loose sai eye."

A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of an estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn?" "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

Some publishers of periodicals publish on white paper, some on blue, and some on yellow. A large portion of the political papers should, by all means, be of a color that won't show dirt.

COURT CHAT.

A statue of Nelson, modeled by Lord Clarence Paget, which has been erected on a rock in the Menai Straits, was unveiled on September 9th. It is nineteen feet high, and stands on a pedestal twenty feet in hight, immediately below his lordship's park (Plas Llanfair), and is intended to serve as a memorial to Nelson (the only one in Wales) and a landmark to guide vessels from certain dangerous rocks. The day before the ceremony the Straits in the immediate neighborhood of the statue were occupied by numerous gay yachts, the Admiralty surveying vessel, and other craft, in readiness for the unveiling. About 150 of the nobility and gentry of Wales were invited to a sumptuous luncheon by Lord and Lady Clarence Paget. The Lord-Lieutenant, who presided, called on Lady Clarence to unveil the statue, which was gracefully performed. Lord Clarence then gave an interesting account of the work performed; and Sir Llewellyn Turner, as Commodore of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club and chairman of the Harbor Trustees having jurisdiction in those waters, thanked Lord Clarence in the name of the maritime community for the valuable landmark he had put up, which, he remarked, would serve to remind passing mariners of the immortal Nelson. The Admiralty having recently surveyed the Menai Straits, the statue has been placed on the new charts as a valuable guide to sailors.

The jewels and precious stones left by the Duke of Brunswick has been valued by MM. Rossel-Bautte and David, two of the first Geneva jewelers, as scarcely worth more than £100,000. The jewels, which took the two experts four days to examine and value, were contained in a wadded roller-case, and are fixed and arranged in order: brooches, buttons, rings, etc. None of an exceptional value have been discovered. The richest diamond is estimated at 65,000 francs, another at 20,000 francs, but many are not worth more than 1,000 francs. The yellow-tinted Cape diamonds abound in the collection, mounted or isolated. A pair of epaulettes and a hatband, sparkling with brilliants, would be of immense value if these latter were of pure water. A very fine black diamond, rather fitted for a museum or collection than for wear, was set down at a high figure, but of course will only sell to an amateur who can appreciate its worth. There is also a statuette in rubies, over three inches high; the stones are not quite pure, but the work of art itself is of exquisite taste.

It is not often that a professional man has the opportunity, or perhaps feels equal to the effort, of returning two fees of 1,000 guineas each in the course of the same year. It is understood, however, that this has occurred with Sir Henry Thompson this year. The first occasion was in connection with the illness of the Emperor Napoleon III., when Sir Henry, in the most delicate and kindly manner, returned half of his fee of 2,000 guineas; and the second is an instance yet more highly honorable to professional delicacy. Called to the bedside of a wealthy friend in the Highlands, near whose shooting-lodge he was passing his vacation, he spent nine days in unremitting attendance. At the end a cheque of a thousand guineas was handed to him, but was firmly declined, on the ground that the attendance was given to a friend and during a holiday.

A second time is Castelar called to the head of affairs.... If integrity and character, if glowing enthusiasm and unshaken belief in the future of his fatherland—that he calls his "idolatrously beloved Spain"—should effect its salvation, who, then, would be more famous than Castelar, and who would more deserve to be blessed by millions in tears of thankfulness?"

The bridecake which is to adorn the Royal breakfast-table on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Maria is described as a *chef d'œuvre* of the confectioner's art. It towers to the hight of 7 ft 6 in., and weighs upwards of 230 pounds. It is in six tiers, and resembles the famous porcelain tower at Nankin.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

How he Lived, and How He Died.---The Duke went to Geneva during the Franco-Russian war, and established himself at the Hotel de la Metropole. He was attended by four chamberlains, two of them aged Poleniuses, who had been with him for above thirty years. About ten years ago he had formed a connection with a young French girl, named Viola. She was the daughter of respectable parents, who, it is said, bartered their child away for what they regarded as the splendid position of the favorite of a man who called himself a reigning sovereign, who was immensely rich, and whose grandeur prevented him from going through the form of marriage with any one not of royal birth. Viola accompanied him to Geneva. She had a child—a little girl, who was, in that sort of quasi-official manner which is one of the attributes of royalty, recognized by the Duke, and sent to school in the neighborhood. His Royal Highness, from his youth upwards, had diligently practiced every vice and folly which the possession of vast wealth, the absence of all moral control, a cynical indifference to public opinion, a slight taint of insanity, and an inherent love of wickedness rendered possible. He had robbed and scandalized his subjects, until that insurance company of monarchs by right divine, the old German Diet, for very shame, dethroned him. He had long resided in Paris, and even there, although in order to curry favor with the Emperor Napoleon, he volunteered the statement that he had made the Prince Imperial his heir, he was not deemed a respectable associate for the knaves and adventurers who infested the Imperial Court, and was forbidden the Tuileries. When he arrived at Geneva old age had extinguished every vice except avarice, gluttony, and personal vanity, the three vices which usually survive all others, and only cease with death itself.

After gorging himself with every delicacy, in and out of season, which money could purchase, he used to play either at whist or chess with Viola and the chamberlains, then count over his money and finger his jewels, and at about 11 o'clock go to bed. Occasionally, but rarely, he drove out. The cream-colored horses which, as a reigning Duke of Brunswick, he affected, were generally used by Viola. Apoplexy one afternoon surprised this excellent Prince, and interfered with the monotony of his existence by cutting it short. He was carried to his bed, and Viola, his chamberlains and a Mr. Smith, his English man-of-business, who happened to be in Geneva, tended him. But their care was in vain. He never recovered consciousness; he had bidden an eternal farewell to his diamonds and his paint-pot. The doctors announced that his last hour had struck. The death scene is said to have been a strange one. On the bed lay the Duke stentoriously breathing, his blonde curly wig pushed back, the plaster falling out from his wrinkles, the white and red paint, with which he had imitated youth, run together, will make a hideous amalgam. The poor, tottering old chamberlains, who had served him until fervitude had become a habit and almost a happiness, blubbered and fussed about. Viola, who seems—so strange is the nature of woman—really to have cared for him, sat apart and wept; the doctors solemnly whispered to each other and occasionally felt his pulse. And English Smith, a gentleman of eminently respectable and essentially British appearance, with long mutton-chop whiskers, kept one eye on his client and the other on the money-chests. The next morning the will was opened. Nothing was left to Viola, nothing to his child, nothing to his chamberlains, nothing to the Prince Imperial—£40,000 went to Mr. Smith and the rest of his wealth, forests, domains, houses, jewels, money and securities to the city of Geneva. As soon as this was known, the heirs came forward like hungry sharks. Seven large boxes, containing his personal property, were at once removed, and the representative of the Republic actually ordered Viola to take some earrings out of her ears, as they formed a portion of the inheritance. Humanity would lead one to hope that a wealthy city which came in for such a windfall would provide for the poor woman and her child. But Governments have no souls. The Council of State declares that if one farthing were given to her its members, so soon as they have fulfilled their term of office, would be prosecuted by their fellow-citizens for defrauding them, and the Council of State think that their fellow-citizens would be right.

A timely warning to tea-drinkers is given in the trade circular issued by Messrs. J. C. Sillar & Co. About 500,000 pounds of teas which have been under water for sixty days in the wreck of the *Petersburg* at New York, and described as in a rotten condition, are being made up into "Maloo Mixture." They are to be colored and mixed with sound teas; and as the Board of Health is taking steps to prevent them being put upon the market in America, we may shortly expect an importation of the delectable beverage to this country, so disguised as to render it difficult to prevent it finding its way into our teapots—a fit compound to mix with our sewage milk. Messrs. Sillar have heard from one of the officers of the *Petersburg* that before he left the vessel the smell of putrid tea was so offensive as to bring on violent sickness.—*English Paper.*

To get Denmark into the German Empire, on the same terms as Bavaria, with its own sovereignty preserved on all but imperial questions, is reported to be the next move of Bismarck. [What says our local friend, Consul Taaffe, to this?]

PADDY MURPHY'S GREAT SEA SNAKE.

"Well, as I said before," continued Barney O'Bother to his wife, who was seated by his side over a skillet of potatoes. "As I said before, avourneen, Paddy Murphy was as good a fisherman as iver threw a net, and as stout and clever a fellow as iver shook a shillelah at wake or christening, and a good Catholic to boot. Well, poor Paddy took himself off one fine Summer morning to seek his fortune upon the broad seas, in a ship bound to a friend of his—one Phillip Delphi, I think he called him, in America. 'Good-bye to ye!' says he to me, taking my hand and shaking it till he almost put it out of joint; 'and good luck to ye's,' says I, giving his hand a squaze that made his hand as soft as a roasted apple, and away he wint. Well, I saw no more of him for many a long day, but when he did come back he tould me a'l about his voyage to America, and how he got there: and if you were to guess from this day to the day of judgment, ye'd niver hit upon the way he thraveled.

"Well," says he to me, Barney, says he, "when we had run about a hundred leagues from ould Ireland, with a spanking breeze in our starn, Tim Tackle, the boatswain's mate, roared out a thousand murders. 'Hubbaboo,' says the captain, 'what's the row?' 'Blood and 'ounds,' cried Pat Murphy, 'but here's the American sea sarpint in real earnest; and, sure enough, the captain saw it wid his own eyes, for the head of it was clane over the ship's bows, and the tail was tickling the rudder into fits all at the same time. The poor captain's teeth began to play marrowbones and cleavers, you may be sure: and divil a sou aboard the ship but ducked under the hatches except the steersman, and he had as stout a heart as Paddy. 'Be aisy, be aisy now,' says Pat to the Captain, 'and don't be so frightened: for I'm going to show ye's the way to get to America in no time, at all, at all, so get your despatches and compass ready out of the binnicle, and I'll go before, and tell 'em that you are on the road: and do you, Bill,' says he, talking to a powder monkey, 'fetch me that lot of bullock's bladders out of the jolly boat.' Well, when we had got the bladders, what do you think he done then? By the big Hill of Howth if he did anything at all, at all, but jumped right on the back of the sarpint. 'Oh, ho!' says the cratur, 'I've got you safe enough now, Paddy Murphy, I calculate.' 'By the trident of Neptune, said Paddy paying a compliment to the sea-gods, 'you may say that with your own ugly mug, and ye are likely to keep me longer, I've a notion, than ye bargain for.' Well, with that he made no more ado, but began to fasten a bladder, by way of a nightcap, upon the head of the monster, who thought to make a dive to the bottom of the sea, but the divs a bit of him could get his head under the water at all, at all, because of Pat Murphy's cunning, in course. 'What the divil are ye at, ye spalpeen?' says the sarpent. 'Niver you trouble your head about that, honey,' says Pat Murphy; and wid that he slips down his back, and ties another bladder here and another there, till he came to the cratur's tail; 'and now,' says he, 'my fine fellow, I'll get you to carry me to that glorious boy, Philip Delphi.'

"Well, the captain, sure enough, gave him his despatches and the compass, and a good keg of whisky to sling over his shoulder, and Pat, sticking his knife into the sarpint, away they went at a thundering rate through the wide ocean sea. Well, when they had traveled all night, says the sarpent to Pat Murphy, says he 'I'm mighty hungry and should be much obliged to you, Pat, if ye'd let me go down for to get my breakfast.' 'By no manes at all,' says Pat, 'for I'm but just going to get my own, and so, ye see, we'll have a snack together, and he makes no more to do but outs with his knife and whips off the end of the sarpint's tail, to the no small surprise of the cratur. 'Well, it iver!' says the sarpint, 'that's free and aisy anyhow, but sure, you're no friend o' mine, Paddy Murphy, to be after cutting off my tail for your breakfast.' 'Take a bit of it,' said Pat, shoving a piece into his mouth, *'sure it's no matter to which end ye have it;* maybe ye'll think that enough to contint ye till dinner time.'

Great were the wonders the sarpint tould Pat Murphy of what was at the bottom of the sea, to take off the bladders, and dive wid him to see the sights, but Pat was not to be blarneyed that way; for himself was the boy that had kiss'd the raal stone, and wandered all among

The groves of blarney that are so charming!

Well, at noon the sun became blazing hot, and Paddy piped all hands to dinner in a good boats-waterlike manner, when he heard the sarpint declare he was half-broiled wid the heat. 'Many thanks to ye,' says Paddy, 'for the information, sure I've been waiting to hear that same for the last two hours; and now what say ye to a joint or two more of your own tail?' 'Och! don't mention it,' says the sarpint, 'for my last bite went against my stomach intirely.' 'You've a mighty dainty stomach of your own then,' said Paddy, wid a cunning look, 'but as I am by no means in lite particular, why here goes for the cut. You should have seen, said Pat Murphy to me, how the monster lashed the waves and wriggled and spit fire and smoke at such a rate that the people on board all the ships that were in sight took it for a steam packet at full speed, and sure enough we left a train smoke behind us for miles and miles in length—but all would not do to get Paddy off the back of him, for he breakfasted, dined and supped off the sarpint for ten days, and and when he reached the shore where his friend lived, the monster prayed hard for its life, but Pat put an end to his frolics for ever and a day by cutting off his head, which, as he says, is preserved in the museum of his respected friend, Philip Delphi."

By this time Barney and his ould woman had cleaned out the skillet of potatoes, so he returned to weeding his potato bed, while Judy went to invite all the poultry to dine upon the jackets of those they had consumed.

FORGOTTEN.

Silent, and pale, and clad in white
(The funeral bell deep tolling),
Under the screen of the coffin lid
All that was wife and mother lies hid
Dead, and buried, and out of sight,
And tears from sad eyes are rolling.

Blushing and glad, and robed in white,
(Blithe wedding-bells are pealing),
A bride is led past the still fresh stone,
That says in a language all its own,
"Dead, and buried, and out of sight,
Have stones or have hearts more feeling?"

She, who was late a home's delight
(The death-bell scarce done tolling),
Whose virtues live in the fresh-cut stone,
Lies in darkness—forgotten, alone,
Dead, and buried, and out of sight,
Where tears from the skies are rolling.

As young and trusting, pure and bright
(For whom gay bells rang pealing)
As the second wife he weds to-day,
Was the bride who now is only clay—
Dead, and buried, and out of sight—
Of those at the altar kneeling.

The slab bears witness to the light
(Loud joy-bells o'er it swelling).
Loving motherhood, faith as a wife,
Patient endurance of troublous life,
Dead, and buried, and out of sight,
Fade as a dream ere the telling.

—*Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, in Argosy.*

A THRILLING SCENE.

The final departure of the Germans from the soil of France was attended by circumstances of a high melodramatic effect. The closing scene at Verdun was one that appeals powerfully to the imagination. The military movements of the German army were executed with a precision and a grim stolidity of demeanor on the part of the troops that might be expected from iron automata. A French correspondent of the London *Times* furnishes a wonderfully graphic description of the spectacle: "The troops were closely collected together, and had any one with good sight fired between the first and second man in front, the ball would have gone between the first and second man of the last line without touching a soldier. There was a minute's silence and complete immobility, and the entire scene offered a picture unique, doubtless, of its kind. On the right, beneath the gate of the fortress, was the French guard, leaning on his gun, while behind the small garrison looked through the open gate. On the rampart was Captain Metral. On the left of the gate of the fort there was the Esplanade with 5,000 troops, with dazzling arms, with helmets glittering in the sun, with horses, with cannons, all motionless. The crowd were seized with admiration in spite of themselves. In front, and apart from the crowd, were some women dressed in black, who had come to give a still more mournful aspect to this concert, already so painful for whoever could listen attentively." * * * * *

There was another minute's waiting, and then General Manteuffel appeared. He wore a blue great coat over a red suit, falling over his boots and concealing his trowsers: the Commandant's scarf was on his shoulder. His blue cap, held by a strap, rested on his forehead, and almost entirely hid his thin face, dark and surrounded by a gray and bristly beard, while under prominent eyebrows were spectacles, which gave something strange and gloomy to his whole physiognomy. Colonel Von der Burg and Lieutenant-Colonel Count Thosler, in a green and yellow uniform, mounted on a splendid steed, followed him, holding their horses. The General-in-Chief went through the troop by the flanks and center. Then he returns to the front, surrounded by his staff. General Linzingen gives the command, "Gewehr am Fuss." The command, brusque, harsh, metallic, is repeated. A sound, another still, and the movement is executed. General Manteuffel draws his sword. "Für den Kaiser und König, hurrah!" Thrice resounds the hurrah, while the horses curvet, the swords are lighted up by a stray beam of sunshine, and the beat of the drum accompanies on all sides the cry of 5,000 throats. The band begins afresh, and from all quarters is heard "Heil dir in Siegerkrantz!" The General-in-Chief takes up his position on one side, the staff around him, and the march past begins. * * * * * *

General Manteuffel, the last of the Germans, had not passed the "Porte Chaussée," when a cry of joy, of triumph, of deliverance, resounds with indescribable fervor: "Vive la France!" In an instant—in less time than it takes me to write it—every house, from top to bottom, in every street, in all the squares, from the basement to the attics, is decked with tricolor flags—"Vive Thiers! Vive le Libérateur! Vive l'Armée! Vive la France! Vive la République! Vivent l'Alsace-Lorraine!" These, in unworthy order, are the inscriptions which are displayed. The men assume cockades, the women also, likewise the children and horses. I see tricolor barley-sugar. At the hotel we are served with crawfish with a tricolor flag. A wag remarks that crawfish, which walks backwards, ought to be surmounted with the white flag. The company at the table immediately exclaimed, "Vive le tricolor." In the street at this moment fifty little children, armed with tricolor flags, raise their heads from a wagon full of grass. The very atmosphere assumes a tricolor aspect, and the rainbow appearing at the close of a shower has the appearance of taking part in the decoration at Verdun. The crowd is immense. A profound delight can be read in every eye. Behind me a tumbril takes away the black and white sentry-boxes of the Prussians. They have been carefully draped with tricolor flags, and this evening they will be publicly burnt.

ART NOTES.

The next reception of the Art Association is fixed for the evening of December 2d, after which the exhibition will be thrown open to the public. Our *voyage en zigzag* among the scattered studios of our artist- leads us to the belief that it will be one of more than usual excellence. Virgil Williams has on the easel a "Roman Harvest" scene, a much more ambitious work than he has essayed for some time past. It is not fair to judge critically of an unfinished picture, but in this case we think that he will excel all previous efforts. There is some admirable drawing and coloring in the figures, and a pleasant feeling throughout the whole. The same artist has brought down some admirable sketches from his St. Helena ranch, which are full of daylight and truth to nature. We wish that they could be put on view at the Art Gallery for an evening, but the artists generally do not seem inclined to favor our idea of a "sketch exhibition." They forget that it has been tried elsewhere and has proved successful; in fact, that in London the two water-color societies have annual sketch exhibitions, and that the *soirees* of the "Graphic" and "Artists and Amateurs" Societies exhibit little else. That the larger part of the members of our Art Association are sufficiently cultivated to appreciate such studies from nature we are perfectly sure, and an occasional display of this kind would be thoroughly appreciated by them. We think that it would be also beneficial to the artists themselves, who would in many cases get commissions to paint from their sketches; and lastly, the members of the Art Association would get one or two exhibitions a year more for their subscriptions. Thos. Hill has a cabinet picture in hand for a Russian gentleman traveling in this State. The subject is "Breaking Camp," a Yosemite scene. There is a fine tone to this work, and the grouping and drawing of the figures, pack animals, etc., is perfect.

Marple has finished a small bay scene, "Before sunrise," very tender and grey in handling and tone, and has partially completed a twilight view of Napa Creek with Mount Tamalpais in the distance, which is in a much more forcible key than is usual with this artist. At his gallery, a very pleasant lounging place for art lovers and connoisseurs, there are a number of foreign pictures selected by himself in Europe, which are very worthy of note, among which the "Travel in Bohemia," by Von der Venne, stands first. The action of the half wild Cossack horses struggling through the snow is very finely rendered. A cattle piece by Savry (Dutch school) is strongly and effectively painted. Two small works by De la Hoese (Belgian school) are full of refined and delicate coloring. That representing a lady purchasing jewelry is an admirable picture, the faces being full of expression and excellent drawing. A larger work by Thompson, an English artist resident in Paris, has splended coloring, and well rendered costumes and accessions. It represents "an introduction" -a cavalier saluting two ladies. The dresses are of the 14th century, and the background is of dark, subdued, rich tapestry. Mr. Frost is busy on some interesting reminiscences of his Siberian travels. Mr. E. T. Coleman, an English artist and traveler, long resident in Oregon and British Columbia, passed through the city this week *en route* for London. He has a large portfolio of valuable and interesting sketches, which we expect to see crop out in book form. Mr Coleman is a member of the English Alpine Club, and made the first ascent of Mount Baker some years ago. Irwin's picture of Don Quixote at the Bohemian Club rooms comes on us as a surprise. He should certainly follow up this class of work. This single figure of the eccentric Knight shows that he could successfully cope with historical subjects. In pose and drawing it is simply perfection.

The "Graphic" Sketching Club, an offshoot of the Art Association, is growing rapidly. Five new members were added to it at the last meeting. The members meet twice a week, on Tuesday evenings for business, social intercourse and art gossip, and Friday evenings for work. This little society cannot fail to stimulate and foster art, develop latent talent, and promote good feeling and fellowship among the brethen of the brush.

NEW PAPER.

The Los Angeles Daily Herald has issued its first number. The editing and mechanism are fully entitled to the encouragement of all Californians. Its late arrival here will only admit of the following items:

In view of the proposed narrow-gauge railroad from Los Angeles to the seashore, a few statistics in regard to cost are apropos. Fifteen narrow-gauge roads, with 700 miles of track, are in operation in the United States; twenty others, with 1,250 miles, are in process of completion. A narrow-gauge costs $10,000 per mile, including equipment, while the ordinary gauge cannot be built for $20,000.

The Chinese at Shanghai have also embarked in the shrine business, and pilgrimages are being made from the most remote parts of the empire to the Fountain of Blood, which spurts out from the wall of a decayed temple near the city.

The Juwaib of Constantinople notices as a singular coincidence that the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, and the Viceroy of Egypt are of the same age, the three having been born in the year 1245 of the Hijrah, corresponding with the year A. D. 1830.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died---In Cobb Valley, Lake County, Oct. 4th, George F. Reed, eldest son of Hon. Chas. F. Reed, of Knight's Landing.

Death loves a shining mark. This bright boy who has just been laid away in the cruel grave, to lay like a hidden jewel, shows how remorseless is the dread messenger. To be cut down at the very dawn of his usefulness—to be crushed in the budding of his manhood—is inexpressibly sad to those who witnessed but could not prevent it. Like a Spring flower with the morning dew upon it, that withers in an hour, young Reed, the pride and hope of his fond father, the idol of his family, and the favorite of a large circle of friends, has suddenly perished—no, not perished, for in that country where it is said no enemy ever enters, and no friend ever goes away, his spirit must ere this have entered, to be forever dear—forever loved. But the home whose circle his departure has so suddenly and irreparably broken, will never cease to miss him.

"The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

The work he had just commenced to do, let us hope, will be rounded off and finished in another and a better country—over and beyond the dark, unknown sea that rolls round all the world. And as I think of his last illness, up in the mountains, where he had gone to seek a purer air; as I think of his gentleness and of the daily beauty there was in his life, some lines of Byron seem as appropriate as if they had been written on himself:

He faded, and so calm and weak,
So softly worn, so sweetly meek;
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind.
While all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb;
Whose tints as gently sunk away,
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the sick man bright.
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting Nature's feebleness;
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot.
A little talk of better days,
A little hope his friends to raise;
For they were sunk in silence—lost,
In this last lost of all the most.

But it must be a great consolation for his relatives and friends to know that if youth and virtue and noble qualities are to live eternally in the HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS, whose golden gates and pearly floors are "sprinkled all over with the dust of stars," then to such a home hath our young friend gone, and death indeed has been swallowed up in victory. E. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sacramento" writes:---"For hundreds of years before the present era, the ancients regarded the Trinity—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—as meaning simply the earth, sun and moon; each deity being in duplicate—male and female, active and passive—as *Lunus* and *Luna*. They believed that everything emanated from the earth, or great center of the universe; that the sun 'proceeded' from the earth; and that the moon appeared and disappeared like any other respectable ghost." It is quite true that the idea of a triune deity was almost universal; but we fail to see how the Christian trinity could have existed for "hundreds of years before the beginning of the present era;" inasmuch as it had not then been invented. It was not until about *forty* years "B. C.," that the astronomers, philosophers, advanced Jews, and Greeks of Alexandria—in order to correct the calendar—produced the beautiful *Astronomical Mime*, known as the Christian Religion. They changed the whole calendar; *began* to correct their New Years from the Winter solstitial point—that point where the sun, having reached its most southern declination, turns and begins to ascend towards the vernal equinox—hence we count from the "resurrection." The initiated regarded the sun as the center of the universe—much as we do to-day. The people believed as they do to-day, whatever they were taught to believe: the old sun dies and remains, down south, in his grave for "three days"—during the solstice—and rises again from the dead to carry on the business. He is said to be "born" there; but it is the old sun—its all "one."

"J. P." desires to know "what the hell we mean, etc." We presume "J. P." is our old friend *John Public*, and it is needless to say we cannot explain to *him*.

Presence of Mind.---Should your clothes catch fire at the stove, or from a lamp explosion, *don't* lose your presence of mind; sit down calmly and collect your thoughts. If you have no bucket of water to throw over you, keep cool anyhow; take a drink of ice water, and use a fan; drop a polite note to the superintendent of the Fire Department to send an engine up and put you out, or you will be dreadfully put out yourself. If the engine has to stop to have its wheels greased, and you find the weather about you is getting too warm, inquire the way to the nearest canal, measure the depth of it, and then jump in. Don't wait to strip off. What is left of the fire will be put out by this time. But be sure you don't get excited.

MAMMA'S VIEW OF THE PANIC.

"Oh, what is the panic?" the little boy said,
As his mamma was tucking him snugly in bed.
"The panic, my love"—was the mother's reply,
While a tear all unnoted distilled from her eye,
And she stifled a sob at the risk of her stays—
"Is a beast that has cost me a new polonaise!"

THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The streets of Boston are as crooked as the ways of the evil one; the streets of Constantinople are as narrow as the righteous path; the streets of China are both narrow and crooked, unpaved and slushy, and reeking with the celestial filth of many accumulating centuries. Travelers are wont to quote the streets of these three places as the worst to be found either in Christendom or Heathendom. They cannot have visited San Francisco. They are unfamiliar with our rotten planks, our crumbling Nicholson, our rattling cobblestones, our slippery, muddy, unpaved hills. From Meiggs' Wharf to the Dry Dock, from Oakland Landing to the Cliff House Toll-gate, we have not one block of street which is at the same time clean, useful, durable and agreeable to drive over. The best streets are patchwork, whose breakings up have been temporarily remedied with the easiest and cheapest material at hand, sometimes cobbles, sometimes planks. Our worst are utterly indescribable, being for the most part an unsightly conglomeration of all the failures with which greedy contractors and quiescent street committees have outraged the public. Of all the pavements with which our unfortunate streets have been lined, the Nicholson takes the palm for fragility, for deceptive appearance, for utter uselessness. In wet weather it is so slippery as to render it dangerous ground for valuable horses. It yields to the action of wheels by sinking in little hollows. It resents the action of the weather by crumbling into little hills. A block of Nicholson, after the first rain, resembles a flock of half-buried dromedaries. It splits itself into fine little slivers fit only for kindling-wood, and crumbles itself into fine little powders fit only for compost. It sends a vile stench to heaven while it is being laid. It consumes much time in the laying, but it doesn't take long to come up again—and the sooner it all comes up the better, for we shall then be obliged to have something else. As matters stand, what with the network of car tracks in our broken streets, the uprearing of loosened planks, the protruding of loosened nails, and the hollows and ridges of decayed Nicholson, it is wonderful that there is a sound horse or a wagon in good repair in San Francisco. If some steps be not taken soon, we shall have to travel as we did in cyzoetic times, for the foothold for four-footed beasts upon our thoroughfares is growing small by degrees and beautifully less with each drop of rain that falls. Is it anybody's business, and if so, whose business is it?

It is rather strange to notice how *one* piano in particular is always seen on the stages of our concert halls. Strange to remark how frequently *one* piano is always seen in the homes of those who can distinguish a good instrument from one of inferior make. Strange to remark how invariably the one answer is given to the question—What piano do you like best? The answer is always, the Weber Piano. The piano seen in the parlor of the good judge is always the Weber Piano. The piano invariably seen on the concert platform is the Weber Piano. These facts speak for themselves. Sherman & Hyde, corner of Kearny and Sutter streets, are our referees.

The London Punch, in an "In Memoriam," written on the occasion of the deaths of the late Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, and the late Lord Chancellor Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury, has the following beautiful lines:

"And so, Life's judgment, set to right by Death's,
Lay busy Bishop and keen Judge to rest;
And, by their coffins, think with bated breaths,
How good the worst of us, how bad the best!"

These two eminent men died within twenty-four hours of each other, on the 19th and 20th of July, 1873.

Canned goods, that is, hermetically sealed goods of all descriptions, require, to be worth anything at all, these requisites: That the articles canned be perfectly fresh and of first-class quality, and that they be canned in a proper manner. This last requisite may seem simple enough, but it is not so, and only one firm that we know of produces anything like a marketable article that firm, C. James King of Wm. & Co., 819 Sansome street. To insure the first requisite, Mr. Theo. Bagge has under cultivation, in Alameda County, 400 acres of the choicest fruits, from which King of Wm. & Co. draw their supplies; and to insure the second requisite, *white labor* is used exclusively in their factories.

OCEAN MAIL SERVICES.

Late advices from Australia and New Zealand represent a want of harmony between the Colonies in regard to the various ocean mail services. The chief contest is between Melbourne and Sydney for the terminus. Hitherto, Sydney has been the terminus of the steamers of the "P & O Suez Line." In view of the termination of the present arrangement for that service, Victoria refused to be a party to any new arrangement that did not yield the terminus to Melbourne, and being unable to secure the concession from N. S. Wales, she has entered into an arrangement with the P & O Company, and bound that company not to arrange with any of the other colonies. Her invitation to the other colonies to participate in the arrangement has been accepted by New Zealand only. On the other hand, New South Wales has arranged for a *direct* service between Sydney and San Francisco. Her invitation to the other colonies to join has been declined. New Zealand is most anxious to have the connection, but refuses to accept the terms proposed. But aid, or no aid, N. S. Wales is determined to establish the line. Having abolished the tonnage dues, she proposes now to abolish the advalorum duties. With an abundance of the best quality of coal, at a cost of less than $3 a ton; the great facilities she offords for supplies, as well as for repairs of vessels of the largest size; the line contemplated ought and no doubt will prove a success. It is thought that New Zealand and Victoria will co-operate to establish another line for California. The Imperial Government, having undertaken to carry the mails between London and Singapore, free of charge, the Queensland Government has arranged for a four-weekly mail service between Singapore and Brisbane, via Java and Torres Straits, granting an annual subsidy of £20,000 for seven years. The colonial imports from British India, China, Java, and the straits settlements amount to about 30,000 tons a year, much of which it is estimated will be transferred from sailing vessels to the steamers, besides which they will be able to draw at will upon the labor market of China. All the colonies appear to be in a properous condition, with money abundant and cheap; interest at from one-half to one-third, the rate prevailing in California. As a result, the country is alive with enterprise to extend manufactories, to develop the mineral and agricultural resources, to construct railroads, etc., and five out of seven colonies are using every effort to attract immigration.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

The following comprises the freshest and most important items of intelligence contained in a letter from London, which was crowded out of our last issue by a press of matter:

"You will be somewhat astonished to hear that we have just stifled a certain important branch of our trade. Our laws against adulteration, though seldom enforced, are very strong, indeed, and they have just now been put in motion by a lot of doctors, who hate tea, and especially green tea. Now, as green tea is always painted—as paint is a decided adulteration, and an unwholesome one, to boot—it proved to be easy to convict a lot of unfortunate grocers of selling a sophisticated article. 'You are beginning at the wrong end,' laughed the importers; 'you can't hurt us, and John Chinaman is out of reach.' But the doctors proved to be wiser in their generation than the importers imagined, for the grocers naturally declined to buy any more of the dangerous commodity, and the wholesale dealer consequently had no orders to give to the importer. The latter, to whom all the mischief is really due, now squirms—and well he may—for there is actually no less than £1,250,000 (six and a quarter million dollars' worth) of our green tea in the market, which no one dare buy or sell. The importers are publishing petitions, imploring the Legislature to allow them to sell it, but even if they got that permission the public ought to be wise enough not to buy. The fine of a million and a quarter sterling is a heavy one on any particular trade, but the various measures that have from time to time been taken to induce them to keep straight have never been attended by the slightest success; and in the face of the fact that the whisky retailers are punished by fine and imprisonment, the mere forfeiture of a stock is not too heavy a penalty. It has produced the greatest possible dismay among merchants, and day after day no efforts or sacrifices will effect the sale of a single leaf.

Unpleasantness of Freezing.—Biggles, a queer genius, had made frequent promises to his friends that he would put an end to himself. One stinging cold night he vowed he would go out and freeze to death. About eleven p.m. he returned, shivering and snapping his fingers. "Why don't you freeze?" asked a loving relative. "By Jove!" said the pseudo suicide, "when I freeze, I mean to take a warmer night than this for it."

A beautiful testimonial, by the French inhabitants of California to M. Thiers, has been on exhibition the past week. It is a box, or album, made of various Californian woods, and inlaid with the richest specimens of gold and silver. The design was by M. Mezzara, and the workmanship by Messrs. Frontier. We should be glad to give a more detailed description of this work of art, but were not able to obtain a close inspection of it.

FROZEN MEAT.

A correspondent of The Mail, writing from Sydney, says that Mr. T. S. Mort, aided by Mr. Nicolls of the ice works, has succeeded, after years of unremitting labor and costly experiments, in discovering a cheap and safe means of applying cold to all perishable articles of food, and is now making great preparations for freezing meat for shipment, and keeping it frozen during the voyage to England. Bowenfells, the first point of operation, is beyond the Blue Mountains, one hundred miles from Sydney. There the cattle are to be slaughtered and the carcasses frozen. The Depot is a building within a building, capable of holding 1,000 tons of frozen meat; it is to contain machinery calculated to produce cold, equivalent to sixty tons of ice, every twenty-four hours. The process is at present a secret, but the agent employed in the production of cold on land, is ammonia, to manufacture which, Messrs. Mort and Nicolls have erected extensive works in connection with the gas works. In arriving at the mastery of the means, nothing possibly could have been done but for the previous philosophical investigations of Farraday and Tyndall; but now this point is reached, and the successful adaptation of a cheap and safe application of cold to a variety of purposes, bearing directly upon the comforts of home, the pursuits of industry has been made. In the event of the final success of those experiments, it will be difficult to estimate the benefits to be derived therefrom by the people of California and the States adjacent—to all except the keepers of the toll-gates which guard every avenue to our markets. If we cannot obtain our meat and poultry at reasonable prices from Texas, Canada, etc., we will be able to do so from Australia. We hope sincerely that Mr. *Mort* will be the death of our monopolists.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

We note the arrival of Capt. Edw. Higgins, who has been appointed to inspect the books and workings of the San Francisco office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. From our knowledge of the officers in charge, we apprehend the gentleman's task will be an easy one. They have have had a little ill luck on the Pacific side, but all the stockjobbing and tricking has taken place on the other side of the continent, where a little inspection would perhaps be not out of place. We learn that the new iron propeller *Colima*, the property of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co., destined for the China service, has left New York and is rounding Cape Horn for San Francisco. Also that a new vessel, the *Vasco de Gama*, of a like kind, belonging to the China Trans-Pacific Company, is being loaded in London with an assorted cargo, and bound for Hongkong, after which she will be the first vessel of the new English line to run between Hongkong and San Francisco. Messrs. Macondray & Co. are agents for this line in San Francisco, and Messrs. Russell & Co. in Hongkong. There will be a lively competition between the two companies, but the Pacific Mail Company will by that time be rid of all the old side-wheel steamers, and, enjoying a subsidy from the Government, will doubtless have the best of it.

It is an unhappy thought that necessity, which knows no law, should support so many lawyers. It is an unhappy thought that our hotels on the European plan should be so unlike anything in Europe.

Tipkins aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. "O, let me sleep," was the reply of the irate dame, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

There are two sorts of cats. We doubt the truth of the common saying that one of them has nine lives, but many a poor fellow's back can attest that the other has nine tails.

A clergyman said, the other day, that modern young ladies were not daughters of Shem and Ham, but daughters of Hem and Sham, compounds of plain sewing and make-believe.

It is an unhappy thought that so many people should be masters of tongues except their own. It is an unhappy thought that mosquitoes will sing as well as sting.

What is the difference between a porcelain timepiece and an alligator?—One is a crockery dial, and the other a crockodile.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SYDNEY MAIL SERVICE.

The arrangement entered into by N. S. Wales with Mr. Hall for the service between Sydney and California, binds him to maintain for a period of six years a four-weekly service between Sydney and San Francisco via Kandivan in Fiji and Honolulu, with the option of a loop-line between Kandivan and New Zealand. The subsidy guaranteed by N. S. Wales for a ten knot service is £48,000, without reference to the loop-line, for which an additional payment of £12,000 is asked—in all, £60,000. The proposition of Mr. Samuel to New Zealand that it should contribute £25,000 out of the £60,000, has been rejected by Mr. Vogel, who says New South Wales has seen fit without the slightest communication with New Zealand to enter into engagement with a speculator, who wishes to dispose of the concessions granted him to the best possible advantage, and she must accept the entire responsibility of the act—proposes that Mr. Samuel, on his arrival in England enter into negotiations with Mr. Russell, the New Zealand agent, and endeavor to come to an arrangement equitable in its terms and satisfactory to both colonies. The Adelaide *Observer* remarks that "whatever may be the immediate result of these ocean postal negotiations, we are satisfied that in the long run the policy of Earl Kimberly in offering incentives for the establishment and maintenance of the Suez, the Pacific and the Torres Straits routes, will best promote the interests of the colonies as a whole. Although at present the trade between Australia and America and Australia and Southern Asia is not large, it is expanding, and before many years are over will have attained immense proportions. When this result is attained, questions as to what port shall form the terminus of a line of steamboats, instead of being regarded as of national importance, will be treated with the indifference they deserve. In the meanwhile we can only deplore the fact that local struggles for pre-eminence and local animosities should interfere with the arrangement upon a comprehensive and equitable basis of what is obviously for the benefit of all."

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

Old Mother Alta has been amusing herself this week with comical questions and answers on the multiplication tables.——Dr. Lord still continues to attract good audiences by droning "extracts" of English and foreign history.——Miss Minnie Walton is creating a good impression in New York, although the *furore* is yet to come.——The French residents of this city have got up a very handsome testimonial to M. Thiers, in the shape of a superb album, which Mr. Weil has left us to present.——The attendance at the Flower Show held at Horticultural Hall last week was generally miserable.——Ellie Brown, the infant wonder of five years, is soon to astonish us.——The unloading and reloading of the *Montana* took just forty-eight hours—the quickest time on record.——It looks as if the Winter had really set in. The rain on Monday has continued with the usual intermittent bright bits.——The Rev. Hugh Smith Carpenter, Pastor of the Howard Presbyterian Church, has resigned his charge.——Capt. Lapidge is to take command in the new British opposition line between this port and China and Japan.——Lighting our streets and public buildings during September cost $21,610.——The crews of the "California Boat Club" are practicing for the regatta on Thanksgiving Day.——Mrs. Joaquin Miller is in town, supposed to be gathering material for an *exposé* of her husband in the pages of the London *Athenæum*.——The Jewish holidays and holy-days are nearly over—only the tag-end of the Feast of Tabernacle left.——Mlle. Gangain, the well-known and really graceful danseuse, is seriously ill.——The California method of fighting is most honorable. Get a man down and then kick him senseless and shapeless. So Schultz, a Kearny street saloon keeper, found when his jaw was broken on Sunday morning.——Miss May Howard commences her engagement at the California on Monday.——Burgot, the pauper with $10,000, still continues an inmate of the Almshouse, paying five dollars a week for the privilege.——The waiters and cooks of the city have founded a Mutual Aid and Beneficial Society.

"Tell me," said an unpolished but enthusiastic teetotal lecturer, "what will whip water?" A voice promptly lashed out from the audience, "A fly-rod!"

A medical writer says the healthiest position to lay in is with the head to the North. People who own hens should bear this fact in mind.

Though an honest merchant is a plain dealer, a carpenter is a deal planer.

Query.—What relation to the pump is the pump-kin?

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

It occurs to certain of our citizens at times that the best thing they can do with this mortal coil under an unpleasant concatenation of circumstances, is to shuffle it off, in consequence of which bodies are discovered in unpleasant profusion among the docks and wharf piles, and occasionally, by way of variation, among the sand hills. According to our reliable morning contemporaries, such treasures trove are carried to the Morgue. It is quite a relief to know that we have a Morgue. We have always recognized the necessity of such an institution, but where the deuce is it? At a remote period, when our bosom friend hung himself with a piece of family lines to one of the rafters of his hotel, we were directed to the Morgue to take the last fond look, and we discovered his remains in the anteroom of the undertaking establishment of Mr. O'Flynn, Market street. When the learned expert, Dr. Blunderhead, assumed the duties of Coroner, the Morgue was removed to the house of Mr. O'Flaherty, still of Market street. The incoming Dr. Oleomargarine announces that his headquarters will be at the undertaking rooms of O'Flannagan & Co., all of Market street. We have no settled antipathy to Market street, but we would like to know why we can't have a stationary Morgue without hunting our friends the length and breadth of that diagonal thoroughfare with each change after election. We have still another question to ask while on the cold meat subject: When people voluntarily shuffle, or are involuntarily shuffled, they are not generally in a state of primitive bareness. They are generally clothed from head to heel. They have been known to wear watches and chains, and at odd times a ring. They have carried in their pockets sundry car tickets, jack-knives, pieces of string and a coin or two. Are all these articles consigned to the cold, cold ground, in company with their unhappy owners, or do they flourish with renewed freshness in the second-hand shops? Satisfied that he has done his duty by the public weal, the *Town Crier* calmly waits a direct reply to these two queries.

Mr. A. loved Miss B., and the maiden returned The soft, tender passion that in either breast burned. Where they lived, who they were, are things the *T. C.* Does not know, and, what's more, does not care, d'ye see! But listen a moment, with a heart that grows sore, As you find they have parted because of a *snore*. One night Mr. A. had stayed out so late, That the next saw him yawn in the sweet *tete a tete* Which he held with Miss B. "Are you tired, my dear?" Said she, when another yawn made it most clear That he was, so in true kindness we vouch, She let him lie down and snooze on the couch. He snoozed when, O horror! her lover adored She discovered frightfully, awfully *snored!* Oh, the snore, the beautiful snore, Filling the parlor from ceiling to floor! Now rising aloft like the winds in June, Now sunk to the wail of a cracked bassoon! Now flute-like, subsiding, then rising again, Like a bull-frog in throes of most exquisite pain! Now softly and slow, like a drone's lazy hum, Then rattling and loud, like a banged kettle-drum! Cracking the ceiling and shaking the floor, Like a rollicking earthquake, went the terrible snore! And now the sad part we have to relate is, that this snoring settled his fate. For Miss B. vowed with tears she could love nevermore, A man with such a sleep-mured ring snore. And clapping her hands to the sides of her head, She uttered one shriek, and then turned and fled! Yes, actually fled without saying "good night," And left him to wake and to leave as he might. O, cruel Miss B.! O, sad Mr. A.! Two loving young hearts are estranged in a way That had been averted if the would-be young bride Had seen that her lover *lay on his right side*.

Some sensible woman and therefore superior to the rest of her sex—suggests that it would be an immense boon to the community at large, i. e., the unburied. If some one would suggest some simple, inexpensive badge for ladies to wear, instead of having the extra expense of going into a regular suit of mourning. The carrying out of the idea, such as confining the mourning to a neat black band around the arm, would have its advantages and disadvantages. To the poor woman who sorrows for the death of her child or husband, the fashion of some such badge would be a great blessing. She would grieve just as deeply in a colored stuff gown, with a black band around her arm, as in everything black, including her stockings. But, on the other hand, the abolition of heavy mourning would do away with very many widows' greatest consolation. "One looks so well in widows' weeds, you know, there is something so interesting in the long black veil, something so touching in the sombre trailing garments." Besides, it is a fact that few costumes have a *richer* appearance than a showily-made mourning suit. The crisp-looking flounces of crape, the delicate black lace, the heavy jet beads and buttons, the glittering bugles, the thousand and one little showy fal-lals that mark the wearer's sorrow and respect for the dear departed. *Pah!* The *Town Crier* and every unbiased man sees through it all. Mourning has become simply a fashion—a becoming fashion to some. These hold on to their weeds and make them flowers. An ill-suited fashion to others. These drop the weeds as though they were henbane and nightshade. It is a fashion that is a remnant of barbarism, anyhow, and a very gloomy farce.

"**The body of a still-born child** was found yesterday on the beach at Black Point, in a *cigar box*." *C'est*. So said Mother *Alta* when calling upon her few old-fashioned friends on Thursday morning. Gracious heavens! what further evidence do we need of the degeneration of our species. In a cigar box! This is a "growing small by degrees, and beautifully less" with a vengeance!

In passing down Stockton street last evening, the *T. C.'s* attention was attracted by some strange sounds, which he could not at first decide if proceeding from cats on amorous conquests bent or from some wandering serenader of two legs. "Strange strains, indeed," he said to himself with that wretched habit of dissorting words he has gathered from reading the Bible. "What can they be?" he continued, as again the wail rose and "tinkled to the shivering stars." He was opposite the church of the cullerd brethrun at the time, and, struck with an idea, he climbed the gate, which was locked, and tried the door. It, too, was locked, but the howl being distincter than before, he crept around to the rear of the building and looked in the window. The source of the linked hideosities was discovered. Some half dozen darkies, male and female, were in the church, who were performing a sort of wild Fetish dance to the tune of some damnably dismal squall in a minor key. The burden of the song was that when these niggers, like that aged colored individual named Edward, left this world, where wool is not held in the respect it should be, they were "going to have a jolly time, eating bread and drinking wine." At the conclusion of which happy statement some fellow with a voice like an oyster, squeaked that "when the general roll was called, my boys, you bet that he'd be there." The *T. C.'s* wondering contemplation of this strange ceremony was interrupted by some one grasping him by the foot and requesting him to "jes' cum down from dar, old boss!" He came meekly down and inquired what was up. "Guess dere gibing some chile religion," said the attendant, opening the gate showing the *T. C.* an easier mode of egress than that over the railings. Oh, well, we moralized, this same religion is a *strange* thing. Some go to Heaven by dipping, some by bowing and crossing, some by letting their nails grow through their hands, some by believing everything, and some few by believing nothing. What a muddle, what a muddle, to be sure!

There is a great outcry against U. S. Marshal William Gouverneur Morris, because he marches a witness through the streets in irons. The Marshal says that the witness might escape if not heavily ironed, and that it is important the public should be able to recognize the U. S. trade-mark on a fellah. The reasoning is sound, but the application is far from thorough. What is sance for the goose is sauce for the gander. Between a witness for the United States and a U. S. Marshal the distance may be great, but the difference is a trifle and purely metallic in character. How is any one to know the U. S. Marshal when he sees him? His native brass being more or less dull to the common eye, Marshal Morris owes it to his country to wear in the cartilage of his nose a ring of the same glittering metal, inscribed "U. S. M. In God we Trust," so that all good citizens meeting him by the way might twig, and possibly tweak, him whom the Government delights to honor. Links of iron for the sailor; rings of brass for the Marshal. To each the reward of his worth, and a sign of the spirit within him. O! U. S. M. W. G. M.! With desire does the *T. C.* desire pleasantly to lead thee by the ring in thy nose, thou most surprising specimen of long pig!

The members of the "Thumb-Sucking Club"—we forget the high-flown title with which they dub themselves—have taken a step onward and upward. The chewing-gum phase is over; the admission fee has been raised to sixty cents or a bottle of Florida water, and the rollicking rams—lambs, we mean—get frightfully drunk on ginger beer, and dismally sick on Chinese cigarettes. A sensation was caused in the club room some few evenings ago, by the angry ma of one disheveled youngster suddenly bursting into the room and spanking the chairman of the occasion for making her boy very sick from smoking weak tobacco and drinking some horrible mixture of tartaric acid, carbonate of soda and water, which was called in the club punch, and supposed, in a pleasant, fictional manner, to be of fearfully intoxicating qualities. As the spanked chairman declared that he would tell *his* ma, internecine quarrels of an exciting nature are looked for. The *Town Crier* will report progress.

Our office has been besieged since the rendering of the Curtin verdict by a mob of anxious young men of haggard look and trembling voice, who beg us, through the columns of this religious weekly, to publish some idea whereby young men may be defended from the consequences of yielding to the charms of assiduous Delilahs. Alack a day! When the *T. C.* was in the Delilah business, customs were reversed. It was our's to sue, her's to yield or to repulse. The female hoodlum waylays the male hoodlum on street corners, hunts him in his hours of toil, detains him till the wee sma hours, and then gets him shot for his trouble. What's to be done with the girls? Muzzle 'em. They wean calves and protect the stomachs of voracious animals in that way. Why not use padlock and key on these young asses in petticoats?

Darwin has at least one devoted disciple in San Francisco. Time: Wednesday afternoon. Place: Warner's Menagerie. Persons: The usual crowd of monkeys and men. Notably amongst the first, an old lady that held her last born by the tail with all the tenacity of a mother's tender love; amongst the last, a little old man with a face like a dried apple and a figure like a knotted tree stump. "Look, now," said the old man, pointing to the mamma monkey in great admiration, "what kin be plainer? First the monkey, then the rangey-tanger, then the nigger, and then the Irishman. I never see nothing beat that derned ape with the young un." My Christian friends and brethren, here is crude wisdom. Let us consider our latter ends!

Some idiot has been writing to the editor of the *Barnacle* for instructions on a disputed canon of etiquette! He might with equal reason ask the man in the moon for instructions as to clam-bake.

It is reported that 'Henry' is butting his head against a stone wall four feet high, twenty feet long, one foot thick in utter anguish at having made a mathematical ass of himself. His anguish is said to be forty feet in depth and ten in circumference, and it is calculated that he can emit fifty oaths a minute, pausing a fraction of a second between each for inspiration. His misery is further enhanced by the apparitions of Podger's cats and the cats of Podger's friends, who seem to make night hideous by howling in his ears nineteen Tom cats, nineteen pussy cats, nineteen kittens, and nineteen fractions of a cat.

Singular Coincidences! The Shah of Persia, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Khedive of Egypt, were born in the same year, 1830. That's what the papers say; and we stand aghast at the ways of Providence. Furthermore, Fred McCrellish's little terrier, the *Bulletin's* hatred of the railroad, and Grant's orphan colt, were born in 1871. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear; and there is generally a good deal of ear among the believers in this kind of thing.

The itching, friend Charley, for converting the *Chronicle* into an illustrated paper, is very amusing. On Thursday morning its readers were presented with a spirited *line* engraving of the murder on Drumm street. There are nine *figures* in it, and altogether it is an evidence of the go-aheadism of the moral hoodlum family paper, quite on a par with the rest of its miraculous two-cent enterprises.

The officers of the Benevolent Association realized their usual perquisites at the Judicial election. Although the boxes were duly placed at the polls the receipts were not so large as the humane gentlemen could have wished. One estimable member is greatly afraid that he will have to pay his own coal and water bill this Winter unless we can get up another election.

The Church of the Flying Trapeze, which is Trinity, has a body of choristers that was, in the hearing of the *Town Crier*, most appropriately, though somewhat severely, styled the giggling choir. A word to the wise he would say, but that the remark has no application.

The ultramontane clergy preach in Germany that the cholera visits Europe because the Jesuits have been expelled. And the wise Europeans say, Amen! Take our Jesuits, and we'll take all the cholera you can send us.

According to an official return, there are, in London, 1,683 known thieves at large. There is no official return of the known thieves in the United States, for the simple reason that there is no counting them.

Chickens have been disappearing from the Vallejo roosts. It has been intimated to us that the two rheumatic deacons were registered at White Sulphur. But the pillars of the churches are past understanding.

'Tis very odd that poets should suppose
There is no poetry about the nose,
When plain as is the nose upon your face,
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.
Noses have my sympathy; a lover knows
Noses are always touched when lips are kissing,
And who would care to kiss where nose was missing?

Whilst the Prussian ship of war Kaiser was in our harbor, the officers were photographed by Houseworth. The result was a series of cabinet photographs of superlative merit, which were recently shown to Prince Bismarck on the return of the Kaiser. "Be dad!" exclaimed the prince, with characteristic vehemence, "they're too illigant intoirely. Why, they've made ye a set of Adonises." The Prince remained in a state of deep thought for a fortnight, at the end of which time, Thursday last by the way, he exclaimed, "I'll go!" packed up and left Berlin. Houseworth has received a telegram that the Prince will arrive at his studio as soon as possible. Preparations are being made for the reception of the Imperial sitter.

No Cards.—In the earliest days of the human race, when population was more sparse than it has ever been since, and introductions were also scarce, with little or none of form or ceremony attending them—no cards—our "first parents," after their first surprise, had to introduce themselves to one another, though the following dialogue is not found on record: Adam—"Madam, I'm Adam." Eve—"Adam, I'm Madam." (They embrace.)

A lady was robbed a few nights since by a man who secreted himself in her chamber until she had retired. The box containing her jewelry and that containing her rouge were just alike, and the thief took the wrong box. She looked pale on discovering her loss, but her color came again the next day.

LORD DUNDREARY'S EPITAPH.

[BY HIMSELF.]

H-here lithe Lord D-dun——or, wathah, the wemainth lie heah,
Of Lord Dundweawy—yeth, tha-thath th'ideah!—
Of Lord D-dundweawy, who—no, th-thah won't do,
For if I'm d-dead, I c-can't be—yeth, thath twoo.
But th-then I thed we-wemainth, of courth, which should
Mean wh-what ith left of me—th-thath good.
Tho my we-wemainth can lie, th-though I am dead,
Becauth, you th-thee—I'm blethed if I we-wemember *what* I thed.
But whah's the use of b-bothering more about
One of th-those things that n-no fellah can find out?
Tho I will th-thimply thay I wath the man,
Who wath the b-bwothah of that idiot "Tham."
Yeth, idiot, ath, or lunatic, which you p-pleath;
Ah—eh! B-by Jove! I th-thought I wath going to thneeth.
Thall I g-go on? I'm sh-shure I'd better not,
Becauth, you thee, I'm t-talking such infernal wot.
Ith vewy w-wong, bethidthe, to make you l-laugh,
At such a *g-gwave* subject ath an ep-p-ep-epitaph.
(What a beatht of a w-word that ith!)
Tho I will dwop it, and a widdle a-athk inthtead;
A stwange pwoceeding, a-ain't it, for a man thath dead?
Wh-what ith the biggetht nuithanth mankind ever thaw?
You've got it—no? I th-thought you'd gueth it—"Mother-in-law."

P.S.—I q-quite forgot to give my age, and wh-when I died,
But I'm b-blethed if I c-could tell you if I twied.
All I can thay ith, if y-you want to know it,
L-look at Thothern's t-tombstone; that will show it.

ART NOTES.

There is comparatively little to record in Art matters since our last writing. Thomas Hill, the versatile, has completed a small beach scene, with waves and surf admirably rendered. His grand picture of the "Eagle's Home," the property of John A. Faull, Esq., has been photographed by Watkins, and the effect and tone of the picture is well preserved. In Marple's gallery there is now on view a fine work by Jules Didier. It is an Italian landscape of sombre tone, but has admirable handling in the foliage of wild fig, olive and chestnut. This painter took the *prix de Rome* at the *Beaux Arts* of Paris in 1857. This prize was, we believe, instituted by the late Emperor; the student who wins it gets three years' expenses allowed him for travel and study in Italy. There is a similar prize—the "Traveling Student's"—given by the English Royal Academy. Here is an example for our Art Association. Such a prize offered annually for the best *bona fide student's* work in painting or sculpture, would render the Society immensely popular and stimulate our youthful aspirants. The expenses of a student's residence in Rome are comparatively light. At the gallery of Morris, Schwab & Co., on Post street, we noticed a very careful study of Siberian native life by Mr. Frost. At Snow & Roos' establishment there are several late works by S. M. Brookes, all studies of fish, fresh and scaly. We doubt if there is a better painter of such subjects now living than Mr. Brookes; Mr. Bierstadt said that there was no one in the East who could compare with him, and the authority is high. At the same gallery there is a picture of "The First Temptation," by Mr. Hart, which has completed our conversion to the Darwinian theory. We decline altogether to regard this as a family picture, and indeed look upon it as a gross insult to the whole human race. An unpleasant British blonde, with a vicious leer in her eye, is handing, apparently, a red billiard ball to a bloated and wooden person supposed to represent our first papa. Adam is evidently very drunk, and this is where the artist's intelligence comes in. Having limned such an Eve, he felt that this was the only way to account for the success of the temptation! We can account for the expulsion; such a pair indeed ought not merely to have been expelled from the garden—they should have been strangled ere the deed was perpetrated. Seriously, such subjects should not be attempted by artists of Mr. Hart's caliber. They require the highest and severest education, selection of the choicest models, and some little attention to that which is intended to be represented. Is this artist aware that the Holy Book expressly speaks of Adam as created in the image of God? Hart, sin no more! In the good old times, they would have burned you at the stake for such a libel.

We are sorry to see that our heather Chinee, not content to do our dirty work in general, are aspiring to compete in art itself! Else what means the *Bulletin's* advertisement, emanating from "a gentleman from Hongkong," who offers to send your photograph, or any other, to China, and return you an oil painting from the same in 75 days for the moderate price of $10? Wary celestial! They known that the artists have not a chance of brick-batting them at this distance. The Art Association must look into this. We must have a prohibitive tariff, or do something desperate, or else we fear that the growing taste of America will be seriously impeded by an influx of barbaric art.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

A Gem from a Tombstone.—The following epitaph is from a tombstone in Dover, New Hamshire:—"Repository of Husband and Wife. Joseph Hartwell, inanimated April 7, 1867, aet. 68. Betsey Hartwell, inanimated Dec 7, 1892, aet. 68. The following embraces a period of forty-one years: In all of our relations in life towards each other there has been naught but one continuation of fidelity and loving kindness. We have never participated nor countenanced in others, secretly or otherwise, that which was calculated to subjugate the masses of the people to the dictation of the few. And now we will return to our common mother, with our individualities in life unimpaired, to pass through together the ordeal of life's chemical laboratory preparatory to recuperation. Her last exclamations:—'If you should be taken away I could not survive you' 'How happy we have lived together.' 'Oh, how you will miss me——' 'Think not, Mr Hartwell, I like you the less for being in the condition you are in. No, it only strengthens my affections. To those who have made professions of friendship and have falsified them, pass on.'"

A Distinguished Visitor.—"Æglos," of the *Australasian*, mentions that on the visiting day at Toorak, a week or two since, Mrs. A. was about inscribing her name in the visitor's book, when she was accosted by another lady who had also been performing the ceremonial call. "Would you, ma'am, mind writing my name for me in the book? I don't write very well myself. My name is Soapsuds." "With pleasure," was the amused but courteous reply; "shall I write Mrs. or Miss?" "Well, please'm, I'm puzzled which. I'm divorced." Mrs. A. grappled boldly with the difficulty, and wrote "Mrs. Soapsuds," when she was again obliged to appeal for further information. "What address shall I write?" An imposing-looking pasteboard, four inches by two, was at once produced, and imparted the tradesman-like information that "Mrs. S. carried on the business of washing and ironing, combined with crimping and clear-starching; terms moderate, orders punctually attended to—at No. 1201, Little Bluebag street, Carlton."

Manufacture of Oxygen Gas.—The manufacture of oxygen gas on a large scale by the Motay process is an established fact. The process, as we have before described it, consists in heating the manganate of soda in steam: oxygen is discharged, and water absorbed; caustic soda and oxide of manganese being the result. Upon heating this in a current of air, oxygen is taken up, and a manganate of soda reformed, which admits of a repetition of the process. The oxygen is thus being constantly extracted from the atmosphere. In Brussels, a manufactory of this oxygen has commenced operations, and is now furnishing a supply of the gas to aid and increase the illuminating powers of ordinary gas in the Galerie St. Hubert. The gas is compressed into iron cylinders, and thus rendered very portable. It may be used as a remedial agent, by supplying any additional quantity of vital air to the atmosphere of a sick room.

Another Aristocratic Scandal in Paris.—The aristocratic Faubourg St. Honore has been the scene of another tragedy. The cast-off mistress of a newly-married gentleman determined to revenge herself. She waited outside the house till the wife had gone out for a walk. She then knocked at the door and was admitted. What took place between her and her ex-lover is not known. But the young wife returned sooner than was expected, and found them together in the drawing-room. She at once began to upbraid her husband, who, instead of accepting her just indignation, defended his mistress. Exasperated at this conduct, she seized a revolver from a drawer and shot her husband dead on the spot. She then gave herself into custody. The mistress escaped, and has not since been heard of. —*Echo's Correspondent.*

Chicago is an extravagant place. Just think of it! There are no less than 400 billiard tables in that city, which earn an average of $12 a day each, or $4,800 a day or $28,800 a week. Each game of billiards will average, in addition to the cost of the game, an equal sum for liquor and as much more for cigars, making a weekly expenditure of wages, earnings, and profits of $86,400. There are 2,500 saloons in the city, the average receipts of which are not less than $50 each, or a weekly expenditure of $125,000. Over $200,000 a week in these indulgences! It is a good deal of outgo for a very small income of rational enjoyment. It is a pity that some of the Chicago philosophers do not take up the cue and strike for a reform.—*Daily Graphic.*

A Little Inconvenience in Spain.—A correspondent writes: There is a little inconvenience connected with living in Spanish inns. But one knife is put on the table at meals: this one knife is intended, I presume, for the guest from a foreign land; the natives always produce shining blades with strong springs and horn hafts from unknown recesses about their person. These knives are useful in more ways than one; they are not restricted to the carving of dead meat. And it may be interesting to know that a Spaniard is never at a loss to discover a knife when the provocation comes, either of hunger or anger.

The Russian Government propose to construct a navigable canal connecting St. Petersburg with Cronstadt. The scheme is an old one, but has only now been approved by a commission, under General Tchevski, entrusted with an inquiry. The canal will measure twenty feet in depth, and therefore be navigable to large sea-going vessels. The cost of construction is estimated at 7,000,000 roubles.

SUN-PICTURES.

Her photograph
Lies in my desk. Upon these features dear
I see the smile: I seem once more to hear
Her blithesome laugh.

Sun-pictures! yes—
It bears me back to blissful days of yore,
When life for me one sunny aspect wore
Of happiness.

The golden morn,
When forth we wandered mid the sunbeams mild,
And watched in woods how, like a darling child,
The day was born.

The purple eve,
When hand in hand we sat and saw the sun
Out in the west, his path of glory done,
Th' horizon leave.

The long bright day,
When, still together in the noontide sheen,
We idly watched across the chequered scene
The sunbeams play.

The sunlit sea
We floated o'er, or wandered by its marge,
And saw earth-pictured on its bosom large,
Eternity.

Too happy time,
Too full of innocent unmingled mirth!
For the low level of this shadowed earth
All too sublime!

Sun-pictures fade,
As fade the sunbeams from the darkling west,
As fades the troth from out the fickle breast
Of faithless maid.

The shadows chill
Fell o'er our path. Yet as I sadly gaze,
And think upon the happy by-past days,
I love her still.

Love her—and know
Though seeming dead there still shall be reborn,
And live again for us on some glad morn,
The Long-ago.

There, where no sun
Rises or sets; and where aside are laid
All earthly burdens, we twain shall be made
Forever one.

ELEPHANTINE MAGNANIMITY.

The Leisure Hour, an English magazine, tells this touching story, as related by Major Brown, of the Fortieth Regiment: "During the siege of Pondicherry, in the East Indies, by the British army, when M. Lally was Governor there, there were in the French garrison several war elephants, all of which except one died from the scarcity of provisions, and the survivor would have shared the fate of his companions but for his uncommon sagacity, which rendered him a favorite with every one, and the object of general admiration. This animal, in the absence or his keeper, was one day amusing himself with his chain in an open part of the town, when a man who had committed a theft and was pursued by a great number of people, despairing of all means of safety, ran for protection under the elephant. Apparently delighted with the poor wretch's confidence, the creature instantly faced about and met the crowd, erected his trunk, and threw his chain in the air, as is the manner of these animals when engaged with the enemy, and became so furious in defence of the criminal that, notwithstanding all the gentle arts made use of by the surrounding multitude, neither they nor even his mahout, or driver, to whom he was fondly attached, and who was sent for to manage him, could prevail with him to give up the malefactor. The contest had continued for three hours, when at length the Governor, hearing the strange account of it, came to the spot, and was so much pleased with the generous perseverance of the honest quadruped that he yielded to the elephant's interposition, and pardoned the criminal. The poor man, in an ecstacy of gratitude, testified his acknowledgements by kissing and embracing the proboscis of his kind benefactor, who was apparently so sensible of what had happened that, laying aside all his former violence, he became perfectly tame and gentle in an instant, and suffered his keeper to conduct him away without the smallest resistence."

WHAT WE PUT UP WITH.

In the name of Beelzebub, how long will the miserable sheets calling themselves daily newspapers continue to disgrace the city and a long-suffering community with the twaddle which they so persistently publish? Of all the witless inanities it has ever been our fate to read, that printed in last Tuesday's "*Wrapper*," under the title "Served Out," is about the most hopelessly driveling. The plot of the thing is the old stand-by of a professional bully catching a Tartar, and the manner of telling it is simply execrable. The sentences are so horribly tortured and involved that it appears to have been translated by a Dutchman from French into English; but whoever the beetle-headed jobbernowl was that wrote it, or translated it, he certainly knows nothing of the last mentioned language. In the year 183— (the writer kindly refrains from giving real dates or names), the Comte de V—, who, among numerous other victims, has lately killed young B., enters the garden of a café, "with the heavy, dark and nervous twitching of the hands, (O, wondrous twitching! which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief," and insults an innocent-looking individual by pointing at his the stranger's hat, and saying in a stern voice to the "garcon," "Take me away from that nasty thing." The fire-eater expects by this means to provoke a challenge, to choose the small-sword as a weapon, and so to gain an easy victory in the duel which is to follow. It turns out, however, that his intended victim, though a Frenchman, has been educated at an English school. He inveigles the unsuspecting swashbuckler, unarmed, into a room, locks the door, and announces his intention to pound him into a jelly with his fists, and even goes so far as to enumerate the particular portions of the Count's anatomy on which he is about to operate. The unhappy Count remonstrates against the cowardice of his enemy taking advantage of his "skill in the box"—why one Frenchman should speak pigeon English to another is not stated—but his arguments avail nothing; with surgical exactness the "strawberry-eater" pounds the precise spots he has mentioned, and then seizes his adversary by the neck and another portion of his body, and dumps him out of the window. With such imbecilities does the "*Wrapper*" fill its columns. The "*Chronic hall*" follows suit, and prints such editorials as make the very angels weep. This blotch upon the face of society has some old woman writing for it, who daily seeks to impose upon the public such stale slipslop *nisseris* as not even that unhappy little "*Grizzly*," which the *News Letter* smashed while engaged in vermin-killing, some months ago, would have admitted into its columns. That ancient female, the *Alta*, has had her day, and we never strike the utterly powerless. The *Bulletin* consigned one leg to the grave a short time since, and the other will soon follow. Man cannot live by faith alone, neither can newspapers flourish on nothing but lies and twaddle. Had these unfortunate publications followed the advice and example of the *News Letter* to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—these things had never happened. Secure under our protecting wing, they might still be reflecting our light upon the community, instead of rotting rapidly, and leaving either no mark behind or a dirty one.

Forgetting a Language.—The Japan *Gazette* says: "A young Japanese who left his native country about eleven years ago was recently examined by the French professors of the Kai Sei Gakko, and though they pronounced his conversational powers and pronunciation better than any pupil in the college, he was unable to answer questions in the various branches of study, such as are commonplace in the lowest place. The young man had utterly forgotten his own language, remembering only the word *watakoshi*. His prospects as a Japanese are not very brilliant; he cannot even become an interpreter."

Large Trade in Mushrooms.—A correspondent states that on alighting at the Bangor station, Wales, he was astonished at the large quantity of mushrooms packed in baskets ready for transmission by railway. The station-master told him that what he saw there was comparatively nothing; that for some time past prodigious quantities had come from Anglesey, and been forwarded by railway to various parts of England; and that there had been many special trains laden with mushrooms, one containing as many as 25 and another 18 trucks.

The Ashantee War.—An act of treachery has been committed at a native village. Several of the *Rattlesnake's* boats, while reconnoitering in the River Prah, were fired upon from the brush, and Commodore Commerell, Commander Luxmore, and Captain Held-mare on the list of wounded. The village was subsequently destroyed, in punishment for its treachery.

The Channel Tunnel.—The order for the opening of the *Enquete* on the proposed submarine tunnel between Dover and Calais has been sent by the French Government to the Prefect of the Department of Pas de Calais; and the inquiry which must be continued for forty days, will be opened almost immediately.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

Each heart has its haunted chamber,
Where the silent moonlight falls!
On the floor are mysterious footsteps.
There are whispers along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted
By phantoms of the Past,
As motionless as shadows
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,
That is not seen by day,
For as soon as dawn approaches
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,
Itself as pale and still,
And points with its airy finger
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,
There stands a gloomy pine, [ward
Whose boughs wave upward and down-
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches
Is the grave of a little child,
Who died upon life's threshold,
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!
That haunt my troubled brain?
That vanish when day approaches,
And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!
But the statues without breath,
That stand on the bridge overarching
The silent river of death?

—"*Aftermath*," *by H. W. Longfellow.*

A VISIT TO LAKE TAHOE.

[The following descriptive letter is from the pen of a young lady born in San Francisco. Her mother achieved a reputation in England as a pleasing and cultivated writer, and our readers will see that the mantle has fallen from the mother's shoulders to those of the daughter:]

A week or two ago, I went with a party of friends to the celebrated Lake Tahoe, having heard that it was the most desirable resort within anything like a reasonable distance from San Francisco. We therefore did what people going there usually do, remained at the Truckee Hotel for one night, and proceeded by the stage next morning to Lake Tahoe. We were due at Truckee about eleven, but the cars as usual were late, consequently it was about twelve before we were shown to our rooms, and as we left San Francisco at 7 A.M., the first day of our excursion was not of a very invigorating description.

The first part of the journey was decidedly unpleasant. The plains of the Sacramento valley were perfectly reeking with heat, and the enormous amount of sand and dust, together with the smuts from the steam engine, soon considerably darkened the complexions of the passengers; indeed, in a few hours they all looked more like Irish emigrants than ladies and gentlemen. However, heat and dirt are necessary evils, so, like most other trials, they must be borne with saint-like resignation and calm patience. By the bye, Truckee is a sweet place; it is the perfect embodiment of filth, hotels excepted. It seems to me, though, that if I make many more digressions, it will be some time before I get to Tahoe, and as "go-ahead" seems to be the universal maxim in San Francisco, I will "continue my discourse," as the lecturers say.

Well, as I said before, we started in the stage the next morning, and having risen at the early hour of 5:30 A.M., we escaped the heat of the mid-day sun. The drive lasted about two and a half hours, and as the road lay along the banks of the Truckee River, and right in the midst of the Nevadas, it was very beautiful. The road itself was decidedly rough in several places, the path being strewn with pine tree stumps and stones, and a few stray pieces of rock, which, perhaps, not being well satisfied with their lofty abode, had rolled elegantly down to have a look at the mortals below. The Californians consider it a splendid road; that I will not go so far as to dispute, but if that is good, I wouldn't like to ride over a bad one.

On the way, we stopped to see the pine trees shot down on slides from the summit of the mountains to the river. It was a very grand sight to see these great brown trunks tearing violently down the shoot at an almost unimaginable speed, and then, as they neared the base, to be covered with smoke and sparks of fire from the friction of the tree against the wooden rails of the slide. Just as you expect it to set fire, the log gives a frantic leap into the air, and falls with a splash and a hiss into the water, sending up at the same time a fountain of foam and spray from twenty to thirty feet high.

There were several interesting objects to be looked at on the way, including the trout-hatching establishment and fish-ponds, but my time and space will not permit me to enter into details.

Having arrived at our destination, we put up at the Tahoe Hotel, a very fair specimen of a country hotel, facing the Lake. From it you see the mountains at the west and south, but both the north end and Emerald Bay are not visible from Tahoe. The Lake itself is undoubtedly a beautiful sheet of water from all parts, but in one or two places the word "beautiful" would give you a very faint idea of its perfect loveliness. I will try if I can describe Emerald Bay. It is at the south end of the Lake, and the shape of the bay is formed by a projecting mountain, which causes the rocks behind it to form a perfect alcove. The sides of the mountains round the bay are covered with short shrubs and young firs as green as emeralds, a sight remarkably delightful to the eyes after the dried-up, scrubby vegetation in San Francisco. Higher up on the mountains grow the tall, straight Pinus Ponderosa, varied with clusters of Larches and here and there a gigantic Tamarac,

with its tuft of dark green foliage at the top of its bare straight trunk. The waters of the bay are of the purest transparent green, and at the depth of 600 feet you can clearly distinguish the sand and pebbles at the bottom. In the center of the bay is a little island of rock, on which is a small white house, with a cross at the top of it. This is the mausoleum of an old sailor, who takes care of Mr. Holladay's house at Emerald Bay. He has already made his coffin, and has seen that "everything is comfortable," so that when his earthly career is ended he will be nice and cosy, in perhaps the prettiest little spot of its kind in all California. The waters of the entire Lake are very clear. In several parts the bottom can be distinguished, and the changes of color from green to blue in the water are very well worth seeing. I would recommend any one going there to do as we did: Stop a day or two at each hotel round the Lake, and see all that one place boasts of, before going to another. Glenbrook and Yank's abound with beauties, and are both capital places for a "ten-miler" before breakfast. It would do some of the ladies good, too, if they would join their brothers in these delightful mountain excursions, but from what I have seen of them, I scarcely think the fair sex of 'Frisco are renowned pedestrians, but if they only knew how becoming clear mountain air is to their complexions, they would probably "turn out" a little earlier.

After all, I have given a very poor description of Tahoe's wond'rous scenery, but if I have said enough to persuade any one to go and try it for himself, my desires will have been attained, and though there are not many fashionables there just now, the weather is probably milder and the sunsets more gorgeous than at any other season of the year, and if any one wants to have a pleasant trip into the country, let him go at once, and not return till he has seen all the turns and windings of the Lake, and made himself acquainted with the cool air at the top of those mountains which are any ways accessible.

CALIFORNIANS IN VIENNA.

Olive Harper, in her letter from Vienna to the *Daily Graphic*, of New York, speaking of some familiar forms at that city, says, September 29th: "Lloyd Tevis and family, from California, are here, and at the Grand Hotel. I will give him the praise of being the most sensible person I have yet met over here. He is possessed of almost unlimited means, but has the good sense to act the man, and not make himself appear a fool in the attempt to do something wonderful. I was at a reception here in Wienn a few days ago, and there I had the excellent fortune to meet with a rich legislator, wife and two daughters; and to say I was amused would perhaps be putting too fine a point upon it. He was large, he had a loud voice, he swaggered and talked, and made a general mule of himself. He spread himself and said: 'Wal, there ain't so many people here to this ere show as there ort to be and would be if folks paid more attention to 'cumulatin' property and heed more money. Now, just see me! Look at me! *I* commenced life poor, very poor, in a orphan asylum, and I worked at shoemaking, and I riz and riz, I mean I rose in my profession, till—well, you see what I am now. I am worth over three million dollars! and I 'cumulated it every cent myself!' His two daughters were highly interested spectators or listeners to this, and his wife fingered her elegant watch chain nervously while he went on: 'You folks what travel pay out more than four times too much, jest because you let these rascally thieves of Dutchmen (there were some twenty or more Germans present) take your last cent. *I* don't. *I* dispute every bill on principle, and I save more than half so. They are all thieves, all thieves, from their King down.' A friend here interposed and transported him off somewhere, while the two girls and the mother tried to turn it off. No wonder the people over here have such a poor opinion of us, when we see this little comedy enacted every day in a greater or lesser degree. When one is in America, somehow this snobocracy is not so much seen; but here it makes me feel ashamed of my countrymen, if not of my country. It is all in vain that you tell the people that the most refined of our people seldom leave home. They listen politely but discredit your statement all the same. I have now been in and about Vienna nearly four months, and of course I get the *American Register* every week. I have never failed to find in it recorded the names of Hon. Charles Turner, Mrs. Turner, and Miss Nelly Turner, of California. Now, I have lived twenty-two years in California, and I never heard of a Legislator, Senator, Governor, or even Justice of the Peace of that name there; but I *did* know a wholesale cattle dealer called Charlie Turner, who had a daughter of that name. It cannot be the same, possibly, for he was not an 'honorable' then, by any means. We have one Senator out there, Tom Fowler by name, who is better known as the 'hoof and horn Senator,' on account of his large speculations in cattle.

The Catholic schools in New York city have done one good thing already. They have snatched most of the Irish boys out of the street. We don't know what they are taught in the parish schools, but they learn little else than deviltry on the pavements, and that is rather worse than theology.—*Daily Graphic.*

"Pretty bad under foot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes; but it's fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first, "but then very few are going that way."

AMERICAN COMPETITION WITH CLYDE SHIPBUILDING.

The Echo's American correspondent writing on the 2nd inst., says:—I think myself fortunate in being able to send you an early copy of the following report, just published here, of a conversation with Mr. John Roach, who is now the largest iron shipbuilder in the United States. He was asked:—"Can we compete with England?" "Certainly," said Mr. Roach. "But how?" "Take this list, and see. I have at my works on East River (the Morgan Works), and at Chester on the Delaware, 2,300 men employed, working as hard as they can, with a prospect of work for their lifetime, and a desire on my part to employ more men. Here is what I am doing. No such ships were built two years ago. Within 18 months I have put in the water or have now in the way of construction the following vessels: Two immense steamers, each 425 feet long, 48 feet beam, 38 feet depth of hold; speed 15 knots; tonnage, 5,000 tons each. Two just furnished, length, 300 feet; depth, 29; beam, 32; tonnage, 2,800 each. Four, length, 260 feet each; beam, 36 feet; depth, 22 feet; tonnage, 1,700 each. One vessel, 260 feet long; beam, 38; depth, 21; tonnage, 1,700. One vessel, length, 220; beam, 36; depth, 16; tonnage, 1,200. One vessel, 196 feet long; beam, 33; depth, 16; tonnage, 1,000. One vessel 190 feet long; beam, 36; depth, 18 feet; tonnage, 1,100; making in all 27,400 tons of iron shipping. Do you suppose I could get the orders for those vessels unless I could compete with shipbuilders on the Clyde?" "But the tariff on ships, you know, is absolutely prohibitory. Only two classes of things are prohibited under our customs laws: one, ships; the other, articles of an obscene nature. How, then, did you get along so well?"—"My whole object was to defeat free ships. I never feared anything but the passage of a free-ship bill." "Suppose they should pass a free-ship bill now?"—"To pass a free-ship bill would not hurt us, unless the Clyde men should make a combination." "What do you mean by that?"—"I mean that it is usual for the large manufacturers of Great Britain to undersell Americans who seem prosperous even if money is lost in large sums, because it decreases competition, and the loss is made up by high prices immediately following. If you let us alone a few years you may abolish all the navigation laws and we can compete with the world. Were it not for fear of such a combination on the Clide, I would hold up my hands and say, 'Now come on with your free ships, we are ready for you,' because we can make ships better and as cheap as they, but the world does not know it yet. I will let you into the secret of my success. There was no ship-building mechanics 18 months ago. I went to Clyde, and there I learned the art of shipbuilding as the English had developed it since I built ships. I came back determined to commence business, went to the Delaware River to select a site for the yard, and found it at Chester. I save an immense number of hands, and save relatively more hands than any of the English shipbuilders do, because I adopt after thorough trial labor-saving machinery that they have recently adopted, or expect to adopt, in the future. So I am ahead of them in that. They are slow and want to use their old machinery for a while. Meanwhile they say we could not get skilled labor. I had bought twenty-three acres at Chester, and fitted it up with the most approved labor-saving machinery. After I got it in, I found that my land and machinery together, in that highly advantageous position, cost me less than the bare land itself, sufficient to conduct the business I have, would cost on that little Clyde. Thus I employ only half their capital. Why, just think of it! We have eighty miles of river front, from Trenton to Breakwater, on both sides of the Delaware River, that you can buy by the acre at low prices, $50, $100, and $200 an acre, except at the cities of Philadelphia and Camden. These sites for yards are accessible by railroads and navigable water from the coal and iron mines right up to the dock or gate. I don't use a horse in the yard. The cars run to the ships without power. Let off the brakes and they go. I knew I could get the labor. I took foremen from the old shops. I made ship joiners of carpenters, and timber men of wood choppers; the former did splendidly, and the latter handled the broadaxe and adze with surprising accuracy. Workers of iron worked under the minds of masters. They were men of brains, and that was all I wanted." "But their wages were too high?" "No! Meantime the strikers of England put up the price of coal and labor on the Clyde. The more wages and coal went up in England the better it was for American shipbuilders. Some of our people spent too much money on English artisans, but they have learned better now. We have better material at home, and they have learned the fact. My men work ten hours and are satisfied. The climate is excellent for our business. We have nothing to complain of but the tendency of large corporations in this country to fret out their existence by watering stock, and by other operations on Wall street. You know we ship builders must work for large corporations, and the more honest they are the better it will be for us. It is as certain as can be, however, that our American built ships are the best in the world and that we shall work for other nations is shown from the fact that I have already been approached in a business way in regard to building iron steamships for merchants in a certain country near England. My price for a better article was a little less than the Clyde men presented." "How about the admission of shipbuilding material free of duty?" "That is all humbug. I have tried it. I found I could get English iron a little cheaper, but there was so much red tape in the transaction and so little difference in price that I soon learned that the better quality of American iron more than compensated for the difference in price and the trouble. I do not think of buying English iron, nor do I import anything that goes into the construction of my ships."

The article chiefly sold at most fancy fairs—The visitor.

OPIUM EATING IN GLASGOW.

The Glasgow Weekly Mail has taken up the subject of opium eating, as practised in the old Scottish city, and amongst some minor cases makes particular reference to that of a woman who has been a consumer of the drug for the last nineteen years. "She is a seamstress," says the writer, "and has to work late and early for her livelihood. The memory of the writer is carried back sixteen years ago, when one day whilst standing in the establishment referred to, a thin-clad woman entered, and without saying a word, handed a three-ounce bottle to one of the men, who, without breaking the silence, took it and proceeded to replenish it. The *Tinct. Opii* laudanum bottle was drawn upon to the extent of one and a half ounces, and the remaining space was filled up from the *Aqua Pura*, and then the vial was handed back to the woman. To the horror of those who had observed with what she had been served, she raised the bottle to her lips and proceeded to drain off the contents. The first impulse in a case of this kind would be to knock the bottle out of her hand and prevent what was apparently a flagrant attempt at *felo de se*; but ere the astonishment at the audacity of the act could give place to the benevolent intention, the bottle was withdrawn empty, the sleeve drawn across the lips, the money thrown down, the shawl drawn over her head, and the woman had glided out of the shop as noiselessly as she had come in. With an interval of about two years, during which time she patronized a place where the 'long pull' was in vogue, she has continued a steady customer to one place. It was thought that she was dead when she ceased to visit her old haunt, but at the end of the two years she turned up as healthy as before, and excepting the usual marks that time leaves on the face and form, she looks no worse now than she did eighteen years ago. The dose was at first taken twice a day, and was increased from one and a half ounces of laudanum at a time to two ounces. Then she began to come thrice a day, at which rate it has stood for several years. She takes her first dose of two ounces about 8 A. M., and is very impatient if the shop is not opened by that time, and the moment admission can be obtained she is in, and has drank off her potion and vanished before the shutters are down. She comes for her second draught about noon, and if it be any less than two ounces, the deficiency is made up when she comes in for the third time in the evening, thus taking six ounces on an average every day, which will be equal to 2,880 minims or drops, sufficient to kill seven or eight men. Now and then she does without the third dose, but much against her will. She says it is seldom she takes more than the six ounces in a day, and she does not feel inclined for it in the night-time. She believes she could take a deal more and not be the worse of it, but she cannot afford it. The only time she feels shaky is after a twelve hours fast, and she can walk off as steadily after swallowing the third draught as if it had never been tasted. She first tried the laudanum through having been troubled with neuralgic pains, and having found it succeed, purchased a little before going to her work in case she might be troubled with it again. The pains did come again, but the laudanum rendered her oblivious to them, and she can always attend to her work quite well after taking it. Thinks it also satisfies the desire for food; is not sure whether the laudanum has destroyed her appetite or not, but she has been a very moderate eater for many years; indeed, if she ate as much as people generally do, she could never afford to drink so much laudanum. She always feels more satisfied after her laudanum than after a meal; it is meat, drink, and clothing to her. A half-penny biscuit and a cup of coffee from the stall opposite her house serves for breakfast; at dinner her mother has a cup of tea ready for her, and at night she takes a bowl of tea and a good piece of bread. She is not troubled with the neuralgia now at all; never took anyone's advice about the complaint, the pains just went away. Thinks they might come back again if she were to give up the laudanum, and would rather not venture the experiment. It is an awful sensation when she has not got her usual amount—quite as bad, in its own way, as the neuralgia. On being questioned which she considered worst, the neuralgia she had formerly suffered or the sensations she now experienced in consequence of the habit she had acquired—promptly replied that there were no pains so long as she indulged in the habit. It was only when she was compelled to abstain that she felt ill, therefore, as it kept away the pains, she was justified in taking it. It was evident that she was thoroughly satisfied with this little piece of sophistry, and it was of no use to explain that the unpleasant sensations felt during a temporary abstinence might be the consequences of previous indulgence. She preferred to think that the indulgence was necessitated by the disagreeable feeling experienced when not under the influence of the drug. Does not dream any except when she takes opium late in the evening, and generally the active effect has worn off before she goes to bed. Once or twice she had taken some just before going to bed, and did not enjoy her night's repose. At one time the manager of the place she usually patronizes declined to supply her, but she always felt so ill after partaking of the stuff in another place that she could not stand it, and by virtue of earnest entreaty managed to get back to the same tap. In this respect she differs from a large number of her class, that opium has become such an essential to her existence that she does not see any necessity for attempting, nor feel any hope of being able to conceal it."

A French paper supposes that a whale may be only an antediluvian sprat, but thinks it fortunate that men are deprived of this faculty of unlimited growth. "At the present price of bread," it says, "it would be, to say the least, generally inconvenient."

POLO.

Polo is becoming established as an English out-door amusement, and there is no reason why it should not become a Californian one. The dash, skill in horsemanship and courage which constitute a player of polo are essentials which commend it to the Californian character. The hardy little mustangs, we should think, would be admirably suited to the requirements of the game. As the manner of playing polo is unknown here, we append a description of the game. The admirers of polo praise it in no measured terms. They pronounce it a fine manly amusement, far superior to cricket, football, or coursing; and there are those who go so far as to affirm that, with the exception of hunting, it is the finest field-sport known. This is saying a good deal; and many of our sporting readers, particularly the older ones, will perhaps think it a great deal too much. Besides fixing the goals, which consist of two pairs of flags about 300 yards apart, no preparations are necessary. With a strong constitution, some skill in riding, and a good horse, the player has practically all that he needs. There is the polo uniform, to be sure. The rules of the game are not very stringent on this point, and certain parts of the costume may be varied according to the taste of the wearer. When ready for the game, the player usually appears divested of coat and waistcoat, and wearing a shirt of the newest cut and pattern, knee-breeches of faultless make, and top-boots of unexceptionable shape and polish. One part of the field is reserved for the spectators.

The players are mounted upon fine young horses, of a small, compact build, and each carries a bat very much like a hockey stick. They assemble and choose sides, and then ride away in two parties to the goals. An attendant advances to a point about midway between them, and throws up a soft leather ball, upon which the players charge with "might and main" from each side, and, striking the ball with their bats, endeavor to drive it past their opponents' goal. There is a fierce charge by the opposing players as the ball leaves the hand of the attendant, and a general scramble for it in the center, which all the riders reach at the same time, followed by side-charges and counter-charges as unlucky blows send the ball out of the line of the flags; and finally, a mad gallop after the player who succeeds in taking it away from his fellows and driving it past the opponents' goal. So the play goes on, and the side that wins the greatest number of rounds during that time is victorious. Of course there are intervals for rest and refreshment, during which the players receive, according as they have won or lost, the smiles or bantering reproaches of their fair friends among the spectators.

This, in brief, is polo; and whatever our sporting friends may think, the general observers of the game never see it without feeling amused or interested. The playing constitutes, indeed, a very pretty and animated spectacle, and has at present all the charm of novelty. Though perhaps not entitled to all the praise bestowed upon it, polo is undoubtedly good manly sport.

It is healthy if violent exercise, and requires, and will necessarily encourage skillful horsemanship—merits which will doubtless soon establish the game in public favor. Polo has been said to be attended with cruelty to the horses, and at first sight there seems some ground for the assertion. The sudden and frequent twisting about, the violent charging, and the danger which the horses run of being struck by the bats, all favor the idea that the animals may suffer; but a careful observation of the mode of playing, and more especially an examination of the horses after a game, show that there is little, if any, cruelty resulting from it. The horses after some practice are governed more by the ear than the bit or the spur; and, to prevent unintentional injury from the spur in the heat of the contests, the players always wear spurs with blunt rowels. Then it is found in playing to be a rare thing for the horses to be struck with bats, and it by no means follows that every blow they get injures them.

The origin, country and the age of polo are problematical. There are several theories on the subject, all more or less speculative and unsatisfactory, and in this position of doubt the matter seems likely to remain. All the authorities, however, agree in believing the game to have been first played in the East, but in what country and at what time they are unable to say with certainty. According to the theory which seems least open to objection, the game was originated in India, probably in the Northwestern provinces, and is of considerable antiquity. It has been regularly played for several years in certain of the larger towns of India, notably Bombay and Calcutta. Whatever its origin or country, or how it began to be played in England, there is no doubt that it is now established as one of our outdoor amusements.

The following lines are said to have been copied from a stone in Oxford, New Hampshire:

To all my friends I bid adieu;
A more sudden death you never knew;
As I was leading the old mare to drink
She kicked, and killed me quicker'n a wink."

Josh Billings says: "There iz but phew things on the face ov this earth more worthless than a poodle, and yet i am glad there iz poodles, for if there was not there iz sum people who wouldn't have enny object in living, and hav nothing tew luv."

TWO MOODS.

[BY M. S. DOUBLEDAY.]

All yesterday you were so near to me,
It seemed as if I hardly moved or spoke
But your heart moved with mine. I woke
To a new life that found you every-
where,
As if your love was as some wide-girt sea,
Or as the sunlit air;
And so encompassed me,
Whether I thought or not, it could not
but be there.

To-day your words approve me, and your
heart
Is mine as ever, yet that heavenly sense
Of oneness that made every hour intense
With Love's full perfectness, is gone
from thence;
And, though our hands are clasped, our
souls are two,
And in my thoughts I say, "This is my-
self—this you!"

LETTER FROM THE CLERGY.

Friend News Letter:—You will confer a favor on your humble servant by publishing the following letter from Brother Carpenter, and ease the anxious minds of his followers.

Yours, in sympathy,

THE OAKS, October, 1873. THE PARSON.

THE LETTER.

DEAR PARSON:—It has become a patent and self-evident fact to the intelligent and thinking portion of this community, that the great exponent of a liberal and progressive philosophy, based upon truth, justice and scientific research, having for its end, aim and object the elevation and enlightenment of the whole human family, is the *News Letter*. It stands, an impassable barrier of truth, between mankind and the insidious tide of sophism, which is ever found creeping along the shore of common sense. It is the great expounder and propagator of the only religion that defies the hand of Time. The breadth of its creed embraces the universe; the duration of its principes date from the initial point of time, and extend down the dim future of eternal centuries; the depth of its wisdom stretches through the limitless cycles of a boundless infinitude; the whole superstructure is reared upon two simple words—they are the world's rock of ages—"Cause and Effect," and public journals of the *News Letter* creed form the bulwark of mental freedom, and whenever I have that able sheet spread out before me, with its broad, comprehensive views, I am reminded of the square sail which the pious captain of a slaver prayed for when he was becalmed in the horse latitudes. He said: "Oh, Lord! I am in a dead calm; my niggers are all sick, and if they die before I land them where the blessed light of the gospel shines in a Christian country, every soul of them will be damned, and I shall not realize a red cent on the voyage. Therefore, I pray thee, O Lord, to send me a square sail that will hoist up to heaven and sheet home to hell, and spread all over the universal world." That night he took a squall and was dismasted. And now to business. The reason for my addressing you this letter is this: My dear Parson, through the evil propensities of some of the members of our congregations, many of the shining lights in Israel have become enveloped in the murky clouds of sin; not through any fault of theirs, for they are still strong in mind and pure in spirit, but they have fallen from the lofty pedestal of virtue through the weakness of the flesh, being unable to resist the seductive influences by which they were surrounded, influences which approached them in the alluring guise of refined female loveliness. The world's history is full of examples of the futile efforts of the Lord's anointed and chosen servants, to overcome the blandishments of those bewitching syrens. David fell, Solomon dropped, Samson went down, Queen Bess slipped up, John Moffitt was ruined, they threw dirt on Beecher, and in my own case, the zealous sisterhood coaxed, begged, prayed, and wept, and hung around my neck, until I was impregnated and over-powered by their embracing sympathy, and acting under the exhilarating influence of their enthusiasm, I made an ass of myself by kissing the murderer Russell on the scaffold, for which act I received a merited rebuke in the popular sneer of a disgusted people. My eyes since then have become opened, and I now see that it was a trap to inveigle me into the practice of kissing, and those who lent themselves to the weaving of the snare, were plotting my downfall; and the world's long catalogue of illustrious names, who have bartered this world, and their hope of glory in the next, for the melting glances of a meek-eyed devotee, are offered in evidence to support the position I take and maintain: That the first step in the downward path of the illustrious fallen ones of earth from the betrayal of Samson to the seduction of the Rev. Mr. Parshall of Oakland is found in a kiss; and I have it from the very highest authority, in a late work by the Rev. Dr. Stone, entitled the "Science of Amalgamating the Chunce," that the person who betrayed Christ was a female. She did it with a kiss, and her name was Jane; Mrs Jane E. Judas, of the town of Jocariot, County Capernaum, Palestine. In addition to the notable cases which I have mentioned, here is the Rev. Mr. Parshall, one of the lights of Oakland; he has been seduced, branded as a criminal, and held up to the scorn of the world by one of his dove-eyed worshipers. Consistent with his case, comes that of Brother McNamara, a pious teacher in one of our public schools; he is attacked by a ferocious female by the name of Griswold, who, not being content with having lured her victim away from the paths of virtue, now presents herself before the Board of Education, and attempts to levy an assessment of twenty dollars per month on two certificates of the capital stock of the Griswold, McNamara propagating company. And in face of all this, there is a snare laid for

Brother Hemphill. His congregation have established a trading post at a public hall in the city. The aim and object of which is to gather in the root of all evil; and not only is the root well represented there, but the entire tree loaded with buds and blossoms, waves its branches in wild and captivating luxurance. I passed half an hour in the charmed atmosphere. I could endure it no longer. I purchased a 25 cent cake of soap for $3 and washed myself away. I tremble for Hemphill. I left him standing on the perfumed apex of inflated vanity. His saintly mind reveling among the buds and blossoms of his bewitching worshipers. Poor fellow. He is only human. He will fall sure. And now, dear Parson, in view of the frightful dangers by which I am surrounded, I have tendered my resignation; but my congregation, knowing my weakness for a soft thing, and my love of money, have refused to accept; and are now offering every inducement for me to remain. But I dare not, and the only course left for me to successfully combat is to publish, in some popular journal, a glimpse of the snares by which I am beset. I beg you, dear Parson, to forward this communication to the *News Letter*, and ask, as a favor to yourself, that it be laid before the public. Hoping my fanatical followers will permit me to depart after reading the above, I remain ever yours

REV. HUGH CARPENTER.

and seventeen others whose names are suppressed from motives of delicacy.

DID WE EAT ONE ANOTHER?

There is no doubt about it. To the impartial philosopher it is as plain as the nose upon an elephant's face that our ancestors ate one another. The custom of the Fiji Islanders, which is their only stock-in-trade, their only claim to notoriety, is a relic of our barbarism, but it is a relic of our barbarism. Philology is about the only thread which connects us with the pre-historic past. By picking up and piecing out the scattered remnants of language we form a patchwork of wondrous design. Oblige us by considering the derivation of the word "sarcophagus," and see if it be not suggestive of potted meats. Observe the significance of the phrase "sweet sixteen." What a world of meaning lurks in the expression "she is as sweet as a peach," and how suggestive of luncheon are the words "tender youth." A kiss itself is but a modified bite, and when a young girl insists upon making a "strawberry mark" upon the back of your hand, she only gives way to an instinct she has not yet learned to control. The fond mother when she says her babe is almost "good enough to eat," merely shows that she herself is only a trifle too good to eat it. These instincts might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but if enough has been said to induce one human being to revert to the diet of his ancestors, the object of this essay is accomplished.

"WACHT AM RHEIN."

Carl Wilhelm, who composed and gave to the troops of the Fatherland the spirit-stirring chant of the "Wacht am Rhein," is dead. Never was the power of song more triumphantly illustrated than by that composition; it was caught up from the musician's lips by the whole German people; it flew from rear to van as the lyric of the great war; it was the chorus of the march, the hymn of the bivouac, the war cry of the battle, and the pæan of the victory—all because of the wonderful power of music to put a grand passion into that burning eloquence which goes from heart to heart, and makes a hundred thousand spirits blend into one. Coldly analyzed, the piece was no great marvel of melody: but when it rolled into the air from the stern set mouths of the Germans marching "nach Paris," it was none the less a nation's anger set to music, and its effects were stupendous.

A deputy-lieutenant of the county of Kerry, and another gentleman of good social standing, have been each sentenced by the Dublin magistrate to one month's imprisonment, for pushing respectable persons from the footpath in Sackville street on the previous night.

A lady teacher inquired of the members of a class of juveniles if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year-old was raised, and promptly came the answer, "Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard."

The New Forts at Paris.—A Paris correspondent says: "The new forts round Paris are to be begun next month. There will be twenty-two of them. It is said that when erected the siege of Paris will be impossible.

A bridegroom sent an account of his wedding to the village paper, and was mortified when "the lady's wedding trousseau" came out in print "the wedding trousers."

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes as follows:—Although the fashion of polonaises and tunics was said to be dying out, they seem to be as much worn as ever. The newest for plain walking toilettes are open to the waist in front, caught back with revers, and literally loaded with button. These buttons are very heavy, made for the most part of oxydized silver, or what looks like it, and reach the size of five-shilling pieces. They are very heavy and ugly, the devices on them being for the most part tasteless and *outre*, such as dogs' heads, owls, etc. A very rich costume just over from Paris has a curiously-arranged tunic. It is very long behind, reaching almost to the bottom of the skirt, and is turned back like a coat-tail, and held together with huge buttons. The front looks like five almost plain flounces one over the other, the corners of each being turned up at both sides, showing a different colored lining and a large button. Very heavy and bright-colored embroidery is used for dresses now, and broad straight sashings of it are worn down the sides of some skirts. Sleeves for house dresses and dressing-gowns seem to grow longer every month, and reach now below the knee. The newest are turned back in a heavy fold from the wrist to show a handsome lining and a broad edge of lace. Nothing in the way of lace seems too extravagant to be worn now. The heavier the pattern and the wider the lace, the more it is sought after. A curious pattern in a heavy white lace is on a ball dress in a West End shop. It is alternately crosses and balls, and has a very curious appearance. A novel costume for evening dress is made of silk and tulle or fine grenadine—the latter is better because rather stiffer. The dress itself is silk or satin, according to taste—a complete, elaborate toilette, with panier and all complete. The oddity of the costume consists of a tunic formed of flounces or puffings of tulle, which falls from under the tunic over the train of the skirts. The effect is very singular, but at the same time stylish, though I should think such dresses most be very much in the way. The extra tunic is trimmed to match the dress, and may be either white or the same color of the silk. I have only seen one, and that was white, on a pink satin costume. The "scarf" tunic is a very odd arrangement of the overdress. It is a square apron in front, slightly caught up on one side, and hanging loosely over the back of the dress. On the other side it is gathered up into folds something like a Scotch scarf, and fastened up near the back of the waist with a large ornament, button, or brooch, according to taste. It is untidy looking, having just the appearance of having some undress somewhere. Pockets at the back is the newest fashion in ladies' paletots, and the odd kind of mantles known as "confections." They may be very convenient, but I must say the notion of a lady putting her hand behind her like a man for her pocket handkerchief and purse does not seem either graceful or convenient. Widows caps are altering their colors from white to black. I was shown some a few days since, in a large mourning establishment, of a very peculiar shape and material. They were made of a peculiarly silky looking, and very fine crape, and instead of the favorite Mary Stuart in front, they were square, resembling a Neapolitan head dress. The similarity extended to the veil which hung straight and square at the back. They looked very odd in the hand, but I was assured they were very becoming on the head. Black without any relief at all is very trying, and I think the white caps will still be worn except by ladies with very fair and white hair. Milliners are making caps for elderly ladies out of the large square veils in fashion last year. Where they are of costly lace they are made without cutting, and have a very stylish appearance. The veil is caught up on a light foundation so that a straight piece crosses the forehead in front, and two corners fall at the back. Two edges of it run up the back of the cap, and the rest is crumpled into the crown in puffs, which look careless and light. Bows and ribbons are used to ornament these veil caps, which are very tasty and not at all stiff.—*Glasgow Mail.*

PUT FLOWERS ON YOUR TABLE.

Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay, if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower, a rose, a pink, a daisy. Bring a few daises or buttercups from your last field work, and keep them alive in a little water; preserve but a bunch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant of nature's productions, and you have something on your table that reminds you of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets that have done it most honor. Put a rose, or a lily, or violet on your table, and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common, for this great and wise man was in the habit of having flowers in season set upon his table, we believe, morning, noon, and night; that is to say, at all meals, seeing that they were growing all day. Now here is a fashion that will last you forever, if you please—never change with silks, and velvets, and silver forks, nor be dependent on caprice, or some fine gentleman or lady who have nothing but caprice and changes to give them importance or sensation. Flowers on the morning table are especially suited to them. They look like the happy wakening of the creation; they bring the breath of nature into the room; they seem the very representative and embodiment of the very smiles of your home, the graces o good-morrow.—*Leigh Hunt.*

A Michigan lady recently corrected her husband by pouring kerosene over him, and then setting him on fire. In the absence of further details, it seems to us that the punishment was decidedly—light.

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

However physiologists may question the importance of the feeble utterances of the dying, it is certain that mankind in general find a deep significance in the last words of those who are vanishing into the unknown life. "He raves," said the physician, when Dr. Adams, rector of the High School of Edinburgh, was passing away; but, as we catch the last words of the raving, our own eyes are dimmed. "It grows dark, boys," stretching forth his hand; "you may go." "All my possessions for a moment of time!" moaned Queen Elizabeth. Wesley, calmer, said, as he died: "The best of all is, God is with us." And deaf Beethoven, whose soul had ever been filled with harmony, exclaimed gladly at the last: "I shall hear!" "Is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith was asked by his physicians. "No it is not," was the mournful reply; and he spoke no more. How different the parting words of Dr. William Hunter! "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." Or the assurance of President Edwards, as his dying grasp loosened on hard forms of Dogma: "Trust in God, and you need not fear." Byron said, wearily: "I must sleep now;" and Goethe, turning to his wife, called for "Light, more light!" Dr. Johnson died in a tumult of uneasiness and dread. Cowper sank to rest as peacefully as a child; "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark," cried Hobbs, the deist; and "Now, Lord, Lord, receive my soul!" whispered Herbert, on his last "sweet day." Politeness was no longer a ruling passion, but a chrism, when Chesterfield, in dying, said: "Give Dayrolles a chair;" and surely something was forgiven of Charles II., when he bade farewell to earth's pomp and wickedness in "Don't let poor Nellie starve." Haller's last words were, feeling his own pulse, "The artery ceases to beat." Petrarch died suddenly and silently in his library, his hand upon a book; and Sir Isaac Newton was winding his watch when he was ushered into the life that hath no end. Talma, the great actor, exclaimed, pitifully, as he went: "The worst of all is, I cannot see;" and John Locke murmured: "Oh the depth of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God!" The dying admonition of the learned Grotius to his race was: "Be serious." Scafron, the French wit, said, faintly, to his weeping friends: "Ah, *mes enfans*, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time;" and Lord Thurlow, in reckless wonder, exclaimed: "I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying!" When poor Robert Burns gasped with his last breath, "Don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" he did not allude to his commentators and critics, yet what a significance should the words have for them! And how little Anne Boleyn thought, when, awaiting the executioner, she clasped her fair throat, that "It is but small, very small," would link her forever to the heart of Christendom! Yet, we cannot doubt that many of the most eloquent sermons that mankind has ever listened to have fallen from dying lips. Cæsar's grieved "And thou, Brutus!" John Quincy Adams' "This is the last of earth;" Mirabau's frantic cry for "Music" after his life of discord; George Washington's "It is well!—do they not grow richer in meaning every day? And is it not still blessed to remember the last moments of Melanchthon, the friend of Luther? "Do you want anything?" asked his loved one, eagerly. "Nothing but heaven," he answered, gently, and went smiling on his way.

Dr. Bailie said that in his vast experience he had never known more than one out of every fifty dying men quit life one whit more conscious than when he entered it. "Light, more light?" cries Goethe with his parting breath. Dr. Cullen, when dying, faintly intimates to a friend: "I wish I could write; I would describe how pleasant a thing it is to die." Bacon, at the point of death, writes with incapable fingers of the snow-stuffed fowl which cost him life. Dr. Black, while eating bread and milk, dies so tranquilly that his stiffened fingers grasp the spoon with its contents unspilt. Coffee-cup in hand, the spirit of Sir Charles Blagden passes away, while Guy Lussac notes the cup of untasted coffee in the dead man's hand, not a drop having fallen to the ground. "That we live in the shadow of death is true, but the shadow is no terrible darkness that need scare or terrify us, and when it completely envelops us we shall be only

> 'Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"

The Home Office, with its subordinate departments, has been added to the list of Government offices which are open to public competition.

Tempting.—An undertaker, having apartments to let, pasted his bills upon the coffins in the windows, announcing, "Lodgings for single gentlemen."

To a thoughtful man the eager anxiety with which girls rush to the sea-side suggest the first stage of a rubber at whist. They cut for partners.

It is said there never was an honest redbreast—he is always a robin.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

That the great earth has not long since disappeared—melted into thin air, like the baseless fabric of a vision—is due to the fault or wisdom of a greater power than is couched in the reiterated prophecies of modern prophets, and well illustrates the truthfulness of the axiom that though man proposes, to God alone belongs the disposition. Since our gray-haired men were boys, periods have been fixed at which the earth should be blotted out. At first there were many who believed and watched with fear and trembling the coming of the hour when they should hear the crack of doom. Time may end, but it waits not for the end to come. It rushes onward with rapid flight, as if annihilation pursued instead of awaited its coming. The fatal morning dawned, the earth continued in its orbit, there was no jar or clash, the sun arose, reached the meridian, evening came, the stars peeped out, the car was still on the track, all was serene, and with a sigh of relief everybody thanked God and cursed the false prophets in the same breath. The same sad farce was enacted and re-enacted year after year, losing with each return something of its fear and dread, and gaining in proportionate ratio in its comic character, until now, a prediction that the world will come to a end on a given day, excites no feeling of alarm, and is regarded by the most credulous of men and timid of women in the light of a broad farce enacted by clowns, to be laughed at by all sensible people. Once more the actors in this now somewhat melancholy play are rehearsing for another appearance. The programme for next year is already out, and according to the cast made by the manager of the Adventists' troupe recently assembled in camp at Springfield, Massachusetts, the last appearance of the world and its people on the stage of Time, will be in 1874. The rather somber conclusion is reached on the following evidence, found in a volume of divine origin, not much read nowadays: "I am God, and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning.—Isaiah xlvi., 9, 10. Come near, ye nations, to hear, and hearken, ye people; let the earth hear, and all that is therein, the world and all things that come forth of it, for it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion. And the stream thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night or day, the smoke thereof shall go up for ever.—Isaiah xxxiv., 1, 8, 9, 10." These quotations are followed by seven long columns of figures from which, by a system of calculation incomprehensible to all save Adventists and the priests of insane asylums, the conclusion is reached that those who are not ready to leave this world next year will receive the unpleasant and somewhat awkward fact that the world has left them. The compiler of this remarkable and certainly comprehensive time table is confident of its correctness, and assures the traveling public that the great world's express train must run by it. In order that there may be no delay, and that I may reach the station in time for the last train, the self-assured general superintendent appends the following admonitory paragraph to the bottom of his card: "Watch the vision and make it plain upon tables that he may run that readeth it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end of it shall speak and not lie, though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry.—Hab. ii., 2, 3." Here we have it. The thing is as clear and comprehensible as the chattering of a monkey or the ravings of a lunatic, and many there are who have not given away such of this world's dross as they may chance to possess, and prepared their ascension robes by the time Gabriel blows his horn, they may be set down as perverse, stupid unbelievers, who, having heard the cry of wolf so often when there was no wolf cannot be made to understand that the wolf has really come.

Toor.

The East India Company.—On April 30th next £6,000,000 India Stock, which bears guaranteed interest of 10½ per cent., is to be paid off at the rate of 200 per cent., and on June 1st following the East India Company will cease to exist:—

Towards providing the £12,000,000 for this payment, certain assets, known as "the security fund of the India Company," were placed under the control of the Commissioners of the National Debt at the time of the abrogation of the trading powers of the company, but how far these will extend for the purpose is not at present publicly known. That a large portion will have to be met by the creation of new stock may be assumed from the fact that in the last session of Parliament an Act was passed authorising the India Council, in view of this contingency, to raise any sums not exceeding six millions in stock and two millions in debentures. Lately it has been reported that, in preparation for the coming payment, sales of Consols and Reduced have from time to time been made from the "Security Fund;" but whether these rumors have any foundation is uncertain. Meanwhile, it is considered in the city that the sale of stock in connection with the process would be a clumsy operation, and that there can be little doubt the whole of the holders of the existing 10½ per cents would be willing to commute their claims by taking Consols at the market prices of the day, with some slight addition, such as might be found sufficient to induce them the Consols on January 1st next, by which means, as their Indian dividend extends to April 30th, they would get an extra quarter's dividend at the rate of 3 per cent., equal to a bonus of 15s.

"The strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a brute, "is a desire to know what is going on, and the next is to boss the job."

A (NORTH) PACIFIC LAMENT.

[AFTER TENNYSON, IN THE "DAILY GRAPHIC."]

Broke, broke, broke,
By the railway loans, Jay C.;
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

Oh, well for the Wall street b'hoy
That he shouts in the "Board" to-day!
Oh, well for the Broker lad
That he still can promise to pay!

And the State-ly Banks go on,
With their charters under the bill;
But oh, for a touch of my notes of hand,
And a "tap" of the Jay C. "till!"

Broke, broke, broke,
By the lure of thy brags, Jay C.; [dead
And the saving "grace" of a day that is
Can never come back to me!

NEW ZEALAND AND THE MAIL SERVICE VIA SAN FRANCISCO.

A writer in the Herald, of Aukland, from which we quote, condemns the rejection by Mr. Vogel, the Postmaster General of New Zealand, of the proposition made by the Hon. Mr. Samuel on behalf of New South Wales for a mail service via San Francisco. "The proposition, if carried out, would give to New Zealand a cheap and reliable communication with London for the comparatively small sum of £15,000." The Webb Line cost the colony £100,000 of her *borrowed funds*—"it was a failure throughout: the ridicule and loss of the commercial people in New Zealand for two years. The scheme proposed would give Port Chalmers her mails from London in about the same time as Sydney, if not a day sooner." It is due to the people of this Colony to state what appears to be a simple unvarnished fact: the Postmaster General of New South Wales, the Hon. S. Samuel, came here to say, "We have now accepted a contract which has been for a long time under consideration in both colonies, and from the new circumstances of ships being able, by means of compound engines and other mechanical improvements, to do a far cheaper service than formerly, we ask your coöperation; you can take it on equal copartnership as to cost, and reductions by contributions of other colonies, or you can take it at the annual fixed sum of say £15,000 for six years, and you, at the New Zealand terminus, will be served in something less time than we in Sydney." It is held out that Victoria will unite with New Zealand in a San Francisco mail service. It is certain that Victoria will not allow her mails to make a detour, almost at right angles, when she can be served in almost a straight line. "Mr. Francis, of Victoria, has dashed at an offer to monopolize the Suez service. He may have been playing his cards with New Zealand, to induce us to hesitate over a new California service, so between the two contending colonies, of Victoria and New South Wales, New Zealand is likely to be left out in the cold. It is therefore to be hoped that at the meeting of the Assembly, the Mail Line, which would best serve New Zealand and give her a consistent and direct route, will be duly ventilated by the members."

A "FASHIONABLE DAMSEL" IN THE SURF.

A correspondent from Long Branch---the Brighton of America—writes that "the fair damsel who tries to combine becomingness with use in her bathing-suit, generally ends by looking not only very uncomfortable, but very ridiculous. For instance, a fair female at one of the lower hotels recently made her appearance on the beach at the bathing hour, attired in a costume which struck amazement to the minds of all beholders. A very brief tunic of alpaca, trimmed with pale blue, was belted around her slender waist. Her lower limbs were clad to the knee in knickerbocker trousers of white alpaca, and below these appeared dainty striped stockings of blue and white, while her feet were encased in white shoes ornamented with blue rosettes. A coquettish little hat, trimmed with blue, was perched on one side of her head, and from beneath it fell heavy braids of pale golden hair. With rapid step and unshrinking confidence, she braves the perils of the angry deep. The waves break over her, the drenched alpaca clings close to rounded shoulder and shapely arm, and opera-glasses are at a premium on the bluff.

Suddenly a huge breaker is seen to arise and sweep majestically towards the shore. It reaches the group of bathers, thunders over them, and subsides. The air is vocal with shrill little shrieks of feminine dismay, but loudest of all rings a scream from the lips of the golden-haired triumph in white alpaca, and her arms are even gesticulating wildly in the air. Alas for her elegant toilet and elaborate coiffure. The mighty wave has knocked her down, covered her dress with sand and sea-weed, and, worst of all, has swept off not only her jaunty little hat, but her golden hair as well, and a tiny knot, about the size of a silk-worm's cocoon, alone decorates the back of her head, where lately those shining tresses waved resplendent. The hat, with its capillary treasures still attached to it, was recovered and handed to her, and she retired to the shades of her bath house a balder and a sadder woman—perchance a wiser one.

The Irishman says that Archbishop Manning's letter, in which he speaks in such glowing terms of the state of Ireland, is a romantic day-dream.

MILK AND BUTTER.

Editor of the Mail Bag.—*Dear Sir:* At your request I proceeded to examine into the various causes that tend to deteriorate the milk of cows, and consequently the butter made from it. My researches have so thoroughly nauseated me that I must decline pursuing my studies. I find that inefficient and insufficient diet materially affect the animal's secretions; that a change from pasture to roots, such as turnips, carrots, etc., entirely changes the nature of the milk; that a cow is as delicate as a woman, and, like her, subject to a variety of ills from which the sterner sex is exempt. I find that the formation of noxious gases consequent upon the fermentation of vegetable matter in the rumen is so common, that out of a herd of cows the majority will have their milk affected by it. In this State, where the Fall pasturage is in most instances very scanty and barren, cattle are affected in two ways; in one by starvation, and the other by repletion. The scarcity of fodder makes them gorge their stomachs whenever they come across any provender, and the system becomes weakened and vitiated by this unnatural mode of sustenance. In short, I cannot do better than quote the words of Mr. Youatt, who is a great authority on cattle, and who says: "It is a matter of impossibility to make a superior article of butter from a cow in a diseased state, for if either of the organs of secretion, absorption, digestion or circulation be deranged, we cannot expect good blood, and the milk being a secretion from the blood, we must have the blood in a healthy state in order to the production of pure and wholesome milk." Consequently any process by which butter can be made chemically pure must be preferable over that in which it is ten chances to one that unwholesome ingredients have entered; for remember that the whole of one milking is mixed together, the healthy milk and the diseased milk, the tares and the wheat, and therefore the whole mass is affected.

BOGUEY.

Some sixty years ago, it was the fashion in Europe to ascribe all evil that came from heaven or grew on earth to the influence of Napoleon I. He was looked upon as the author of flood and fire, of dearth and drought, and a popular poet was excellently well parodied in the "Rejected Addresses" as inquiring in "The Loyal Effusion:"

> "Who makes the quartern loaves and Luddites rise?
> Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?"

And was made to answer to each and all of a long string of such queries, "the Arch-Apostate Boney." In the minds of the old women who rule certain San Francisco newspapers, Bogney is Stanford & Co. That ubiquitous firm is accused of a desire to make California adopt a greenback currency, and is also branded as the originator of certain articles advocating a return to specie payments. It is not easy to see how any corporation, however wicked, can fill two directly opposite roles, and it would prevent things from getting quite so much mixed if the newspapers who know the designs of the C. P. R. R. so well would inform us whether we are to arm against "Codlin" or "Short." It is rather perplexing to be warned at the same time against opposing designs attributed to another.

COLORS AND THEIR NAMES.

A certain Monsieur de la Bedolliere wrote a strange book some two or three years ago, wherein one finds a list of fantastic names for shades of color at different epochs in France, which none but the fantastical brains of French men or women could invent. Some of these names it is impossible to print to-day, but without too much shocking our readers, we will endeavor to translate a few. What would one conceive such colors to be, as the toad in love, the scared mouse, the spider meditating a crime, the wonderful lamp, the last sigh of Jocko, the flea in childbirth, the suppressed sigh, the mud of Paris, the (Cambronne's famous word) of a goose, the bowels of a money lender, the leg of a passionate nymph, etc., etc. Such appellations were common enough at the end of the last century, just before the revolution, and only one word (puce) has remained as expressing a color. To-day the taste, if more refined, is still eccentric. The visitor at the White House, bewildered at the profusion of colors in the piles of rich silks and velvets just arrived from Paris, is equally astonished at the *bizarre* names they bear. A lady cannot pass an afternoon more agreeably than making a list of them, for they will eventually become history. And some of the colors themselves are so new and beautiful that another pleasure is added by looking at them.

An Indiana gentleman is now living in a house with his fifth wife and three mothers-in-law, and yet he is not happy.

An old lady describes a genius as "a man what knows more'n he can find out, and spills vittles on his clothes."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Thus far during the week about $1,500,000 gold has been transferred from the U. S. Sub-Treasury to the Bank of California and other local institutions. In addition to these Government transfers, made in response to demands from local institutions, being the proceeds of English gold received at New York from London, in return for California grain bills forwarded hence for collection, the U. S. Branch Mint in this city has coined this month in gold, $2,500,000, while remittances of coin eastward for a fortnight past fall short of $150,000. This shows California's financial strength, being quite the reverse of what it was one year since. Then San Francisco was a debitor to Wall street, and Eastern demands upon us for coin were large, both legitimately and speculatively, and to meet this loud call, considerable sums of gold coin and silver bullion were then sent Eastward, and to such an extent as to impoverish the banks and to cripple the wheat movements of the Pacific Slope, rendering currency (gold) very scarce, and creating a felt stringency in the State at large and at the same time depressing breadstuffs value materially. Happily for us dwellers upon the Pacific Coast, we are not restricted to the use of irredeemable paper money for currency. Gold coin is the standard; gold notes are also in circulation to a limited extent. We have no depreciated paper currency as at the East, nor do we want any. Greenbacks are bought and sold here like any other merchantable commodity, but do not enter into general circulation, yet they are largely dealt in, for the payment of New York freights and for remittance Eastward, etc. Money is very plentiful on this coast. There is no scarcity of coin for all legitimate business transactions. Our banking institutions loan freely to their customers upon collaterals of undoubted value, while savings banks and loan societies meet all wants upon real estate, besides making considerable loans upon wheat and barley in warehouse. This latter is something new for our savings institutions, but it shows a disposition to accommodate business wants where the security is unquestioned. The bills of sale and title to the grain are passed over to the bank making the loan. Business generally is healthful, and has been remarkably so the past nine months of the current year, as the statistics of the port fully set forth. The whole may be thus summarized:

"The close of the third quarter of 1873 affords us another opportunity to furnish our readers with a collection of facts and figures evidencing the strident pace with which San Francisco is progressing to take the second rank among the great maritime ports of the United States. Her commercial relations with foreign countries have been increased to the extent of 48,970 tons; with Domestic Atlantic ports, 3,972 tons, and with domestic Pacific ports, 18,133, being an aggregate gain of 71,657 tons over a like period for the year 1872. Another gratifying feature is the large augmentation which has taken place in our exports of domestic products, exclusive of treasure, amounting to $15,957,720, or $4,626,415 more than for the same time last year. Our treasure exports were $17,830,423, against $25,041,633 for the first nine months of 1872, being a decrease of $7,211,210; at the same time our receipts of treasure, from all sources, were rising $6,000,000 less than for the like period of last year. Much of the bullion formerly received here from Virginia and Utah now goes directly East by rail. The Branch Mint has been worked to its fullest capacity, coining the large amount of $15,442,900 in the nine months, nearly the whole of which was in double eagles. Of the new trade dollars, $290,000 were struck us to the end of September. A sufficient number of these coins have been shipped to China to test the question whether they will be accorded an equal rank with old style Mexican dollars, and further shipments will probably be delayed until some determination is had. We would again emphatically direct attention to the large and increasing amounts paid by the people of this State for freight on domestic exports. For the first nine months of the current year it reached $3,362,782, seven-tenths of which went to foreign and Eastern ship-owners instead of being earned by vessels belonging to Californians. Nevertheless, it is worthy of note that although the number of foreign vessels entering from foreign ports is larger than that of American ships, yet the aggregate tonnage of the latter exceeds that of the former by 38,384 tons, and we doubt whether the same can be said of any other place in the United States. During the past nine months our population has been increased, through arrivals by sea and rail, to the extent of 28,361, that being the excess of arrivals over departures. The increase among our own people must also have been very considerable. It is our firm opinion that in ten years from this date, San Francisco will contain 800,000 inhabitants, and the State be proportionally peopled, and we are by no means alone in that conviction. Tangible evidences of material prosperity are multiplying with an unprecedented degree of activity. We have had two consecutive seasons of agricultural success, with fair promise for a third. * * * Nowhere in all the world is well directed industry more amply recompensed than in California. Nature has bestowed upon her every gift that can reasonably be desired. A sober and industrious citizen can earn independence here with less effort and less risk than in any other section. That cannot be other than a prosperous, flourishing State, where the industrial classes own an average of $387 gold to each individual depositor in its savings banks, and where there are natural resources enough to sustain a population of twenty-five millions without crowding. No man may now set bounds to commercial intercourse which, within another twenty years, will exist between California and all the countries washed by the Pacific. No man may now attempt to foreshadow the extent and variety of the products which she will then furnish to those countries, nor the value of the imports we shall receive in turn."

A Secret---The surest way to get on in life is to grow old.

TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

The daily papers have afforded very pleasant reading for some time past. To be sure, the subject-matter of their fiery eloquence was nothing new. The wrongs of seamen and the brutality of ship captains have stood the fierce indignation of weary reporters, perishing for an item, ever since America was the land of the free; and nothing has ever been done to abate the one or redress the other. Nevertheless, it was gratifying to find that the same old adjectives and exclamation points, which had done duty for so many years on the Atlantic and the Gulf, were again to the fore, as fresh as if they had just been invented. What Macaulay writes of the virtuous British public is eminently true of the virtuous public of America. Dozing comfortably in its arm-chair, under the protection of the best of all Governments, it rouses itself from time to time, in a sudden spasm of outraged virtue, and rushes upon the first bystander who happens to look askance at any precept of the moral law. Him it proceeds solemnly to sacrifice, with beating of tom-toms and much imprecation; and the public goes to nodding once more. This is, no doubt, very moral conduct, but it is ridiculously inane. In the present case of the *Sunrise* outrages, does any honest man desire to see the officers punished? Is it not perfectly well known that crimes like those charged against these men have been committed year in and year out, and that nobody has ever dreamed of interfering to prevent them? Is it not well known that the whole meaning of the present outcry is to make capital and circulation for the *Post* and the *Chronicle*? Is anybody so innocent as to believe that any one of the officers of the *Sunrise* will be held responsible for the disappearance of the three seamen, said to have been driven to their death? We hope there are none so pitifully ingenuous, for we should disown them as subscribers. Just now, men want a scapegoat, or even two, to appease the gods of the *Chronicle* and the *Post*. But the whole question of the matter lies in a nutshell. In the present case, as in all others, it is charged that the sailors were driven by cruel treatment to commit suicide; and in every case we have only to say they were rightly served. For, after all, a seaman is a man, and a man can die but once. How is it possible to feel more than a contemptuous pity for a man who, knowing perfectly that a miserable death is within arm's reach and inevitable, yet does not dare to drag down his tyrant with him! They must suffer and perish like curs, these miserable seamen; and they do it, holding all the while in their own hands the only remedy for their woes. No, it is not on land, in the courts of justice, in the open air of the Republic, that the oppressed sailor should call for retribution on the murderer of his brethren. He must himself be accuser, witness, judge and executioner. Let the seaman who can bear no more, who knows that he must die, die at least like a man. He has a sheath-knife, he has arms, and the ocean is all around; one stroke, one plunge, and the brutal captain or mate would torture no more. The courts will never do justice; and we tell the sailors with perfect sincerity, that the knife is their only sure friend.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

There is still a slight misunderstanding in Spanish affairs.——Trouble between Turkey and Austria seems brewing.——Marshal Bazaine's examination is still continued.——Hayti has been visited by a severe hurricane, resulting in much loss to life and property.——The Bank of England has increased its rate of discount to six per cent.——There have been recent heavy shipments of bullion from England to this country.——It is reported that the Pope and Kaiser are in correspondence.——Republicans in France are the turn more hopeful.——A railway from Bombay to Madras, India, has just been completed.——The Pope has sufficiently recovered to hold receptions.——The Italian Government has agreed to purchase the Roman railways.——The statement that the English Government has been making inquiries touching the purchase of the Atlantic cable is authoratively denied.——The recent pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial enriched that place by half a million dollars. The funeral of Sir Edwin Landseer was of imposing proportions. The Queen and Prince of Wales were represented.——A rather serious demonstration has been held at Cork in favor of Fenian amnesty, home rule, and rights of labor.——Some noteworthy reforms are taking place in Mexico.——General Von Moltke is inspecting the coast of Germany with a view to its fortification.——The English wheat trade is suffering great depression owing to the vast influx of American wheat.——All emigration agents in Prussia are to be expelled.——Woman suffrage is receiving a new impulse in England, through the action of John Bright and other advanced Liberals.——Pere Hyacinthe has received a good appointment from the Old Catholics of Geneva.——The reported loss of the *Cheops*, in the Formosa Channel, is unfounded, the steamer having passed Singapore *en route* to London.——The German vessel *Frohlich*, that sailed from Saigon on the 29th May, has not been heard from, and the German schr. *J. R. Robertson*, bound to Australia, was totally lost on the Meiaco Sima Groupe on the 11th July.

A physician advised a patient to take a walk on an empty stomach. "Whose stomach?" feebly asked the invalid.

When a clock is wound up it goes. When a firm is wound up it stops.

OUR GLORIOUS BOARDS.

The swindling way in which the Board of Education accepted Palmer & Co.'s bid for school furniture and rejected that of Gilbert & Moore was dilated on and handled without gloves in our issue of October the 4th, but we run hastily over the facts for the benefit of those who had not the pleasure of contemplating the rascally job from our point of view: 'In June last, our model Board advertised for proposals for a supply of school furniture. Gilbert & Moore, a well-known and responsible firm, put in a bid at $5 40 a set; Palmer & Co. bid $5 75. Gilbert & Moore's was the lowest bid of all, yet the Committee on Furniture and Supplies recommended the awarding of the contract to Palmer & Co. There was some opposition to this in the Board, and finally a new advertisement for bids was published. This time Palmer & Co. put in a bid at $5 25, fifteen cents less than that of Gilbert & Moore, and less than the furniture can be supplied at so as to realize a profit.' This crafty little piece of finessing was glossed, or more likely *gilded* over at the time; but the investigating Nemesis has not halted. An investigation *has* been made, and a pretty sink of rotteness it is that has been uncovered. It must have been evident to all who knew the value of school-furniture, that Palmer & Co.'s ridiculously low bid was but a blind to fleece, and has proved so, indeed. For what do we find? We find that on the 22d of July the Valencia street Grammar School is charged with 25 lifting-top desks, $10—contract price, $8. On November 2d, to the Lincoln Primary, 60 No. 3 desks, $6 40—not bid on, but worth about $5, as a fair proportion to the bid on the larger sizes. On September 7th, 20 No. 2 desks, at $6 40 —contract price, $6; 30 No. 1 desks, to the North Cosmopolitan School, and 54 No. 2 desks to the Lincoln School, all at $6 40 —contract price, $6. On the same date, 60 No 2 desks, to the Broadway Primary, at $6 50, an increase of ten cents on their own figures -contract price, $6. Space will not allow us to give further instances of the patent dishonesty practiced; but we may add that something like *fifty per cent.* has been charged over the contract price! Is it possible that the Board in their auditing reports and accounts were not aware of this? Pooh! The thing is absurd. It is only another case of the infernal rings, the wholesale jobbing and flagrant scoundrelism that disgraces the very being of our every public institution. The only fair way of dealing is to punish the wrong doers—of which there is, unfortunately, in these days of persistent whitewashing very little chance—and to annul the fradulent contract.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

The streets, where the pavement has swollen with the rains, look like the Modoc lava beds.——Bathing at North Beach on Sundays has become quite a fashionable amusement—with the hoodlums.——The Zoo-Zoos, under Governor General Blow McDonald, arrived on Tuesday evening with an empty treasure chest. ——The farmers are agitating the squirrel question at present, the little long-tailed varmint having become a very serious pest.——Mlle. Marie Gangain, the danseuse, is, we are glad to hear, recovering, although priest and doctor had given her up. ——Old Mother *Atta* is still on the sum.——The California Theater Boat Club took a very successful benefit on Wednesday afternoon.——Three thousand dollars have been telegraphed through Wells, Fargo & Co for the relief of the plague-stricken in Memphis.——The Olympic Club has very sensibly sent the invitations for their next social to the ladies, who have to choose their escorts.——Forty-eight persons admitted to the City and County Hospital last week.——Some clever individual has taken to poisoning horses in a Seventh-street livery stable.——The surface blasting of Rincon Rock under the superintendence of J. M. Risdon was commenced on Friday.——Mons. Duret is going to discover the eastern air-current by making a balloon ascension from the City Gardens to-day.——Captain Parker has left the P. M. S. S. Co.——A San Francisco lancer company has been established with some gorgeous uniform, or other. "Motley is the only wear."——A Ladies' Fair has been entrapping all unwary visitors to Pacific Hall during the latter part of this week.——The celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus was religiously observed by the Italians on Sunday.——Sweet to all, the friend of none, is the motto of the *Alta* brevity man, whoever he is.——Of course every ship's crew that reaches San Francisco now has some tale of cruelty to tell.——The watchman of the new opera house on Mission street fell off the wall and hurt himself, we read. We are sorry for the watchman, but the accident proves the existence of actual walls. Hence, we are glad.——The Judicial election raged furiously on Wednesday. It seemed quite like Sunday.——The *Three Brothers* having completed her lading has been hauled into the stream. She has on board 4,266½ tons of wheat.——The amateurs who some time ago gave us *The Doctor of Alcantara* think themselves challenged by its production by the Alhambra troupe, and are about to repeat it.——The trouble is at an end at last. Hubert is finally declared City Treasurer elect.——Burglars are harvesting at the Mission.——The city front is all agog with the murder of Gillen.——A Spanish dramatic performance will be held at Platt's Hall to-night.——Weather fine.

Queen Elizabeth always displayed her worst temper in her best clothes. She was always dreadfully ruffled then.

THE WATER MONOPOLY.

Thanks to the persistent endeavors of the News Letter, the water monopoly is assuming its proper dimensions to the public eye. In unnumbered issues we have tried to rouse the reading public to interest in the matter, and at last we have succeeded. Official laggards are beginning to comprehend that a change must come, the men of action who always arise in such emergency, are beginning to look around for ways and means of remedying the existing evil, and the dailies have taken the matter in hand. The *Bulletin* of October 11th and the *Post* of October 13th contained editorials whose burden was the present exorbitant price of water. The *Post* especially advocated the same measure which we have urged from the beginning, viz., that the city own the water. The city's gas bill last month amounted to $21,000. The water-rates are proportionately large. The economy of such a course, therefore, is obvious, since it will lift the burden of extortion, not only from the city treasury, but from the pockets of householders. It has been suggested that the building of works by the city would consume much time, besides leaving us still under the thumb of the present monopoly, in view of which it is advised that the Spring Valley works be condemned for public use and their owners be paid according to their legitimate value instead of according to their own magnificent ideas. If such a step be decided upon, we hope that action will be prompt, for need is pressing and immediate. The Spring Valley works and pipes may be purchased, but their supply is decidedly insufficient, and we shall have to procure water in abundance from some other source. Complaints have been made in certain portions of the city, that, owing to the scarcity, the water is not turned on full force until two o'clock in the day, in consequence of which at the time when it is most needed, it is so thick and muddy as to be unfit for use. Yet those same households are invaded by insolent young men, employees of the company, who enter uninvited and examine every room in the house to find how many faucets are to be enrolled upon the books of the extortionists. The poorest householder in San Francisco pays a water-rate of $2 50 per month. Gauging from this stand-point, the well-to-do man who rejoices in the luxury of a bath-tub must make serious inroad on his income when he pays his water bill. It is in the power of the Supervisors and Legislators to remedy this, almost without delay. **The sooner the better.**

ROLE OF A HARMLESS BLOCKHEAD.

United States Marshal, William Gouverneur Morris, strikes us in the light of recent developments as being an unusually interesting specimen of that class of parasitical vermin so prominent in America in the capacity of politicians and office-seekers. As an unusually interesting specimen of this entomological species, we propose to move William Gouverneur Morris under the microscope. Let us inspect the creature. Yesterday morning's *Chronicle* published a narrative of some of Morris' doings while discharging the functions of a Notary Public down in Tulare County, which reads like a chapter out of "Jack Sheppard," or "The Three Spaniards." Neither William Harrison Ainsworth nor Eugene Sue ever conceived a more shocking tale of outrage and cruelty than this narrative of the torture and robbery of Deputy, in which the present U. S. Marshal played so prominent a part. The appearance of the story in the *Chronicle* is *prima facie* evidence that it is a horrible lie. But the quotations furnished from depositions on record, rebuts this presumption, and seems to establish the remarkable fact that for once even the *Chronicle* has told the truth. And Morris' latest exploit, in causing the sailor Furt to be carried in chains through the streets of San Francisco, is so shameless and outrageous a defiance of decency and public opinion as goes far to prove him capable of any atrocity. Furt had been guilty of the crime of being a prominent witness against a tyrannical sea captain, and the instruments of his cruelty. He was himself charged with no offense, but was simply detained as a witness. But Morris' aristocratic sympathies being all on the side of those "in authority," he ordered Furt to be handcuffed when taken to Court to testify, and when remonstrated with on the impropriety of the act, his careless and flippant reply showed the shallowness of his mind no less than the hardness of his heart. Evidently he is one of those unfortunately constituted beings whom nature spoils in the manufacture by playing at cross purposes. She failed to endow him with brains enough to qualify him for a clever knave, and yet cursed him with a restlessness of temperament and a malignity of impulse which would not permit him to remain contented in the role of a harmless blockhead.

The new British iron steamship Vasco de Gama, for the new line (Macondray's) to run between San Francisco and Hongkong, is to leave London for China about the 1st January, via Suez Canal. Her tonnage is 3,200 gross. The Vancouver is the next steamer to follow in the line. The first-named steamship is thus described, as per plan of same at the office of the agents, Messrs. Macondray & Co.: Length of Keel, 350 feet; extreme breadth, 37 feet; depth moulded to upper deck, 25 feet; depth moulded to awning deck, 32 feet 6 inches; depth from hold to upper deck, 25 feet 11 inches; depth from hold to awning deck, 31 feet 4 inches. No expense has been spared in fitting up these steamers for the China and California trade. They are, in short, sea-going palaces.

BEFORE THE GLASS.

Her maiden twines the rainbow pearls
About her golden hair,
While loosely yet some wayward curls
Caress her forehead fair;
Then clasps around her graceful throat
More pearls on velvet warm;
Ah! never yet did white robes float
About so sweet a form.

She rises: toward the mirror tall
She turns her satined feet,
Her glances quickly rise and fall,
So fair a sight to meet;
The gentle blushes come and go
As eyelids droop and lift,
For ah! she cannot choose but know
She has the fatal gift.

Will knowledge make her wise in time,
And teach her that her dower
Is fruitful source of many a crime,
Has victims every hour?
Go, Ethel, win in beauty's race,
Remembering, ere you start,
Unlovely is the loveliest face
That hides a truthless heart.

ART NOTES.

By the arrival of the good ship Ravenscraig, 129 days from Liverpool, the Art Association is in receipt of the valuable collection of casts from the antique presented to the Society by the French Government. Some delay was caused by the fact that fifteen sets for the French provincial schools had to be turned out from the studios of the Louvre before those for San Francisco could be cast. In addition to these, Mr. Joseph Mezzara, who has kindly acted as agent in Paris for the Association, has forwarded a splendid series of plaster statuettes, busts and other parts of the human body, anatomical models and works on art. The Society sent the necessary credit for the purchase of these latter, and Mr. Mezzara expended some $700, making the selection himself, a task for which he was admirably fitted. The Minister of Public Instruction expressly stated that the donation of casts to the Art Association was made in recognition of the handsome contributions received from San Francisco for the Sanitary Fund during the late war. It would, we think, be a graceful act on the part of our Art Society to extend an invitation to the French residents of the city to inspect these works when set up in the gallery. The series of casts presented to the Society is contained in nineteen cases, which were packed free of charge by order of the French Government. They include twenty basso relievos from the Parthenon; statues of "the Reclining Venus," the "Venus of Milo," "Gladiator," "Diana of Gabi;" "Dancing Faun," "Faun with Child," "Germanicus," "Discobulus," the "Apollo Belvedere," etc. The busts are still more numerous, including: "The Huntress Diana," "Young Roman Girl," "The Wounded Amazon," "Venus of Arles," "The Greek Isis," Antinous, Demosthenes, Sappho, Achilles, Esculapius, the "Crowned Augustus," Alexander the Great, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Miltiades, Homer, Cæsar, etc.

The selections made by Mr. Mezzara on behalf of the Society are in twelve packages, and include the following reductions from the antique, which we copy from the invoice without attempt at classification: Polymnie, the "Venus Genitrix;" "Faun of the Capitol;" group of Castor and Pollux;" group of Fighters; the "Venus di Medici;" the "Female Bone Player;" Sophocles: Henry IV.; Cincinnatus; torso after the antique; torso of Illyssus; the "Thorn-drawer;" the "Venus of Arles;" "Child with a Goose;" "Spirit of Eternal Rest;" "Faun playing the Flute;" group of four Naiads; the Gothic Figures, by Brou; the "Hercules of Naples;" Child, by François;" "Two Monks of Dijon;" Gothic "St. John," etc. There are also some fine bronzes from the antique, including the Mercury of the Louvre, the Minerva of Turin, Faun of the Library, Narcisse of Naples, etc. In addition there are castings from life, "skinned figures," lithographic studies, and so forth. A series of photographs, from the old masters; studies of ornament; art books; prints innumerable, among them animals, by Rosa Bonheur, landscapes by Calame, and heads by Jullien. We have said enough to indicate that the Art Association has made a great acquisition to its treasures. At the next reception these works will be on view, and our readers will find that we have by no means overstated the extent of the collection.

Our artists, recognizing the fact that the next *soiree* of the Art Association will be undoubtedly the most interesting and important ever held in this city,, are hard at work, determined to do their share towards making it a grand success. Virgil Williams is putting the finishing touches to his "Roman Harvest," and it is certainly a work which will bear out all that we have previously said of it. Thomas Hill has a picture on the easel of "Donner Lake from the Summit." It is of cabinet size, but he has succeeded in representing the grandeur of the scene very successfully. The cool grey of the morning and the tender distance are both admirably rendered. Denny has at the Post-street gallery two marine views, the first of which (a dismasted wreck diving before the gale) is a powerful piece of painting with most masterly handling. The second is a bay scene, with shipping; two "square-toed" schooners, and boat with men dragging a fishing net in the foreground. The calm water is admirably rendered. Deakin reports himself at and

around Cascade Lake and the Truckee River, and our latest comer, Mr. Jorgensen, the Danish artist, is sketching in Marin county.

A large collection of "ten-boardy" and dauby inanities, Wardour street copies and dubious originals, was sold at auction yesterday. We should not allude at all to the melancholy fact—of their sale, we mean—but that the names of some eminent New York, and other artists, were freely used to advertise them. Distrusting the genuineness of many of the works with big names attached, but distrusting our own judgment still more, we referred the matter to three artist friends, whose foreign experience is large and varied. Our doubts were more than confirmed. With the exception of a little work, very sweet in conception and execution, attributed to J. F. Kensett, and excellent whether copy or original, our friends had no faith in the array of names present. The most original works were undoubtedly those by utterly unknown men, and were probably painted at so much per foot for the gentleman of Jewish extraction who got up the sale, as he has done before in most of the minor cities of our continent. We are sorry, also, to have to record the sale, at a good figure, of that atrocity, "The First Temptation," a work which we felt compelled to criticise severely last week. The sale may be encouraging to Hart, but it certainly is not to Art, nor to true artists. When the latter find a painter, who bears the same relation to them that the "King of Pain" does to skilful physicians, obtaining large prices for utterly childish works, they naturally feel that Art is a most uncertain and unsatisfactory profession, so long, at least, as there are so many ignorant purchasers. The mission of the Art Association is to reform all this, and such a consummation is devoutly to be wished.

Mr. Mezzara has completed the model for his second colossal group designed to adorn the State Capitol. It represents a buffalo attacking an Indian woman and child on horseback, and is full of spirit and action. The horse, one of the most difficult subjects for a sculptor, judging from the almost universal failure of foreign modelers in this direction, is, to our mind, the best feature of this very admirable group. The whole is now being cast in Ransome stone, and will, on completion, be immediately placed in its position on the façade of the Capitol building.

ASHANTEE CRUELTIES.

One (says a London correspondent) has proposed that we should establish with the King of Ashantee an "extradition treaty." That is a very pretty phrase. Let me remind your readers what it means. The King of Ashantee once a year assembles round him all the greater and lesser chieftains of his subject tribes. All are bound to appear. No notice of any kind is ever issued beforehand that accusations have been preferred against any. But during the year a system of espionage, almost Napoleonic in its perfection, has been carried on, chiefly through the agency of small boys. If, through this agency, or for any other reason whatever, the King has taken a dislike to any subject, his name will have been given shortly before this annual custom secretly to certain executioners. Their business is to creep up behind the unsuspecting victim, and in order that he may never speak again, to run a knife through his mouth from cheek to cheek. He is then set aside for future torture and death as a sacrifice to the fetish who is the object of worship. But the fetish who can thus be propitiated only by treachery and blood is far too greedy of human sacrifices to be satisfied by the offering up of those only who have really become "suspect" by the King. Slaves by hundreds (the number in one recorded instance reached 2,000) are set aside to be also sacrificed. Such is the preparation. Now for the orgie. During the whole annual festival palm wine is served out like water, and all ages and both sexes join in lapping it up from the public vessels in which it is exposed, till all become mad with intoxication, and most of the common people roll over one another in helpless imbecility. But for the chiefs a different pastime is prepared. Their excitement after the wine has been turned into the cruel vein by the display of all past trophies of their victories, chiefly the skulls of their foes, which are treated with every kind of contumely, by wild dancing, by unlimited popping off of firearms from morning till night, and by the hideous din of thousands of savage instruments. When the fury has reached its hight, they swoop down upon their victims. These are then executed before their eyes, with every brutal ferocity of lingering torture and insult which savage cruelty can suggest. I have spoken of this as an "annual" custom. Once a year it is, indeed, held on a grand scale—once a month on a minor. But the opportunities for exercising cruelty, treachery, and lust, which the ingenuity of the fetish priests and of the Moorish connections of the King have supplied, are by no means limited to monthly or "annual" customs." Whenever a man or woman of high station dies, a certain large number of slaves are sacrificed to the fetish, the blood being poured over the burial pit. That treachery may never be wanting when this creature is worshiped, the freemen are also enticed around to have the honor of holding up the corpse. Whilst thus employed, one or more among them is struck from behind a blow which sends him stunned into the pit, where he is then dispatched.

What, not visited the Villa, of the Golden Gate Park! What, not been refreshed and cheered by the hospitality of the Mangenbergs! Nonsense, I can't believe it. Well, come at once then; let us take a team and drive there, so that your reputation may be saved. Why, their manner of conducting that establishment is becoming a by-word of praise all over the world.

THE EUROPEAN-AMERICAN.

His Habits, Haunts, Recreations and Affectations.---There is a certain class of citizens of the United States who have been good enough to take up their permanent residence in the hotels of Europe. A barbarian who has adopted civilized ways notoriously loses the virtues of savage life, without acquiring those of civilization. So it is with these Americans. All that is bad in Europe they have grafted upon all that is bad in America. They have acquired the follies, the vanities and the silly conceits of the two continents. They seem to have a natural aversion to privacy, and live year after year in hotels, gregariously. No one has a more sincere admiration for the sterling qualities of the true American than I have, but the "Hotel American" is, assuredly, one of the most offensive products of modern civilization. In his manners there is a sort of exaggerated, stilted civility. From always wanting to do exactly the right thing, and not exactly knowing what the right thing is, he is awkward. His French is bad, but the shrug of his shoulders is purely Parisian. His conversation is a sad and dreary attempt to imitate that nil admirari style which is supposed in novels to characterize the English gentleman. For the same cause he is slow and solemn in his actions. If one speaks to him of any eminent man of his own country, he smiles superciliously, and says that he is in quite another set. Because he resides in Europe he is under the impression that he is mixing in European society. But society does not care for him, and he therefore mixes with others of his kind. Vevay has become of late years a great resort of our transatlantic cousins, and is infested with these "hotel Americans." Each hotel has its gang. The ladies of the gang get up late and do not make their appearance until dinner-time. They come to the table d'hote gorgeously, if not tastefully, dressed. The gentlemen pass the day in playing at billiards and smoking. They neither read, nor walk, nor talk. I have watched them sitting together, and they seem never to get beyond asking each other where some one else is, or some other person is going. After dinner, ladies and gentlemen, the latter scrupulously arrayed in evening dress, with beautiful flowers on each side of their coats, dance until a late hour, and when they are not dancing they walk up and down the passages—serious, stupid and precise—like a number of pupils who are cultivating deportment under the eye of the dancing-master. The ladies appear to be greatly superior to the men. American women have a natural predisposition to enjoy themselves, and they are not inclined to sacrifice their nature on the altar of deportment. But even their love of fun and flirting is damped by the dreary but comic dignity of their admirers. The gang occasionally picks up and adopts one of these third-rate counts or barons, who are plentiful abroad, but as a rule it keeps to itself, except when it visits the gang of another hotel. How any human beings can manage to lead this existence, even for months, it is not easy to conceive. One would suppose that they would long, after a short apprenticeship, to get somewhere beyond waiters, gas and bands. But they live on the same life, happy and contented, for years, and become something between a French petit creve and English heavy dragoon and an American bar-maid. Vevay is a favorite summer quarter of the hotel Americans. Nice is infested with them in winter. In the latter place they have literally driven away other nationalities, and if the nuisance does not abate here they will have this place all to themselves, for they are simply unbearable. They must be aware that, in their own country, where every man who has no occupation is despised, they would not be tolerated. It is somewhat hard, therefore, that they should have possession of two of the most exquisite spots in Europe.

Carlyle once in his bitter way called men "clothes-pegs." This epithet applies, indeed, to some men. It applies to those who wear clothes of no shape and no fashion. Nothing looks worse than shapeless clothes, and, on the other hand, nothing looks so well as a suit made of good material, and in good style. Therefore, go to Stallmann & Bruggemann's for your clothes, for they keep the best of everything and make everything up in the newest and best fashion. Their store is at the corner of Montgomery and Clay streets.

You must have noticed what an immense attraction the photograph album has for the bashful visitor; not that there are many trembling, blushing ones of either sex in these advanced times. Well, acting on this knowledge, do you not think you pay a compliment to your visitor by filling your album only with such photographs as are worth looking at? Perfect gems of photographic art are to be procured by having your likeness taken at Bradley & Rulofson. Go there yourself, and as you value your friends, get *them* to go there likewise.

Milk, it is stated by hygienists, is one of the healthiest articles of diet. In this we concur, but who does not know of the ecstatic lusciousness of *milk punch?* Ah, that's the drink to sweep the cobwebs from your head and clear out the dusty corners of your heart! Yes, but the difficulty is, what liquor to make it of? Not the slightest difficulty in the world. In this city, Hotaling is the agent for Cutter's Whisky, a liquor of quality unparalleled. It is sold everywhere, and is *the* panacea.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

The peach hangs heavy on the garden-wall,
See, love, see!
The peach hangs heavy on the garden wall;
'Tis ripe, rose-tinted, and ready to fall.
Fruit meet for thee and me,
'Tis ripe as ripe can be,
May we not pluck it from the garden wall?

The sweet birds warble near the garden-wall,
Hush, love, hush!
The sweet birds warble near the garden-wall;
With melody their mates they softly call;
Each woos unto his nest
The one that each loves best;
Warbling so sweetly by the garden-wall.

Warm lips are waiting by the garden-wall,
Yes, love, yes!
Warm lips are waiting by the garden-wall;
They wait love's kisses, and they claim love's all;
If thy heart's-love be mine
As my heart's-love is thine,
May we not tell it by the garden-wall? —*London Society.*

LAUGHORISMS.

Seven Sages or Wise Men of Greece.—(1.) Solon of Athens, whose motto was "Know thyself." (2.) Chilo of Sparta—"Consider the end." (3.) Thales of Miletos—"Who hateth suretyship is sure." (4.) Bias of Priene—"Most men are bad." (5.) Cleobulos of Lindos—"The golden mean," or "Avoid extremes." (6.) Pittacos of Mitylene—"Seize time by the forelock." (7.) Periander of Corinth—"Nothing is impossible to industry."

A certain M. Jouglet, of Paris, is reported to have hit on the means of making artificial sugar. It is the simplest thing in the world; being, it appears, produced by "a synthesis of the constituent atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen." People who would like to try their hands in this direction, will, perhaps, please make a note of these details, and act accordingly.

An inscription on a mural tablet recently put up in Dulverton church is amusing. It ends:

"He was neglected by his doctor,
Treated cruel by his nurse;
His brother robbed his widow;
That makes the matter worse."

Once a careless man went to the cellar, and stuck the candle in what he thought was a keg of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine until the candle burned low. Nearer and nearer it got to the black sand; nearer and nearer, until the blaze reached the black sand, and as it *was* sand, nothing happened.

The St. Louis Democrat says: "Our experience and the history of the past eighteen centuries incline us to the belief that no matter how well you treat a shot-gun, nor how well you bring it up, it will bang the stuffing out of you the very first time it gets a chance."

Josh Billings gives his valuable ideas on the subject of humor: "Humor iz hybrid, and iz a nice cross between sense and nonsense; it iz like the smell of a flower, hard tew diskribe."

A printer was boasting the other day about his wonderful ability to set type. "I know what you can't set," said a comrade. "What is it?" "Two hens on one nest."

Daughter—"Well, to tell the truth, I do not think much of the close of the sermon." Father—"Probably you were thinking more of the clothes of the congregation."

A colporteur in Kansas was told that "this 'ere region ain't much on Bibles, but if you want to make money, bring us out a load of shot-guns."

Who was the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph—because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

The Latest Kind of Verdict—"Decidedly guilty, though with some little doubt as to whether he is really the right man." They hanged him anyhow.

In Wisconsin, a man reported that he couldn't find a word in the dictionary, because the blasted book hadn't got an index.

A man in Peoria claims to have a stone that Washington threw at a woodpecker on his father's cherry tree.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Monday, September 15th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Peter T Seallovich to A Kreig.....	Portion lot 338, Precita Valley Lands ..	$2,505
L Alexander to David Fried.....	Turk c Pierce, 25x87:6.....	1,250
B J Shay to J N Makins	Tehama sw 1st, 25x80, subject to mortgage for $1,500.....	1,000
Wm Warner to Andrew Henry....	Lot 14 blk 270, Pleasant Valley H'd.....	1
Andrew Henry to Annie Yeomans.	Same.....	1
C Connahan to Ann Hart	Tehama ne 3d, 25x80.....	1,600
D S Dunlap to T C Banks.....	29th and Ellen, 152:9x114.....	1
John Center to Elizabeth Laver....	Howard n 20th, 45x122:6.....	1
A Phelps to Charlotte A Phelps...	W A blk 517.....	....
City and County S F to A Macy ...	Sierra w Georgia, 50x100.....	prem
Adam Bootz to Jos Hahn.....	Fair Oaks n 22d, 30x117:6	3,200
Fred'k Mason to John Bensley....	Block 137, Potrero Nuevo; also, ¾ of blk 130, com sw cor Center and Kansas, s 400, w 200, etc.....	1,000
Wm Hollis to Rodman Sweet.....	Scott s Ellis, 25x90.....	2,800

Tuesday, September 16th.

Denis Cheney to Francois Despoix	Und ½ Stockton n Broadway, 23x68:9 ..	$1,000
T H Riordon to Peter J Joyce.....	Nebraska s Sierra, 33:4x100.....	1,160
Pt Lobos Av H'd As'n to G Wood.	Lots 1, 4 and 5, blk 639; 7 and 8 blk 640; 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, blk 642, Pt Lobos Av Hd	3,000
Harrison St H'd As'n to H W Gray	Lots 32 and 36 blk 142, Harrison St H'd	1,600
Wm J Gray to Dorothea H Gray...	Taylor s Broadway, 47:6x120; also, California e Pierce, 51:8x120; also, Jackson and Powell, 37:6x57:6; also, Dupont s Wash'n, 18:6x51:10.....	Gift
Harrison St H'd to Pat'k Maguire .	Lots 22 and 23, blk 142, Harrison St H'd	1,600
Same to Michael Burns.....	Lots 43, 45, 45, blk 142, same	2,400
Henry Suter to Barbara Suter	Bush w Montg'y, w 30, s 103:1⅛, etc....	12,968
P R O'Brien to Henry B Brooks...	Same.....	4,500
Herman Wohler to J B Watson ...	Und 2 acres, Laguna de la Merced	....
T Jackson to Mary Horn.....	White n Vallejo, 20x57:3.....	825

Wednesday, September 17th.

Geo Koppitz to Herman Gong	Howard ne 7th, 25x90, subject to mortgege for $1,000.....	$4,250
F S Wensinger to Amelia H Hamill	Lot 7, blk 7; lot 1, 2 and 3, blk 11; lot 2, blk 9, San Miguel	1
Henry Pierce to Francis Kauce....	Green w Powell, 34:4½x137:6.....	5
J L Fallen to Jacob Rosenthal	Folsom sw 5th, 25x160	4,500
F J King to John M Peck	Lot 1 to 8 inc and 22 to 24 inc, blk 430, b'd by 22d, 23d, E and F sts	1,000
Jacob B Moore to Chas C Moore ..	Clay w Kearny, 30x120; also, N corner Brannan and 7th, 55x85; also, Brannan ne 7th, 55x80; also, Brannan ne 7th, 55x80	10
Geo O Wood to Wm O'Halloran...	Lots 32 and 44, blk 8, People's Hd; also, lots 14 and 26, blk 11, People's H'd...	500
Jas Bowcher to Allan Rutherford..	Bush w Steiner, 27:6x100.....	925
John Paine to Geo Sawyer	Nebraska n Nevada, 50x100.....	1,280
Wm E Carlile to Gerson Harshall .	Folsom sw 3d, 25x75	5,500
M Kelly to James Ambrose.....	Lots 1, 2 and 3, blk 1, Belle Roche City.	100
T J Merse to Celia Morse	Carlos s O'Farrell, 40x57:6.....	Gift
W C Ralston to J C Goldsmith....	1st s Boston Place, s 25, e 67:6, etc.....	4,050
Geo Ruttledge to Geo A Gates.....	Und ¾ 50-vara lot 4, blk 277, W A.....	2,500
Francis W Voll to G Ruttledge	Und ¼ same.....	2,000

Thursday, September 18th.

Harrison St H'd As'n to L H Wells	Lot 6; blk 142, Harrison St H'd	$ 800
Same to Thos Beacom	Lot 40 and 68, same	1,600
Jos A Morgan to Laura H Wells	9th av w K st, 25x100	250
J Stratton to Farm'r & Mech's B'k	Lot 3 blk 424, S S F H'd Ass'n	5
L Hemme to J W Davidson	Cal a w Van Ness Av, 26x137:6	7,000
Robert Barton to Mary W Ransom	Bush e Hyde, 34:4½x137:6, subject to a mortgage for $6,000	9,000
L Becker to C Thistlethwaite	Baker s Broadway, e 122:10, etc	350
Willows Land Ass'n to F Sander	Stevenson n 19th, 25x80	250
City and Co of S F to S Collins	Alabama s 25th, 100x25	prem
P Erzgraeber to Robert Zeile	Elm s w Webster, 45x120	5,000
Edward Barry to G B Dondero	Greenwich e Mason, 40x130	5
F C Gray to Wm M Cubery	Same	500
Wm M Cubery to G B Dondero	Same	5,000
Wm Monahan to Sang Wo	Yolo e Nebraska, 25x100; also, Kansas s Sierra, 25x100	1,400
Same to Same	Sierra e Vermont, 25x100; also, Vermont s Sierra, 22x100; also, Humboldt e Vermont, 25x100	2,100
A M Burns to Henry L Davis	Sansome and Halleck, n 48, e 40, etc	95,000
T J Hughes to Home Mutual In Co	Sanchez and 25th, 114x175	5
Home Mutual In Co to T J Hughes	Sanchez and Jersey, 114x175	5
Julius Baum to Wm Sharon	Jones and Eddy, 137:6x137:6	28,000
Thos Cummins to John J Hayes	20th w Guerrero, 45x114	2,250
Peter H Oster to Clark Avery	Greenwich e Devisadero, 26x85:8½	1,000
Thos Young to James Otis	Com 82:6 s Sutter w Jones, 27:6x27:6	1,000

Friday, September 19th.

Wm E Barron to R C Rogers	Sac'to w Davis, 20x119:6	$6,000
A J Gunnison to Rebecca Hill	Steiner n Sac'to, 25x93:9	3,500
S T King to Alonzo H Rector	Lots 10 and 11, blk 227, Gardenville H'd	88
Pat'k McDonnoll to Geo R Sharp	Lots 43 and 44, blk 9, City Land Ass'n	140
Earl Bartlett to Fred'k Mason	Vermont s Center, 100x100	500
S L Marks to John Darby	Cook n Pt Lobos Av, 25x120	350
Paul Rousset to A F Durney	9th Av s K, w 120 x S to L St, e ½ of blk 777 O L; also, 9th Av s K, e 240:6 S to L st, w 240, n to com, sub O L 776: also, Ne L st and 8th Av, n 225 x e 240, sub O L 775	10
Daniel Kleinhaus to Paul Rousset	10th Av s K, e 120 x S to L St, sub O L 777; also, 10th Av s K, w 240:6 S to L St, e 240, n to com, sub O L 778; also, 11th Av s K, w 240:6, s to L st, e 240, n to com, sub O L 779	10
Vicente Noe to S and L Soc'y	Und ⅔ Horner e Guerrero, e to w l of Camino Real, s to a pt 50 varas n from 24th, w 200, s 50 varas, w to Guerrero, n to Elizabeth, e 100, n 100 to com	8,100
F W Holmes to Same	Und 1-32 ne cor Lone Mountain Cem'ty, s 77 deg 30 min, w 40 ch 35 lks, N ½ deg, e 22 ch 96 lks, n 76 deg, e 37 ch 48 lks, s 9 deg 45 min, e 19 ch to com	500
W R Wadsworth to Same	Und 2-32 same	1,000
B'd of Tide L'd Com'r to D Abrams	Lots 1 to 8, and 21 to 24 inc, blk 798, T L	630

Saturday, September 20th.

Garden T'ct H As'n to W Johnson	Lots 9 and 10, blk 1, Garden Tract H'd	$ 700
John G Beck to G W Chapman	Lot 29, Mission H'd	1,800
Marcus Abrams to J Atkinson	Market sw 6th, 25x90	13,000
David O'Brien to Pat'k Moran	Sanchez n Henry, 25x105	400
University Ex H As'n to G Gaythe	Lot 5 blk 171, University Ex H'd	400
F Barquin to Marcus Abrams	Market sw 6th, 25x90	12,800
Harrison St Hd As'n to S & L Socy	Lot 65, Harrison St H'd	800
City and County S F to L Smith	Solano w Tennessee, 50x200	prem
M W Welton to David Conkling	Laguna n Post, 25x102:11	200
City and Co S F to Jas T Hoyt	Bartlett n 22d, s 56:3, etc; also, Bartlett n 22d, 127:4x3:2	prem
W Wolfsohn to Ger Sav and L Soc	11th nw Howard, 75x100	300
C F Marwedel to John Weichart	Vassar Pl se Harrison, 25x70	2,700
John Meagher to Hugh Whittell	23d e Folsom, 32:6x95	109
Hugh Whittell to Geo H Tay	Same	1,000
Geo H Tay to Henry B Brooks	Same	5
Joh Hill to Wm R Swan	Lot 6, Central Pac H'd Ass'n	350
Ira M Wentworth to R H Yates	Clark e Devisa, 27:6x137:6	4,000
C S Capp to Diederich W Tietyen	Union e Stockton, 35:9x58:9; also, all int in remaining por of said 50-vara	2,250

Monday, September 22d.

Geary St H Ass'n to Mary E Evans	Lot 9 blk 262, Geary St Ex Homestead..	$ 350
Samuel L Theller to F L A Pioche.	Undivided ¼ sw Guerrero and 19th, s 85, n 37 deg, w 30, n 11 deg, w 61, e 31 to commencement	250
Robt Wilson to John Costello.....	Lots 1672 and 1704, Gift Map 3.....	1,000
E D Sawyer to Mary W Kincaid...	E Diamond, 165 n 20th, n 55 x 125; also, w Shotwell, 225 s 14th, s 50 x w .20...	5,000
Jos G Ware to Hartwell Ware.....	W Carr, 87:6 s Paul Ave, s 12:6 x w 100 subdivision blk 2, Garden Tract H'd..	200
J B Neulens to Felix Lariven....	Lot blk 364, Golden City Hd.....	300
Same to same.....	S O'Farrell, 206:3 e Fillmore, e 45:3 x s 120 subdiv W A 307.....	1,000
T L Bibbins to Wm B Swain.....	Commencing at a point 76 ch, due w fm Center post of sec 24 tp 2, s r 6 w, th s 10 ch x w 1 ch containing one acre: subdivision McDonald Tract.....	1,000
Chas C Butler to S M Wilson.....	Undivided one-third, n O'Farrell, 64:10 w Laguna, w 36:4 x n 94:6.....	1
Geo Adams to Richard Tobin.....	Commencing at se cor of 50-vara lot 648 n 12 x e 7:6.....	100
Agnes Birch to Wm R Sloan.....	S Russell w Hyde, 40x60.....	....
Patrick Flood to Mathew Swift....	Und half of lots 7and 8 blk 11, W E M 2	195
E Barrett to David Stewart.....	Se Natoma sw 7th, 25x75.....	3,750
Ursula V Moxley to Chas G Moxley	Nw cor Fell and Franklin, 120x137:6....	Gift
P Demartini to Alfred Rising.....	S Broadway w Dupont, w 37:2, s 66, etc.	500
Alfred Rising to Louis Raffetts....	S Broadway w Dupont, w 17:2, s 60, etc	5,000
Sebastian E Shaw to R H Cowan..	Nw Jersey and Church, 80x100.....	1,050
M O'Brien to Geo Ulshofer.....	Ne 12th Ave nw L st, 100x100	300
F L A Pioche to James Collins....	Lots 22 and 23, blk 49, City Land Assn..	190
Same to Patrick Collins.....	Lots 12 and 13 blk 53, City Land Assn..	190
Wm H Hamlen to Henry Philip....	Und ¼ Harrison & Hawthorne 112:6x156	5,000
Harrison St Hd Assn to J Dickson	Lot 55 blk 142, Harrison St Hd.....	800
Same to Margaret Dickson.....	Lot 56, same	800
Same to Wm Dodd.....	Lot 57, same	800

Tuesday, September 23d.

J C R B Philips to Em Lowenthall	Lot 72, West End Homestead.....	$ 100
A McManus to J Ambrose.....	W York, 104 s 23d, s 26 x w 100	800
Daniel Drussel to Abijah Baker....	Se Natoma, 275 ne 6th, ne 37:6 x se 80—subdiv 100-v 203.....	6,500
Selig Kalisky to Robert Wilson....	Lot 58, City Center H'd.....	600
City and Co S F to W H Mueller..	E Utah, 375 s Yolo, c 100 x s 58—sudiv P N 85.....	Prem
Marie Louise Gaut to H H Schafer	E Hyde, 87:6 s Sutter, s 55 x e 87:6—sub 50:v 1270.....	10
W P C Whiting to same.....	N 16th, 211 e Dolores, e 32 x n 90—subdivision Mission Block 37.....	2,500
Timothy McCarthy to M Higgins..	N Glover, 137:6 w Jones, w 23 x n 60...	400
Thos Farmer to Chas P Seeley....	N 17th e Dolores, 25x115—sub M B 38..	1,800
D Gonzalez to Jacob B Shroyier...	Se Howard, 200 ne 6th, 25x80—sub 100-v 219, subject to a mortg for $3,000.....	6,500
Martin Fallon to Francis B Wilde.	E Folsom, 35 s 23d, 30x90.....	1,500
Jane Ward to John Mayers.....	E Leavenworth, 100 s Vallejo, 200x68:9.	3,350
Silv Ter H'd As'n to H H Bauman	Lots 80 and 81, Silver Terrace H'd.....	634
City and County S F to E Carvalho	Sw 24th and Columbia, s 104 x w 50....	Prem
E Carvalho to P Lyman	Same.....	4,000
H L White to Thos F Morthy.....	Se cor Devisadero and Eddy, 137:6x60..	7,000
Silv Ter H'd Ass'n to J Hahn.....	Lot 303 304 305 306, Silver Terrace H'd.	823
Wm Lee to Michael H Kelley.....	Se Tehama ne 4th, 25x80.....	3,600
John Cherry to Henry G Fiske....	S side of an alley running through the center of 50-vara 596, 57:6 w Mason, w 20x60—sub 50-v 596.....	700
John Hagerty to Jacob Villier.....	N Liberty 255 w Guerrero, 25x114.....	600
Joel S Kennard to Ann A Hoag....	Nw Powell and Ellis, 22x93:6	1
O Y Dick to J Pierre Manciet et al	E Brooklyn Place s Sacramento, 30x57:6 subject to a mortgage for $1,200.....	3,500
Wm Agate to Carl Hinz.....	Sw Spear, 229:2 nw Folsom, 52:11x137:6	1
Carl Hinz to John Pforr.....	Same.....	5,500
C C Bowman to Sav and L Society.	Nw Sansome and Broadway.....	29,500
Anna Maria Evers to S A Franklin	W Fillmore s Kate, 25x96.....	3,400
D F McDonald to Geo E Hinckley	1 acre Donald Tract.....	1,000
Geo E Hinckley to John G Nelson	Same	150
Chas J Newcomb to H Webster...	Sundry lots Outside Lands	500
A A Jennings to Wm R Bovce....	N 19th e Noe, 50x114.....	2,000
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to H F Precht	Sw Dacotah and Amador, 200x200.....	1,161
Same to same.....	E Idaho n Plumas, 100x200.....	600
Wm M Stoddard to E W Harral...	Lot 33 blk 552, Bay Park Homestead...	1

Wednesday, September 24th.

Fred W Pinkham to J F Pinkham	Lot 304, Gift Map No 1	$ 100
S Hancock to Wm Delaney	S Tyler, 100 w Gough, w 30 x s 137:6—subdivision W A 152	2,800
Alfred Leroax to E A Rissling	E Quincy Place, 57:6 s Pine, s 20 x e 57:6 subdiv 50-v 256	2,700
Gustave Reis to Eliza A McEachran	S California, 103 1⅛ e Stockton, e 31 7⅛ s 137:6, w 68:9, n 37:6, e 34:4½, n 100 to commencement, being subdivision 50-v 147	7,500
Ogden Hoffman to Mary A Cany	Nw Mission, 37 ne 100-v 3, thence ne 48 x nw 100	1
City and Co S F to Ogden Hoffman	Same	1
Jean Houreade to Peter Hirshfield	S Bush, 59 e Van Ness Ave, e 30, s 120, w 25, n 60, w 25, n 60: subdivision blk 57 Western Addition	5,500
Thos Byrne	Se 16th and Rondel Place, e 10 x s 115: sub M B 40	850
Jos Burke to Daniel O'Brien	Sw Harriet, 100 nw Folsom, nw 25 x sw 75: subdiv 100-v 229	3,400
Susan White to S Hancock	N Geary, 57:6 e Taylor, e 20 x n 60—subdiv 50-v 205	4,100
Almira M Leighton to Fitel Phillips	E Stockton, 73:6 n Sutter, n 64 x e 137:6 subdiv 50-v 302	250
Chas H Killey to Monson Russell	S Pacific, 137:6 w of Buchanan, w 30 x s 137:6½: subdiv W A 267	5,800
Same to Hugh Corbett	S Pacific, 197:6 w of Buchanan, w 30 x s 117: subdiv W A 267	6,000
Same to Daniel Ross	S Pacific, 167:6 w of Buchanan, w 30 x s 117: subdiv W A 267	5,500
Fitel Phillips to Albert Miller	E Stockton, 73:6 n Sutter n 64 x e 137:6 subdiv 50-v 302	5,000
R A McClure to Jas L Eoff	Lot 18 blk 164, Union H'd	325
J P Treadwell to Chris Chisholm	E Guerrero, 210 S s 17th, s 60 x e 96 9—subdiv M B 70	100
P Lincoln to F A Rutherford	Same	300
A M Hathaway to same	Same	500
F A Rutherford to C Chrisholm	Same	2,100
Sav and Loan Soc to Emile Grisar	Nw Sansome and Broadway, w 109:9 x n 137:6	20,500
Margaret Farmer to H Eckhardt	S California, 164:6 Hyde, w 55 x s 137:6	5,200
J O'Sullivan to Timothy McCarthy	N Glover, 137:6 w Jones, w 24x60	335

Thursday, September 25th.

Patrick Moran to James Cullen	E Capp, 65 s 18th, s 30 x e 122:6—subdiv M B 61	1,900
E L Beard to W W Whitman	Lot 97, blk 185 Central Park H'd	1,800
M A E Balthrop to Lizzie Miller	Lot 397, Gift Map 1	240
Samuel Wand to J M Martin	Sw Van Ness Ave and Geary, s 30 x w 137:6, being subdiv W A 83	7,000
Laurel Hill Cem Ass'n to W Harney	Lot 2039, Laurel Hill Cemetery	112
Gardenville H'd As'n to R Slimmon	Lot 17 blk 210 Gardenville H'd, re-record	55
John F Byxbee to Jacob Nibbe	N Pine, 200 w Larkin, w 100 x n 137:6—subdiv W A 15	13,000

Friday, September 26th.

A Barney to Charles S Barney	Lot 77, Precita Valley Land	$2,500
S Weintraub to Mis St Ex H Ass'n	Lots 191 to 198, 367 to 434 Mis St Ex H'd	5
Robt Lehman to Jos Gutberlet	Sw cor Washington and Codman Place, w 20 x s 57:6, being subdiv 50-v 157	3,600
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to J Howes	Lots 19 and 20, Harrison St H'd	1,600
S Gilmore to James McKeown	Ne 29th Ave 200 nw J st, nw 25 x ne 100	
Pac Mail S Ship Co to D O Mills	N Sacramento, 143.4 e Montgomery, e 40 x n 60—subdiv B and W 188	360 17,500
B G Lathrop to M P Jones	Sw 19th and Harrison, w 245 x s 520, being subdiv M B 52	18,000
City & Co S F to W P Daingerfield	N Fulton, 137:6 w Broderick, w 68:9 x n 137.6, being subdiv W A 529	Prem
Andrew B McCreery to same	Same	10
Henry M Bosworth to J Bobier	N 27th, 80 w Sanchez, w 30 x n 114	400
Wm Matthews to Eugene Avy	N Lombard, at se corner 50-v 527, n 137:6 w 31:3, being subdiv 50-v 527, 536	3,000
Jas P Sargent to Jas Buckley	Undivided ½ se cor Polk and Pac, 60x30	800
Jabez P Clay to same	Undivided ½ same	500
Jas mee to same	E Polk, 60 s Pacific, s 30 x e 30	295
Frank Williams to same	E Dolores, 122 n John, s 122x117:6	1,000
Odd Fel Cem Ass n to J D Neppert	Lot 1, Hope Sec plat 2	108

Saturday, September 27th.

Henry C Edwards to T Jennings..	S Pine, 156:3 w Fillmore, w 25 x s 127:6 subdiv W A 355	$1,250
John Powers to Jos Sparrow.....	Commencing at intersection of se line of Clementina with sw line of Ecker, sw 50, se 50, sw 30, se 25, ne 80, nw 75 to commencement—subdiv 100-v 56...	5
Thos Young to W S Hobart.....	S Sutter, 91:8 e Taylor, e 72:7 x s 137:6—subdiv 50-v 639 and 642.....	41,000
Geary St Ex H As'n to E W Harral	Lots 26, 29 and 30, blk 261, Geary St Extension H'd.....	1,050
Adam Ross to Adam Bootz.....	Lots 41 and 42, Precita Valley Lands....	360
Maria Demorest to Rockwell Stone	W Shotwell, 97 s 20th, s 30 x w 122:6, being subdiv M B 56.....	3,000
Wm Hollis to Fernando Tustin...	W Pearl, 250 n Ridley, n 25 x w 80, being subdiv M B 22.....	2,800
Same to Wm Cowperthwaite.....	E Pearl, 215 n Ridley, n 25 x e 80, being subdiv M B 22	2,800
Same to Rebecca Fart	E Pearl, 240 n Ridley, n 25 x e 80, being subdiv M B 22.....	2,800
P B Hewlett to Chas Hopps.....	N Geary, 80 w Mason w 20 x n 60, being subdiv 50-v 972.....	50
Chas Hopps to Elias J Baldwin....	N Geary, 84 w Mason, w 16 x n 60, being subdiv 50-v 972.....	5,000

Monday, September 29th.

O F Cem'ty As'n to J Catania	Lot 6, Hope Sect plat 2.....	$ 54
A H Cushing to M E Cushing	Und ½ lot 5, blk 14, Market St H'd.....	Gift
P Spreckles to M E R Dempster...	12th w Howard, s 35:3, n 36:9, etc	....
C J Dempster to Peter Spreckles ..	12th w Howard, s 25:3, s 65:11½, etc	....
Harrison St H'd As'n to S Levy....	Lot 59, Harrison St H'd	800
Silver Terrace H'd As'n to same ..	Lots 258 and 259, Silver Terrace H'd....	991
Lewis Goodwin to S and L Soc'y..	23d e Guerrero, 228x50; also, 24th and Guerrero, n 232, e 218:3, etc; also, Elizabeth e Guerrero, 94:6x64:8: also, 23d e Guerrero, s 114, etc; also, Elizabeth e Guerrero, 114x50.....	1
Margaret Felburn to Nora Carl	Lot 240, Gift Map No 1	100

Tuesday, September 30th.

Mark Pixley to Albert Folsom.....	Lot 12 blk 403, S S F H'd.....	$ 700
David Wight to Henry Winkelman	Perry sw 3d, 25x80.....	3,000
Titus Deussing to E A Richardson.	18th e Noe, 25x114	1
University Hd Assn to N Smith....	Lot 3 blk 113, Univ'ty H'd	315
N Smith to Geo W Frink.....	Same	75
Theodore E Smith to Wm Sharon.	Tyler and Leav'th, 137:6x82:6.....	20,000
D Wm Douthitt to Same.....	Polk and Tyler, 137:6x137:6	20,000
Wm Eccles to A F Gomez.....	Nebraska s Sierra, 33:4x100	700
Patk Lannan to Henry Proll.....	Larkin and Clay, 100x27:9.....	2,400
Geo W Frink to Geo Hearst.....	Por blk 851, Outside Lands.....	1
Silver Ter Hd Assn to P Hellrick..	Lots 469 and 470, Silver Terrace H'd....	951
Wm Tynan to Wm J Harney.....	Gough w Oak, 25x75	2,200
Wm J Harney to Margaret Harney	Same	Gift
Samuel M Wilson to C T Ryland..	Blks 166, 167 and 168, Potrero Nuevo	5
Same to Bartlett Doe.....	Blk 168, Potrero Nuevo.....	2,500
D O Mills to Same.....	Same	468
Saml M Wilson to Same.....	Blocks 166, 167, 168	5

Wednesday, October 1st.

John Agnew to Mas Sav and L Bk	Dora nw Bryant, 50x80.....	$1,163
M Cannavan to Same.....	Kearney and Lombard, 137:6x137:6	16,674
John Agnew to Same.....	Jessie sw 6th, 50x75	4,617
R B Dallam to Thos Stealey.....	17th and Guerrero, 180:8x193:6.....	200
Thos Stealey to Andrew J Gunison	Guerrero s 17th, 30x193:6	3.000
Chas H Mead to Horatio N Cook..	Pennsylvania av n Mariposa, 75x100	2,400
Geo Ellis to John Hayes.....	Devisadero n Geary, 25x75	700
Sil Ter Hd Assn to H Kirchheiner.	Lots 242 and 243, Silver Terrace H'd....	831
Same to Same.....	Lot 152, same	756
Same to Same.....	Lots 175 and 176, same	761
Same to Bridget McGlinchy.....	Lots 195 and 196, same	781
Christian Kirk to L H Sweeney...	Taylor n Clay, 120x20; also, und ⅓ Taylor n Clay, 5x120.....	5,250
V D Moody to W S Hobart	Sutter e Taylor, 22:11x81:8.....	7,100
F J C Lavillan to Patrick Larman.	Clay and Larkin, 100x27:9.....	50
Thos O'Connor to Robert Stein....	O'Farrell and Hyde, 87:6x25	9,000
David L Whitney to Giles H Gray.	Lots 3 to 7 inc blk 2; 1 2 3 4 6 blk 10, West End Map 1	5
Giles H Gray to Peter G Partridge.	Same	5

Thursday, October 2d.

Thos O'Brien to Jas B McGowan	Tehama e 3d, 25x80	$3,000
E G Bidleman to D V B Henarie	Stockton and North Pt St, 137:5x137:6	1
G Dougherty to Sav and Loan Soc	Bay and Jones, 137:6x137:6; also, Bay e Leav'th, 68:9x137:6	4,200
H B Forester to C D Vaughan	Pine w Hyde, 19:7½x137:6	8,600
Jos A Hofmann to E W Burr	Lot 35, Spring Valley H'd	700
Wm Scholle to John Halliday	4th nw Folsom, 25x80	7,750
Alpheus M Stetson to A S Edwards	Sac'to w Taylor, 23x120	100
A S Edwards to Francis Haraszthy	Same	100
Conrad Stolz to Daniel Swett	Mission sw 2d, sw 30:4, nw 60, etc	15,000
Bay Park Hd to J P Bush	Lots 27 and 28, blk 558, Bay Park H'd	720
Abraham Levy to Adolph Shriek	Hayes w Buchanan, 50x120	4,500
Chas Wilson to Ferdinand Reis	Se cor w 43d and B sts, e 22:11, etc	1
Leopold Jacobi to Alex Weil	Munich s China av, 150x100; also, Clipper av w Dolores, 26x114	
Hugh D Menton to Ed Barrett	Se Minna 100 sw 7th, 25x80	1,750
Same to Patrick Powers	Se Minna 125 sw 7th, 25x80	1,750
J McCrarth to Mary McCraith	Stockton s Union, 20x57:6	5
Lydia E Welton to Wm H Mead	Geary e Buchanan, 68:9x137:6	1
E S Welton to Same	Same	1

Friday, October 3d.

Wm J Richardson to Mary A Irvin	Farren av s Ellis, 25x90	$ 500
Eliza K McConville to S L Johnson	Lot 6 blk 45, Excelsior H'd	5
S J Johnson to David Barry, Jr	Same	180
Geo A Gates to Rinaldo Fillipini	Und ¼ 50-vara lot 4, in blk 277, W A	445
J B Neulens to Pierre Daniel	Lot 9 blk 366, Golden City H'd; also, Sadowa w Marengo, 25x125	500
Sil Ter Hd Assn to Eliz Crowley	Lot 475, Silver Terrace H'd	420
John M Murphy to J Grollman	Stockton s Filbert, 25:6x137:6, to correct error in former deed	1
Pt Lobos Av Hd Asen to N Cotter	Lot 21 blk 643, Pt Lobos Av H'd	300
John Thompson to C J Flatt	Natoma ne 7th, 25x75	
Geary St E H Asn to J T McDonald	Lot3 10 and 13, blk 261, Geary St Ex H'd	700
Same to William H Brown	Lots 14 and 17, blk 261, same	700
L Moneypennie to C Montgomery	Columbia and 25th, 90x100	1,500
C Moneypennie to E Moneypennie	Lots 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 101 to 104 inc, Holiday Map A	
John Apel to Feargus Honson	Fillmore and Cal'a, 87:6x27	1,500
Antoine Borel to John Apel	Same	1,800

Saturday, October 4th.

Andrew B McCreery to F Metzger	S McAllister, 137:6 w Broderick, w 68:9x6, sub W A 529	$ 10
Silv Ter Hd Assn to M Althalegoyti	Lots 392 and 392, Silver Terrace Hd	681
Same to John Gardner	Lots 363, 364 and 426, Silver Ter Hd	150
Ella Lampe to Chas Sensler	N Union, 122:11 w Baker, w 25, n 131:6, e 10:5, n 94, e 60:6 s 159:3 to com	250
Geo Heart to Peter G Simpson	Undivided ¼, n Jackson, 137:6 e 1st Av n 140:4 x e to line of land conveyed by City to Hugh Crockard	62
City & Co S F to J Boland	E Howard, 200 s 23d, s 62:4, e to nw line of Grant to S F and S J R R, etc, being subdiv M B 153	prem
Jas Boland to Almira N Enos	E Howard, 290 s 23d, s 65:9, e 122:6, n to S line of land claimed by John Center	5,000
E Fascal to John Treat	Sw J and 22d, s 600, w 162:1, n etc, being subdiv O L 747; also, se J and 22d Av, e 210:9, s 601, w 176:6, n 600, sub O L	100
John Nightingale to same	Subdiv sundry O L 936	500
Same to same	Sundry Outside Lands	500
Sheriff to Edmund Brookes	N cor 2d and Clementina, nw 30 x 80	1,365
C T H Palmer to F W Thomas	W Webster, 110 s Sutter, s 27:6 x w 93—subdiv W A 310	200
F W Thomas to S Lowenberg	Same; also, n Hill, 254:6 w Church, w w 50:11 x n 114	1,500
H F Precht to A Alers	Undivided ⅛ lots 6, 7, 14, 15, block 576, Salt Marsh and Tide Lands	150
Same to Hugo Lehmkuhl	Undiv one-third, lots 6 to 14 inclusive in blk 565, same	150
Chas Gayne to Rosalie Desmu	W Dupont, 97:6 n Green, n 20 x w 58:9; subdiv 50-v 374	6,000
J B Lewis to Jeremiah Twohig	W Treat n 24th, 26x122:6	75
Harrison St Hd Assn to C H Aitken	Lots 40 & 42 blk 142, Harrison St H Assn	1,600
Chas H Aitken to M Brandenstein	Se cor 20th and Alabama, 25x104	5
Wm Windsor to Peter H Velbert	Se Howard sw Rausch, 25x75	5

Monday, October 6th.

M Eagan to Henry L Nachtyall....	Tyler w Polk, 5x120	$ 750
Mary K Fales to Edward Fales....	Lot b'd by 17th, Noe, 18th and Castro ..	2
John H Turney to John Satchwell	Mission sw 7th, 25x160	5,500
A McCreery to Jos S Friedman...	Broderick and Fulton, 137:6x275	10
Charles H Killey to P B Nagle.....	Pacific Av e Webster, 117x30	4,800
John B Watson to H W Carpentier	Int in Rancho Laguna de la Merced	....
Frederick Wittram to L Gottig....	Post w Mason, 50x87:6; also, blks 68 and 69, University Mound Survey	13,000
C M Geritchten to Myer Ehrman..	Van Ness Av s Tyler, 48x108	15,500
Andrew Young to B Sarle.....	9th nw Harrison, 25x100	3,000
James Cosgrove to Chas Hacker...	Chattanooga s 21st, 25x75	900
Silver Ter Hd Assn to G Strasser.	Lot 106 to 109 inc, Silver Terrace H'd...	1,303
H P Blanchard to F S Wensigner..	Kimball n Sac'to, 37:6x78:11; also, Sacramento and Leav'th, 137:6x56.....	11,182

Tuesday, October 7th.

Geo W Green to F S Wensinger...	W Kimball, 100 n Sacramento, n 37:6 x w 78:11—subdiv 50-v 1187 and 1222; also, nw Sacramento and Leavenworth, n 137:6 x w 55, subdiv 50x1187.....	$ 10
Jos S Friedman to Luke Dillon...	N Fulton, 276:3 w Broderick, w 25x137:6 subdiv W A 529.....	5
A B McCreery to same	Same	10
Edward S Swan to C Ducommon..	W Arkansas, 433 s Napa, s 50 x w 100—P N 212	1,440
S E Oakley to John B Watson....	Se Folsom, 18:4 ne Hampton Pl, ne 18:4 x se 94, being subdiv 100-v 42	2,960
Anson T Tilson to T F Enright...	Ne Mansell and Amherst, e 120 x n 50..	2
John Parnell to Edward Durkin...	Lots 1 to 12 inclusive, Gift May No 2...	1,860
Theo W Brooks to A C Heinecken..	N Geary, 137:6 w Hyde, w 137:7x137:6—50:v 1362, sub to mortg for $15,000....	20,000
Chloe M Chopman to T W Brooks	Same	10
A Menges to Herman Schussler...	Se Tyler and Van Ness Ave, e 109 x s 120, being subdiv 65 W A.....	20,000
Thos Henry to P G Partridge.....	S Fell, 220 e Octavia, e 27:6x147.....	3,000

Wednesday, October 8th.

Elizabeth M Gunn to E Lundguist	E Kingston, 150 s Berkshire, 25 x e 100.	$ 155
Bd of Tide L'd Com'rs to C J Flatt	Lot 9 blk 571, Tide Lands	182
Gt Pk Hd Ass'n to D W V Voorhies	Lot 16 blk 365	250
F M Pixley to Hiram M Jones.....	S Lombard, 206:9 e Fillmore, e 68:9 x s 137:6—sub W A 325.....	1
H M Jones to Frank M Pixley....	S Lombard, 137:6 e Fillmore, e 68:9 x s 137:6	1
Albert W Brush to Harriet B Brush	All right, title and interest in estate of R W Brush, deceased	5
F A MacDougall to E R Carpentier	N Pine, 77:6 e Montgomery, n 97:6 x e 60 subdiv 50-v 272.....	3,000
Rebecca Bradford to E M Jackson	Lot 103, Gift Map 2.....	1
Thos Farrell to Margaret O'Rorke.	S Brush, 27:6 e Gough, e 27:6 x s 120....	3,000

Thursday, October 9th.

Arthur K Hawkins to J M English	Commencing at intersec se Market with sw 272:6 x se 195—subdivision Mission block 5	40,000
B'd of Tide Ld Com'rs to C J Flatt	Lot 10 blk 571, Tide Lands	140
Marian Hill to Henry Casebo'dt...	Se Pierce and Green, e 120, s to a line etc	2,500
Bay Pk Hd Ass'n to Albert Lusk..	Lots 26, 45, 46, 47, blk 559, and lot 48 blk 552, and lot 26 blk 551, Bay Pk Hd....	2,160
John Center to John Morgan.....	E Folsom n 22d, n 60 x e 123:6—subdivision M B 54.....	1
Samuel Monks to Hib Sav & L Soc	S Broadway, 137:6 w Hyde, w 77:9 x s 137:6—subdiv W A 1383	5
Chas C Volberg to Fred C Wider..	Sw Mary, 118 w Howard, sw 60 x nw 21	2,900
Henry A Crane to John S Hand..	N of Oak, 82:6 e Webster, e 55 x n 120—subdiv W A 287.....	4,750
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to R Maguire	Lot 77 blk 142 Harrison Street Hd.....	800
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to J C Eggers	Lot 20 Silver Terrace Homestead.....	320
Same to J F G Eggers.....	Lot 387 same.....	375
Same to same.....	Lot 79 same.....	325
John Bensley to Carl Bartlett.....	Blk 96, Potrero Nuevo	1,000
F Dumartheray to Fred Mason....	Sundry blks Potrero Nuevo	1,000
Bd of Tide L Comrs to C M Conlin	Se Perry sw 4th, 25x80	8
Jabez P Clay to James M Parker..	Certain undivided property in W A.....	5,000
Same to Catherine Welch	Lot 28 and 29, same.....	1,600
Bay View Hd to Matthias Gray....	Lot 4 blk 465, Bay View Homestead	500
Martha B Hunt to J B Meisch.....	N 20th e Valencia, 25x85	125

Friday, October 10th.

Chas Kohler to Franz Aicher	E Stockton, 137:6 s Filbert, n 45 x e 137:6, being subdiv 50-v 426	$7,500
E H Holmes to Mabell A Carrison	Nw 36 Avenue and S st, n 199:10, etc; also, nw 35th Ave and S st, w 240, n 195:1, e 240:6, s 179:1½	700
Paul Banker to same	Lot 30, Fountain Plot, Masonic Cem	100
City and Coun S F to P J Thomas	E Valencia s 24th, s 65 x e 117:6, being subdiv M B 170	prem
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to C J Flatt	Lot 11 blk 571	140
John M Van Dyke to R Hamilton	Se Minna, 310 ne 6th, ne 72:6 x se 75, being subdiv 100-v 202	
C H Chamberlain to Fred A Hyde	S 25th, 152:9 e Sanchez, e 50:11 x s 114	650
D Brommer to Claus Brommer	W cor Bryant and 6th, nw 75 x ne 135	45,000
Claus Brommer to D Brommer	Sundry properties in south part of city	40,000
Great Park Hd Ass'n to Jos White	Lots 6 and 7, blk 363	500
Jos White to D Gonzalez	Same	200
Trus Calv Pres Church to D Poole	W Powell, 97:6 n Geary, n 40 x w 137:6	10,500
T W Brooks to A C Heineken	N Geary, 137:6 w Hyde, w 137:6, subject to a mortgage for $15,000, re-record	20,000
H L Nelson to Sav and Loan Soc	Ne Guerrero and 24th, e 305, n 524:9, w 275:6, s 228, w 100, s 292 to com	600

Saturday, October 11th.

J Grollman to Agostina Piaggio	E Stockton, 67 s Filbert, s 25:6 x e 137:6 subdiv 50-v 426	$5,000
H L White to Edward Herringhi	Lot 12, Precita Valley Lands	1
Mrs T R White to same	Same	800
Silv Ter H'd Ass'n to J Bachmann	Lots 260 and 261	991
Same to same	Lots 86, 87, 88 and 89	1,273
Wm Buschmann to August Kaese	Commencing at a point 134:6 e Powell, 105:6 n Broadway, n 32 x e 71:9	1,800
John Ohring to same	N Pacific e Larkin, 21x60, sub 50-v 1401	1,300
Bd Tide Ld Com'rs to H Schwerin	Lots 13, 14, 15, 16, blk 783, Tide Lands	756
Chas A Merrill to G H Winterburn	Nw 24th and Sho'well, w 32 x n 90—sub Mission Block 153	1,500
Wm B Bourne to L Loupe	Ne Sacramento and Front, e 60 x n 60—subdiv B and W 473 and 474	29,250
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to C J Flatt	Lot 12 blk 571	182
L F Holtz to Chas Semler	Lot 114 blk 571, Central Park Hd	275
Peter Schiefer to John H Shafer	W Leroy Place, 70:6 s Sacramento, s 23x w 58:9—sub 50-v 1129	600
Harrison St H Asn to W H Morton	Lot 75 Harrison St Hd	800
Same to Thos Holleran	Lot 65 same	800
Celeste Gatier to F E Gatier	Sundry lots in Gift Map 2	1
Daniel E Hayes to Wm W Johnston	W Folsom, 145 n 24th, n 55x122:6	5,000

Monday, October 13th.

Martha B Hunt to Patrick Conlin	E Stevenson, 210 n 20th, n 25x80—sub M B 67	$ 100
Bd of Tide Land Com to C J Flatt	Lot 1, blk 559, Tide Lands	230
Silver Ter Hd Assn to G C Landis	Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, Sil Terrace Hd	1,234
Mathew Swift to Joseph Devitt	Lot 9, blk 11, West End Map 2	200
Joseph Dieves, Sr to R C Johnson	W Mason 68:9 s Vallejo, s 68:9 x w 100—subject to a mortgage for $8,000	2,500
Andrew J Coffee to Same	W Mason, 137:6 n Broadway, n 68:9x100	5
Elizth Jenkins to William De Goey	N Francisco, 91:8 w Mason, n 120, e 22:11, s 40, e 68:9, s 20 w 68:9, s 60, w 22:11 to com; also, w Mason, 100 s Bay, s 20x 68:9; also w Powell, 60 s Bay, s 20x68:9	
City and Co of San Fco to M Baker	Portions Outside Lands blk 95, 96, 97; also blk 98, 99, 100, 101, 102; also por blk 103, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155; also, com at a pt 600 n fr Cala, 99:6 e fr 33d Ave, n 9 deg, w 6:2-11 ch, contg 63:71-100 acres	
A M Randolph to R K Randolph	S Bush, 167:9 w Hyde, w 77:3 x s 137:6—subdivision 50 v 1367	1
J R Randolph to A M Randolph	E Montgomery, 62:6 n Post, n 50, e 87:6, s 25, w 25, s 25, w 62:6 to com	1
Jos A Hoffmann to Anton Roman	Se Octavia and Green, e 53:6 x s 137:6	1
Thos S Miller to Wm H Sharp	50 v 1455—se cor Lombard and Kearny, s 137:6 x e 137:6	3,000
Wm Warner to Geo H Mitchell	Lot 17 blk 4 College Hd	5
Wm Hollis to A J Gunnison	E Steiner n Sacramento, 25x93:9	3,500
Isaac Rowell to L L Robinson	S Washington w Cherry, s etc	250
Benj E Arnold to Wm W Knight	Se M st 100 e cor 5th Ave, etc	100
Francis Roes to John Parnell	Lots 1 to 18 inc, Gift Map 2	1,800
Harris Myers to L R White	Undiv half 13 acres near Lone M Cem	1,500

Tuesday, October 14th.

Henry F Williams to S M Wilson	Und 3-16 blk 166, 167, 168, Potrero Nuevo	$ 10
Maurice Enkle to Paolo Reale	N Green 137:6 e Dupont, e 20:3 x n 70:6—sub 50 v 376, subj to a deed of trust for $1,434	2,665
Sil Ter Hd Assn to August Muller	Lot 69, Silver Terrace Hd	322
Same to Same	Lots 96, 97, 98, Silver Terrace Hd	1,007
David Hewes to George M Condee	Nw Townsend, 68:9 sw 4th, sw 22:11 x nw 120—sub S B and w 14	6,000
Jas Lick to Cala Academy Science	Se Market, 195 sw 4th, se 195, sw at an of 45 deg to a pt 275 feet fr sel Market, nw 275 to Market, ne 80 to com—sub 100 v 126	Gift
Bd Tide Land Com to C J Flatt	Lot 16, blk 559, Tide Lands	180
Same to Jonathan Peel	Lots 1 to 12, 14 to 24, blk 846, Tide Lands	720
J B Felton to Henry Pichoir	S 17th, 270 e Valencia, e 10 x s 100—sub M B 69	800
E L Sullivan to Henry McCrea	Se Clement and 10th Ave, e 240 x s 225; also, nw Pt Lobos Ave and 9th Ave, w 240 x n 225; also, nw A and 6th Ave, w 240 x n 225; also, se Pt Lobos Ave and 7th Ave, e 240 x s 255; also, blk 295 and 289, Outside Lands	5
L F Thompson to E L Sullivan	Barstow's Ranch, containing 173 acres	1
John D Knell to Fredk G E Tittel	N Page, 137:6 w Franklin, w 27:6 x n 120—sub W A 142	3,000
Wm Hollis to John Livingston	E Guerrero, 150 n Ridley, n 25 x e 80—sub M B 22	3,600
E W Burr to Henry Barroilhet	Lots 11, 12, blk 18, Noe Garden Hd; also, lots, 7, 8, blk 76, and 5, 6, blk 7, E Hd	1
George Ellis to Matthew Mugan	Com at a pt 75 w from Devisadero, 125 n fr Geary, w 25 x s 52—sub W A 505	800

Wednesday, October 15th.

Donald Bruce to Johanna Haggerty	W Williams 62:6 n Geary, n 25x50	$ 110
Felton Tract H Assn to J M Pike	Lots 21, 22, 23 & 24, blk 1203, Felt T Hd	683
Thos De Vries to Maria Pescia	S Broadway e Kearny, 37:6x57:6	4,300
Peter S McNeil to Emil Loeven	S Clay, 60 w Hyde, s 72 x w 20	150
Spring Val H'd Ass'n to B Lassens	Lots 166 and 167, Spring Valley H'd	720
Edward H Parker to J F Hough	N Pine w Laguna, 68:9 x n 137:6	5,000
Jeremiah Baldwin to Ellen Flynn	E Florida n Butte, 25x100	700
Michael Brogan to E McLaughlin	S Hunt 80 e 3d, s 55, e 5¾ in, n etc	5
James Lick to Soc Cal Pioneers	Subdiv 100-v 126	Gift
John Nuttall to Thomas Adam	W Gough n Grove, n 35:4x137:6	5,200
Thos Gardiner to John McGlashan	N Post 52 w Dupont, 23x74	11,000
Martha B Hunt to Land Pur Ass'n	E Stevenson s 19th, 25x80	125
J C Bideman to Wm Geiman	Se Turk and Van Ness Av, s 120x109	6,050
Wm Geiman to Land Purch Ass'n	E Van Ness Ave s Turk, 70x190	1
Ger Sav & Building Co to F Staud	E Steiner s Waller, 24x81:3	720
F Staud to Ger Sav & Building Co	Sw Van Ness Ave and Fulton w 109:9 x s 120—sub W A 75, subj to mortgage	18,000
E McLaughlin to Michael Brogan	S Hunt e 3d, s 22, etc	5

Thursday, October 16th.

Samuel R Dyer to J B Laporte	N Oak, 27:6 e F ranklin, e 27:6 x n 120—subdivision W A 73	$3,650
J P Laporte to David Pomeroy	Same	3,650
A J Gunnison to A J Plate	E Guerrero, 158:8 n 18th, n 25 x e 96:9—subdivision M B 70	950
Edwd Martin to Mary E Tillman	N Hayes, 81:3 w Lagnna, w 25 x n 120—subdivision W A 222	1,700
Jas Petterson to Edward Sweeney	W Folsom, 42:3¾ n 23d, w 80 x n 22:8¾—subdivision M B 138	4,500
E Suskind to Dorothea Rosenberg	Sw Ellis and Hyde, s 137:6 x w 137:6—subdivision 50 v 1331	5
Commrs Funded Debt to J Roche	S cor Stewart and Howard, sw 45:10 x se 23 —subdivision B and W 731	75
Jas Roche to W T Tinnin	Same	500
Bd of Tide Land Com to C J Flatt	Lot 2, blk 559, Tide Lands	180
Chris B Wyatt to M L Selfridge	Sw Cala and Pierce, w 137:6 x s 137:6—subdivision W A 426	4,500
John Allen to Jeremiah Riordan	N Broadway, 68:6 e Leavth e 23 x n 60	1,800
John H Hassett to Julia Hassett	Lot 16 blk 91, Buena Vista Homestead	250
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to J McCarty	Lot 26 blk 142, Harrison St Hd	800
Same to Frederic Preatorious	Lot 25, same	800

Friday, October 17th.

S A Morrison to Edward Ford.....	S McAllister, 137:6 w Scott, s 137:6 x w 137:6 —subdivision W A 449.....	$ 300
Jas Lick to California Pioneers ...	Sw 4th, 195 se Market, sw 195, thence at an angle 45 deg sw to pt dist 275 sw fr 4th, n 275, nw 80 to com.....	Gift.
Geary St Ex Hd Asn to J F Byxbee	Lot 40, blk 262.....	350
John M Martin to John Darby	S Natoma, 175 sw 7th, sw 24:7 x nc 75 ..	1,000
Benj H Ramsdell to G S Wright ..	Lots 135, 163, 139, 140, blk 22, Mission and 30th St Hd.....	100
Julius George to J W Prior	Re-record.....	....
J P McKenna to Geo D Gilmour ..	Sw Garden, 225 se Harrison, se 50 x sw 75	2,600
Frank F Taylor to John Everding	S Francisco, 160:6 w Mason, w 23 x 55—subdivision 50 v 1496.....	[illegible]
John P Beering to Same	S Francisco, 183:6 w Mason, w 10 x 55—subdivision 50 v 1496.....	375
J L Eoff to Elizth Livingston	Se 29th Ave and Clement, e 10 2 s 8 deg 30 min, e 73:1; also, s Clement, 10:2 e 29th Ave, e 88:11, s 8 deg 30 min, e 64 .	[illegible]
Amos Mecartney to M O'Connor ..	Lot 95, Precita Valley Lands	475
James S Handlin to D Gonzalez ..	Lot 4, blk L, R R Hd	300
Same to J J Fraser	Lot 6, blk 82, Terminus Hd	600
J J Fraser to John McPherson....	W ½ Same.....	300
Silver Ter Hd Assn to J Grollman	Lot 716, Silver Terrace Hd.....	315
Henry Mahan to John W Nye.....	Lot 11, blk 643, Point Lobos Ave Hd ...	400
John W Nye to John F Byxbee.....	Same.....	350
F L A Pioche to Wm F Smith.....	Lots 33, 34, blk 45, City Land Assn	180
Jacob Haaf to Margaretha Haaf...	N Eddy, 225 w Larkin, w 50 x 120	Gift

Saturday, October 18th.

A de L de Laguna to T McInerney	Lot 13, blk 223, Golden City Hd; also, lot 6, blk 256, Golden City Hd, and part of Marin St, subject to mort for $300....	$ 400
Daniel Ryan to John Duff.....	N Broadway, 57:1 e Maple, e 219:1, n 343, sw to e l Maple, s 251:3, se 57:6 to com	1,000
Solomon Marks to Jas Ambros....	S Sacto, 79:6 e Powell, e 23:6½ x s 68:9—subdivision 50 v 123.....	2
Wendel Gebhardt to H N Cook....	S Santa Clara, 100 w Penn Ave, s 250, w 100, ne to com—subdivision P N 306..	5,000
Timothy Ellworth to Geo W Fink.	Se Minna, 70 sw 8th, sw 195 x 80—sub 100 v 286; also, lots Nos 16 to 31 inc, e ½ lot 15, blk 251, O'N and H; also, se Market, 109 s w Sanchez, s 154 x se 110; also, 50 v lots 2, 3, 4, 5, in W A b'k 558; also, lot on Dolores, 25 x 100 M B 78; also, lots 44, 45, blk 3 Garden Tct Hd; also, lots 35, 36, blk 559, Bay Park Hd	14,000
R W Kent to Amelia A Brown	S Clark 100 w Drum, w 37:6 x s 60; also, w Hubbard, 112:6 s Howard, w 112:6 x s 82:6 subject to mortgage.....	1,635
Richard Broderick to A Hayward .	N Post, 91:8 w Jones, w 22:11½ x 68:9—sub 50 v 1088, subject to mort.....	7,000

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
T B Bigelow to J Fannon	Oakland: E line Henry 170:3 s from R R Ave, thence s 25x125	$ 450
M & J Kelly to E J Kelly	Same: 367x224 se cor 22d and Adeline	1
E C Sessions to Blethen & Terry	Same: N line 1st 100 w from Broadway, thence w 50x100	2,500
Z Kelly to A King	Same: N line West 104 e from Center, thence e 78x110	2,000
I C Wingate to M & B Quigley	Same: S line 4th 125 e from Clay, thence e 25x100	725
Durant & Bigelow to J C Phelps	Same: N line 5th 50 w from Chester, thence w 25x96	500
L Putzon to F Sinram	Same: N line Everett 135 w fr Willow, thence w 5x106:3	5
F Sinram to L Putzon	Same: N line Everett 115 w fr Willow, thence w 5x106:3	5
G Tait to J T Dille	Same: N line 14th 100 e from Webster, thence e 80x103	3,200
A J Gladding to P S Wilcox	Same: Parts blks N and M, Peralta H'd Tract	1
B Maloon to E Allen	Same: 100x75 se cor Brush and 9th	5
T B Bigelow to A Bruning	Same: E line Lewis 100 s from R R Av, thence s 25x125	475
H Mackie to E M Hale	Same, E line Castro 53:9 s from 20th st, thence s 50x100	1
J E Caine to S T Staniford	Same: N line 10th st 100 w from Grove, thence w 50x100	3,500
M E & A P Brayton to E J Crand	Same: E line Brush 100 n from 12th st, thence n 25x87:6	5
J L Barker to A Gensoul	Same: N line Middle 160 e from Peralta, thence e 160x145	....
T B Bigelow to H M Roach	Same: W line Henry 100 s from R R Av, thence s 25x125	475
Armes & Sather to P Coleman	Same: N line 5th 75 e fr Linden, thence e 25x110	550
M Gonzles to S A Webster	East Oakland: Ne line Adams 50 se from Larne, thence se 25x140	600
Same to Same	Same: Lots 9 to 15 in blk 90, Clinton	700
R Birnie to G R de Buelna	Same: Ne line Adams 125 se fr Larne, thence se 100x140	Gift
A Buelna to R Birnie	Same: Same	1
P Morrissey to C Morrissey	Same: 300x300 Harrison, Monroe, Jones and Benton; also, 150x300 Webster, Harrison, and nw by Jones	2
C Motty to P Bartlett	West Oakland: 130:7x100:4 nw cor Wood and R R Av	5,000
S E Alden to H L Lewis	Near Temascal C'k and Telegraph Ave: Lot 61, Temascal Park	450
A Manning to A Murphy	Same: 2 acres and 200x330	5,000
W E Brown to A Brown	Alameda: ¼th int 67 acres Central Ave, S F Bay and e by Chestnut st	6,875
Same to S S Montague	Same: ¼th in same	6,875
Same to E H Miller	Same: ¼th int in same	13,750
E B Mastick to J Heron	Same: 281:5 on Central Av and S F Bay	1
S & L Lacy to W E Brown	Same: Por Alameda Park Tract, s by S F Bay, and w by Park st	30,000
W F Cashman to W & M Cashman	Near Alvarado: 100 acres	1
A Mendenhall to Jesse Bowles	Near Livermore: A Tract	400
W M Mendenhall to P Willson	Same: 2 acres	200
R R Saunders to G C Stanley	Same: 969 acres	19,823
W Watson to D Callahan	4 miles ne from San Leandro: 400 acres	500
Marks & Gleeson to L Loher	Near Mission San Jose: 85 acres	200
A M Peralta to P P Castro	Brooklyn T'p: 4 acres near Fruit Vale av and San Leandro old road	1,200
W S Thompson to F Reis	Same: 65 acs and 50 acs Redwoods Av	4,763
F Peralta to W Corbett	Same: 50 acres San Leandro C'k	8,100
A D Splivalo to A Bona	Same: 34 acres near Fruit Vale av and San Leandro old road	1
J M Ingalls to W F Ingalls	Near Alvarado: 220x230	1
M Lyons to D Hallar	Near Mission San Jose: 59 acres	3,100
M La Grange to J Antonio	Near Pleasanton: 256 acres	12,500
J O'Regan to A J Gosch	San Leandro: 9¾ acres	3,667
A J Gladding to Trust's O B of Sav	Oakland: Block L, Peralta H'd Tract	1
R Perrin to C H Pollard	Washington T'p: The A B Forbes place	4,125

C H Pollard to R L Tracey	Same: Same	5,000
K McLean to L Loher	Near Mission San Jose: 85 acres	....
R P Smith to C McLaughlin	3 miles sw from Dublin	1,000
G W Bond to J P Rosa	Near Centerville: 20 acres	2,700
S Baker to T Miller	Near Washington Corners: A Tract	1,100
J A Bitz to A Esdon	Pleasanton: A Lot	250
J J Peralta to R Morton	On San Leandro Creek: 107 acres	1
L Tunison to N P Cole	Livermore: Lots 4, 5 and 6 in blk 13	1,958
W Meek to E Lewelling	San Lorenzo: 6 acres	2,930
A C Merriman to C C Valberg	Alameda: W line Euclid 440 s from R R Ass'n then s 200x233 and 142	2,900
R Pohlmann to N J Banlen	Same: 267x300 sw cor Santa Clara and McPherson	5,500
Grant & Taylor to Berkely L & S I A	4 miles n from Oakland: 50 acres near San Pablo Avenue	....
S A Penwell to same	Oakland Tp: Part of plot 64	....
L Hamilton to same	Same: Part plot 66	....
T B Bigelow to J Armiston	Oakland: S line R R Avenue 125 w from Chester thence w 50x95:3	950
D & C McDougal to A E Roberts	Same: N line 27th st 215 e from West st thence e 25x106	250
S K Rogers to S Thomson	Same: W line Washington 63 s frm 11th st thence s 37x90	3,500
A J Gladding to J M Gladding	Same: S line Hobart 391 w from Telegraph thence w 150x220	5
B Maloon to E Allen	Oakland: 100x75 se cor 9th and Brush	1,060
M Kelly to E J Kelly	Same: S 22d 150 e Adeline, 168:6x100	1
W Buschmann to J H Volken	Same: E line San Pablo 111 s from Locust, thence s 55:6x114	1,3 0
C Baggo to C Sullivan	Same: 104:9x80 nw cor Cypress and 16th	1,000
N Schwartz to H J Lynch	Same: W Filbert 144 s from 5th, thence s 25x125	1,461
B'd of Education to Cont & Fin Co	Same: 125x100 sw cor 6th and Alice	6,000
E M Hall to J O Darrow	Same: E line Alice 50 n from 13th st, n 50x100	6,000
A Fanbairn to D C Thompson	Same: W line Harrison 506 n from 14th st, thence n 40x150	1,600
J L Barker to Same	Same: 275x295:8 (lots 34, 35, 36), Buena Vista H'd	11,000
E C Dunning to M J Ryan	Same: N line 6th 75 e from Clay, thence e 25x100	1,800
F Warner to W N Ballow	Same: E Myrtle 100 from 28th st, thence n 50x125	800
T B Bigelow to P Garvey	Same: W line Chester 146:3 s from R R Av, thence s 25x125	450
W Bemtz to M M Tinkham	Same: E line Franklin 37:6 n from 11th, thence n 37:6x100	3,200
H W Coe to D H Crocker	Same: Lots 68 and 69, Buena Vista H A	5,000
G McDonald to D C Thompson	Same: W line Harrison 406 n from 14th, thence n 100x150	4,000
M T Dusinbury to W W Garthwaite	Same: 70:8x127 se cor 16th and Adeline	1,200
J Batchelder to M J Dusinbury	Same: ½ int lands Adeline, Chestnut, 14th, and Linden	....
H Durant to C A Moskeman	Same: W line Chester 125 n from 3d st, thence n 50x125	800
E L Wetmore to M H Wetmore	Same: N line Locust 110 w from Valley, thence w 40x123; also, W line Valley 123 n from Locust, thence n 40x130	2,000
D P & A Barstow to P W Bellingall	Same: W line Filbert 150 n from 18th, thence n 50x124:6	1
P W Bellingall to C M Bellingall	Same: W line Filbert 100 n from 18th, thence n 100x124:6	Gift
T B Bigelow to P Dempsey	Same: E line Chester 200 s from R R av, thence s 50x125	950
D McDougal to M A Atkin	Same: 25x90 se cor 28th and West	Gift
W Buschmann to M L Morris	Same: N line Chester 800 w from Telegraph, thence w 100x109:4	1,500
A G Abell to M E Mason	East Oakland: Lot 3 in blk 65, Clinton	1
A B Webster to J Mullen	Same: 75x140 w Contra Costa & Adams	2,700
H Tubbs to S McDonald	Same: Se line Jones 50 sw from Lacey, thence sw 100x150	800
Geo Dixon to M Dixon	Same: 100x150 e cor Taylor and Monroe	100
H Schunck to F Chase	Same: Sw line Wash'n 191 nw fr Commerce, thence nw 25x100	3,000
W W Chipman to C P R R Co	Alameda: Strip 100 ft wide across Marsh	1
C A Freeman to F Pancoast	Same: 100x140 nw cor Buena Vista and Everett	750
Jinks & Mead to J W Fisher	Same: S line Clement 320:6 e from Everett, thence e 90x150; also, S line Washington 266:9 e from Everett, thence e	1,450

Photographed by BRADLEY & RULOFSON,
No. 429 Montgomery Street.

ALFRED PARAF.

ALFRED PARAF.

Among European nations the French have always taken the highest rank as chemists. The analytical resolution of the elementary matters of nature is peculiarly adapted to the mental organization of the Latin race. From the time of Lavoisier to the present day the French school of chemistry has been premature. In like manner the Germans excel as philologists, and love to penetrate to the roots of words, but for brilliant discoveries in scientific chemistry as well as for its application to the useful arts the French nation is without a rival. The subject of our sketch is a striking elucidation of the truth of our remarks.

Alfred Paraf was born on the 10th of June, 1844, in the town of Mulhouse, France. Mulhouse, as most of our readers know, is one of those cities that has risen to importance within the last two generations by reason of its manufacturing industry. Its fabrics of calico and muslin, especially printed calicos, are renowned throughout France, and it is perhaps this fact which influenced the subsequent pursuits of M. Paraf. The great grandfather of Alfred Paraf was one of the first calico printers and dyers in Mulhouse; his grandfather owned the largest print works there from 1815; his father is well known all over the world for producing the finest colors on calico since 1830 to the present day.

In 1858 he was sent to Paris to study under the celebrated chemist Schutzenberger, a name familiar to all students, and the author of many valuable treatises on chemistry. The young man entered ardently into the study of his profession, and the following year, when he was only fifteen years old, at an age when boys are more inclined to give themselves up to the pleasures offered by the capital, he read his first original essay before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, and received in return from that body an encouraging and very complimentary report. The subject matter of his paper was, the extraction of luteolin (the coloring matter of weld), and when we say that the favorable report came from the well-known old academicians, Chevreul and Payen, we have said enough to convince those who know anything about the matter, of the merit of the paper.

That M. Paraf continued his connection with, and enjoyed the confidence of his early teacher, as well as pursued the subject of this, his maiden essay, we may gather from the fact, that a year or two later we find in the records of philosophical transactions with respect to the extraction of luteolin, the coloring matter of weld (*reseda luteola*), as follows: "Schutzenberger and Paraf exhaust the plant with alcohol, precipitate the extract with water, and heat the precipitate with water to 250 degrees in a steel apparatus. The luteolin then crystalizes on the sides of the vessel in cooling. By prolonged heating with ammonia it is completely dissolved, forming a deep yellow solution." Luteola, we may observe, is used in dying or printing textile fabrics.

In 1862, the young chemist of eighteen years produced rosolic acid by a new method. Formerly it was a compound produced by the oxydation of phenol in the presence of alkalis. When boiled with aniline and a little benzoic acid, it formed a splendid permanent blue dye. This process, although satisfactory as regarded the result, was both tedious and expensive, so Paraf, still in co-operation with Schutzenberger, set to work and produced rosolic acid by heating de-odophenol in contact with common air. Subsequently he formed the same acid by a mixture of carbolic acid and iodine, producing thereby an important red coloring matter.

Two years before this, namely, in 1860, M. Paraf had read before the Industrial Society of Mulhouse an original paper on the action of ammonia upon coloring matters. This paper opened out a new field of discovery peculiarly interesting to the Mulhouse manufacturers, and the author was unanimously voted the prize gold medal of the society. After having completed his studies, he settled in his native town and devoted his talents to the improvement of her varied industries.

In 1863–64, we find M. Paraf fairly launched into practical chemistry, and one of his most important inventions at this period was the production of his aniline black, which was one of the triumphs of that year. Aniline is derived from the Portuguese word *anil* (indigo), and is synonomous with the technical term phenylamine. Aniline itself and the salts of aniline are colorless when pure, but by the action of various chemical agents, as well even by exposure to the air, a great number of coloring matters may be obtained. Aniline may be produced by distilling indigo with caustic potash, or from plenol and ammonia, or from nitrobenzol; but the cheapest and most common product is from coal tar, where it exists ready formed. The first aniline black was formed by the admixture of tartrate of aniline with sal ammonia in connection with chlorates and cupric sulphides. On the 7th November, 1865, a patent was taken out by Paraf for his new color, which he claimed to be, "The producing an analine black upon fabrics or yarns by the action of chloric acid, and free chlorine upon aniline or its homologues," and the process is described as follows: "This invention consists in impregnating the cloth with a mixture of one-half an ounce of arsenious acid, five ounces of chlorate of potash, and one gallon boiling water; after which the cloth is dried without washing. It is then printed or dyed with a composition of one part of muriatic aniline and one part of hydrofluosillic acid. After printing, the cloth is placed in a damp room at a temperature of ninety degrees, until a dark olive green shade appears, after which the cloth is passed through an alkaline solutiun, which produces the required shade."

In February, 1866, a further patent was taken out for aniline black, consisting in using chloric acid, combined with bases which form salts more soluble than the chlorate of potash generally used in preparing fabrics for dyeing, such for instance as soda, baryta, etc. Also, the use of the chlorites and hypochlorites in place of the chlorates in dyeing and printing.

In December of the same year the patent was again slightly modified. This aniline black had an immense success. It was found to be the only fast black for calico, and since its introduction in 1864, more than six million pieces of calico, of fifty yards each, have been printed with this important new color. No other black dye has ever been able to super-

sede it or even to come near it for durability and brilliancy. It has been attempted to apply it to woolen fabrics, but only with partial success, the reason probably being that the black is precipitated in flocks too large to penetrate into the pores of the animal fibres. The actual composition of aniline black is not precisely known, but the value of M. Paraf's invention is universally admitted.

Not satisfied with the success of his aniline black, we find M. Paraf, in 1865, bringing out a new aniline green, which was at first called violet-green, and consisted in subjecting the violets of trimethylrosaniline, or the violets of methylaniline, to the action of an excess of alcoholic iodide. The green color thus produced having a slight tinge of blue, it yielded in combination with picric acid, a great variety of shades of green, picric acid itself possessing the property of coloring tissue yellow. This new green became as popular in its way as the aniline black, but further patient researches enabled M. Paraf in this same year to produce a chemical agent that would fasten all aniline colors on cotton goods. This was done by the mixture of a solution of arsenic in glycerine, and it was found fully to answer the purpose.

Aniline dyes, so called, are not obtained from pure aniline, but from a mixture of aniline and a substance called toluidine, formed from toluol, which resembles benzol in many respects, and the treatment for the production of toluidine is almost the same as that for aniline. It is also noteworthy that many of the aniline dyes bear historical names, thereby marking the date of their invention; thus, for instance, the chloride of rosaniline, one of the loveliest of the aniline dyes, is known by the name of Magenta, whilst another equally popular color is called Solferino.

The use of iodine in the mechanical arts having wonderfully increased of late years, its cheap production became a matter of considerable importance, and naturally our young chemist's attention was drawn to the subject, so that during 1866 his studies were mainly directed to the production of iodine and bromine from sea-tangle, or sea-weed. Kelp, in the United States and Scotland, means sea-weed in its natural state, but in chemistry it is understood to be incinerated sea-weed. Sometimes kelp is formed by the action of sulphuric acid, and at other times it is distilled with superheated steam. The kelp, in whatever manner prepared, was digested in hot water, the filtrate and washings neutralized by hydrochloric acid, after which chlorine was passed into the solution and the liquid shaken up, with about one-fourth its volume of carbon-bisulphide to liberate the iodine and bromine. M. Paraf, however, extracted the iodine and bromine from sea-weed by simply roasting it with caustic alkalis.

The next year, 1867, was rich in patents. In March 19th, one was taken out for new compounds for dyeing and printing textile fabrics; on the 2d April, for a process of cleaning textile fabrics or yarns soiled in dyeing; on the 23d of the same month, a patent was taken out by M. Paraf for an important improvement in calico printing, in the shape of the deposition of a heavy coating of copper on a polished cast-iron roller, for the purpose of printing and finishing. On the 6th August, the industrious inventor took out a patent for preparing purified ammonia from ammoniacal stock, such as gas refuse, etc., by distillation and the vapor passing through charcoal to a condensing worm. In September he goes back to his black again, and we find a patent recorded for the process of producing black in dyeing and printing operations, by means of asphaltum

and albumen, the asphaltum being dissolved in a neutral solvent, and the albumen in water, afterwards printed and exposed to steam heat.

In December, after so many productions of dyes and chemical agents, M. Paraf turned his attention to the production of textile fabrics from the fibre of common sponges. A patent for the process was taken out, which is simply described as "The sponge, when purified, if too hard is soaked in water containing from 10 to 20 per cent. of glycerine, after which it is cut into small pieces and carded. This patent is working now successfully in Foxborough, Mass., where all sorts of textile fabrics, but more especially felting for carpets, are produced from sponge instead of wool. The sponge employed costs 3 cents per pound; the wool averages 40 cents per pound.

The next four years—that it is to say, from 1868 to 1871—were devoted to serious studies and experiments on the coloring matter of madder. Many of our readers are unaware of the important part this dye plays in the economy of textile fabrics, and the number of varied shades of color produced from it. A book might be written on its history. We have mention of it more than three thousand years ago. Like the Aryan race, its cradle was the East, and it followed that race from India of old along the shores of the Mediterranean, passing onwards even to Normandy and the coast of Holland. From its Arabic name, *izari*, as used by the merchants of the Levant who first brought it to Europe, chemists have constructed the name of its coloring matter, *alizarine*, and from the name varancia, given to it by the Gauls, the modern French word *garance* is derived. At the same time it may be as well to state that madder is composed of alizarine and purpurine. Of course the extraction of this dye has been more or less painful and tedious, and it was reserved for our present time to utilize its coloring properties in connection with mordants with economy and dispatch. It may be remarked *en passant* that the red trowsers of the French soldiers are dyed with madder.

To return to the subject of our article. During this period, M. Paraf obtained no less than seventeen patents, all bearing on the subject of the coloring ma ter of madder, and all having for their object as a final result the introduction of all the colors madder gives on calico in a few hours instead of eight days, which it required by the old process. In February, 1868, we find the following specification preceding one of M. Paraf's patents: "The powdered madder root is washed, and the saccharine portion (about 55 per cent.) removed. The remainder, after draining, subjected to the action of cupric oxide with ammonia. The dissolved cellulose removed by filtration and washing. The precipitate is then mixed with alcohol, and a current of sulphuretted hydrogen passed through the mixture, which forms the copper into an insoluble cupric sulphide, and then the coloring matter is set free by evaporation, or the addition of ascetic acid. The claim under this patent was summed up as—1st. The compound process of liberating the coloring matter of plants from the ligneous matter by the solution of the cellulose. 2d. Removing the sugary matter from the coloring matter.

In August, 1869, in another patent the new coloring matter is called *tinctorine*, and in September the madder dye is subjected to another patent for construction and application. But all this labor, both of brain and body, did not prevent this practical philosopher from devoting his time to other inventions. Accordingly we find, on the 21st July, a patent taken out for a new waterproof cloth, a textile fabric combined with

albuminized asphaltum, and two months later another patent for a waterproof mixture, consisting of benzole, powdered grahamite, wheat flour and India rubber. Linseed oil to be added when applied.

We have mentioned a few of M. Paraf's discoveries; there are many others most interesting and useful. They are all recorded in the different scientific works and patent office records of the day. We now come to the crowning work of his active intellectual life, the making of butter.

The animal chemistry as applied to the production of cheap and improved food, will be the most important branch in chemistry for the next ten years. To give to human kind (but to the middle and poorer classes especially) articles of food like butter, of a cheap nature, and always pure and sweet, the invention and practical application of the manufacture of best butter costing only 11 cents per lb., and to produce that which will keep sweet any length of time, is the foundation of a new era in animal, physiological and philosophical chemistry. Chemists after this can fairly expect great results in trying to produce cheese, flour, potted meats, etc., by artificial means.

The following description of the first exhibition is taken from the San Francisco *News Letter* of September 25th:

OLEOMARGARINE BUTTER.

Yesterday, at the Placard Exchange, on Merchant street, the process of manufacturing Oleomargarine butter was practically illustrated, in the presence of number of the leading citizens of San Francisco, and the philosophy—or rather th chemistry—of the matter lucidly explained by Professor Alfred Paraf, of New York City, General Manager of the Oleomargarine Company, and inventor and patentee of the process. Mr. Parat was assisted in his experiments by Col. Van Brunt, of New York, both of the California Butter Company, recently organized, and preparing to supply the market in considerable quantities at an early day. The witnesses of the process were both amazed and delighted by its simplicity; but after listening to Professor Paraf's explanations, the matter became so plain that all amazement vanished. We can only make room for a summary of the Professor's lecture. Butter, he said, is essentially fat. Fat consists of oleomargarine, stearine and scrap. One hundred pounds of fat—beef fat, for instance—contains 60 pounds of oleomargarine, 33 pounds of stearine, and 7 pounds of scrap. Fat heated to a temperature of 280 degrees produces tallow. But this high heat produces a high flavor, and one that is by no means delicate. Accordingly, the first desideratum in the manufacture of artificial butter is to avoid the high flavor by diminishing the heat to 130 degrees Fahrenheit, subjected to which temperature animal matter develops no characteristics unpleasant to any of the senses, but remains perfectly sweet. The first process in the manufacture is to hash the fat very fine. When thus prepared it is perfectly white, and presents the appearance of the inside of Charlotte russe. To the fat thus hashed, a certain proportion of water is added. The compound is thoroughly mixed, and heated to a temperature of 130 degrees.

By stirring this vigorously for half an hour, the oleomargarine and stearine are disengaged, leaving the scrap to be treated. The scrap can be eliminated by the use of *pepsin*—produced to best advantage from the digestive apparatus of the sheep, since the stomach of a single sheep is sufficient for the treatment of 1,000 pounds of fat. In this way, the oleomargarine, stearine and scrap are decomposed in perfect accordance with the laws of Nature, and the actual process in living milk-yielding animals. Professor Paraf next explained at length the manner in which milk is formed in the udder, and how its component substances are attracted from the cow. But in the natural process the attraction is incomplete, inasmuch as if *all* the fat were drawn from the body to be converted into milk, the vital functions could not go on, and the animal would perish. Accordingly, twenty-five pounds of the best milk yield but one pound of butter, while every three pounds of oleomargarine (the requisite proportion of water being added) will give *four*

pounds of butter. The *keeping* qualities of the artificial butter are extraordinary, and in this respect it differs widely from the product of the dairy. The udder of the cow contains *casein*, which contains cebasic acid, and it is due to the presence of this acid that butter is liable to become rancid. There being no *casein*, and consequently no cebasic acid in the oleomargarine (which is not derived through the udder of the animal, but directly from its fatty substance), it is not liable to spoil, and, as a matter of fact that has been repeatedly demonstrated, it actually *improves* by being kept. A portion of a cargo which was sent to Brazil came back for use on shipboard, and on the arrival of the ship at New York, it was found to be sweeter than when it left the latter port. There is nothing in this that will seem singular to those who understand that it is the presence of cebasic acid in dairy butter that causes it to grow rancid, and that no portion of this acid is found in oleomargarine.

The Professor mentioned the names of a large number of chemists and scientific men in New York, who had examined the new process, and declared its success perfect. The managers of the Union Club, and of other first-class establishments, had declared that the "Oleomargarine was as good butter as they ever wished to use." The chief opposition came from persons engaged on a large scale in the butter business, some of whom had made hundreds of thousands of dollars by buying up dairy produce from the farmers at cheap rates and selling at an exorbitant profit. Even these were obliged to admit that the artificial butter is a fair article, though some of the more prejudiced and bitter insisted that it is "only fit for cooking butter, or for third-class boarding houses." Professor Paraf next proceeded to a practical illustration of the process, which was exceedingly interesting, and which to old fogies and persons of conservative habits of thought must have seemed little short of miraculous. Putting a quantity of oleomargarine (which resembles the finest quality of olive oil in its appearance) in a glass jar, he added a tea-cup full of sour milk and a few drops of *anatto*, the coloring matter used to impart the yellowish tinge to butter and cheese. The jar was then closed and shaken for the space of a minute and a half, at the end of which time its contents had been changed into *butter not distinguishable in smell or taste from the very best fresh ranch butter in the California market.*

The Professor then stated that oleomargarine was being manufactured on an extensive scale in New York, by the process he had described; that it was being shipped to England, Belgium and other countries on both sides of the Atlantic, and that 80,000 pounds had been recently forwarded to the order of a single firm in Liverpool. The butter thus shipped to large wholesale houses goes all over the world. The difference in price between the new article and that now in use is so great as to constitute an important element in the calculation of the chances of the former to obtain exclusive possession of the market. It is manufactured in New York at a cost of *eleven cents* per pound, and sold at from twenty-five to thirty cents.

The lecture being concluded, all present were invited to partake of "bread and butter," and in a few minutes every person in the room was subjecting "oleomargarine" to the most practical of all tests. The result seemed to be entirely satisfactory, it being declared on all hands that the butter was in every respect equal to the best now in use.

We have given this hasty, imperfect and too short sketch of this young but celebrated chemist, who is now making a brief stay with us, as we think that his sojourn should be commemorated in our columns. Such men are the sons who enrich their mother country. Their minds are never weary, nor is their intellect idle. Nothing passes unnoticed, and the habit of analysis creates that instant mental resolution of the most trifling object to its elementary condition. And when that brain-work and inductive reason is brought to bear upon the mechanical arts, the man is happy in the application of his knowledge, and the country is blessed in the possession of the true and noble worker.

AND

BUREAU OF INFORMATION FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

The following is a few among the many Principal Business Firms which can be seen upon the walls of the California Placard Exchange and Bureau of Information for the Pacific Coast.

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Northern Assurance Company of London and Aberdeen. W. L. Booker, Agent, 319 California Street, San Francisco.

Commercial Union Assurance Company of London. G. O'Hara Taaffe, General Agent, 322 California street.

Merchants' Mutual Marine Insurance Company of San Francisco. J. B. Scotchler, President, 406 California street.

Union Insurance Company of San Francisco. Gustave Touchard, President, 416 and 418 California street.

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BANKERS.

Bank of California. Northwest Corner of California and Sansome streets.

Anglo-Californian Bank (Limited). 412 California street.

A. Borel. 601 Montgomery street.

B. Davidson & Co. 515 Montgomery street.

Donohoe, Kelly & Co. 436 Montgomery street.

First National Gold Bank of San Francisco. 501 Montgomery street.

London and San Francisco Bank, (Limited). 423 California street.

Masonic Savings and Loan Bank. Under Masonic Temple, Post street.

Odd Fellows' Savings Bank. 327 Montgomery street.

Savings and Loan Society. 615 Clay street.

Wells, Fargo & Co. Corner of California and Montgomery streets.

IMPORTERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Castle Brothers. Teas and Groceries. 213 and 215 Front street.

W. W. Dodge & Co. Groceries and Provisions. Corner of Clay and Front sts.

Alaska Commercial Company. Furs, etc. 310 Sansome street.

J. D. Arthur & Co. Machinery and Wagons. Cor. California and Davis streets.

Hecht Bros. & Co. Boots and Shoes. 106 Sansome street.

George Howes & Co. 302 California street, Agents Sutton & Co's line of Clipper ships from New York.

Macondray & Co. Agents China Trans-Pacific Steamship Co. (Limited). For Hongkong, via Yokohama. 204 and 206 Sansome street.

A. S. Rosenbaum & Co. Cigars and Tobacco. Cor. California and Battery sts

A. P. Hotaling & Co. Sole Agents for J. H. Cutter's Old Bourbon Whisky. No. 431 Jackson street.

William B Hooper & Co. 304 California street.

C. Adolphe Lowe. 208 California street. **Henry Lund.** 214 California street.
Richard B. Irwin & Co. 200 Sansome street.
McFarlane, Blair & Co. 302 California street.
Parrott & Co. 426 California street.
Williams, Blanchard & Co. 218 California street.
David Porter. Liquors. 531 and 533 Clay street.
L. & M. Sachs. Dry Goods. Corner of Battery and Bush streets.

MANUFACTURERS.

The California Butter Company, 405 and 407 Sansome st. West Evans, President; John G. Baker, Secretary.
California Cracker Co. 801 to 807 Battery street.
Pacific Box Manufacturing Co. 483 Brannan street.
Pioneer Steam Marble Works. 422 and 424 Jackson street.
Mission & Pacific Woolen Mills. Depot, 517 and 519 Market street.
The Kimball Manufacturing Co. Make all kinds of Carriages, Light Buggies, and Wagons; also, the celebrated Wood C Spring and Thorough Brace Buggy, with their Patent Steel Plate Axle. Corner of Fourth and Bryant streets.
California Furniture Manufacturing Co. N. P. Cole & Co. 220 to 226 Bush st.
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S. Heydenfelt. 401 California street. **John W. Dwinelle.** 509 Kearny street.
Haight & Temple. 207 Sansome st. **John B. Felton.** 734 Montgomery st.
R. C. Rogers. 604 Merchant street. **Pixley & Harrison.** 420 California st.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.

Arnold Fuller. 611 Montgomery street. **E. V. Joice.** 6 Merchants' Exchange
F. H. Blanchard. 320 Montgomery street.

REAL ESTATE.

Pioneer Land & Loan Association. 405 California street.
H. F. Williams & Co. 321 Montgomery street.

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A. Laver. New City Hall.

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

SCANDALOUS CONDUCT OF CONFESSORS IN ITALY.

The Roman correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says:— The Law Officers of the Italian Government have just issued a warrant for the arrest of the Franciscan monk, the principal of the educational establishment of Biella, and the Prefect of Novara, in whose province the establishment is situated, has caused it to be closed. The crime with which the reverend principal of the Biella boarding school stands charged, is that he has foully abused the opportunities of his office to debauch the youth entrusted to his care. This new fact follows close on the condemnation to ten years' solitary imprisonment, with hard labor, of the Bernabite monk, Father Ceresa, the head of the great educational establishment at Monza, for a long series of crimes of the same hideous character. The Supreme Criminal Court of Milan, which was engaged for several days with the trial of Father Ceresa—a trial ending by the jury finding him guilty on sixty counts—had in truth a most repulsive, a most disgusting duty to perform. It had to listen to a mass of evidence proving that the boarding school of Monza, possessing the highest reputation throughout all Lombardy, and frequented not only by the sons of the Lombard aristocracy, but by noble youths from the other parts of Italy, had been systematically converted by its principal into a den of infamy, and that the horrid crimes for which Heaven rained down fire in the Cities of the Plain were there of daily occurrence. The Milan Court learned also some suggestive facts on the relation between the confessional and these abominations. It was proved that not in one or two, or a dozen instances, but as part of his regular system, Father Ceresa employed the opportunities of the confessional for corrupting the minds of his pupils, and that his crimes were perpetrated in the interval between the absolution and the holy sacrament which he administered to them. Some special episodes of the trial were truly harrowing. A father and a mother came into court, and there deposed that they had been suddenly called to Monza to attend the death-bed of a beloved son. That son asked them in his dying hour to take down the crucifix hanging by his bed, to place their hands on it together, and to swear to him before he breathed his last that they never would allow another of his brothers to be sent to the Monza school, that they never would permit any of his sisters to see Father Ceresa. The parents implored their dying son to tell them the reason why he asked for this promise sealed by so solemn an oath, but not a syllable more was uttered by Father Ceresa's youthful victim. The closing of the Biella establishment is now, with that of Monza, and with the shutting up exactly ten years ago of the Ignorantelli College of Turin, the third instance of widely-popular educational establishments in Northern Italy conducted by religious orders being suppressed for the same frightful cause. Well may the *Opinione*, of three days ago, in comment-on the Milan trial, observe that very little good will be derived to society by the mere legal suppression of the monastic orders, as such, if fathers and mothers of families are still so blinded by prejudice as to intrust their children to the care of persons who, though no longer possessing a special legal recognition as monks and nuns, remain monks and nuns in fact, continue exposed to all the temptations which a forced and unnatural celibacy entails, have no true domestic, no true national feelings, and, as experience too clearly proves, are at war not only with home ties and patriotic aspirations, but with the first principles of morality. These terrible lessons, the *Opinione* says, should be a warning to all parents in Italy, and make them break away from the long-established usage of having their children intrusted in a so-called religious, but what, from the very force of circumstances, is but too likely to prove a most foul and unnatural training.

Making a Goose of Her.—The London *Hornet* gives the following: "Sir Michael Costa is the author of the last musical mot. At a rehearsal of 'Il Talismano,' at Drury Lane, Miss Nilson complained of the expression in the Italian libretto, 'When the turtle doves behold you, they begin to sing.' In vain was it explained to her that, as the words were not in her part, but in Signor Campanini's, her complaint was ill-founded. At last, in despair, Signor Zaffira, the Italian librettist, appeared to Sir Michael. 'What!' said Sir Michael, 'she objects to turtle doves!' Then make it geese. 'When she appears, the geese begin.' That ought to satisfy her.'"

HOW THE GREAT NAPOLEON DIED.

The following incident, from the pen of the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, Abbé Roulbacher, contradicts the stories that have been circulated in reference to the death of Napoleon Bonaparte by a certain class of historians:

"We have seen a man who, in the history of the world, walked in the steps of Nimrod, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne. We have seen Napoleon, the modern incarnation of military and political genius. We have seen him turn his dying eyes towards Rome, and ask of her a Catholic priest to receive his last confession, and to sanctify his last moments on the rock of St. Helena. On the 27th of April, 1821, he found himself immediately attacked by the malady of which his father died. From this moment he only occupied himself with the duties of piety, and the priest of Vignali was almost constantly with him. 'I was born in the Catholic religion,' he said at different times: 'I wish to fulfill all the duties which it imposes, and receive all the assistance which I hope from it.' One of the companions of his captivity, the Count Montholon, adds: 'On the 29th of April I had passed my thirty-nine nights at the bedside of the Emperor, without his allowing me to be replaced in this pious and filial service; when, in the night between the 29th and 30th of April, he appeared to be much concerned for the fatigue I was suffering, and begged me to let Abbé Vignali take my place. His persistance proved to me that he spoke under the preoccupation foreign to the thought he expressed to me. He permitted me to speak to him as a father; I dared to say what I had comprehended: he answered, without hesitation, 'Yes, it is the priest I ask for; take care I am left alone with him, and say nothing.'

I obeyed, and brought directly the Abbé Vignali, whom I warned of the holy ministry he was about to exercise. Introduced to Napoleon, the priest fulfilled all the duties of his office. Having humbly confessed, this Emperor, formerly so proud, received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and passed the whole night in prayer, in touching and sincere acts of piety.' In the morning, when General Montholon arrived, he said to him, in an affectionate tone of voice, and full of satisfaction, 'General, I am happy; I have fulfilled all my religious duties; I wish you, at your death, the same happiness. I had need of it; I am an Italian—a child of the rank of Corsica. The sound of the bell effects me—the sight of the priest gives me pleasure. I wished to make a mystery of all this, but that would not be right. I ought, I will render glory to God; I think He will not be pleased to restore me to health; but give your order, General: let an altar be prepared in the next room; let the Blessed Sacrament be exposed, and let the Forty Hours' Prayer be said.' The Count Montholon was going out to execute the order, when Napoleon called him back. 'No,' he said, 'you have many enemies, as a noble; they will impute the arranging of this to you, and they will say that my senses are wandering. I will give the orders myself.' And from the orders given by Napoleon himself an altar was arranged in an adjoining room, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, the Forty Hours' Prayer was said. Then he added:—'There is nothing terrible in death; it has been the companion of my pillow during the past three weeks, and now it is on the point of seizing me forever. I should have been glad to have seen my wife and son again, but the will of God be done.' On the 3d of May he received, the second time, the holy Viaticum, and after having said adieu to his generals, he pronounced these word: 'I am at peace with all mankind.' He then joined hands, saying, 'My God!' and expired on the 5th of May, at six at night."—*From the Ladies' Own Journal of Edinburgh and Glasgow.*

Badgering Witnesses.—The Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench recently observed: "I deeply deplore that members of the bar so frequently put, unnecessarily, questions affecting the private life of witnesses, which are only justifiable when they go to the credibility of a witness. I have watched closely the administration of justice in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and a little in Spain, as well as in the United States, in Canada, and in Ireland, and in no place have I seen witnesses so badgered, brow beaten, and, in every way so brutally maltreated, as in England. The way in which we treat our witnesses is a national disgrace, and seriously obstructs instead of aiding the ends of justice. In England the most honorable and conscientious men loathe the witness-box. Men and women of all ranks shrink with terror from subjecting themselves to the wanton insult and bullying, misnamed cross-examination, in our English courts. Watch the tremor that passes the frames of many persons as they enter the witness-box. I remember to have seen so distinguished a man as the late Sir Benjamin Brodie shiver as he entered the witness-box. I dare say his apprehension amounted to exquisite torture. Witnesses are just as necessary for the administration of justice as judges or jurymen, and are entitled to be treated with the same consideration, and their affairs and private lives ought to be held as sacred from the gaze of the public as those of the judges or the jurymen. I venture to think that it is the duty of a judge to allow no questions to be put to a witness unless such as are clearly pertinent to the issue before the court, except where the credibility of the witnes is deliberately challenged by counsel, and that the credibility of a witness should not be wantonly challenged on slight grounds.

A good sermon is like a kiss—it requires but two heads and an application.

THE LIFE OF TO-DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Perhaps in no part of the world is there less restraint, less formality, less stiffness; all may do nearly as they like. Life is very public. The majority live in hotels and large boarding-houses. This way of living has its advantages and disadvantages. The great charm of a home is lost; there is not the sacred attachment to one spot, like in England, and girls, by going into society so young as they do, often become prematurely old. At fifteen and sixteen they commence to receive at home. You can become very intimate with a young lady without ever seeing her parents. It is not thought anything out of the way for a young man, if well known, to go with a young lady to the theater without a chaperone. There is no doubt such a privilege may be carried too far, and discrimination in permission by parents is required. But this system has several good points to recommend it. It tends to make all more natural, and that in a girl should be nearly, if not the first consideration. Again, in placing fewer social barriers between the young of both sexes a way is opened to many friendships, which may, or may not, lead to a closer tie. But fencing a young girl in on all sides with restrictions, obliging her on every occasion to be cold and reserved, making it evident that all men are wolves in sheep's clothing, and curtailing liberty of mind and body, often has the effect of making the former dwell inwardly upon many things which in a freer mode of treatment would never find ingress.

The line of demarcation between the various strata of society in California is not clearly defined, and yet there is something more than a money qualification required for admittance, which every one recognizes. In a democratic country it cannot well be name, or family; it is, perhaps, more correctly education and position, though nowhere in America are all other considerations scorned. Many of the men of California, who came there at one time poor and friendless, now hardly know how rich they are. It is essentially a money-making country, whilst for reckless speculation Californians are pre-eminent, whether it be in mines, lands, or stock. They seem to live in an atmosphere of excitement, ever engrossed in business; one day poor, another day rich—losing everything, or making a fortune; but equally ready to stand drinks all round. For generosity they have no equals. The last half dollar will be expended on a passing acquaintance, in whom it would be considered a great insult to refuse a drink, or even to hint at paying. But rarely is a man reduced to such a low ebb. Money is plentiful in San Francisco. Even the conductor of a street car receives ten shillings a day; likewise he who keeps the streets clean. Wages are high; but living, and all articles of necessity, are proportionally expensive.

A strong spirit of independence rules throughout the community. A shopman will, when his work is over, meet you on perfectly equal terms, though never offensive like the British "'Arry." That type is never met with in America. His shop demeanor, too, is very different; no bowing and scraping, washing with invisible soap, which is carried to such a painful extreme in England. Always respectful, it is simply an air of indifference whether you buy anything or not, and a fixed price which cannot be altered. Their manner always appeared to me to be that of men engaged in an occupation uncongenial to them, but forced into it by circumstances. They carried an air of expostulation in their faces against being forced into civility.

Lower down, this independence is more amusing. I remember the first time of landing in San Francisco, a party of us took a carriage to go a short distance. On asking the fare we were told it was five dollars. Remonstrating against this extortion, Cabby replied: "Well, gentlemen, guess we won't bustle about five dollars; come and take a drink with me all round." And so it is, drinks all round all day. No man thinks of taking one by himself, but always asks his neighbor to join.—"*Our Journal in the Pacific,*" *by the Officers of H. M. S. Zealous.*

DEATH OF MRS. RACHAEL LARKIN.

Mrs. Rachael Larkin, widow of the late Thomas O. Larkin, expired at her residence on Stockton street at half-past 5 o'clock Monday morning, October 20th. Mrs. Larkin had been in ill health for many years, suffering continually from neuralgia, until her strong constitution finally succumbed to the disease. She was a native of Ipswich, Massachusetts, and at the time of her death was nearly sixty-six years of age. She was the first American lady who came to California, arriving at Monterey in 1832. Mrs. Larkin was widely known and highly esteemed for her many virtues, kindness of heart, and noble character. She leaves four children of mature years surviving—Thomas Oliver, Francis Rogers and Alfred O Larkin and Mrs. Samson Tams. The estate of the family is very large. The will of the deceased appoints O. L. Kennedy, Charles H. Sawyer and William Harney executors of the estate. [It was the husband of deceased, T. O. Larkin, who sold to Col. Fremont, for $3,000, the Mariposa estate, which has yielded a large sum to its former owners, and is likely more than ever to repeat by its successful workings a profit commensurate with its well-known wealth.—Ed. M. B.]

It is very easy to say, Take things as they come, but suppose they don't come?

THE OLD ALBUM.

I've drawn thee from thy hiding place,
Relic of bygone days,
Again thy gilded leaves to trace,
Thy well-known garb to praise,
To bring thee to the glaring light
From out thy silent nook:
Come, tell old tales of moments bright,
Thou long neglected book!

How first the faded lines I trace,
Penned by a gentle hand,
They bring to me the fairest face
That graced a youthful band;
Sweet playmate of my earlier years,
Companion of the past,
Thou hast forgot thy life of tears
In happier realms at last.

What fairy fingers held the pen
That traced *this* dainty page!
It bears the date of other years
And seems quite pale with age.
Ah! I remember me of one
Just then become a bride,
She smiles a careful matron now,
With prattlers at her side.

Thou mak'st me sad, thou gilded toy!
And as I gaze on thee
I think how time and change have
Their shadows over me. [thrown
The flush of youth has vanished now,
Friends severed far and wide,
The curls that waved on many a brow
Time's silvery footmarks hide.

Go back, then, to thy silent nook,
Memento of the past,
Thou tell'st a tale, my long loved book,
Of years that flow too fast,
And read'st a lesson to my heart
Perused full oft before:
That hopes must fade and friends must part
'Till life's dark day is o'er.

San Francisco, Oct. 25, 1873.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes as follows: A very odd style of bonnet or hat, I am not sure which, has found its way into our milliners' show rooms from Vienna. The crown, which is of straw, is oval; but the brim, which is wide and turned up all around into quite a deep trench, is square. When trimmed it has a very odd appearance, something like a jelly mould, but on the head it is not unbecoming. Some faces look well with anything straight crossing the forehead, and the "Exhibition" bonnet, as it is called, will suit these. The edge of the straw is bound with velvet, and a ruche goes between the bonnet and the hair. There is a large bow or bunch of feathers placed very high on the right side of the front, but all the rest of the trimming is behind. From ear to ear round the back of the bonnet is a wreath of flowers, and below that a bow which completely hides the hair behind, and finishes with two long ends. The pattern bonnet which I saw of this shape was very stylish; it was white straw, trimmed with crimson velvet and purple grapes, a curious but very stylish mixture. A very stylish hat from Paris, called the Ariadne, is high-crowned, and trimmed with a broad scarf of soft silk with a pointed end knotted up into bows, and mixed with velvet bows and feathers. A very large jet buckle finishes the trimming. An odd fashion for hats just introduced is to have the hat of colored or black velvet, and then all round the outside of the brim a full plaiting of white, either silk or muslin, above which the trimming is placed. It has a very odd effect, and is neither pretty nor becoming. The rage for jet is increasing. I have seen some black lace literally covered with jet embroidery, and some of the new stomachers look almost like a piece of black armor. Very small capes are now worn, not always detached from the dress, but fastened to it at the neck, and so forming part of the bodice. Sometimes they are made entirely of lace—black or white—and are considered very stylish; but they are less costly when of the same materials as the dress and trimmed to correspond. Winter costumes are being shown now, and fans are finding their way into the shop windows. An eccentric Winter costume is on view in a west-end shop. The dress is of dark blue velvet—almost black in some lights—and is trimmed with lace and bands of sable fur. The tunic is very short and rounded, and there is a sleeveless jacket of fur, tight fitting and quite plain. The sleeves are finished with mousquitaire cuffs of fur, and the effect of the whole dress is indescribably odd. Some fur collars, made, by internal stiffening, to stand up like the fraises which are so much worn, are also shown, but I don't fancy they will be much worn; they are heavy looking and clumsy. Milliners seem fairly at a loss how to vary the style of the dress skirts this season. The latest fashion—and I think the ugliest I have ever seen—is to have the whole front breadth of the dress form one huge *bouillonne*, reaching from the waist to a little below the knee. Below that there are some puffings, and a final flounce, all very full. The back is covered with flounces to the waist, leaving not a morsel of the original skirt to be seen. The fashion of tying back the skirts of a dress is surely reaching a climax now. Wide trimmed sashes of the material are fastened on to the front of the panier about twelve inches below the waist, and these are tied underneath the short pouf behind in an enormous bow. I saw a very splendid wedding dress made in this ridiculous fashion for a wedding only last week. The pouf was of most exquisite lace, and the whole of the body was covered with the same. The skirt, of the softest white silk, was fastened back by a broad sash, and the ends fell over the train.—*Glasgow Mail.*

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Here is a little story which very prettily illustrates the Christian charity with the sweet odor of which the Episcopal Church of this city is as redolent as a skunk or a badger. A certain archdeacon, a man of talents far above the ordinary, a scholarly gentleman, good, earnest man, was passing through this city on his way home to the old country from Honolulu. At that time, a chapel-of-ease was being established here on high-church principles, and the returning archdeacon was prayed by those who were bossing the new place of worship to take it in charge and conduct the services. It is a be-littling fact in these post-apostolic days that the spondulics are somewhat necessary even to a minister of the gospel, and especially so when the godly man hath taken to himself a wife and begotten children. So the archdeacon was to receive spondulics to the amount of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, just enough to keep him from becoming haughty and proud-stomached. The archdeacon and his wife procured an abiding place of respectable appearance, he ministering assiduously to the growing congregation of his church. Somehow or other the one hundred and fifty dollars halted woefully in making their appearance; one month they were reduced to *thirty-nine*, and trouble and the devil of impecuniosity are now the guests of the fooled and cheated archdeacon. Some months about fifty dollars were paid him and the rest laid up in the kingdom of heaven. And now, with a wife prostrated with asthma, propped up and struggling with weary copying work for daily dimes, himself forced to teach a set of unruly youngsters the greater part of the day for daily bread, this fooled and cheated archdeacon has found out bitterly and harshly indeed, how tender are the mercies of the godly, and how reliable the support of rotten reeds who would be pillars of the church. O tender beauty of Christian brotherly kindness! O the loveliness of religious humbug and false promises cloaked in holy twaddle! O fooled and cheated archdeacon, and O *shame* on those who did the dirty trick!

On Sunday morning, that is to-morrow morning, an advertising dodge of a somewhat novel character is to be inaugurated at Calvary Church, under the superintendence of our dear brother, Hemphill. A fair, in which old people's mummeries, infant orator's abominations, the importunities of *empressée* young women, and flitting visions of the supremely brushed locks which form the hirsute nimbus of the north of Ireland cherubim were the principal attractions, has just been brought to a successful conclusion; *id est*, eight thousand dollars in the treasury chest of the followers of the meek and lowly. This over, the enterprising Hemphill, ever on the look-out for some first class sensational attraction, has secured, for *one day only*, the services of Renegade Duggan, in his great recantation scene. The *Town Crier* has been favored with an admission to a private rehearsal of the extraordinary scene which he will now attempt to describe. The curtain will be drawn up disclosing Duggan in knee-breeches, blue coat, red nose, well-worn brogans and crownless hat, smoking a short caubeen and dancing an Irish jig of most maniacal vigor. Music by the organ and choir, "The night before Larry was stretched." Curtain. Again rising, Duggan, the character artist, enters as a Roman Catholic priest all shaven and shorn, counting his beads and winking holy winks at the ewes of Hemphill's flock. A rapid withdrawal of the cassock displays a bottle of whisky and the cloven hoof as he disappears in red fire. Music by Hemphill on the jews-harp, "The Rollicking Friar." Curtain. On being drawn up for the third and last time, Duggan is discovered in faultless attire, leaning against a statue of Psyche *in forma naturæ*, which he is attentively considering with a heavenly smirk. This is supposed to represent the Christian minister of to-day's study of the precious soul. Music by Duggan himself on the comb, *Elisir d'Amore*. Tableau. No charge of admission will be made, but a *good collection is expected!*

There is nothing like the force of example. We used to suppose that special local police officers are supposed to be keepers of the peace in more senses than one. Messrs. Maguire and Oerson, stationed on Brannan street, have for some time cherished a wrong feeling towards each other—a feeling that began in jealousy and ended a day or two ago in a fight. It happened thusly: Oerson drove a party of hoodlums from *his* beat on to that of Maguire. "Arrah, be dad, thin," said Maguire, "keep yer dhirty rubbish to yerself," and immediately drove back the hoodlums to Oerson's beat. "Vas mebbe you don't can kip his hoodlum anyvere nor here," said Oerson, and immediately drove back the hoodlums to Maguire's beat. This was the insult direct; the first passage had only been the quip uncourteous. To the huge delight of the contested element the two knights of the star rushed wildly at each other. The knock down was terrific and the damage frightful. Maguire might have washed his face in claret and Oerson peeped sagely from one eye, the other being bunged. Again the noble animals closed in mortal combat; again and again did the classic walls of Brannan resound with the noise of battle. The fights of the old Grecian heroes were as nothing to this. The way in which Maguire flung around his left arm surpassed anything Ajax ever accomplished, and the nimble way in which Oerson tried to come upon his enemy unawares was worthy of Pau-puk-kee-wis. But everything must have an end. Even the siege of Troy, the monkeys on Meiggs' wharf and Doctor Lord's lectures have that blessing. And so "this cruel war is over," and the Police Commissioners are of course going "to examine into the thing." Of the two jokes, we think the examination the bigger.

The Town Crier took a bath at North Beach on Monday morning last. He remembers the day, because it is rather an event in his life. After disporting himself gracefully in the "deep blue sea," and swallowing great gulps of horrid salt water, he was standing wiping his Adonis-like form dry, when a certain well known figure hove in sight. It was that of one of our millionaires—one as noted for his liberality and munificence as for his personal beauty and delicate appearance. "Good morning, Mi——." By George! nearly let it slip there. (We will call him James.) "Good morning, James," said the *T. C.* James was soon plunging about in the waves like a porpoise, and as soon came to shore puffing like a grampus. He was wiped and dressed before the *T. C.'s* shivering fingers could fasten his own collar. But—in confidence—he doesn't believe James wiped at all. However that may be, the *T. C.* found himself paying the man in charge at the same time James was. "Ten cents," said the man. The *T. C.* gave him a quarter, and never thought of asking for change. The man gave him two tickets. "Three for a quarter," said he, in explanation. The *T. C.* pocketed them, with the intention of trading them for car tickets, and waited for James. James also gave the man a quarter, and received *three* tickets as change. "Come now," said the *T. C.*, "ten farks; you've got *three* tickets and I've only got *two*." "Well, you see," said Mi——ld—n [illegible] James, "I take my tickets by contract, as I'm a regular hand, and get the *five cents off*.

In a pleasant, kindly sort of manner, the *T. C.* has once or twice noticed the existence of "The Thumb-Sucking Club." In our "Letter Box" will be found a communication from one "J. H. P." furnishing information on the subject. The writer is a sensible boy. He has discovered our weak spot, for he appeals to our morality, and God forbid we should further ridicule an institution with principles so akin to those of the *News Letter*. If the Thumb-Sucking Club is conducted in the manner stated, then the members are going to the devil in right respectable style, and the *T. C.*, joining hands, will aid them on their journey. As long as the orgies were confined to getting stinging noses with effervescent ginger beer, and pallid faces with cheap and nasty cigarettes, we even pricked them with the tiny arrows of gentle irony, but now when we actually learn—*not* from "J. H. P.'s" letter—that certain members do persistently and methodically prove themselves young gentlemen by getting, night after night, into a beastly state of drunkenness, our irony is changed to admiration of the headlong pace in which the Thumb-Sucking Clubbites are gaining the end of their tether and a ruined constitution. Come along, Thumb-Suckers, the race is a merry if a short one; never mind what your mothers say—to be drunk is to prove oneself a gentleman. Let quiet home evenings, clear heads, and a healthy youth go—where we will surely follow them—to the devil!

It has been said that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and the statement has been verified from the times when Phaeton smashed the buggy of his pa, down to the days when parsons try to slobber scoundrels into heaven, and newspaper reporters attempt to interview St Peter concerning the state of things within the gates, and, according to the eternal fitness of things, come nearer being instead. The *Chronicle* and the *Wrapper* both claim the honor of having furnished a commander to the late balloon expedition, though what honor attaches to a man who undertakes a thing he knows nothing about, and consequently makes a miserable botch of, is not very clear. The aeronauts succeeded in one respect, however, and that was in nearly frightening themselves to death. The *Chronicle* man's hair still refuses to incline from the perpendicular. The owner of the wood, however, insists that it did not stand on end from fright, but merely from astonishment at being washed when he fell into the water. He of the *Wrapper* looks twenty years older than he did when he "took command," and goes into hysterics at the mere mention of the word "balloon." The *T. C.* might hope that these news-grubbers would profit by their experience, but that he knows the presumption of fools to be proverbial.

The Church of the Flying Trapeze, which is Trinity, has at length been the scene of a miracle! On Wednesday last, crowds of eager believers were witnesses of the graceful flight of a pretty, mysterious, white bird around and around the spire. The crowd was awe-struck. Bishop Kip and Professor Stillman were instantly sent for, to witness what could be nothing less than the miraculous descent of the Holy Dove. The crowd thickened. Bishop Kip prayed a prayer and Prof. Silliman passed around the plate. Paray-le-Monial was cast into the shade by theis paying-up-the-money. At length the sacred bird ceased its evolutions and settled on the spire. Looking down at the prostrate crowd of believers the plaza was quite full—the sacred bird lowered its head, whilst a beautiful aureole was seen to rise above its head and *spoke!* "It speaks! it speaks!" shouted Kip, turning a somersault in his ecstacy. Once more the sacred bird lowered its head; once more the golden glory rose like the young lettuce arrangement on the head of a cockatoo, and once more it spake these ever memorable words: "*Give polly a cracker!*"

What is vulgarly called "cheek" is a repulsive thing where it exists in moderation, but when dropsically developed it becomes sublime. The spectacle of Marshal Morris conducting witnesses to court in chains moves mercy around feelings of indignation. But the spectacle of Marshal Morris stolidly persisting in his defiance of the public opinion of the entire community, awakens emotions of admiration and respect. Governor Booth is going to the U. S. Senate (at least John F. Swift says so), and who so fit to succeed him as the Marshal, who has evinced such vigorous executive qualities, and such immovable firmness of character.

The patriarchal MacNamara of the Reform School was born about a thousand years too late. Family raising in the primitive eras was a favorite occupation, and the more families a man was responsible for the more voices rose to call him blessed. In these times it has its drawbacks, especially when carried on at the rate of geometrical progression affected by this esotic Irishman. The patriarchs fed their broods with corn, and allowed them to roam their native fields untrammeled with superfluous garb or shoe-leather. The modern prejudice is in favor of beefsteaks and boots. It were best to kick Mr. MacNamara out of the schools as speedily as possible. Twenty dollars a month to each of the mothers of his numerous broods will not leave much out of his present salary for himself and his legitimate family to be honest upon. Furthermore, with his convenient faculties of forgetfulness and indifference, who knows how often he may be whaling unsuspected offspring of his own in his model Reform School.

The letters in the Chronicle, over the signature 'Viator,' supposed to be written from Great Britain, are a little too thin not to be seen through. It is possible that "Viator" may have once paid a flying visit to 'Auld Reekie,' but if he did, it is so long ago that he has forgotten the very names and position of the streets and places he mentions. The *Chronicle* is bound to fill its columns, however, and we therefore blame the poor devil who writes for it only inasmuch as he should have chosen a better cyclopedia for his purpose than he did. Those of our readers who know anything about Edinburgh, or any other burgh, would be doing a charitable action in imparting their information to "Viator," who may be seen at almost any free lunch table in this city every day in the week, although he does date his letters from England. We do not say that this is his native place, however, for we have it from reliable authority that he hails from Jerusalem, and his face warrants the assertion.

We confess to an intense desire to dissect Chief Crowley's eye. We incline to the opinion that it must be a patent, double-action rotary affair. We are willing to believe it the famous eye that saw around the corner, and we give it the credit of being the longest sighted eye on record. We are quite confident that it could pierce through numberless cubic feet of Chinese infected air, and rest its glance upon the identical law offender whom it sought. In fact, in a Chinese case its double-action becomes quadrupled. Its rotary motion makes one dizzy to contemplate. Instead of seeing around a corner, it sees around whole squares. Our impressions of this estimable officer's optic are all due to the *Post*, which announces that Chief Crowley, while perambulating Market street at 2 A.M., observed a Chinaman making his exit from a house on Sutter street, next to the Synagogue.

The daily papers are happy. They have had something nasty to fill their columns with during the past week. The Big Sun Flower, in her appellations of the Deity, is as various as the positions of a number according to the rule of permutation. In fact, the hoodlums are anxious that one of the journals make out a dictionary of her set terms. It would materially assist the hoodlum vocabulary. Her primitive ideas in regard to the happy Solomon Clarke deserve to be embalmed in the verse of a Rose McKinley, while the unblushing confessions of Mr. and Mrs. Alberge are admirable only for their honesty. As for Mary Montgomery, like the the trained epicure, she prefers a black oyster, however much its appearance be against it. In the filthiness of her life and tastes the reporters have had such a revel and roll as they may not not hope for soon again.

The janitor of the Eighth street school is commended to the mercies of the Board of Education. He don't like to make fires. Tender lamb. He shan't make fires, and a closed carriage shall be sent for him when it rains, and we'll send for Nellie Grant to go down and sweep the school for him when he don't feel inclined to go to work, and, as his salary is insufficient for his needs, he shall have all the money that's recovered from the furniture grab. And the great, horrid, rough, coarse, schoolma'ams shall make the fires for him, and if he will only put on a few more airs, he shall become a Director himself, and manage the funds himself. But he must never, never be forced to make fires.

The Town Crier is glad to see the *Post* enlarged, and glad, too, to see that the aforetime *Toothpick* has turned from the error of its ways, and does at length appreciate the good qualities of Sheriff Adams as an efficient and trustworthy officer. There is a rumor that shares taken in the *Post* concern have had a good deal to do with removing the scales from the editor's eyes. But then people will talk.

When, after W. A. Mestayer's drunken rolls and ponderous elephantine gambols, Shiel Barry manages, *vi et armis*, to cary him off in his arms, the *Town Crier* is puzzled to decide whether the diminutive comedian looks more like Aneas struggling under the weight of his adipose father, Anchises, or a very small spider with a very large blue-bottle fly.

Dr. Lord's course of lectures is concluded. The Lord be praised! It is announced that Dr. Lord will deliver some supplementary lectures. The Lord have mercy upon us!

The dramatic reporter of an evening journal styles Visconti the prima donna *absoluta* of the Mancusi troupe. He studied Italian in *Chouffeuri* under Kelly and Leon.

In America, worth makes the man. In France, Worth makes the woman.

Adding insult to injury---Asking a Jew his Christian name.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Most reverently do we regard religious opinions honestly entertained. Conscientious convictions of faith, accompanied by such fruit of good works as tend to elevate men and make them better citizens, challenge the admiration of all intelligent people. The Christian religion commended itself to the Pagan world by the contrast of its simplicity and purity. Its Christ was the son of a carpenter, its apostles from the fishermen of Galilee, its worshipers from the poor and lowly of the land, the cradle of its God a manger, his glorious end the cross and his crown of thorns. The lives of the Saviour, his worshipers, and the early followers of the new religion, were times of trial, self sacrifice, and their deaths were martyrdom. Hence it is, then, when we regard the church of the later times its bold pretensions to administer worldly affairs, its gorgeous churches, its splendid cathedrals and palaces, its priests in splendid vestments, its grand ceremonials, its Pope with tiarra of gold, its Cardinals in cloths of becoming crimson, its Bishops sitting in Parliament as Lords, its Palace of Lambeth, the toiling million sweating in labor to support its voluptuous ministrations, its pageants and its hollow and pretentious mockeries—we contrast it with the life of Him who had no place where to lay His head; His apostles, who went forth without scrip or purse; its early martyrs, who suffered death. We look upon cathedral piles—so rich in carvings in marble, so glowing in beauty of stained glass, their altars adorned with precious jewels, mosaicked with precious stones and covered with embroideries of gold and silver—in contrast with the simplicity of worship in apostolic times, and through those later centuries, when Christians were hunted in caves and desert places, where they fled for safety to worship God. When the irreverent and unchristian American heard that, for the purpose of uniting Christian sects, for bridging over the gulfs that divided denominations, and for the purpose of bringing back the Church of Christ to the simplicity and purity of its earlier days, an Evangelical Alliance had been formed to meet in New York, we all looked on with favor, and hoped some good would come of it. In aid of this effort, the secular press gave it encouragement. It has met, and talked, and prayed, and feasted; it has uttered liberal sentiments; it has been wined, and dined, and examined. Some few honest men of the Episcopal Church partook of the sacrament with Presbyterians, and lo! the fires of sectarian jealousy burst out afresh. The last act was a pilgrimage to Washington; not with sandal shoon and scallop shell, not with staff and scrip, but a jolly crowd in palace cars. More like troubadours than pilgrims, they reached the capital and stopped at Willard's Hotel. "On the morning of October 15th, they proceeded to the rotunda of the Capitol, where they all joined in singing 'Coronation,' the singing being rendered with a hearty good-will. All then passed out of the east door upon the portico, singing, as they marched, the hymn:

> Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
> Ten thousand angels filled the sky.

When all being properly grouped, their photographs were taken, and after this, at the request of Dr. Sunderland, they all sang the hymn:

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does his successive journey run.

This was sung while all remained standing with joined hands. Another song was sung, a prayer was offered up by Dr. Rogers, and all repeated the Lord's Prayer. Rev. Dr. Marston, of London, recited the Protestant Church creed, and all joined in singing the Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Here the happy announcement was made that the hotel bills of all foreign members had been paid, whereupon three cheers were proposed and given for Doctor Tiffany. The Doctor then announced an invitation from Governor Shepherd to a banquet at Willard's Hotel. Three cheers were then given for the President, and three cheers for the whole world. The delegates were then shown through the Capitol, the halls of both Houses, the library, the marble room, etc., etc. A Bramin convert, the Reverend Nashharayan Sheshadrai, from Bombay, was an object of interest to the crowd by reason of his peculiar dress and his white turban. Omnibuses were provided, and the members visited other places of interest. At the banquet were said blessings, grace and prayers; speeches by Governor Shepherd, Dr. Tiffany and Dr. Rigg; Dr. Arnot, of Belgium, Bishop Simpson and the Dean of Canterbury made short speeches, with applause duly interarded, cheers and 'hear,' 'hear.' Votes of thanks were returned to their entertainers, 'Old Hundred' was sung, and the visitors took the 3 P. M. train for the North." Now, this may be all very pious and very evangelical, but to us it reads very much like a fire company from San Francisco visiting Benicia, or a volunteer military company from San Andreas coming to San Francisco. We cannot conceive of an early band of Christians making a picnic excursion from Jerusalem to Athens, sight-seeing around the acropolis, giving three cheers for the King of Greece, and singing songs through the streets of the capital, banqueting and cheering like fire laddies out from town having a good time. To us this seems undignified, or perhaps we should say undefiling. It jars upon our nerves, and suggests something else than glorifying the Redeemer. It smells of the earth, earthy. It smacks of the fleshpots. We think Apostles would not have been deadheaded through Judea or gone junketing upon a pleasure trip. We can't fancy St. Paul, or the Apostle Peter or the modest John proposing three cheers and a tiger for Cæsar.

AUTUMN DAYS.

Yellow, mellow, ripened days,
Sheltered in a golden coating;
O'er the dreamy, listless haze,
White and dainty cloudlets floating;
Winking at the blushing trees,
And the sombre, furrowed fallow;
Smiling at the airy ease
Of the southward-flying swallow,
Sweet and smiling are thy ways,
Beauteous, golden, Autumn days!

Shivering, quivering, fearful days,
Fretfully and sadly weeping;
Dreading still, with anxious gaze,
Icy fetters round thee creeping;
O'er the cheerless, withered plain,
Woefully and hoarsely calling;
Pelting hail and drenching rain,
On thy scanty vestments falling,
Sad and mournful are thy ways,
Grieving, wailing, Autumn days!

—*Will Carleton.*

THE BULB BEAUTIES.

Fifteen Acres of Gladiolus, Ten of Tuberoses, and Five of Japan Lilies.—Twenty years ago there were only six or seven varieties of the gladiolus known. Now, there are over one thousand distinct varieties, and all have been raised from the six or seven original flowers, and the number is increased every season. The pure white gladiolus originally came from the Cape of Good Hope; but it was a small flower, and, at its introduction, ten years ago, was not much thought of. By careful cultivation, however, it has become one of the choicest flowers of the field and garden. One of the rarest sights of the summer season—in a floral way—is C. L. Allen's gladiolus preserves. These are on the line of the Central railroad of Long Island, about fourteen miles from Hunter's Point, and the route of the road is through the center of a fifteen-acre field, devoted to the culture of this beautiful flowering bulb.

One hundred thousand gladiolus bulbs are planted to the acre, and but little knowledge of arithmetic is required to figure out the number of plants growing in this fifteen-acre plantation. It may well be imagined that the sight of this field of flowers, in the late season of bloom, was grand. In passing through it, by rail, the sensation was that of entering a fiery lake, (for the red and crimson flowers predominate), and the illusion was enhanced as the breeze swayed the spikes of flowers to and fro in the form of mimic waves. These brilliant flowers are sent to the New York market daily, (ten thousand, perhaps, at a time), and are to be seen on every street stand, as well as in the more pretentious flower stores. Gladiolus bulbs of the best mixed varieties are worth twenty-five dollars a thousand. As soon as the flowering season is over with the gladiolus, the bulbs are taken up and dried, and the largest are laid away for autumn and spring sales, while the smaller sorts are replanted for the next season's flowers.

Mr. Allen's plantation of flowering bulbs also comprises ten acres of tube-roses, which embrace over five hundred thousand plants. This section is just coming into flower; but as it will only show a mass of pure white, it will lack the beauty of this gladiolus display. Of the lily tribe there are thousands of varieties of the double-tiger, Japan, and other sorts. Indeed, the Japan lily forms one of the leading sorts in Mr. Allen's collection, as five acres are devoted to its cultivation. There are one hundred distinct varieties of lilies in these grounds. It may be asked here, where do these bulbs go? for the production is immense. Mr. Allen says he ships them all over the world; and in confirmation, in part, of this fact, he has just filled an order from London, amounting to $1,000 in gold. Immense quantities of the bulbs are also sold at retail throughout the country.—*N. Y. Post.*

THE THUMB-SUCKING CLUB.

San Francisco, October 22, 1873—EDITOR SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER: On behalf of the new club at whose expense you are trying so hard to be funny, allow me to offer some information. The organization has been formed, not as you allege, solely for the purpose of chewing gum, but to meet a want long felt by the mature youth and festive men of this city, for a place of social resort where all who met would be personally acquainted, where one could enjoy a game of billiards or pool with less risk to his reputation than at a public saloon, where a gentleman could match half dollars, throw dice, or play a friendly game of cards with equal freedom, and for less money than at the Pacific and Union Clubs, and where, when he got drunk, he could depend upon being carried home and put to bed, instead of to the Police Station. You are all wrong about the twenty-five pins, empty claret bottles, and discipline of the members. The initiation fee and dues are quite expensive, indeed, beyond the means of many who joined, and instead of maternal jurisdiction of any kind or nature being recognized, it is utterly disregarded, as will be seen from the fact that the club individually and as a body warmly encourages tippling and smoking, for thereby swelleth the Treasury. New as the club is, it already affords unrivaled advantages to weak, young fellows to drink more than they ordinarily would, to reckless ones to squander, and sharp ones to profit at the card table, to bummers to lounge and sponge, and to flush and well-intentioned ones to pay—all of which, if I have studied *News Letter* morality aright, entitles the club to your support rather than ridicule. J. H. P.

What is the comparative of "sweetnight?" Evidently "sweet niter."

NELLY.

In May, when meads were studded with fair flowers,
Our baby came;
God's gift, an angel sent to cheer the hours;
Nelly her name.
Hearts throbbed to greet the little stranger's birth;
All nature wore
A brighter aspect; and seemed round our hearth
A richer store.

Winter! his fingers held in icy grip
The wee white hand:
His chilly breath passed o'er the rosy lip,
And the firm band
That knit three loving souls together snapped.
'Tis mine to tell
The blow Death dealt when in his robe he wrapped
Our darling Nell. —*Cassell's Magazine.*

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

An English officer, thoroughly experienced in the cultivation of tea, has addressed a memorial to the Italian Government, declaring that many parts of the kingdom are suitable for the cultivation of that plant, and that he himself, if he were invited, would give his services gratuitously, to introduce and develop it. We doubt not that both tea and coffee could be raised with great success in many parts of Italy, but especially in Sicily, where they would stand the winter. In Naples coffee berries become a fair size, and the coffee made is good in point of flavor, but it is necessary to have the trees housed during the winter, a precaution which would not be necessary in Sicily.

Some curious facts regarding the bullion movement of the world, exhumed by the London *Economist*, confirm other evidence that the stock of gold in England is increasing. England, in the first eight months of 1873, imported £13,015,907 in gold, or almost the same as last year. But of this, only £3,111,000 came from the United States, against £7,188,000 last year; while Australia furnished £6,216,000, as against £4,083,000. In general, the gold-producing countries furnished a smaller proportion than usual, and the non-gold-producing a greater. The *Economist* regards this as "an unmistakable sign of the exhaustion of the stocks of gold throughout the world.

There is only space for one hundred journalists in the Trianon Palace, where Bazaine is being tried, and for which there are 628 applications from distinct editors. Russia has asked for eight places, Roumania three, Athens two, Constantinople four, Prussia ten, Sweden, Norway and Denmark five, Italy, seven, Austria eleven; the remaining wants are claimed by France, England and America. To satisfy all, an official abstract of the trial will be posted up in an ante-room every two hours, for the use of the press. The demands are thus numerous in consequence of a military, as well as an ordinary, reporter being considered essential.

A Picnic of Faith.—A grand pilgrimage to Jerusalem is at this moment being organized under the auspices of the Archbishop of Paris. The pilgrims will leave Marseilles about the middle of the month on one of the steamers of the Messageries, and, after stopping a few days at Alexandria, will visit the works at the Isthmus of Suez, and then proceed to Jerusalem. Excursions will afterwards be made to Bethlehem, Jericho, Jordan, the Dead Sea, Mount Carmel, Saint Jean d'Acre, Beyrouth, etc. The return journey will be effected by Smyrna, Athens Sicily, and Marseilles. The duration of the whole will be about two months and a half.

One thing which strikes a traveler pleasantly in Mexico is the abundance of flowers. All the year round Indians sit at the street corners in the early morning, making and selling for a real (6d.) bouquets, which in London or New York could not be got for a guinea. Roses, verbenas, heliotropes, and carnations grow like weeds; and besides the made-up bouquets, the Indians bring down from the mountains, on their backs, packs of the Flor de San Juan (bouvardia), a flower like a white jessamine, and for a quartilla (1½d.) one can buy an armful of it, which will scent a whole house for a week.

Edward Jenkins ("**Ginx's Baby**") speaks in the highest terms of Jo Arch, and does himself infinite credit as a member of the English governing class by this manly talk about Charles Bradlaugh: "I believe him to be a man of great ability, but he is a man whose political and religious views are different from mine. He has, I believe, a great influence. Sir Charles Dilke told me that Bradlaugh had the largest personal following of any man in England. In one or two things, which have come under my notice, I have certainly been struck with the gentlemanly spirit he has exhibited."

Tea.—The various names of tea have their own peculiar meanings. Congou is simply a corruption of Kungfu, which signifies labor. Souchong means "Little Sprouts," and Pekoe "White Down." The Wuhee Hills, on which Bohea is produced, give it its name. Oolung signifies "Black Dragon," Hungmoey "Red Plum," Hyson "Fair Spring," and Twankay, "Beacon Brook." Young Hyson is called by the Chinese Yutseen, or "Before the Rains."

On the 4th of September, two Lyons washerwomen hung out at their windows to dry a couple of red petticoats. They were prosecuted on the ground of having displayed "seditious emblems," and on Saturday were tried before the Tribunal of Correctional Police. The issue raised was whether the red petticoats were to be considered as flags or as petticoats merely. The court, after a long deliberation, could not agree on this knotty point, and the women were committed to take their trial at the Assizes, when this petticoat question will be decided by a jury.

Australia begins to feed the old country largely. Four years ago we imported £300 worth of preserved meat. Last year it was close upon a million in value, and it is expected to increase rapidly in amount as the prejudice against the preserved meat wears off; for be it better than the English article, still there would be a prejudice, coming in such an unwonted fashion. We likewise learn that the harvest in Hungary has been so bad this year that the Government has determined to import Australian wheat and rye for sowing in the impoverished districts.

A Clever Young Lady.---In the Oxford Local Examinations, the very first in the list of two hundred and fifty competitors—male and female, English, Irish, and Welsh—was a lady, a very young lady, too, being only seventeen. This "sweet girl graduate" is Miss Roger, daughter of Professor Thorold Roger, now occupying a Chair in London University. She was first in a number of subjects, and well up in nearly all. In languages she was *facile princeps*, having no rival in classics, and very few in French or German.

Last week a person from Portmadoc, Scotland, accompanied by dogs, was walking over a rabbit warren, when the dogs began to burrow with unusual activity. Ere long they came upon a terrier dog buried in a rabbit hole. The poor creature was alive, but could not move. The man recognized it as a dog that had been in the hole for sixteen days, egress having been made impossible by a quantity of earth having fallen, and closed the hole behind the poor dog.

A convict in the State Prison at Concord died, recently, from eating sand and other innutritious substances, taken to make himself sick, so that he might occupy beds of comparative ease in the hospital instead of working. The poor, foolish fellow's sentence expired before his death, but he was then too far gone to go out in the cold world.

The change of guage on the Grand Trunk Railway is completed over the entire line, and the trains have resumed their regular trips. The international bridge at Buffalo will be completed on the 27th, after which trains will pass between Canada and the States.

There are more than sixty morning and evening newspapers published in Paris, and collectively they might challenge the united intelligence of the world to find in any of them a clear and definite programme for the immediate future of the country.

Intelligence has been brought from Africa by a traveler who has just arrived in Paris, that Dr. Livingstone was alive and well at the beginning of the month of July last. He has ceased to be interesting.

According to the London Court Journal, Miss Jerome, one of the prettiest girls that ever hailed from New York, is about to marry Lord Churchill, third son of the Duke of Marlborough.

The Pope, in an address to a delegation last week, said, "Confusion has entered the enemy's camp. They strive to induce me to leave Rome, but I never will."

Since the construction of railroads and telegraph lines to Colorado and Utah, the Summer rains in those territories have been more than quadrupled.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ferns (Wexford) has prohibited the dancing of waltzes, polkas, and galops within his diocese.

A PLAYING-CARD MAKER'S EPITAPH.

"His *card* is *cut;* long days he *shuff'd* through
The *game* of life; he *dealt* as others do.
Though he by *honors* tell not its amount,
When the *last trump* is *play'd* his *tricks* will *count.*"

Jenkinsanity.---A sarcastic Ohio editor notices that "last evening the beautiful daughter of Mr. Lovepuff, the accomplished and gentlemanly wagon-maker of this vicinity, was united in wedlock to George Beerstat, the talented artist, whose charming landscapes are upon the dashboard of every buggy ever turned out of his father-in-law's shop, and who at striping carriage wheels has no peer since Rubens died."

A worthy old lady offers the following advice to girls: Whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arm around his neck, look him full in the face, and commence talking about the furniture.

How to raise beets---Take hold of the tops and pull.

OUR FOUL PAVES.

A quid of tobacco, after a course of energetic mastication, is a filthy object to look upon. The disgusting fluid ejected therefrom during the masticating process, is, not to put too fine a point upon it, unparalleled in nastiness. Yet upon both of these are we compelled to gaze day after day. We must either pick our way among them, or wade boldly and unflinchingly through these pools of refuse filth. We sniff their vile odor with the very air we breathe, for the stones upon which we walk are dotted at intervals of perhaps two and three inches with huge messes of slimy, sickening, yellow saliva, nasty enough in all conscience to read of, but infinitely nicer than the sidewalks themselves to contemplate.

It were bad enough if confined to the sidewalks, but there is not a staircase along the line of thoroughfares that is not washed down with the same dirty stream. It trickles in little rills upon the floors of the street cars, it settles itself in miniature lakes upon their platforms. It descends in sudden avalanches upon silk robes, it garnishes the trowser legs of unsuspecting pedestrians. It falls in showers upon the floors of theaters and concert halls. It comes flying out of windows with the well aimed spurt of a practiced expectorator. It trickles down the sides of fair white China spittoons, into which receptacle it seems never to go straight. It flows a stream of bounteous plenty all through the land, at all times and in all places—excepting the middle of the street. An obliging sun dries it up sometimes, or it is wiped up by the trailing garments of our fastidious womankind. Occasionally an unwary pedestrian loses his balance upon its slippery surface, and leaves one clean place on the sidewalk—when he gets up. But it does not take long to play havoc with this little oasis of cleanliness. Unlike Spring Valley, the supply is exhaustless; the workers are unremitting, and in a marvelously short time the familiar fluid holds its own again.

Yet how easily much of this could be remedied. A step to the curbstone would change the channel of streams, rivers, oceans of tobacco juice. It would be trodden into the renovating earth by the feet of myriads of passing teams. Its stench would cease to reek in the nostrils of pedestrians; its filth would cease to stain the trailing garments of the fair street-sweepers. As for the beast who spits indiscriminately in the street cars—expectorate is too fine a word for him—he should be arrested as a nuisance. A man is arrested who defaces a wall, drives his horses too fast or disturbs his neighbor by loud noise. Why, then, should not he too be arrested who is a nuisance to a whole city by making the public walks or the public vehicles a receptacle for the nauseating nastiness which is rejected by his own system. A law can scarcely be passed to prevent a man from chewing tobacco; but the law should certainly do something with the man who abuses his privilege by flinging the signs of his dirty habit in every available place frequented by men, women and children.

SHAMEFUL MISREPRESENTATION.

We like the Court Journal, although its bitter opposition to the Gladstone administration and evident belief in Britain's decline—we refer to the frequent insertion of those paragraphs with the common title, "The Beginning of the End"—are somewhat harshly and unwisely prominent. Also, of course, in virtue of our Republican sympathies, we have to laugh a little at the adulation of and belief in all things Royal, Aristocratic and Fashionable, which sentiments run through its pages like the scarlet thread through the Government ropes; one only has to cut them to find the evidences of a supple back-bone. But then we remember this is its business. And now having gently stroked it the wrong way, let us smooth down its fur we beg pardon, ermine. We do not know a better arranged weekly, or one containing a greater variety or mass of news. It seems to be capitally edited, is well printed, always acknowledges its extracts from us, and—but if we go further in this strain we shall imagine we are puffing it, and forever lose our self-respect. By the bye, in the number of October 4th, it has taken this from our Notabilia:

"Gladstone, the English Premier, though by no means an Adonis, is always remarkable for the taste he displays in his choice of neckties, etc. He is acknowledged to be one of the neatest-dressed men in England.—*S. F. News Letter.*"

Reading so, it looks as if we were sneering at Willy G.; but the conclusion of the sentence, which has been omitted, was an advertisement of a San Francisco firm where the Premier was supposed to purchase the articles referred to. We wish to set our readers right on this very important point, and we do here declare before heaven and all tail-less, cherubimic butterflies, that our political opinions must *not* be tampered with in this way, and that we don't care a damn for either Gladstone or Dizzy, by gosh!

Here is the opinion a respectable Los Angeles paper bears of us. Referring to last week's issue, it says: "The *News Letter* goes for the Episcopal church, Calvary church, and any other church; alludes to its own personal figure as an 'Adonis-like form;' calls Trinity church 'The Church of the Flying Trapeze,' on account of the similarity of the gas-fixtures to that noble science; dissects the *Chronicle*, Chief Crowley, Dr. Lord and a thousand and one abuses; contains some especially beautiful poetry, and more information in its sixteen pages for strangers than the united dailies think fit to give in a month. Its Art Notes are exceptionally good.—*Daily Los Angeles Herald.*

TOKENS.

I heard a blackbird at the close of day
Thrill out its song against the amber west;
I said, "O bird, my love is far away!
Tell her my thought, and I shall be at rest!"
The mellow-throated singer left its bough,
And flew away amidst the twilight's fall:
And as I thought of young love's burning vow,
I wondered if that bird would tell her all.

I plucked a red rose from its parent tree;
I threw it in the stream that flowed along,
And said, "Sweet rose, oh, take a smile from me,
To where the blackbird speedeth with its song!"
I watched it take its way far down the stream,
With perfumed thoughts to her so young and fair;
And wondered oft if e'er its crimson gleam
Would mingle with her locks of golden hair.

* * * * * *

I dreamed I heard her voice, so low and sweet,
Sing those grand songs that all the spirit fill.
I knelt and lowly worshiped at her feet:
I woke and found my loved one singing still.
And then I knew the blackbird, in its song,
Had told her all the love my soul had sent;
And that the red rose had been borne along,
And found her ere its fragrance yet was spent.

—*Alexander Lamont.*

SUTRO TUNNEL.

A Great Triumph of Civil Engineering.---A Connection Successfully Made between the East and West Drifts.---What may without exaggeration be called one of the greatest successes of civil engineering the world has ever seen, was achieved in successful connection of the east and west drifts of the Sutro Tunnel, on Monday last. As will be seen from a telegraphic dispatch on our first page, the success is mainly due to the perfection of the instruments which were made and supplied by our old fellow citizen, John Roach, the optician. The difficulties in the engineering have been manifold, and by the aid of the Gold Hill *News* of Tuesday, we will refresh the memories of your readers by a brief recapitulation. The header, it will be remembered, was started from the mouth of the tunnel, in the town of Sutro, and is being pushed rapidly ahead in the direction of Mt. Davidson. The drift is being run in a perfectly straight line, rising westerly with a grade of two inches to every 100 feet.

Shaft No. 1 is located 21 feet 9 inches off the center line in a northerly direction, and is distant from the mouth of the tunnel 4,885 feet. In order to start a drift from the bottom of shaft No. 1, to meet the header coming from the town of Sutro, it was found necessary to first run back 21 feet 9 inches in a southerly direction from the bottom of the shaft, until the center line of the tunnel was reached; thence to turn a right angle eastwardly, and run in this course until the header is met. In order to effect an exact connection between header and shaft, extreme accuracy was necessary in surveying these lines. A serious embarrassment to correct surveying originated from the placing of a boiler on the surface just at the point where the line of the tunnel crosses the offset line of the shaft, so as to prevent placing the instrument over this very important point. It therefore became necessary to lay off the rectangular offset lines in front of the boiler past the shaft, thence to measure with offsets so as to get a parallel line over the top of the shaft, and from this parallel line to plumb down to the bottom of the shaft, 523 feet 8 in. in depth, thence take this line at the bottom and prolong it southerly 21 feet and 9 inches to the center line of the tunnel, and from this point turn a right angle and start the east and west drifts.

From the above mentioned statement it will be seen that the difficulties encountered in making the survey were much greater than those connected with the Hoosac Tunnel, the shaft of the latter being exactly on the line of the tunnel itself. The longest diameter of the Hoosac shaft is 27 feet, and is placed in the line of the tunnel so that this line could be projected directly in the line of the tunnel and then be prolonged both ways. The longest base line that could be projected down the Sutro Tunnel shaft was six feet eight inches in length, provided that one plumb-bob is hung down the shaft, while the other is hanging down in the hoist shaft, but the pump shaft is almost entirely filled with the steam pipe, exhaust pipe, pump column and its braces, and a ladder way. Plumbing down the shaft was not considered reliable, as the wire might touch at some point or another; the shaft also being so hot from the exhaust steam as to prevent an inspection of the plumb-bob, therefore, the hoist shaft giving a base line of three feet, one inch in length, had to be depended upon for projecting the line of the tunnel down in the bottom of the shaft. The slightest variation made, even on the surface in this short base line, would result disastrously in throwing the east drift a long way off the true line.

Appreciating the difficulties previously enumerated, the Sutro Tunnel Company cast about for a civil engineer equal to the emergency, and eventually were fortunate enough to enlist in the enterprise Mr. H. Schussler, Chief Engineer of the Spring Valley Water Company, and still later of the Virginia and Gold Hill Water Company. Mr. Schussler entered upon his work with his usual energy and ardor. Under his careful and accurate surveying the drifts have been run straight as any arrow.

We are enabled to state that all the difficulties referred to in the foregoing article are overcome, and the connection which has been so much talked of in professional circles is *un fait accompli*. And right here we may state that even the most skilled civil engineers, well acquainted with the subject, deemed a difference in the connection of from two to five feet a very close hit. As we previously predicted, Mr. Schussler was equal to the task. At ten minutes of 11 o'clock A. M., on the 27th of October, the two drifts met. In the afternoon of the same day Mr. Joseph Aron, President, and Mr. Hooper, Director, who were present at the time the connection was made, forwarded a message to Mr. Adolph Sutro, London, of the following wording:

"SUTRO, October 27, 1873.

Schussler connected tunnel to-day. Grade within ½ inch; center line, ¾ inch.
(Signed) JOSEPH ARON."

On the Saturday previous a dispatch was sent to the President in San Francisco to leave there for Virginia on Sunday morning, and thus this gentleman, with a party of others interested in the enterprise, arrived at the tunnel just in time to witness the great event. Early in the morning on Monday Mr. Schussler sent his old chain-man, John Higgins (who has followed his footsteps for ten years and helped to make five tunnel connections during that time), over to shaft No. 1 to measure the progress made since Saturday morning. He came back in breathless haste and reported that the rock had during the last forty-eight hours turned softer and that a progress of about four feet more than was anticipated had been made. Upon hearing this unexpected but favorable news, Mr. Schussler exclaimed excitedly, "They are within three feet of one another!" He called young Ross Browne, his assistant, and both rushed into the tunnel up to the face of the border. Fifteen minutes after their arrival, a cartridge of giant powder being placed in a drill-hole in the center of the face and ignited, blew a hole about ten inches square through the remaining barrier of rock.

The excitement caused by this event was intense, and the shifts of miners and foremen who were gathered in the respective faces gave vent to their joy in an unearthly yell that made the old mountain ring, and at the same time Schussler, Browne and Jackson, the foreman, rushed forward and shook hands through the opening, with Bob DeNoon, the Mining Superintendent of the Company, Mr. Brew, foreman at shaft No. 1, and all the boys on the shift. Enough rock was then knocked off with a pick to enlarge the apperture sufficiently to a low the men to crawl through from one drift to the other. As a matter of course, a drink was had all around. The draught through the opening at the time was a most strong enough to force a man through it into the opposite drift. At this juncture the President, Mr. Aron, Mr. Hooper and Mr. Clark, who had just arriven from San Francisco, together with Mrs. Sutro, Mr. Sadlord and Mr. Pitchford, arrived on the spot, and by the aid of sturdy miners were launched through the apperture. Mr. Schussler received with commendable modesty the warm congratulations of the party upon the success of the undertaking, and requested them to delay a few moments to witness any discrepancies which might have occurred in his survey. The instruments were placed in position, and fore and back sights taken through the opening, and, to the great astonishment of everybody, the difference in his survey between the opposite drifts amounted to only one-half inch in the level and seven-eighths of an inch in the line. This result, although hardly creditable, judging from the difficulties he had to contend with in making his surveys, is a truly wonderful triumph in the line of underground surveying, and adds fresh laurels to the brow of the champion civil engineer of America.

At the date of this writing the barrier of rock has been entirely cut away, the track put in position, so that all traces of the point of connection are gone.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

It is our pleasant duty to record an act of heroism that took place last Wednesday afternoon on Kearny street. A lady, plainly dressed, but whose deportment evidently showed her to be one nurtured in refinement, was sauntering along the shady side of the street. She looked at the picture stores, admired Miss Elzer's photograph in Golly's window, crossed Post street and stood transfixed, mesmerized, and spell-bound before the White House windows. It was the day when they had displayed those dresses in all their lavish splendor. She took out her portemonnaie; there was enough therein to buy half a dozen pair of gloves. At this juncture a gentleman came from the opposite direction. It was her husband! With a cry of joy she rushed to meet him, and told him of her exigency. With a rough expression he refused her request and passed rudely away. At this moment a mutual friend of the family arrived, and——; but the rest will appear in the Fourteenth District Court.

ALGERNON SMITH.

"Died.---In this city, October 27th, Algernon Smith, in the 44th year of his age."

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 29, 1873.

Dear News Letter---To offer you an apology for seeking the hospitality of your columns to say a few words in remembrance of one who was as much beloved by you and hundreds of your readers as by me, were indeed a mockery of which I cannot be guilty. And so I plead no excuse for this intrusion. Rather am I prompted to ask pardon of those who may have their attention invited to this humble tribute to a true-hearted gentleman, and who knew him long and well, for its *failure* to do justice to the dead and to satisfy the living. When the tenderest chords of the heart are touched by the hand of sorrow, there is a responsive voice, more earnest and sincere in its tones than mere words, and the pen is powerless to portray its meaning. In the presence of death we all stand appalled. Language falters on the tongue. We are hushed into a solemn silence more eloquent than speech, when the Destroying Angel crosses our thresholds and takes from us a loved one. Our feelings find relief in tears. It is thus our hearts speak. And sitting here to-night, almost within hearing of his retreating footfalls, as he passes away from us forever—and filled with sadness, I know not what to say about our dear lost friend, and yet I want so much to record something kind and true of Algernon Smith. Permit me then to offer this, my simple tribute to his memory. Among other and fairer flowers laid at the shut door of his tomb, this little leaf may escape recognition, but surely it will retain, at least, its freshness and life, if there is any *truth* in the *reality* of *Friendship*, for that was the guide which prompted it. To hear of the decease of an acquaintance whom we have been in the habit of seeing and talking with almost daily, is at all times sad: but how much more productive of pain and sorrow to listen to the voice, telling with a harsh and grating sound, that a valued and warm-hearted and sterling friend, who has endeared himself to us by many alluring characteristics, and with whom we had many associations and sympathies in common, has been summoned at last to join the "innumerable caravan" with which we must all, sooner or later, take up our journey to the Realms of Shade. We hear of his illness; we visit him in his sick-room; we hear it said that he *cannot* recover, that human skill is powerless to aid or save; we witness his symptoms of dissolution, and we prepare ourselves calmly for the dread ending. But when we read the record of his death in the daily papers, or hear of it from the lips of friends, we shudder and grieve none the less, and the blow we suffer is by no means tempered because we expected it.

It was thus the shock fell upon the writer when he was told that Algernon Smith was dead. We had all been prepared for days to hear it, but still a fond hope was alive, that we dearly loved to cherish, that another Winter and Summer might come and go before the "shadow shunned of men," then hovering so near, would find its resting place. Alas! all hopes were shattered—all that medical skill could suggest, or faithful friends effect, was in vain, and on the evening of October 27th life's fitful fever was ended, and the spirit of this noble gentleman, this trusty and tried friend, devoted son and brother, and genial companion, took its flight gently, almost imperceptibly, from his couch of suffering into that other and outer world, where, let us hope, there will be found perfect peace and perfect rest, that rest and peace which runs through all eternity, and which "passeth all understanding." How true it is that, "in the midst of life we are in death!" And this was so forcibly brought home to me when our friend passed away, the thought encompassed me for hours. He always seemed so full of health and strength—the very picture of it. His spirits were the merriest where *all* were cheerful. His tones were among the gayest and gladdest, and his wit among the readiest and brightest, where *all* were full of life and gayety and gladness. There were so many others, we thought, would be taken first. And all who knew him loved him so well it is hard to give him up, and we *cannot* kiss the rod of the Destroyer. Algernon Smith was born in Washington City. His father was the late Mayor Thomas L. Smith, a genial, accomplished, and gallant gentleman, who, for *forty* years, held the honorable and distinguished office of 1st Auditor of the U. S. Treasury Department. Enjoying high social position and favored with benefits of a thorough education, the morning of Algernon's manhood dawned with brightness and promise. He served for a time as midshipman in the U. S. Navy with credit, and finally resigned his appointment. In 1849 he came to California, and entered upon an active business life. Since his advent to this coast the thread of his life is so interwoven with the history of early and later times here, and so familiar to your readers I will not enlarge upon it. It is superfluous for me to say that in all his relations—business and social—with his fellow-men, he won the respect and confidence of all. He was prompt and obliging—always ready to do a favor, or serve a friend. He leaves to mourn the irreparable loss they have sustained in his death, a widowed mother, two sisters and a brother, Col. Granville Smith, residing in the East, and in this city, a married sister, Mrs. Thomas Holt—a lady well and widely known, and justly celebrated for all the graces and accomplishments tending to adorn intellectual womanhood.

I was not one of Algernon's earliest friends, for *he* was an old resident, while I am comparatively a stranger here; but I know of no one among all my associates for whom I conceived a stronger regard or a deeper respect than for Algernon Smith. And he was entitled to this regard *from all*, by a thousand manly and ennobling qualities; and I am sure there will be no dissenting voice among the hundreds who called him friend when I render to him the homage of my praise as a

man of liberal ideas, of generous impulses, of unswerving devotion to his associates, of unquestioned courage, and, what was best and sweetest of all in these days when the possession of personal integrity is commented upon, alas! as one would call attention to the existence in the heavens of some blazing meteor, he was a man of *unsullied honor*. His mind was adorned with the polish of literary culture, without which the happiness of all men is lessened, and whenever he chose to commit his thoughts to paper he wrote with ease and grace. At intervals some of the pleasantest reading in the pages of the *News Letter* was the product of his pen. But if his keen sense of the ludicrous and ready wit made his letters piquant and spicy, he never was so ungenerous or unkind as to seek to inflict a lasting pain or leave a malicious sting. The weapon of satire was not wielded by him to cut and thrust and leave a rankling wound, but simply to parry and foil. His conversational powers were rare, and in the social circle he was ever a favorite. You, dear *News Letter*, knew him long and well, and surely you will miss his pleasant ways and the kindly grasp of his hand. Who that knew him will not? For *all* he had kind words and courteous consideration. I know of no man who had fewer enemies than he. Not that he was devoid of the qualities to make them, for he had strong points of character, and was fearless in the expression of his opinions, but he was conciliatory to all and ever ready to make reparation for a wrong.

To show their regret for his loss, and their sympathy with his stricken relatives, all of our best and ablest, our fairest and bravest in the community, came to pay the last token of respect to his remains. And it can well be said of him, as it was of the genial and brilliant Douglas Jerrold, when he died, "Were every expressed regret a flower, a monument of roses would bloom over his grave." To those relatives, near and afar, on whom the blow has fallen with such a crushing weight, I am sure I am only giving expression to the sentiments of all when I say that we proffer to each and every one of them our *tenderest* and our *truest* sympathy. For when the Skeleton hand beckoned to our friend to follow, it made tearful hearts in not only a sister's household here, but it also cast a shadow broad and deep upon the Eastern home, where now dwells a broken-hearted and widowed mother. May the chastening Hand temper the blow, and may she find some slight consolation in her bereavement by knowing how much her faithful son was appreciated here. For, what can aid more to make truly glad a mother's heart than the knowledge that her loved one deserved richly all the friends he had? This will at least be but the revelation of a silver lining to her cloud of sorrow. And now he sleeps in eternal stillness among the green hills at Lone Mountain, where we have laid so many of our treasures—away from the strife and bustle of the town, near to the borders of the sounding sea.

Farewell, old friend! Farewell! Sweet be your repose! We will not, because we *cannot*, forget you! And sometimes, when the day is almost over, at the sunset hour—for I often heard him say he loved that best—when all nature, in her garb of evening beauty, invites us to reflection, and our thoughts wander away to loved ones resting in that City of the Silent, so flecked with sepulchred urns and stately shafts, uttering no words, yet telling their tales of sorrow with a voiceless eloquence, more touching than any speech of man, sometimes let those of us who cherished him seek his modest grave, and scatter a few of the Spring-time's fairest flowers above the dust of Algernon Smith. Let us shed to his memory a tear—affection's tear—a dearer monument than cold, unfeeling marble.

STUART M. TAYLOR.

ROAD STEAMER IN CHINA.

Mr. Morgan, British Consul at Tientsin, mentions the import of one of Thomson's road steamers or traction engines, with a passenger omnibus and and trucks, intended to be used at first for the conveyance of passengers and merchandise between Taku and Tientsin. On two occasions the Chinese authorities came to witness trials of this engine, and on the second of these the Governor-General himself and the chief mandarins of Tientsin took a ride on the omnibus through the British settlement. His Excellency also minutely inspected the machinery, and was evidently quite astonished at the facility with which it could be managed. Previously to the Governor-General's visit, the Customs Taotai had expressed a wish to name the road steamer, and after some reflection he fixed upon the term "Li-yung," suggested to him by a passage in one of the ancient classics, where the component characters form part of a sentence, which runs thus:

"That which can drag heavy weights to a distance is beneficial to the world at large." He thought these words well exemplified by the useful qualities of the traction engine. But the country unfortunately was so flooded that when the Consul made his report, at the end of last march, there seemed no likelihood of the road steamer being able to traverse the open plain for a long time; and it was feared that its traversing the highway between Tientsin and Taku was practically impossible while the roads and bridges remained in their then state.

An organization of English and American capitalists announce that they will lay a new ocean cable, the American terminus of which shall be on Long Island.

WHERE DWELL THE DEAD?

Mr. Editor:—The query that heads this article is the grand question which has, more than all others, agitated the minds of the human family, from creation's dawn down to the present time; from every square rod of soil on this terrestrial ball, whereon the foot of man hath trod; from Greenland's stunted Esquimaux to the wild Maori's of the Australian Isle; from Africa's dusky sons; from Asia's countless hords; from Europe's classic home of polished men, where Brain is Power, and Mind the King that sits enthroned on Times' progressive car, and with the wizard wand of Science marks the unerring movements of those countless worlds of light that fleck the stellar universe: from every savage breast; from every cultivated mind; through every age and time and place, rolls up the longing, earnest, anxious cry, the great momentous question of "Where dwell the dead?" The question is unanswered; the grand problem remains unsolved; the mystic riddle still unread. Nature in the silent working of her mysterious law, of cause an effect, hath never yet presented to the inquiring mind of man the magic key by which he might unlock that most tremendous secret. But the world's history presents a shameful record to the pitying gaze of thinking minds of how myriads of designing knaves, of praying counterfeits, of pious frauds, of fat and well-fed cheats, with sanctimonious face and oily tongue have, through Times' revolving cycles of unnumbered years, seized upon man's grand desire and longing hope and aspiration for a future life, and reared upon human nature's weak credulity Religion's monstrous pandimonium of unnumbered creeds, whose propagators invented Gods of every color, caste, and shade, thunder and lightning, fire and flood, and pestilence and blazing war, and dead, dumb images of brass, and sticks and stones and bugs and worms and all the vile and vicious things of earth,

> "From the slimy serpents of the Nile
> To Gange's scale-clad crocodile."

Every page of the world's literature that treats upon the subject of a future state, or answers the question of Where dwell the dead? shows the anomoly of man's creating a God, and then falling down and worshiping the emanation of his distempered fancy, until he believes in and becomes frightened at the bug-bear which he has called into being. For all practical purposes, the Christian's God of the nineteenth century is no improvement upon any of his cast-off predecessors; his favors are all stored in an improbable Heaven, where by a popular fiction some of the dead are supposed to dwell; his favors are done up in parcels to suit all classes of customers, and are still, as they have ever been, articles of traffic and trade, for coin. The packages are all marked Religion, and can be purchased at any of the retail trading temples in San Francisco. The quality of the article is the same everywhere—the price depends on the tone and standing of the sanctuary at which the purchase is made, and the silk, velvet and tinsel in which the article is enveloped. For instance, a superior article of velvet-clad salvation can be bought of Brother Stebbins, with a box to keep it in, for $1,000 per annum. Brother Hemphill has for sale a delightful brand of sugar-coated redemption in crimson plush packages at $600 per annum (no Irish need apply). The Rev. Mr. Stone has on hand a large assortment of articles marked, Fancy Favors for the Faithful. They are heavily mounted with brass and upholstered in the gorgeous pattern of the New Jerusalem. The entire lot can be bought and left on show in his temple for $800 per annum, or the heavenly morsels will be sold singly without dressing at the following prices, as per schedule in the catalogue: Grace of God, $9; Home in Glory, $7 50; Abraham's Bosom for ladies, 75 cents; Over Jordan, 3 bits; The Narrow Way, 50 cents; Hell Bridged Over, 15 cents. The Rev. Hallelujah Cox has a large supply of cheap favors of the Lord gotten up in plain style, which he scatters among the unwashed at 25 cents a bushel. The above mentioned gentlemen, and the class which they represent are known to the traders in religion as Protestants. The firm comprises three partners, their trade-mark is the copy of an old cross, an instrument of torture used by the ancient Romans in the execution of their State criminals. There is another large army of traders and peddlers of religion, known as Catholics, who have magnificent trading temples established all over the civilized world. They carry on their swindling traffic under the firm name of "Virgin Mary, St. Peter and the Pope." The Pope being the earthly head center, receives most of the cash. Their trading temples have everything for sale, from absolution for the crime of murder to a petty larceny; also indulgences for sale, which means license to commit any crime for so much money. The trade-mark of this factior is also that same old cross, and a bitter war has been carried on for centuries between the two opposing factions, Protestant and Catholic, for the exclusive right to peddle out their religion under this ancient trade-mark.

But each and every vender of the so-called sacred love through all the forgotten centuries has failed to point out, to the sons of earth, "Where dwell the dead?" The divine orators of this age are no wiser than their dead and forgotten Pagan brethren, the educated, well fed, well dressed and refined popular bible pounder of to-day, when he arises in his pulpit and thunders forth eternal salvation for those who think as he thinks, and everlasting damnation for those who differ in opinion from him, and pictures to the gaping crowd the homes of the departed, setting himself up as the personification of infinite wisdom, and answers the world's great conundrum of "Where dwell the dead." I repeat, that this gaudy, inflated human butterfly, who has but lately thrown off the chrysalis of the grub, knows that he is uttering a broad, glaring, bare-faced falsehood, for which he is receiving the

hard-earned money of the toiling million, giving them as an equivalent an old and stereotyped lie—howling to the multitude, in brazen impudence, upon a subject of which he is entirely ignorant.

And what a curse the canting knaves
Have wrought upon their pious slaves;
Eternity may scarce efface
The burning blush of their disgrace.
Grimes backward, down the tide of years,
Behold the misery, blood and tears;
And war and rapine, lust and crime,
Along the broad highway of Time;
Consult the records of the world,
The hand that waste and ruin hurled,
And death and desolation cast
Over the earth, from first to last;
Still wanes the bloody cross on high,
Still points to homes beyond the sky;
And scheming priests are daily fed
By peddling dwellings for the dead;
Each self-sufficient priest hath made
A little God in which to trade;

And far beyond yon azure dome,
In endless nowhere man has home;
Endowed him with a blissful land,
And mansions never made by hand,
Where ransomed souls beyond the tomb,
Can each lodge in a furnished room,
If through the church to heaven they're
With bill receipted for the rent! [sent,
Stupendous fraud! The day dawns now
That tears the veil from off thy brow,
And shows to a priest-ridden race
The hideous features of thy face.
And Human Reason's rising sun
Shines on thy mouldering skeleton.
Away! and seek some hideous grave,
Or hide beneath oblivion's wave,
With brazen, impudent lie that lies
Who states where man goes when he dies.

Yours, in deep mourning, THE PARSON.

THE OAKS, October, 1875.

THE POOR HEATHEN.

In a lecture given in Springfield, a few nights ago, our pet hallucination that our civilization is incomparably superior to all others, and that we are created to instruct the world, received a very severe shock. We fear the lecturer thus committed an unpardonable sin in pouring gall and wormwood into the chalice from which we have all been accustomed to drink only self-esteem and self-gratification these many years. We assume, he said, that we can teach China, Japan and the old nations of the East; that we can do more than all their past has done. He proposed to institute a few comparisons between his audience and those nations, between their civilization and ours, to consider the arts, sciences, literature, religions and governments that we propose to supplant. First, the religion of Buddha, which has more followers than any other. The word has a strange, heathenish sound to us, and to most church-goers suggests only heathenism. Yet a religion that boasts of more than one-half the world, numbers in its nations of followers, has already developed more of art and science than we shall in 500 years more, must be treated with respect. We may learn that our religion can find some things to copy, and New England go to school to China, Japan and Ceylon. The basic idea of this religion is, "The infinite capability of the human intellect." It has nothing sensual or emotional about it. It is pure rationalism, better than any Ralph Waldo Emerson ever taught, except when he borrowed from it. It always appeals to reason, tolerates no passion or undue appetites, seeks to win converts only by argument and persuasion. Its weapon is the sermon, its champion the brain, and its reliance argument. For 2300 years it has never known but one religious war, and that is so small that nothing definite can be gained about it. How does this compare with European history and the records of our ancestors in New England? Take a thousand years from human history and see how Buddhism was continually an instrument of peace and toleration, and European religions the instruments of war and persecutions. Buddhism never persecuted, never deceived the people, debased or discouraged literature, appealed to prejudice or passion; never appealed to the sword. If this is heathenism, it is civilized heathenism. But the heathen is more. He is a humane being. The Buddhist first recognizes as a "man and brother" whoever has intellect. It is only of late years that we have learned that the Church and State can exist apart, but the Buddhist religion has had no connection with the Government for 300 years. We establish hospitals for suffering humanity—they for suffering brutes, as well. Our magazines are just beginning to advocate the planting of shade-trees, and we shall do it, if at all, as a matter of taste. They have done it, from a sense of duty, for thirty centuries. We entertain strangers—at hotels if they pay. Their poorest huts are always open, and they receive every stranger as a guest of God, to be given the best of everything. The testimony of missionaries who have spent years among them is that they are very polite, almost universally temperate, and that indecencies of word or act are almost never seen. Contrary to the generally accepted belief, children are kindly treated, the men taking delight in keeping care for them, widows with children are thought more desirable as wives than those without, maternity always brings respect. Here it is hard to get any law against the sale of intoxicating drink, but China long ago refused to license the sale of opium, on the high moral ground that it was not right to license any evil.

Leaving religion, compare ourselves with China as a nation. We are anxious to Christianize it, to change its morals, its laws, its customs, to put new forces and figures into its literature, its art, to Anglicize and Americanize it. It is assuming that our morals, fashions and customs are better than theirs. Let us see. China is twice the size of the United States, embracing a territory of 5,000,000 square miles. It is all densely populated, and contains 500,000,000 inhab-

itants—half the population of the globe. This is the mass we propose to teach. As a nation it has literally outlived history. Herodotus, "the father of historians," tells of having seen monuments of kings who lived 2,000 years before his day. Rome, Greece, and the nations of antiquity have passed away, but China has stood immutable to time. Not an art has been lost, not a science forgotten, nothing has gone. Its oral language has been preserved without changing a tense. Its mechanical triumphs are unrivaled. Its great wall stands alone as a work of masonry; its largest canal is twice as long as the Erie; it was perforated with artesian wells 2,000 years ago; understood the circulation of the blood 2,300 years ago; inoculated all its children in the 9th and possibly in the 5th century; had splendid libraries of printed books centuries before the art of printing was discovered. The basal idea of the government is the paternal, and here is one of the chief reasons of its stability. The emperor is considered as the father of the nation. Another reason is that a revolt is always in order in China, that is, the government is never overthrown, but the emperor liable to be at any time. What have we to offer for these things? Corruption? Ability to deceive? The governmental idea of China rests upon education. None but thorough scholars are honored with office, and the poorest may work himself up to any station. Can we offer more? Their aristocracy is of brains, and it is better than the French of military power, the English of blood, or ours of wealth. What can we give them? They are well fed, well clothed, universally educated, have every art and science. What do you propose to do? To teach them to cheat? To forge? To get drunk? To become irreverent? To adopt our fearful American profanity, grosser than any on earth? To give Illinois, Arkansas, or Texas ignorance to a nation that has had common schools for 2,000 years? To introduce Yankee office-holders and New York rowdy congressmen? Or do we propose to send Bibles, and, as was done recently, send three missionaries and 240 barrels of rum on the same ship? When, after twenty or forty years' observation of such things, those educated men repudiate our religion, what will you say? The trouble is, we have not reduced our religion to practice. They know more of this life, we of the life to come. What we need is not more ecclesiastical machinery, but more piety. When American habits are better, when we have escaped heathenism at home, we shall be more ready to go abroad.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN THE VAULTS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

It is not generally known, that, under the provisions of its ancient charter, the Governor and Corporation of the Bank of England are obliged not only to purchase at their fair value any precious metals tendered to them, but are also obliged to take charge of any gold or silver, in ingots or plate, that may be brought to them for safe keeping. From time to time plate chests have been deposited with this view in the vaults of the Bank, and many of them have been there so long that they are actually rotting away. On a recent occasion the servants of the Bank discovered a chest which, on being moved, literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents a quantity of massive plate was discovered of the period of Charles the Second. This circumstance might not in itself be very interesting, but there was found with the plate a parcel, which proved to be a bundle of old love letters, carefully arranged according to their dates.

An inspection of them revealed a correspondence of a tender and romantic description, carried on during the period of the Restoration. The name of the writer was found to be Berners, and, after considerable search among the archives of the institution, it was found that a family of that name had been connected with the Bank about the time in question. Acting upon this clue, the directors prosecuted their inquiry, and being satisfied that a gentleman of the same name, now living, is the lineal representative of the owner of the plate and the love letters, both have been handed to him. The plate has been sent to Messrs. Lambert, the celebrated silversmiths in the Haymarket, to be cleaned, and the newly discovered owner has permitted it to be shown to any one interested in plate of the period. The love letters are not, however, on view.

Mr. Louis A. Garnett, the manager of the San Francisco Assaying and Refining Works, has published a very able pamphlet, in the form of a letter to the Hon. H. R. Linderman, Director of the U. S. Mint, Washington City, upon the Decline in Value of Silver, reviewing recent suggestions to issue fractional silver in lieu of fractional paper money, and recommending a new silver coin containing gold as a legal tender for all sums. We shall recur to this subject next week, and, if possible, furnish our readers with an abstract of the article in question.

Head and Heart Arrangement.—The following is rather old, but it will bear telling again. The way John Stuart Mill proposed to the young lady who eventually became his wife is strange, but true. "I wish I had your head, Mr. Mill," said the lady, on an occasion when that gentleman had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," replied Mr. Mill. "Well," said the lady, "since your head and my heart agree so well, I am willing that we should go into partnership." And so it was.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake—
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser by conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted men foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When, man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit to;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistence,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—*George Linnæus Banks, in "Peals from the Belfry."*

HUMBUG RAMPANT.

We said sixteen Patermarias, the Lord's Prayer backwards, repeated Abracadabra times without number and exhausted all our other religious forms of expressing thanksgiving when we read that there is a split in the camp between the lecherous free lovers and the driveling spiritualists. A society for the discussion of spiritualism has been formed, the conditions to the admission of which are quite as lax as the sentiments discussed. All you have to do to constitute yourself a member being to declare your belief in spiritual manifestations—the old collection trap coming into action, of course. At the meetings of the society, several free lovers will persist in introducing their tenets of faith at *mal apropos* moments. This has been objected to by the spiritualists, and last Sunday the fire which had been long smouldering was fanned into a flame. Most sincerely do we pray that Spontaneous Combustion and Utter Annihilation may be the fate of the whole damned ruck. The two have heretofore stood well together, for in their union they know lies their strength. But now the house is divided against itself, and we are thoroughly and earnestly determined to do our utmost to level the house, pestiferous and lazar-like, to the very ground. We think it a very shame and disgrace to the people of San Francisco that these two rotten, fungi of society, the spiritualists and free lovers, should be permitted to feed and nourish themselves upon us. What is so particularly aggravating in this matter is that the parasitical tribe flourish and grow fat, whilst many honest men and women, have actually hard work to make both ends meet. We attended a meeting of these spiritualistic free lovers once and found them all in broadcloth and satin, actually reeking with fat. That same afternoon, a carriage painter, a man of temperate habits, told us the story of his three months' unsuccessful attempt to gain any sort of employment. The very next day he sold his furniture to obtain means to carry himself and family into the country. You must know of scores of instances yourselves of the difficulty men have of obtaining employment, and yet these lazy, good-for-nothing, and most offensive to all common sense parasites are sleek and well fed and richly clothed. Some of these "astrologers"—they are all from the same stinking tar-pot—have their offices crowded from morning to night with fools, rich in pocket, but O! so wretchedly poor in brains, and their exorbitant fees are paid without a murmur. You laugh, at the idea of swallowing a spider-pill for rheumatism, and call it a relic of the old dark days. Are not astrologers and magicians then a relic of "the old dark days?" And yet, good God, look how they flourish here! Astrologers, spiritualists, free lovers, fortune tellers are all one great society of Rampant Humbugs, and for these signs of internecine quarrels and foreshadowed dissolution of partnership, we are so thankful. But how much more thankful should we be if the common sense of San Francisco would awake to the magnitude of the hoodwinking and superstition that are about us, take action and sweep away its great shame!

Motley, the historian, Mrs. Motley, Mrs. Ives and party, arrived lately at the Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh, from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, at Inverary Castle.

NEW BOOKS FROM A. ROMAN CO.

SOUTH SEA IDYLS, by Charles Warren Stoddard. Published by James R. Osgood, Boston.

We do not gush often. It is not our nature to. On the contrary, we delight to "sit upon" the aspiring mind, and when a trim new boat puts off from shore, we squelch that little craft with mingled cheerfulness and glee; but on this occasion only do we turn our good sword "Smite-'em" into the truthfulest of goose quills with which to pen the praises of our friend and fellow laborer, Charles Warren Stoddard. California should be proud of him—we are—and that were praise indeed. The *News Letter* is high authority in matters literary, and considers itself head center in the nursery of California prodigies. We have brought them all forward—Harte, Twain, Miller, Bierce—some by hand, some by the bottle, but once strong enough to fly, they leave us. "'Twas ever thus," the parent bird, etc. But if the author of "South Sea Idyls" but write as charmingly of civilization as of barbarism, and describe the "Old World" as graphically as he has the "newest of the new," we will forgive his discretion and pray that his days may be long in the land.

Mr. Stoddard's sketches of life in the Sandwich and Friendly Islands are familiar to all the readers of the *Overland Monthly*, to whose pages they lent a peculiar charm, so full were they of the glow, ardor and abandon of youth; one sees that the bloom is still upon the flower, the down upon the peach; he carries one away with him. We see him buffeting the boisterous waves of the Pacific in the little craft, the *Petrel:*

"A green oasis blossomed before us—a garden in perfect bloom, girded about with creaming waves; within its coral cincture pendulous boughs trailed in the glassy waters; from its hidden bowers spiced airs stole down upon us; above all the triumphant palm trees clashed their melodious branches like a chorus with cymbals; yet from the very gates of this paradise a changeful current swept us onward, and the happy isle was buried in night and distance." Then, "Our craft rocked softly on a summer sea, swinging her idle canvas in the sun. The exquisite nautilus floated past us; the strange anemone laid its pale, sensitive petals on the lips of the wave and panted in ecstasy; a sailor sang while he hung in the ratlines and tarred down the salt stained shrouds. The afternoon waned; down went the swarthy sun into his tent of clouds; the waves were of amber; the fervid sky was flushed; it looked as though something were about to happen up there, and that it could hardly keep the secret much longer. Then came the purplest twilight, and then the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripest, goldenest stars—such stars as hang like fruits in sunfed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over mountains and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them; and I conjured up my spells of savage enchantment, my blessed islands, my reefs baptized with silver spray. I saw the broad fan leaves of the banana droop in the motionless air, and through the tropical air the palms aspired heavenward."

In "The Night Dancers of Waipo" he gives a vivid account of the "*lomi-lomi*," describes the manner of eating "*poi*," and winds up with the mysteries of the "*hula-hula*," most glowingly written. "The great mat upon the floor before us was the stage. On one side of it a half-a-dozen muscular fellows were squatted, with large calabashes headed with tightly drawn goat skins. These were the drummers and singers, who could beat nimbly with their fingers, and sing the epics of their country to the unceasing joy of all listeners. Now for the *hula-hula*. It is the national dance, taught to all children by their parents, but so difficult to excel in, that the few who perfect themselves can afford to travel on this one specialty.

"There was a murmur of impatience, speedily checked, and followed by a burst of applause, as a band of beautiful girls, covered with wreaths of flowers and vines, entered and seated themselves before us. While the musicians beat an introductory overture upon the tom-toms, the dancers proceeded to bind shawls and scarfs about their waists, turban fashion. They sat in a line, facing us, a foot or two apart. The loose sleeves of their dresses were caught up at the shoulder, exposing arms of almost perfect symmetry, while their bare throats were scarcely hidden by the necklaces of jasmines that coiled about them.

"Then the leader of the band, who sat, gray-headed and wrinkled, at one end of the room, throwing back his head, uttered a long, wild and shrill gutteral—a sort of invocation to the goddess of the *hula-hula*. When this clarion cry had ended, the dance began, all joining in with wonderfully accurate rythm, the body swaying slowly backward and forward, to left and right; the arms tossing, or rather waving in the air above the head, now beckoning some spirit of light, so tender and seductive were the motions of the dancers, so graceful and free the movements of the wrists; now, in violence and fear, they seemed to repulse a host of devils that hovered invisibly about them.

"The spectators watched and listened breathlessly, fascinated by the terrible wildness of the song and the monotonous thrumming of the accompaniment. Presently the excitement increased. Swifter and more wildly the bare arms beat the air, embracing, as it were, the airy forms that haunted the dancers, who rose to their knees, and with astonishing agility, caused the clumsy turbans about their loins to quiver with an undulatory motion, increasing or decreasing with the sentiment of the song and the enthusiasm of the spectators.

"There was a little resting spell—a very little resting spell, now and then, for the gourd's sake, or their whiffs at a pipe, that would poison a white man in ten minutes, and before we half expected it, or had a thought of urging the unflagging

dancers to renew their marvelous gyrations, they were at it in terrible earnest. From the floor to their knees, from their knees to their feet, now facing us, now turning from us, they spun and ambled, till the ear was deafened with cheers and boisterous, half-drunken, wholly passionate laughter. The room whirled with the reeling dancers, who seemed encircled with living serpents in the act of swallowing big lumps of something from their throats clear to the tips of their tails, and the convulsions continued until the hysterical dancers staggered and fell to the floor, overcome by unutterable fatigue. This was the seductive dance, still practiced in secret, though the law forbids it; and to the Hawaiian it is more beautiful, because more sensuous, than anything else in the world."

The book abounds in glowing tropical pictures. There is not a page but from which an artist could have drawn subjects for a dozen pictures. You close your eyes and before you lies, "A long, narrow strip of snow-white beach. You see the weird, slender cocoa palms, and gilded breakers reeling on palm fringed shores; brown, sleek limbed, dusky barbarians chatting, singing, smoking, or silently regarding the moon; guava jungles, orange groves, clusters of jasmines; the night-blooming cereus with its ivory urn open to the moonlight; the river like an inky flood with a broken silver crust; canoes floating upon its sluggish tide like long feathers; nude savages bending over the oars; the liquid tongues of waterfalls that dive head first into groves at the farther end of a valley"—but one could quote most of the book.

We see with pleasure that the author has dedicated "South Sea Idyls" to his "dear friend, Anton Roman," of our city. And we prophesy for the little book a deserved success, and for the future of our sweetest singer, wealth, fame, and popularity.

NINA'S ATONEMENT. A Novel, by Christian Reid. Author of "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," etc.

A collection of pleasant stories of this charming author, previously published in "Appleton's Journal." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ROMANCE OF OLD COURT LIFE IN FRANCE. By FRANCES ELLIOTT. Author of the "Diary of an Idle Woman," "Pictures of Old Rome."

An entertaining historical novel of the Sixteenth Century. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

FELT HAT MAKING IN JAPAN.

It appears that the manufacture of felt hats is one of the latest of the many foreign industries which the Japanese have sought to domesticate among them. The mode of manufacture of the hats is rather an odd process, and we are indebted to one of the Hiogo papers for details. The felt is obtained from otter and rabbit skins, which are first brushed over with a mixture of nitric acid and quicksilver, the fumes of which are said to produce effects anything but beneficial upon the workpeople. Women detach the fur with sharp knives, when it is placed in a revolving horizontal cylinder. Here the tufts are separated by projecting studs. Next, by means of a kind of winnowing apparatus contained in this drum, the fur is blown up a wooden shaft through the ceiling into a room up stairs; here the wind from the blower carries it under, over, and through a box-like structure several feet in length. This box is furnished with receptacles at certain intervals into which the blown fur falls, the lightest and most valuable, being, as a matter of course, carried furthest, while the coarse heavy hair, with the dirt, is dropped close to the shaft. The cleansed fur is then taken to the blowing-room. The "bow" resembles a large violin bow, and has one thick cord made of the entrails of some fish. The substance is called "tsuru," and is excellently adapted to the purpose. The bow is suspended from the ceiling, and the workman holding it in his left hand, proceeds by means of a short round stick which he holds in his right hand to make the cord sharply vibrate against the bow and through a portion of the heap of fur upon which he is engaged, so making the particles fly in the air. This has the effect of still further separating the mass and so enlarging its bulk that by the time it has been twice so treated there seems enough to fill a good sized bed-tick. The bower now takes a piece of coarse copper wire netting about 18-in. by 18-in., curved so as not to be unlike a nursery fire-guard; this he presses firmly, convex side downwards, upon the fluffy heap. Next he takes a coarse sieve of cane, this too he presses down upon the now flattened mass, giving it a sort of half turn with his wrist every now and again. Taking off the sieve it is now seen that the fur is resolved into a coarse but soft, gray felt. The completed hats sell about $2.50 a-piece, and are said to be far softer and more flexible than those of American or European manufacture.—*The British Journal of Trade.*

We have received from Mr. Gustavus DeYoung, publisher of "Commercial Directories of the Pacific Coast," copies of his work representing the Counties of Siskiyou, Shasta, Tehama, Trinity, Yolo, Placer, Butte, Marin, and Sonoma. These chart directories are very useful, containing, besides the name and residence of every business firm in the county, a description of every town and village, distances, and in fact every information of interest. During the short term of fifteen months, this energetic publisher (Mr. Gustavus DeYoung), has issued Directories for over forty counties, thus supplying a long felt want in the State of California. As an advertising medium these Directories are invaluable.

THE PICTURE.

The fire-flame glows with warm, uncertain light,
Casting weird moving shadows on the floor;
As I sit musing through the silent night.
On things that have been, but can be no more.

It cannot be that she I look upon,
Whose portrait hangs in porcelain upon the wall,
Is false as fair—would injure any one—
She for whose love I would have given my all.

The living sapphire of the glorious eyes,
The burnished shimmer of the golden hair;
The mouth that murmured once in soft replies,
The small lithe woman-form so passing fair

Are now another's, though they once were mine;
Well, let him keep them; I but loved and lost;
Though she has learned to bow at Mammon's shrine,
She soon will learn what Mammon's favors cost.

Yet the face haunts me with its far off gaze.
And sad sweet eyes that sad sweet thoughts recall;
O, bitter memories of golden days!
O, fair false face upon the silent wall

T. A. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 31, 1873.

FIGARO'S NATURAL HISTORY.

[BY O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF AND HIS FAMILY.]

How we Worked the Ark.—I may at once tell you, sir, that the Noah's Ark idea answered admirably at Clodborough-in-the-Clay. The town rallied round us with a unanimity that was wonderful; and to show you the spirit in which my efforts to cater appropriately for the inhabitants were received, I may mention that they all came in their Sunday clothes, and took off their hats on entering the menagerie.

By the aid of paint, and lath, and canvas, the front of the caravans had been metamorphosed into a very good imitation of the side elevation of the toy Arks; and by the time Shem and Japhet had gone through the town on the pair of camels distributing handbills, the success of the scheme was assured. The Sunday-school children of the place (250) were all treated in at a contract price of eight-pence a dozen by the Mayor of the place; but I fear the little innocents had their pleasure somewhat marred by the officious zeal of a gentleman with high cheek-bones and low forehead, who, with the sanction of the municipal dignitary I have mentioned, got them penned up at one end of the show, and worried them as to the hight of Mount Ararat, the age of Noah when he died, the contents of the Ark in cubic feet, and other antediluvian details. Only those who passed this examination with credit were allowed to ride on the elephant; whilst the others were directed by their teachers to put their pennies into the conk-shell which Jo-Jo—who, by the way, made a capital Ham—went round with at intervals.

First came Jo-Jo, who was an immense success as Ham, on the elephant; then Cotterell and a keeper as Ham's two brothers, with the camels. Next was my dear Anna Maria, leading a lamb, and managing her crook as though "to the manner born." Then ought to have come the ostrich. I feared the worst, in the morning, when that bird took its matutinal meal of gravel-and-water. It rejoiced in its strength far to much to be reassuring. Still I hope for the best. All went well for the first street or two. My son, whom I had ventured also to disguise, contrary to the tradition, I am well aware, as a member of the Noachian family, waved his hand triumphantly as he turned the first corner on the adamantine-stomached bird. But he little knew. I, when I caught sight of the contemptuous curl of the ostrich's bill, and the way it lifted its ill-omened claws, prepared for the worst, and shouted out to young Philander to lash himself to the bird's neck.

It was too late. I hurried on my zebra at full speed, at the risk of spoiling the symmetry of the procession; but before I turned the corner I heard a loud wail, followed by an awful crash, and, as I dashed up, the first sight that met my view were the legs of my first-born sticking up convulsively out of an ash-bin, into which he had been pitched head foremost, while the bird, having gone tail first through a china and glass warehouse window, had already smashed three tea-sets, and eaten the greater part of a choice dessert service. This *contretemps* quite spoiled the *ensemble* of the procession; and the sight of Noah wrangling with the china dealer, and endeavoring to lasso the ostrich with a piece of packing-cord, proved too much for even the staid burgesses of Clodborough. So there was nothing for it but to send on word to the band, which was playing airs from the "Creation" very badly, to double back, and for us all to get into the menagerie as soon as possible.

There we dusted down my son, tied up the ostrich, and formed a patriarchal group round the entrance to the Ark, keeping Jo-Jo well in front. And I may remark here, that for once Jo-Jo was invaluable; and a small biography of him, which was on sale at the doors, was in great demand. During the day he received nearly £4 in all for the benefit of his tribe; and I was offered two guineas if I would allow him to stay over for an approaching missionary meeting, and make the collection. He was publicly interviewed by a minister who had seen service in the

West Indian mission-field. Much interest was evinced by the crowded audience, as the minister had announced, privately, that he would tackle the African chieftain in his own native *patois*.

We put them on a raised platform, and, after Bishop Heber's Hymn by the band, I signed to Jo-Jo to advance.

"Warytaria maskedi squashi bango yam!" said the ex-missionary, preparing to rub noses with the negro, as is the custom in occidental climes.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I observed, "I regret that the interesting polyglotic dialogue we had anticipated cannot be carried out. Our estimable friend, if I may call him so, who has labored in the mission-field, is naturally acquainted with the dialects of the isles in which he wrought; but our Jo-Jo, being a Gold Coast native, speaks the tongue of King Koffee Cancalli and his Ashantee braves. Hence there is a trifling difficulty in the due reciprocation of their ideas. Under the circumstances, we will finish up with the fetish dance."

I don't think the minister liked having his light put out in this way: but he recovered his equanimity when I proposed to him that he should give us a few extempore remarks on the *fauna* of Jamaica and the adjacent islands.

This cleared the caravan in about a quarter of an hour, and I was not sorry, as there was another crowd from a rival chapel waiting to come in. Altogether, then, it was a success, and we carried away close on £20 out of Clodborough.

You will hear of me next at Mudborough. It is the great annual fair there next week. My agent-in-advance has already secured a capital pitch for me in the fair-field. We shall be between Weight's Theater and Jennings' Royal Marionettes.

I am still weak, but full of spirit. Yours, prosperously,

O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF.

P. S.—About that unfortunate ostrich. It had a dreadful cough the next morning, and brought up a strawberry-and-cream dish and two plates. After this it was better, but still wheezy. Having a box of Locock's Pulmonic Wafers in my pocket (I never travel without them), I administered it entire to the distressed bird. The effect was magical. Not only did the cough cease, but the ostrich now warbles like a nightingale, and has brought up the remainder of the dessert service. I think the world should know this. O. P. Q. P. S.

THE TRIAL OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

The London correspondent of the Scotsman says he has it on authority from France, which, were he at liberty to mention, would be absolute, that the finding of the court-martial on Bazaine is already as good as settled. A preliminary inquiry of this kind in France involves the taking of the whole evidence, as in a Scotch precognition, and the members composing the court-martial meet and deliberate upon the evidence as it comes in. The court-martial proper, therefore, is to a great extent a mere formality. The first count of the indictment on which Marshal Bazaine will be tried is the charge of having surrendered the French army in the field in the face of the enemy. By French military law, a conviction for this offence involves absolutely the penalty of death. Were Bazaine, therefore, found guilty of it, there could be no escape from that penalty. It is not desired that he should be shot. The view of the court is rather expected to be that the entrenched camp and fortress of Metz took away from Bazaine's army the character of an army in the field. The second count charges that of surrendering a French fortress on a basis involving other than purely military conditions. In other words, if Bazaine, as a soldier, could have held out longer, it is imputed that he had no right as a politician, or in any other than a purely military capacity, to surrender so soon as he did. Of this charge it is expected Bazaine will be found guilty, there being ample existing proof that other than military conditions were involved in his surrender. Death is also one of the penalties of this crime, but there is an alternative punishment in the shape of degradation. The punishment in the French army is purely ignominious. The insignia of rank are stripped off on parade and trodden under foot, after which it is allowable for any private soldier on the parade to come up to the degraded man and kick him in the presence of those assembled. To this degradation it is confidently asserted Bazaine will never submit. It is pretty certain that the trial is an embarrassment to the French military authorities, and that they would have been by no means sorry if Bazaine had escaped in the course of the long imprisonment to which he has been subjected. Every facility, indeed, except telling him to go, has been afforded during the period that public opinion was diverted to other topics. Now, however, that public opinion centers on the forthcoming trial, escape is impossible, and there is no alternative either for Bazaine or the military authorities but that the trial should proceed.

Cross-Examination.—Q.—Was there anything in the glass? A.—Well, there were summit in it. Q.—Ah! I thought we should come to it in time. Well, my good friend, what was the *something* in it?—come, out with it. A.—(After thinking). Well, it *wur a spoon*.

The story of an unhappy marriage is often a narrative of many words.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Charles Warren Stoddard has given birth to another literary infant, and a very sickly, puling babe it is. It is true, Osgood & Co., (that highly respectable, but not always wide-awake firm), advertise the work with a highly inflated and altogether overdone puff, but then we do not expect fish vendors to cry "stinking fish." The truth is, our young poetaster has essayed a higher flight than the callow wings of his Pegasus can sustain. We can revel in Swinburne's dreamy mysticism and sensual love of all things beautiful until we begin to despise all goodness, and to believe with Chastelard, that "to be quite fair is best;" we can read Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters" until the subtle influence of the "enchanted stem" seems creeping over us, and we envy Ulysses his "land of streams," but Charley's wishy-washy ideas concerning the beauties of *dolce far niente* simply bore and sicken us until, more in sorrow than in anger, we lay the book aside. Poor boy! he has at least contributed one small cobble-stone to the pavement of hell in the way of a good intention. It is certainly amusing to see how quickly these penny-a-liners will imagine they have acquired a world-wide fame, as soon as they have managed to get a few verses into print. Some of them, it is true, by dint of unmitigated impudence, have succeeded in obtaining both money and notoriety in the Old World—our Long-haired Lunatic of the Sierras, for instance—but Charley has neither brass nor talent enough for this, and therefore must infallibly go under. Why, the poor infant cannot even spell. We recollect when Bret Harte was editor of the *Overland*, he used occasionally to send us one of Charley's effusions, asking us to insert it if we had room, as he could not publish it, and C. W. S. would be dreadfully disappointed if he could not get it printed. We would agree on condition that the writer corrected the awful spelling in his manuscript; and there the poor lad would sit in our office, with Webster's dictionary on one side and a primer on the other, and the big tears rolling down his cheeks, trying to make head and tail of the words he had written when the "fine frenzy" was on him, and generally trying in vain. O Charley! Charley! thou wilt grow wise in time, though we fear thou wilt never become a poet, and when that time arrives thou wilt heartily wish that thou hadst stuck to thy mother's apron-strings in California instead of wandering into foreign lands in search of an ovation which shall never be thine.

San Francisco has been in a tumult of joy this week. It was seriously discussed by all the principal citizens whether special Thanksgiving services ought not to be held, but the jealousy of Emperor Norton defeated the project. Salutes were to be fired by the forts at Alcatraz, but it was found that the ammunition was low, and the Government hinted at the Modocs. But, at any rate, the city has been jubilant, and the rejoicing has extended even to the President of the Oakland Library. And the cause of the general gladness? This: That on Friday there was "ONE MORE CHANCE TO HEAR DR. JOHN LORD LECTURE!" The course of lectures at the Mercantile Library was over, to be sure, but the "learned lecturer" actually consented to give us "one more chance." Dear, good, kind, wide-awake, money-grubbing Dr. Lord! Shall we ever forget such generosity? Shall we ever forget the instances in which you have proved yourself to be a shrewd compiler of musty facts, but a shrewder business sharp? Shall we ever forget that you—queer, very queer student—refused to lecture to a scantily filled room in Oakland until your hundred dollars were doubly assured you? Shall we ever forget that other little fact, which has not as yet crept into print to shame you, if that were possible, that you refused to fill the pulpit of a sick brother unless the most exorbitant fee was paid you? Shall we ever forget that in all your doings here, you have proved yourself a very Shylock? "One more chance to hear Dr. Lord" stutter out his dry, hard facts and cribbed ideas. "One more chance to hear Dr. Lord" gratify himself and bore his few hearers with the sound of a monotonous grating voice that seemed natural to such an old file. "One more chance to hear Dr. Lord" prove himself to be the greatest humbug of a lecturer and vainest of ancient frauds. San Francisco is so thankful, the *Town Crier* is so thankful—not for the "one more chance," but that it is the *last!*

Now, the Chronicle has gained a triumph. *Now*, indeed, it can crow over its poor contemporaries. *Now* it has proved itself *the* paper of the Pacific Coast, *the* superior journal of the West. *Now*, it shall fear no contradiction when it swells and rants of its enterprise. For why? Read this editorial clipped from its Monday's issue: "Among the number of items of news received by telegraph on Saturday night, and published in yesterday's *Chronicle*, which the *Call* did not contain, was the announcement of the death of John C. Heenan. We are beating the *Call* in this way every day. And yet that paper, with wonderful effrontery, is constantly boasting of the superiority of its dispatches." What do you think of that, young men and maidens? O, that the *Town Crier's* words were graven on a rock, that it might forever be remembered that the *Chronicle* did, in its Sunday edition, publish a telegram of the death of a prize-fighter and gambler, which the *Call* did not. "Ah, ha! We are beating the *Call* in this way every day, you know. Private dispatches from all blacklegs, cut-throats and human trash generally, enable us to do this sort of thing, you understand. And yet the *Call* is constantly boasting of the superiority of its news!" O, miserable *braggart* of a paper, thus to boast of such superiority! Our last lingering belief in any good in your columns has gone. To boast, and cackle, and strut, and swell, because you had the first news of the death of a pugilist-gamester. Braggart, low braggart, exceedingly mean braggart!

When woman shall have learned that devotion to an idealized man is not her only object in life, she will have advanced a long stride towards the independence she has so often craved and never possessed. Do not understand that the *Town Crier* deprecates loving; there is no nobler emotion than that which, when permanent, is called Love. He only desires to say that woman owes some duties to herself as well as to the individual of the "superior sex" who has considerately taken her in tow—a sort of Cleopatra's barge, elegant and useless, pulled along by a utility steam tug. Man has learned that affection is compatible with business; he rarely makes a business of affection. It is a recreation in his younger married life, often degenerating into a somewhat tedious duty as the years bring prosperity to him, and shrill speech to his wife. Yet it never so thoroughly absorbs him that his down-town occupation is neglected for its sake; on the contrary, the store affords him rest and occupation, and his mind, by reason of necessary activity, is saved from morbidly dwelling on that which is "woman's whole existence." To make her existence so large that loving will not monopolize it, is the secret which will grant that social equality which will make her less a plaything, and warrant her in demanding respect with affection. It may be excepted to that men are given but limited credit for absorbing passion. It is admitted that there have been instances of it—and the authority is the poet—but even then this romantic devotion is pursued only to the hymenial gate; the poet dare not follow further lest he find that familiarity with a round-faced, self-sacrificing, imbecile girl has bred contempt in the lover. There are suicides? Yes, of weak young men who, repulsed in puppy-love, cannot survive this blow to their vanity, and drown themselves in what they foolishly believe to be an heroic manner, but really is puppy-blindness.

It has, from time to time, been the *T. C.*'s fate to be thrown in contact with a stray number of a certain Sunday newspaper published in this city, and each time misfortune has so overtaken him, he has in the very ecstacy of his consequent misery inadvertently cast his eye over its columns. Each time he has observed in one of them a conglomerated mess of stale jokes, familiar quotations, Barbary Coast slang, end-men's puns, and inverted commas, ungrammatically dovetailed together into what was intended to pass for an original article. The addle-brained booby who holds himself responsible for the existence, *en masse*, of this nauseous stuff fancifully terms himself "Corry S. Pondent." The *T. C.* has heretofore turned away from the trashy nonsense with an indescribable sickness at the stomach, and has refrained from noticing the existence of the little donkey, who fancies himself an author, in the hope that the silly creature would long ere this have died from sheer inanition, or else have been choked off by some outraged subscriber to the periodical that publishes his absurd vacuities. But no! Only last week the *T. C.*'s "biled rag" was sent home, carefully pinned by John, in a copy of the *Golden Era*. Now, in all sincerity, it is not to be conceived how any editor can reconcile it with his conscience to allow this ninny to afflict his subscribers, or, how, on the other hand, subscribers will submit to the outrageous treatment. Choke him off. Souse him. Cudgel him soundly; do anything, in fact, that will knock the stuffing out of his absurd aspirations in a literary line, and prevent a further repetition of his twaddle in print.

A Miracle! a Miracle!—The Wandering Jew has turned up again, and is writing for the *Chronicle-hell*. All hail, Ahasuerus! Hail to thee, omnipresent Hebrew! Well hath thy independent spirit borne thee up for nigh two thousand years; since the day when thou, a cobbler of Jerusalem, didst strike the Man of Sorrows, heavy laden, and thereby earned the sentence, "Tarry, till I come." O dauntless Israelite, we envy thee thy powers. To-day we peruse thy First Epistle to the San Franciscans from London, to-morrow the mail brings us thy Second Epistle to the Londoners from San Francisco. In the evening thou art writing us an impossible description of Edinburgh in thy hotel in that ancient city; next morning thou correctest thy proofs in the office of the *Chronicle*, and lunchest *gratis* throughout the day. Verily, thy cheek is sublime. O thou choicest of God's chosen people, and the *Barnacle* hath a treasure in thee, for in thee abideth age, ugliness, impudence, these three; but the greatest of these is impudence. Wherefore, most ubiquitous Ahasuerus, we do most fervently unite our prayers with those of Brother de Young that thy "tarrying" may be long, for old Satan has been wetting his fangs for thee nearly two thousand years, and swears that hereafter thou shalt forever chirrup "Old Clo" in the hottest corner in hell.

It is with feelings of mingled astonishment and satisfaction that we chronicle the death of Mr. Edward Bowen, better known to the neighborhood of Dunbar Alley as Little Doc. We really bear no grudge to Old Blazes when we congratulate him upon the acquisition of his own. Nor are we conscious of any animosity toward the deceased himself. We are conscious only of a feeling of exuberant enjoyment and innocent satisfaction in the delight of a new sensation—a State prisoner's corpse. What with packed juries, balked hangmen, Governor's pardons, and manslaughter verdicts, it is long since we have reveled in the enjoyment of the article mentioned, and may be long again. Wherefore we hope they gave him a roaring and jolly funeral. We hope it may not be deemed at all too presumptuous folly if we exclaim, in concert with his shaven striped brethen of the chain, "Heaven rest his Bowens."

A New York Jenkins, minutely describing a recent fashionable wedding, says: "The nuptials were consummated in the drawing-room in the presence of a distinguished party of invited guests." This may be the fashion in New York, but elsewhere such things are less publicly attended to.

Taking the poor dumb thing roughly from the carriage, he threw it violently on the hard pavement. Then seizing a stout, knotted stick he flogged and beat it most unmercifully. Not a sound did the poor thing utter although it writhed and squirmed at every blow. Thicker and heavier fell the blows, the stick being brought round with an ugly *swish* every time, whilst the whole neighborhood resounded with noise the furious flogging produced. Not content with raining cutting blows, the cruel man then kicked the poor thing heavily, and seizing it in both hands—O, God—dashed it with all his force against the wall. But as 'twas only a carriage cushion the *Town Crier* did not think himself called upon to interfere.

The Town Crier is not at all surprised that Renegade Duggan did not put in an appearance at the Hemphill Theater on Sunday morning last. He was, we should think, completely choked off by our last gentle grooming of the beast. But, honestly, we think it a pity that Hemphill, fearing that the introduction of the sensational might injure the patronage of the legitimate drama business of his house, should drop poor Duggan as though he were a red-hot Murphy. Let him confab with Harry Andrews and see if an exchange might not be accomplished—say, the Fire King and Queen—for Duggan, or what would be still more appropriate, trade Duggan for the Vampire.

Stokes, the murderer, has escaped with four years imprisonment. *O tempora! O mores! O vanitas vanitatum!* O Justice! blind indeed, when one man can shoot another down like a dog, in cold blood, and escape with such a punishment as this. Hoodlum shoots hoodlum for seducing hoodlum, and the law—remembering the fate of the Kilkenny cats and trusting for a similar result—blinks lazily and lets the thing go by. This is well enough, but the murder of Fisk was something more than this, and his blood crieth from the ground for justice at least, if not for vengeance.

It is suggested that a commission of lunacy be appointed to investigate the mental condition of the present Commissioners of Lunacy. One of them is fortunately sheltered by his obscurity. In regard to the other, the public mind has variously fluctuated. At one time he was regarded as a pompous encyclopedian expert, but a deft council proved him to be an asinine old blockhead—his encyclopedia having gone back on him to the extent of a vowel or two. Since the suicide of Connelly, after his release from this twain of blunderers, the conviction is borne upon our mind that the long-winded savan is unmitigatedly a damphool.

Dr. Lettsom, a famous physician of the last century, used to sign his prescriptions, "I. Lettsom," which gave rise to the following:

"When any patients call in haste,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If after that they choose to die,
Why, what cares I?—
I. LETS 'EM."

"When is a baby not a baby?" is a very good riddle, to which, of course, the answer is, "When he's a tea-thing." (A teething, cutting his teeth, don't you see?) But to the question, "When did you ever visit the Villa of the Golden Gate Park, and fail to be cheered and charmed by the hospitality of the Mangenbergs? There is but one answer, and that is, "*Never.*" From the Twin Brothers to the Seal Rock the answer is repeated in flying echoes, "Never, *never!*"

The sand lot forming the southwest corner of Taylor and Geary, has been noticed by the *T. C.* for the past nine years as never being without the swelled, festering, air-poisoning carcasses of dead dogs, cats, fowls, etc. Shall we ever see the time when policemen will have energy sufficient to report this long-continued fever-breeding nuisance, instead of spending their time at the corner groceries just above "Dead Dog Corner?"

It is noted as a remarkable fact in the English papers that "a bootmaker has just invented a boot with small wheels which will enable us to go as rapidly as a horse, with the advantage of stopping at a moment's notice." Marry, come up. The wheels of the old world sadly want oiling. Why, the skaters at Woodward's Gardens, in this city, have been using the same thing for the past—Lord knows how many!—years.

With true Christian joy the *T. C.* notices the gradual reorganization of the hoodlum congregation on the southeast corner of Bush and Kearny: their daily increasing, vociferous obscenity; their curses; their lively observations upon the gentler sex who happen to pass that corner; the artistic manner in which the corner loafer squirts his nicotine saliva upon the ladies' dresses, etc., etc.

The Tycoon of Japan knows how to start a newspaper. He does not offer premiums for subscribers, but having taken an interest in the publication of a newspaper at the Japanese capital, he has issued an order that all men of certain social and political standing shall take it or be beheaded.

A wife, who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated, became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes." To which the hardened wretch hiccuped, "'Tai—, 'tain't no use, old woman, to bo—bore for water here."

The Church of the Flying Trapeze, which is Trinity, has been the scene of another miracle: *Bishop Kip has had his hair cut.* After this nothing will surprise the congregation—except good preaching.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

A clergyman who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm was slightly taken down, a few days ago, by his Irish plowman, who was sitting at his plow, in a tobacco-fied, resting his horse. The reverend gentleman, being a great economist, said, with much seriousness, "Patrick, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a stable on the here, and be hobbling a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting?" Pat, with quite as serious a countenance as the day he were born himself, replied, "Sir, wouldn't it be well for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pit, and when the congregation are singing to peep an awhile to be ready for the pot?" The reverend gentleman laughed heartily and left.

The New Orleans Herald gives this sketch of Cæsar Antoine, the coal black acting-Governor of Louisiana. "His habiliments are in the latest French style, and his appearance always neat and genteel, and his bearing by no means presumptuous or self-sufficient. Without the dash and art of Pinchback, he is also free from the flashiness and rowdy air of that sporting character. Without the dignity and port, he is also free from the austere and chilling grandeur of the lamented Dutch. Altogether, then, Antoine is rather an engaging individual, and an improvement on his ancestors. He is, too, one of us, knows our ways, and has some sympathies for even his unfortunate white subjects."

In the course of an interesting paper on coal-cutting machines, read at Bradford, by Mr. William Firth, of Leeds, mention was made of the extraordinary power of these machines in dispensing with hand labor. One man, a youth, a boy, and a machine can compass the work of 12 men, thus reducing "that hard physical labor" by 75 per cent. The rapid introduction of coal-cutters seems to promise a revolution in the coal trade, and will doubtless present an additional inducement to the many capitalists who are devoting their energy and their cash to the opening up of new pits.

At Constantinople the jessamine is extensively grown for the manufacture of pipe-stems, "tube roses." For this purpose stems are carefully trained until they have attained the desired length and thickness, care being taken to protect the bark by a covering of varnished linen or calico. Two or three times a year the bark is sponged with citron-juice, which is said to give it the light color so much sought after. Some of these pipe-stems are about sixteen feet in length, and sell for so much as £20 each.

Apropos of the Three Brothers, the largest mercantile vessel in the world, the Great Eastern is now lying at Liverpool, a new line of steamships by the company having been formed, Carrel & Co., Gravesend, to the order of the Liverpool New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company. Her extreme length is 586 feet; between perpendiculars, 480 feet; breadth of beam, 44 feet; depth of hold, 37 feet; gross tonnage, 5,065.

Two cases of cholera are reported from Liverpool, the patients being the captain and one of the crew of a French brig. Two other members of the crew were afterwards attacked, and the latest bulletin states that one of them had expired. A woman belonging to another Havre vessel died in a Liverpool workhouse from cholera, thus making three cases of cholera at this port from Havre vessels.

The Western Union Telegraph Company give notice that no higher rates than one dollar and fifty cents for ten words will be charged between offices on the Pacific coast except to British Columbia on and after November 1st. This reduces the rate to Oregon and Washington Territory, San Diego and towns in the Eastern part of Nevada.

A new cholera preventive is suggested by a French newspaper, in the form of sea shirts. It says that the well known Chinese protect themselves absolutely from the epidemic by wearing these garments, and it recommends the manufacture of a thick fabric for the purpose, which will be cheap enough for all to obtain.

Iceland has in contemplation next year to celebrate the thousandth year since the settlement of the island 874. As early as 860 a Dane, named Gardar, was driven from Scotland in stormy weather northwards to an unknown coast. We hope, the specials will be sent there, as the time of the year on will be Winter.

The Viennese seem doomed to misfortune. It has just been discovered that the street-carriage over the doors of the splendid cathedral of St. Stephen's is entirely crumbling away. The tower is already on permanent crutches, and decay seems now to be spreading over the whole church.

A club has been formed at Hamburg for promoting the heather incineration instead of christian cremation. The club already numbers upwards of 50 members, each of whom, on entering, made a will, according to which his remains were to be burned.

The lower orders of Naples have been deprived of some delicacies with which they are wont to indulge. A handbill, bearing the signature of the Syndic, posted on the walls, prohibits under pain of an almost nominal fine the sale of snails and mushrooms.

Some enterprising speculators are actually going to try to send Virginian coal to England, and place it in competition with that which comes from English coal fields.

Father Hyacinthe has finally abandoned the clerical garb.

THE CLOUD.

A cloud came over a land of leaves—
(O, hush, little leaves, let it pass you by!)—
How they had waited and watch'd for the rain,
Mountain and valley and vineyard and plain,
With never a sign from the sky!
Day after day had the pitiless sun
Look'd down with a lidless eye.

But now! On a sudden a whisper went
Through the topmost twigs of the poplar spire:
Out of the East a light wind blew
(All the leaves trembled and murmured and blew
Hope to the help of desire),
It stirred the faint pulse of the forest tree
And breathed through the brake and the brier.

Slowly the cloud came, then the wind died,
Dumb lay the land in its hot suspense;
The thrush on the elm-bough suddenly stopped,
The weather-warn'd swallow in mid-flying dropped,
The linnet ceased song in the fence,
Mute the cloud moved, till it hung overhead,
Heavy, big-bosomed and dense.

* * * * * * *

Ah, the cool rush through the dry-tongued trees,
The patter and plash on the thirsty earth,
The eager bubbling of runnel and rill,
The lisping of leaves that have drunk their fill,
The freshness that follows the dearth!
New life for the woodland, the vineyard, the vale,
New life with the world's new birth!

—*All the Year Round.*

THE SHAH ONCE MORE.

The Shah of Persia has returned to Persia, and doubtless has his hands full. It must, however, be a great comfort to get back again into "quiet waters," amongst one's wives and children; and have done with European stereotyped ideas—much more oppressive than any other. The Shah visited Europe and became the guest of the "civilized Powers;" being a moderate man, he only brought three *wives* with him. This the pious Christian civilized Sovereigns could not stand, and so he got a hint to send them back. Had he brought a hundred concubines it would have been all right and Scriptural, but to bring three was felt to be—let us say—rather a sarcasm on the Sovereigns of the "Civilized Powers," who only keep one wife—and steadily endeavor to debauch all their neighbors' wives and daughters. "The King of Kings" is not civilized enough by half. The piety of England and of all her "Big Bugs," from Henry the Eighth downward, has been proverbial; it is therefore most fortunate that he had sent back his *legitimate* wives before reaching her shores, rendered more than sacred by Saint George the Fourth of blessed memory. Wives are "ticklish subjects" and full of matter for serious consideration; we only wonder there are so many of them. There is surely no necessity for the Shah to be bothered with any, even in pious England; he would have done without one, it seems. However, there is no accounting for taste. Perhaps the *uncivilized* individual may entertain some vulgar feelings of actual affection for silly young females, and conceived that it was not altogether right to follow the European fashion of kicking them out into the street as soon as you get "tired of them." Unfortunately, in the East they have an unfashionable idea that a good and honorable man ought to take care of and provide for all his wives and all his children; and that seduction, infanticide and baby-farming are not reputable. But then it must be remembered that our missionaries have not yet brought the Gospel to a focus on them, or made them Christians.

Polo Clubs are springing up in a great many directions. Scarcely an old country paper now comes to hand that does not contain an account of "a meet." For such a young game, polo has become very popular. In every corner of the country polo clubs have been started, numbering its members by scores and by hundreds. The game is a most exhilarating and enjoyable one, and possesses great interest to the spectator. In a well-contested game the excitement becomes intense, the horses seeming to enjoy it as much as the riders. It is a good sign of the times that such a game flourishes. Although entailing for the time hard work, yet participation in it conduces to health. Physiologically speaking, such games as these should be encouraged, as they tend to strengthen and improve the constitution of the body, and affords a healthy means of relaxation for the mind.

It is said the Ashantees are being drilled, if not led, by European officers, and that Dutchmen and Frenchmen are instructing them in the art of war.

Anybody tired of foxhunting might, according to a Russian named Cheriton, find some sport in Siberia. In his account of his exploits he says that one day he found the wide and lofty entrance to a cave. He entered with some precautions, for the rocky pavement was worn as if by use, and within he heard a slow, measured movement, as of an animal gently ruminating, and heavily breathing with great calm inspirations and expirations like the sigh of a smith's bellows. One turn, then another, he heard a heavy startling snort, and there in the half light of the cave, standing still before him, alive, chewing the cud, and waving its proboscis to and fro with a slow, gentle, majestic motion, he saw—a mammoth! "I did not know then," said Cheriton, "what I have since been told, that Siberia was an old habitat of these animals, and that some of the best scientific judges are uncertain whether to look upon the remains found upon the shores of the Arctic Ocean as fossil animals or as the remnants of wandering herds caught and perishing in storms, individuals of which may still exist under favorable circumstances. Without intending it I have solved that doubt." Cheriton describes the mammoth as being a very imposing looking animal, covered with reddish brown wool and long black hair. During his stay in the valley he was close to five of them, all of which were nearly of a size, being about twelve feet high, eighteen feet long, with tusks projecting about four feet, and being about eight to ten feet, counting the curve. The skin, which was bare on the upper surface of the ears, on the knees and rump, was of a mouse color, and seemed very thick. The animal was nocturnal in its habits, frequenting caves or forest depths by day, and feeding at night and early morning. Cheriton thinks there might be some fifteen or twenty of these monsters together.

It is announced that the Chinese are at present going through the ceremony of driving out the devil. The indefiniteness of the announcement has caused some considerable consternation. General Winn wears a domino made of *Altas*, Pickering has been discovered in reddish gray mustache, looking at the sky; Harry George is elevated several inches by new boot-heels, and De Young goes about completely disguised as a gentleman. Phil Roach has bought a bottle of hair dye, and the Rev. O. M. Gibson is perfectly willing to be taken for Fred MacCrellish. James Ludley wears a bandage with small effect, and Caserly has been heard to whisper concerning the naturalization of the heathen Chinee. Meantime the classic hoodlum flings no more stones, and arrests are few.

When the devil was sick,
The devil a monk would be;
When the devil got well,
The devil a monk was he.

A new manner of catching rats is exciting great interest among the returning householders in Madison avenue. A barrel is filled half full of water. A layer of powdered cork is laid on its surface, and over this a layer of cornmeal is sifted. A chair and a box or two are placed unobtrusively in the neighborhood, whereby the rat gains the edge of the barrel. He sees nothing but the meal. He has no innate ideas which teach him to beware of the treacherous foundation on which that tempting surface rests. He sniffs, he leaps, and goes gently down through meal and cork to his watery grave. If any of his friends see him disappear from the edge of the barrel, they hasten after him to get their share of the plunder, and are in turn taken in by hospitable death. The plan seems effective as against the rats, but it is calculated to destroy their confidence in human nature. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

An Irish Vocalist.—At St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, there was an old Vicar Choral who loved his dinner "not wisely but too well." He had bought a fine quarter of mutton, and intended to have it for his Sunday's repast, after the fatigue of chanting the morning service, but forgot to tell his wife in what manner he wished it to be cooked. The good lady, however, was equal to the emergency. In the middle of the *Te Deum*, a small boy was observed to creep up the aisle till he came near the choir, where his father was singing, and in a piping treble mingled with the chorus thus: "My mother's got a quarter of muttun, and she don't know what to do-o-oo wi' it." The father responded: "Let her boil the leg, roast the loin, and make a dumpling of the su-u-u-et. *Omnes*—Amen."

A parson, who was not over promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the church one Sabbath morning, met one of the most wealthy of his flock, and asked the loan of a sovereign. "Certainly," said the man, at the same time handing over the coin. Dominie put it into his pocket, and preached his preach in most capital style, and on coming down handed the identical sovereign to the man from whom he borrowed it. "Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all." "It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson. "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket." The hint was taken, and the balance of his salary was got together the following afternoon.

LAUS OLEOMARGARINI.

[*A Macaronic Hymn, dedicated to Professor Paraf and Superintendent Seaman, by our Polyglot Poet.*]

Shine, O shine, with joy, mes yeux!
No more fondez vous en eau
Since mighty Paraf in our view
A mit le cher beueree en tombeau.

Seamanus puer! bono macte,
Faciens bon beuerre sine lacte,
O quod bonum tu fecisti!
O quod donum tu dedisti!

Rustic maids of charms refulgent;
Puellae quae les bonnes vaches mulgent;
Virgines of tastes bucolic;
Rurales nymphae, fond of frolic;
Gone is now your occupation—
Ausgespielt the churn's vocation!

Paraf! Seamanum! vos laudamus
Omnes qui bon beuerre amamus:
Henceforth the poor man need not munch
His bread unbuttered at his lunch,
Nor spread it thin, like prudent Reese,
Lest his argentum should decrease—
But gladly eat in years to come
Panem cum butyro illitum.

Habemus nunc butyrum bonum
Per omnes domos regionum
Oleomargarini stella
Pacem paret, spargit bella,
Regnum suum gloriosum
Venit victrix et formosum.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

American and French vessels have been seized for selling gunpowder, etc., to the hostile Ashantees. The naval authorities at Cape Coast Castle have placed them under supervision.——The Reverends Dr. Harris and Waugh, of the American Episcopal Methodist Church, whilst on a tour round the world, were baptized in the Yang-tze-kiang.——The French steamer *Opensannox* left Macao, with 700 coolie slaves for Havana, on September 25th.——Spain is still slightly troubled. The quarreling of the insurgents amongst themselves is the latest phase of the misunderstanding.——The Bazaine trial also has not yet arrived at a close.——The examination of the witnesses for defence in the Tichborne trial closed on Monday.——Sir Garnet Wolseley, commander of the Ashantee expedition, has arrived at Cape Coast Castle.——The Jesuits will quit their establishments in Rome on the 2d, and nearly all will go into private houses. The General of the Society proceeds to Belgium.——There will probably be an amicable settlement of the difficulty between Austria and Turkey.——All the banks on the continent have raised their rate of discount.——A politico-religious conspiracy has been discovered amongst the Russian clergy.——A great fire has occurred at Smyrna. The losses are estimated at £60,000.——Don Carlos has issued postage-stamps bearing his own portrait.——Last year, according to the tables lately published, there were in Great Britain as many as 11,435 accidental deaths.——The pursuit of brigands on the Turco-Helenic frontier is still being vigorously carried on.——Gambling houses have been closed in Madrid by a decree of the new Governor.——The first stone of a national school for music for England will be laid in November by the Duke of Edinburgh at Kensington.——Out of the one hundred and four men of the Royal Marines, sent out by the British Government for duty on the west coat of Africa, only 13 remain fit for service, the rest being prostrated by epidemic diseases.——Telegraph postal cards are now issued by the English Government. The cards are deposited as letters, and collected hourly by carriers.——They are to have opera in Madrid next Winter, despite Don Carlos and other difficulties. Maria Sass will be the leading prima donna.——In consequence of his not being officially advised of his death, the Bavarian Court has not gone into mourning for the late Duke of Brunswick.——Denmark's King is traveling in Italy under the name of Count Falster. He is accompanied by his son, and a suite numbering about a dozen.——Hamburg had only 3,647 visitors on the 15th of September this year, against 18,257 on the same date last year. Hotel-keepers are frantic.——Russia's Khivan expedition is said to have cost the Government, at the lowest estimate, £500,000. The figures are copied from English journals.——Dornden is the name of the estate in England just purchased by the Marquis of Lorne. It is reputed to be worth two hundred thousand pounds sterling.——Special trains in France having for some time past been conveying specie to the frontier, are now employed in the transit of gunpowder and arms. The boundaries must be guarded.——A letter is said to have been written by the Empress Eugenie (but it does not appear who has seen it), denouncing Prince Napoleon's scheme of a fusion of Bonapartists and Republicans.——In a short time adulterated milk must become an unknown thing in London. The police make it very uncomfortable for the cheating dairymen, and they are severely punished whenever caught.——The fortifications of France are to be carried on on a very extensive scale, complete and lasting. The work goes on night and day, and guards prevent curious people from inspecting the progress made.——It is officially announced that the Japanese Government has decided to remove the prohibition which existed against the export of rice.——Some newspapers in chronicling the death of the wife of Prince Bismarck, have repeated a mistake. The lady in question is the wife of Count Bismarck, a member of the same family as the Prussian Statesman.——An official decree gazetted at Paris, Sept. 30th, orders the immediate creation of eighteen army corps, designed to occupy subsequently the eighteen military regions into which French territory is divided under the new military rule.——According to a rumor in Madrid, the United States Government has sent to the Spanish Government a note respecting Cuba, written in friendly terms, which shows that a good feeling exists between the two Powers.

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF ASHANTEE.

The country is generally mountainous, save some small tracts to the east and west, though the mountains are neither abrupt nor precipitous. It is well watered, among the rivers being the Assinee, which is looked upon as the boundary between the Ivory and Gold Coasts, and is, for some distance, the western boundary of the Empire, and the Volta or Oswedu, the principal river, which runs a course of over 400 miles before reaching the sea. Both the heat and insalubrity of the climate are believed to be exaggerated, though the former, from October to March, the hot season, is very great. During the rest of the year it is so moderate that fires and warm clothing are not amiss. The nights, indeed, are always cold, and in the forest fires are as necessary against the cold dews as against the wild beasts. The climate along the coast is certainly unhealthy, especially to Europeans, owing partly to the chilly nights following scorching hot days, but mostly to a kind of miasma which rises from the valleys and neighborhood of rivers. The interior is healthy. Usually the air is calm, but there are tornadoes frequently, and the harmattan, as the wind from the desert is called. The latter is felt between the end of December and the beginning of February, and is very destructive, blowing sometimes for two or three days only, but occasionally for a fortnight together, and it is so dry that it absorbs the moisture of everything it comes in contact with. There are two rainy seasons and one dry in Ashantee. The first rains occur about the end of May or the beginning of June, and are followed by fogs and hazy weather, very dangerous and very powerful in July and August. The second rains come on in October, after which till April is the hot season. For about half its length, more or less, that is, from about 7½ deg. N. latitude to the coast, and for the whole length between the Assinee and the Volta rivers, the country is a mass of forest, the trees of which are all on an immense scale, varying, however, on the coast and inland. Thus, near the coast are to be found the boabab, the cactus, the mangrove, various specimens of palms, the cotton, and other large trees, all mixed with a wild entanglement of thorny bush, itself growing to an inconceivable size. When the summit of the first mountains is reached about 15 miles inland, the boabab disappears and is replaced by another tree of equal magnitude. So, too, does the mangrove; the palms become scarce, but other trees are found in their stead, including a new kind of oloe and citron. In the north there are trees and shrubs only in patches, and the country is covered with jungle and guinea grass of an enormous hight and thickness, and which is fired and used to manure the plantations. The sugar-cane grows wild, and there are also tobacco, maize and hourra, millet, yams, rice, potatoes, and every kind of tropical plant in abundance, of gums and aromatic plants, of dyes and hard woods. The animals are numerous and various. There are elephant, rhinoceroses, giraffes, buffaloes, deer, antelopes, civet cats, monkeys, porcupines, and goats, as well as lions, tigers, leopards, jackals, wolves, wild boars, and wild cats. The rivers swarm with hippopotami and alligators; but the animals seemingly peculiar to Ashantee are a gigantic rat, an ordoriferous mouse, and the aroupo or man-eater, which digs up and devours dead bodies. Reptiles are numerous, including serpents of every size, scorpions, and centipedes, toads and frogs, some of the former being of an immense size, and lizards. Of birds there are pheasants, partridges, and wild ducks (of a very beautiful plumage), doves, crown birds, parrots, parroquets, guinea sparrows, beccafficoes. The waterfowl are herons, bitterns, and sea mews. Birds of prey include eagles, kites, and one, not larger than a dove, but bolder and more rapacious than any other bird. Those peculiar to the country are the pookoe, useful in destroying field rats, and a bird about twice the size of a sparrow, with a shrill, hollow note, and the sound of which is held to be of ill-omen. All the Ashantee birds are remarkable for their plumage, but none have pleasing voices, the only songsters being the nightingale and the thrush. The woods are full of bees, and species of ant called termes, so numerous and rapacious that a sheep attacked by them in the night has been found a skeleton in the morning. Fireflies, dragon-flies, a fly like the cantharides in appearance and scent, indeed all tropical insects but the mosquito are found here. Black and hump-backed whales are found on the coast between September and December, and there are plenty of sharks, which form the common food of the Gold Coast negroes, and other seafish; and rivers yield corals and oyster, which feed on the branches of the mangrove and other trees, but are not good for food if the water be fresh. – *Land and Water.*

Such instances as the following, related by an English magistrate at a public meeting, are not uncommon. He said that he had been examining the children in a denominational school, and had been struck with their ignorance and and stupidity. At last he asked one boy who had been some years at school "if he could write?" Answer, "No." "Can you read?" Answer, "No." "Can you cipher?" Answer, "No." "Then what on earth can you do?" Answer, "I can do catechism." "Well," said the gentleman, "let us see if you know that—what did your godfathers and godmothers do for you?" Answer, "They did promise and own that I should nurse the devil and all his works, and renounce the pumps of this wicked world."

An epitaph in a country churchyard reads: "Here lieth the body of Amy Major, who departed this life March 20, 1792. Suffice it to say that she was an honest woman—the second noblest work of God."

CURIOUS ORIGIN OF POPULAR SONG CHORUSES.

The stones at Stonehenge and on the Sussex Downs are connected with the Sun-worship of the old Britons, who formed circles of them, such as that existing at Stonehenge, in which they have hailed and adored the Lifegiver as he rose in the East. Around these circles, too, did they wend in solemn procession, chanting their songs of praise to the God of Day. The stones, and in some places the circles themselves, still stand as mementoes of their sun-worship; but the songs they sang—where are they? "Gone! gone forever," says the reader, "buried, deep buried in the sea of ages." Not wholly so, for remnants of them still exist; musical sounds, meaningless to the masses—ay, and to erudite men as well—exist in the considered nonsense-sounds of our old ballads and songs as choruses, to which the learning of a writer in a late number of *All the Year Round* has now given sense. Thoughts never die; they always did exist and ever will exist. Seeming nonsense is oft transformed in this world of ours into wisdom. Who would believe that the word "Church" owes its origin to the cirque, formed of Sarsen stone! That church and circus have a like origin? A north Briton may realize this when he thinks of his kirk. But what Briton can now even guess that a portion of the worship of the cirque is embodied in the seeming nonsensical burdens of our old songs, such as "Fal, la, la!" "Down, down, derry down!" "Tooral looral!" "High trolollie, lollie lol, high trolollie lee!" "Fal, lero, lero loo!" "Fal, la! lanky, or langtre down, dilly!" "Heigh nonnie, nonnie no!" "Trim go trix!" "Nowelle, nowelle, nowelle!" and "Lilly Burlero!" Every lover of English literature will call up a host of old songs, of which these are the still older burdens. "Not much sense," says the reader, "to be extracted from those nonsensical sounds." But, as there is nothing new under the sun, let us try if these choruses are really old. Let us first take "Fa, la, la." How glibly does this flow from the singer's tongue in "To all you Ladies now on Land," or Morley's "Invitation to May." This is written, in Welsh, "fal, là," or "là'la, là," fal being a circle and là a day, meaning the circle or completion of day. Who cannot now imagine the Druids marching round the circle and singing their meaningful "Fallà là." "Down, down, derry down," which in the original is "Dun, dun, daragan dun" ("To the Hill, to the Hill, to the Oaks, to the Hill!") "Tooral looral" (from turail luathrail—pronounced larail)—slow, quick, a musical movement, somewhat akin to pianoforte; and slowly and quickly, we are certain, did the Druids march round the circle in this tone. "High trolollie lollie, lol. High trolollie, lee." Ai, or Aibhe, hail; trath, the silent tran, early; la, day. Ai! tra la, la, la. Ai! tra la, la, li. Hail, early day! Hail, bright day! with the repetition of the la, or day, which wonderfully reminds us of "Hail! smiling morn, smiling morn, smiling morn," and in being the British forerunner of the English glee. Well might the writer exclaim, "It is a chorus such as the priests of Baal might have saluted the rising sun in the far East which traveled into Western Europe," and there, after the lapse of ages, became degraded into the unknown burden of a pot-house song! That glorious old Puritan poet, George Withers, used without knowing it another of these Druidical choruses to one of his most pleasant ditties:

"There was a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen,
She was, indeed, a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen;
But, fool as then I was,
I thought she loved me true,
But now, alas! she's left me,
Fal, lero, lero, loo!"

Fal, the circle, or sun; lear, the sea; luadh dh, silent praise—being the chorus of a song of praise to the sun rising above the sea! Here is another of the series:

"Sir Eglamour, that valiant knight,
Fal, la, lanky down dilly!
He took his sword and went to fight!
Fal, la, lanky down dilly!"

The original of this is, "Fal! la! lan—ri—dun dile." "The circle of the day is full, let us go to the hill of rain." May be, Mount Cissbury or Caburn, or some of the other high places which circle our hill tops.

PERILS OF THE DESERT.

We clip the following letter from the Los Angeles *Daily Herald:*

Dos Palmas Station, October 1, 1873.—Four days ago the son of old Chino Theodore, from Fort Yuma, came to this station about dark, on foot, and nearly dead for water. He said that he had left his father and a boy, the brother of Mrs. Jeagar, out 40 miles on the desert, without water, and nearly dead for the want of it, having been without it for three days when he left there twenty-four hours before. Joe Dittier, the station keeper, and Hank Brown started the next morning with a team and plenty of water to find them. After going 25 miles they came upon the old man. He had found a cask of water that had been left by surveyors, and had nearly drank himself to death. One of the party staid with him, and the other went to look for the boy. After going 15 miles he was discovered stretched out under a bush, naked, and almost dead, his tongue being swollen and black, and blood running out of his nose and ears. He was brought to after two hours' hard work, having been without water for five days and nights. Their three horses died. The party are now stopping here and getting along all right. The old man says that if he had not lost his knife he would have cut his throat, and ended his misery. The station keeper and Brown deserve praise for the manner in which they acted, being without food three days on their return.

LITTLE GIRLS.

Brown and healthy, fresh and fair,
Hearts as light as mountain air.
Fettered by no thoughts of care.

Do you hear me, little girls?
With your sunny, floating curls,
Fairest things in all the world!

Do not try to overgrow
All the pretty plays you know;
Simple things that charm you so;

Aping other children, who
Had far better be like you,
Daisies, gemmed with morning dew.

Do not don a lengthened gown,
And the huge and ugly crown;
Wait till it has tumbled down.

'Tis a burden hard to bear,
All those ugly things they wear,
Who are under fashion's care!

Silly girls there are, I know,
Who so anxious are to grow,
(What's the reason I don't know.)

That, before they reach their teens,
On the streets they may be seen,
Trailing garments like a queen.

Quirks and curls and waterfalls,
Silly misses, are they all,
Reaching up to be so tall.

Let your pleasant childhood stay,
With its charming, healthful play;
Soon enough 'twil flit away.

A STORY OF A BANK NOTE.

An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1740. One of the directors, a very rich man, had occasion for thirty thousand pounds, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought. To facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the bank, and obtained for it a bank note. On his return home he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few moments afterwards to look it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room, he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had befallen him; and as he was known to be a perfectly honorable man, he was readily believed. It was only about twenty-four hours from the time he had deposited the money; they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or to pay the money himself, if it should be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterward (the director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune) an unknown person presented the lost bill at the bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it. He maintained that it came to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer, and the thirty thousand pounds were paid to him. The heirs of the director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect, having purchased the director's house, and taking it down, in order to build another on the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the bank.—"*Old and New London.*"

SOMETHING TERRIBLE.

Like California, Peru is agitated with the Chinese question. Large numbers of coolies are employed in cultivating the plantations along the coast, and the slavery to which they are subjected is of the most galling character. When kindly treated, these coolies make excellent servants, but abuse fosters a spirit of revenge in them that is insatiate. The Peruvians are given to the barbarous, inhuman method of treatment, and, consequently, live in continual fear that their cruelty will be visited on their own heads. An instance of this vengeful spirit, and of the barbarous retaliation that attends any expression of it, is detailed in recent correspondence of the Chicago *Tribune*. A Chinaman on a plantation near Callao accidentally committed a blunder while waiting at table, and his master struck him across the mouth so severely as to bring blood. Choking down his rage, the coolie waited till night, and then, armed with a common bread knife, perpetrated a terrible revenge by murdering his master and the entire family, seven in all, as they slept. But his punishment was as speedy as it was cruel. The infuriated populace, taking the poor wretch to the public plaza, chained him to an iron post, and, pouring oil over his body, the torch was applied and he was burned to a cinder, his coolie brethren being driven in from the neighboring estates to witness the edifying spectacle. So exasperated, however, are the down-trodden Chinamen becoming at the manifold injustices practiced upon them, that an open revolt is anticipated, and some of the plantations are guarded by government troops to prevent, if may be, such an uprising. If they should rise, their overwhelming numbers would enable them to carry everything before them in the country districts, and a reign of blood-shed and terror would be inaugurated such as marked the war of races in Hayti in the days of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Chloroform will remove paint from woven fabric when benzole or bisulphide of carbon fails.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The Town Crier, on looking at his calendar for the month, notices that "about this time do the lower animals begin to couple." Some few days ago a "*Chronicle* man" and "*Call* news-detective" went up in a balloon together, and after playing mock-heroics above and experiencing very real funks—the first published in full, the second discreetly forgotten—finished up by nearly getting drowned, and by letting the balloon go, where they had very nearly gone—to the devil. And now two other, or possibly the same, representatives of these papers have got up an exceedingly weak and wishy-washy imitation of Greenwood's "Amateur Casual," and attempted to create a sensation by exploring and enduring "the miseries of a night in the City Prison." The *Call's* report of the thing is not so bad; but the air of melodramatic, voluntary martyrdom with which the *Chronicle* man seeks to invest himself is too rich. Likewise is there a dark hinting at strange ways and means unknown to the outside world, but with which the reporter—fear-r-r-ful cr-r-rca-ture—is well, though darkly, acquainted, that freezes our very blood. "How the reporter managed to get within the prison's sacred portals as a prisoner, or by whose means, the public is not concerned to know." Ha! Ha! A mystery! We will conn-n-n-*spire!* It is the ambition of this order of the Reporter family to be looked upon as a *something* very strange, and gifted with awful powers far, far above the rest of his less remarkable fellow-citizens. A terrible personage laden with terrible secrets who holds the "open Sesame" to everywhere. A superior creature gifted with an unerring instinct and piercing eye to which nothing is impenetrable, nothing hidden. Now instead of all this, most of the reporters the *Town Crier* has ever known have been over-worked, meddling, not particularly neat men, very ordinary, extremely ordinary, mortals, and generally writers of very bad English. This cloak of secrecy and mystery, this attempt to hold up the Reporter, especially he of the *Chronicle*, as a cross between a Nemesis and a Bugaboo, is *most ridiculous*. To go back to our sheep, our would-be black sheep. The principal discovery the *Chronicle* man made after he had passed the "sacred portals"—sacred tomfoolery—seems to have been that "the floors were very damp!" This remarkable fact he repeats some half-dozen times. Surely, it didn't need all this terrible "doing the prisons," to find out that. One of the subheads is "A Chronicle Reporter in Prison." Well, we don't see anything remarkable in *that*, at all events. This ludicrous attempt to make a sensation out of a puddle—very likely one of the "*Chronicle* man's" own making—is about the wretchedest fizzle that even the live paper has been guilty of, and as far as the *Town Crier* has yet learned, the only man who thoroughly appreciated the poor reporter's position and character was the keeper Lindheimer, when he called him "an old bum."

The screaming farce of The Gentle Captain is being played by the members of the United States Circuit theater Troupe with immense success. The scenes in which the villain of the play, "Captain Clarke," comes up again and again before the low comedy judge, "Lorenzo Sawyer," and is again and again remanded, are intensely amusing. One member of the company, "W. H. L. Barnes," has retired, it having been found that he was better fitted for the legitimate drama than burlesque. The chum of the villain, "Milton Andros," plays his part with great unction, and is evidently quite at home in the "quibble" gag. Some of this actor's antics and acrobatic feats are marvelous. The ballet corps, "The Sailors," are not exactly up to the mark. Their dancing (attendance) is rather monotonous, but their evolutions are much freer now than they were at first—not so *fettered*. The *premier danseur*, "Furt," has afforded great amusement by being persistently tripped up and blackguarded by the villain's chum. The audience (the public) appreciate the whole thing immensely, as well they might, for the farcical aspect of the whole is capitally sustained. The management confidently expect the play to run for some months yet, at least we see the thing advertised for Monday week, when the side-splitting remanding scene will be repeated, with great burlesque effects. A splendid addition has been made to the troupe, in the person of "Mate Harris," who, in the character of the brutal villain, is unsurpassed. The farce, although only one of the very many capital sich-like the United States Circuit Theater Troupe have performed, bids fair to be by far the most successful. We are happy to find that the blind young woman, "Justice," between whom and the comedy judge there is such a funny "set-to," is, after all, but a lay-figure, and never had any actual *existence* in America. Very many of the audience—the public—it seems, did for a long time imagine that such a character actually lived and moved amongst us, but the idea is now completely exploded, and the last scene in which the comedy judge and the villain's chum larkishly tear off her garments and show her stuffing to be nothing but saw-dust, twaddle, ashes, waste, want, ruin, folly, words, rags, sheepskin, plunder, precedent, jargon, gammon, and spinach proves this, by gosh!

The marriage in the balloon was a swindle, a thorough, premeditated swindle, and if Messrs. Lay and Stevens imagine that they can *cheat* people after this fashion with impunity, they are damnably mistaken. But we are not so angry at the marriage bilk as we are grieved that an ascension was not made with the two pallid newspapers reporters crawling in the basket. And then how we would have prayed that the balloon, the ballast, and the occupants might have been driven to Timbuctoo, and never, never come back any more. To this prayer we are sure all haters of intermeddling Paul-Prys, otherwise reporters, would have sent up a grand "Amen!"

The Town Crier hopes the imbecile who writes from London over the signature "Prentice Mu.tord," and finds a fitting receptacle for his drivelings in the columns of the *Bulletin*, will soon be able to procure some employment better suited to his ability than inflicting stale news in very doubtful English upon us. This "special correspondent" is evidently traveling in England as he lived in California "on the cheap." He advises us to always carry an extra candle in our valise, as landlords often cut illuminating rations very short. The advice is needless. We never put up at anything lower than a fifth-rate hotel, and there we always find gas. He went to see *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and having witnessed the first two acts, grew tired of his "standing-room for sixpence" and left: whereupon he goes into a pet and whines out that he never could "see the point in men and women's talking in sing-songy blank verse." We never for a moment suspected the booby of having brains or culture enough to appreciate Shakspeare, but it is surely unnecessary for him to parade his ignorance as though it were a virtue. We can partly excuse the poor fellow's peevishness, because we ourselves helped to sour his temper by rebuking him on several occasions for snuffing the savor of baked meats over the area-railings of the best houses here and then recording all that transpired within, as though he had been an eye-witness. With the majority of readers, however, this querulous whining cannot fail to be nauseating and tedious. From some of these "special correspondents" good Lord, deliver us! By-the-bye, what has become of the lady correspondent who some years ago used to enliven the columns of the *Bulletin* with her European sketches. Those letters had an odor of culture and good taste about them that the chief exponent of the Gutter Snipe Press and prize discoverer of the cheap and nasty has never since acquired.

Although the Town Crier respects the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and has often told Mrs. *Town* that he will at length be driven to make application there himself for protection, yet he thinks it possible that the members may, in their laudable efforts, go a little too far and become ludicrous. The Poundmaster's deputy has been arrested at the institution of Frank Edwards, a member of the above society, for seizing a dog by the hind leg! Well, now, candidly, we don't see where the enormity of the crime lay. No doubt the doggie felt it *unpleasant* to be seized by the hind leg, but we as yet fail to appreciate the *cruelty*. If the members of this very excellent society—its sign-board is staring us in the face as we write—are really so very energetic in suppressing, and so exceedingly anxious to check cruelty, there are plenty of opportunities for doing so. Let Mr. Edwards take the advice of the old Scotch lady in regard to the poundkeeper, "follow him hame," or at least to the pound, and see how the dogs are handled out of the cart, perhaps not even so tenderly as "by the hind leg;" or, better still, let him walk through the markets and take note of the state of the live poultry. For hours and hours, and we believe for days together, are the poor, wretched fowls kept there, cooped together in a state of wedgedom and misery that beggars description. There are plenty of outlets for your philanthropic yearnings, Mr. Edwards, and all your other members too, if you really are so very energetic, etc.

Hannah Curtin is reclaimed; she is again virtuous. Some two or three months ago, her boy seducer was shot dead by her father, and the "ruined" young woman was sent to the Magdalen Asylum. This piece of adulterated grist has been rapidly passed through the reclamatory mill and has come out purified. This is to change the simile—tinkering up a reputation with a vengeance, and we know of several other young women who might be the better for a patch or two. Is there any possibility of the miraculous process of purification-tinkering being made public? Mrs. *Town* says, "let the hood creature be kept in the Asylum for life," but we, secure in our Joseph-like purity, say, "let her loose." Who knows but that her next prominent appearance may be on the stage of the California Theater as the "Very Newest Magdalen," warranted natural. 'Twould take. (We have had a passionate longing to make some astounding joke about "dropping the curtin," "raising the curtin," or something like that, you know, all the time writing the above, but the opportunity did not come).

The California Theater has heretofore been somewhat noted for the refinement and tone of its performances. If this Temple of the Muses had a fault it was squeamishness. How are the mighty fallen! The same stage which accommodated the burlesques under protest and laid an embargo upon Aimee's quips and pranks now devotes its Sunday night to the sleight-of-hand of a Vanek! We could stand a Sacred Concert, with an act on the trapeze, the introduction of trained dogs, or some such little pleasing variety, but the decapitation act, with the obliging and handsome Professor passing the nasty-looking head around afterwards, and the curious crowd poking their podgy fingers into its nose and mouth—Faugh-a-ballagh! It is very sickening. Oh, John McCullough, Hamlet McCullough, Cardinal McCullough, or whatever else they call you on your triumphal tour, as the *Alta* styles it, how your eye-balls would glare and the oaths roll from your classic mouth if you could behold your theater desecrated by the Professor's revolting sign, "See the blood drip!"

The Oakland Transcript gives an account of an old fool's persecution of a little girl on board the ferry steamer. Was it Dr. Lord! A parting kick at this vain old humbug will be found in our "Letter Box." But, any way, the *Town Crier* wishes he had been on board that boat with his heaviest pair of boots on.

The Bulletin says: "Prices has appreciated." Mrs. Partington is on the staff, evidently.

A few years ago, in the British Colony of Victoria, Australia, a priest named Niall was degraded and convicted of a nameless crime; a Baptist minister named James was proved to have lived in adultery for eight years with more than one of his congregation to whom he monthly gave the communion cup; an Episcopalian minister named Booth got out of his pulpit and broke a dog's leg in two with his hands during service because it barked in church. But these were all gentlemen and as pure as Florida water compared with a stagnant Chinese sewer by the side of Parshall the beast. And yet this sanctified child of Gomorrah, this spavined leper, this concentrated essence of a lewd cross between Judas Iscariot and Brigham Young, has got another congregation. With Swinburne's poems for a bible and Rabelais for a prayer-book he ought to be sent as a special missionary to the Puget Sound squaws. Let the dog return to his vomit, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, etc., etc.

On Wednesday night the city lay in darkness, all because of the very stupid conduct of the Clouds and Moon. The City Fathers had decided that there was to be a Moon on that night, and therefore that gas was unnecessary. But the Moon went a visiting one of the dampest parts of Cloudland, and never showed her face here at all, at all, which was evidently a studied insult to the corporation of San Francisco, for had it not been decided that there was to be a Moon and therefore that there was to be no gas. But meanwhile Mortals went splurging about in thick darkness, splashing here and there, through mud and gutters, spoiling there temper and pants, and all because the Moon had gone a-visiting one of the dampest parts of Cloudland, or else because the City Fathers are a set of dunderheaded and antiquated dolts.

It is reported that Donaldson has swallowed the ball which he received at the hands of MacAravy. It is unnecessary to enter into further details regarding the fate of the ball. That will take care of itself. But we would really like to learn the swallowing trick. Young women are becoming distressingly importunate day by day, and avenging relatives alarmingly thick. A dose of cold lead, even on the stomach, is not altogether agreeable, yet if we felt sure of its ultimately finding its way there, we would tackle the wrath of innumerable brothers with a great deal more *sang froid* than we now possess. Not that we have been breaking the much broken commandment, but these irate brothers roving around are in such a deuced hurry with their shots that they might take us for some other fellow.

The leading il-litterateur of these Pacific Coasts, Col. John McComb, "has had a long interview with the President." So, at least, says a Washington telegram. President Grant, remembering the visit of Major Jack Stratman, must by this time have conceived a high opinion of the literary ability floating round San Francisco. We should like to know more about the meeting of these doughty warriors, and on what they conversed. McComb has a well-known *penchant* for fast stock, and is willing to talk about it; but it is a totally different kind of stock to that affected by the President. That telegram was provokingly penurious of information.

Mrs. Thompson, of Pine street, declares her brain was worn out at sixteen with hard study, and she don't propose cramming the rest of the family. Unless the rest of the family starts in with a little more material, we apprehend that a future generation will also be writing letters whose inanity will keep up the family reputation. We advise Mrs. T., with a "p," to attend to Sarah, and keep out of the newspapers. There may be lodgings to let in the family garrets. It isn't necessary to pulicly advertise them.

The Chronicle idiot, with delightful innocence, wonders how Mary Montgomery fulfilled a scriptural injunction when she hasn't seen her husband for a year. It really is remarkable, and we can only explain the matter by supposing it to be a *colored* version of the other wonderful conception.

The column-long editorial in Thursday's *Bulletin*, to prove its superiority to the *Chronicle*, is one of the most convincing arguments of the *Bulletin's* weakness that could have been uttered. Time was when the *Bulletin* would not have gone to that trouble for any journal in the land.

The Edinburgh Daily Review records an amusing conversation which took place in the gallery of the Free Church Assembly lately: Young lady: "There's old Dr. A—— going to speak. Isn't he a bore?" Old lady (laughing), "Well, I suppose he is; but do you know I rather like him." Young lady: "I can't bear him." Old lady (after some time): "Who is that nice old gentleman speaking?" Young lady: "Ah, that's Mr. B——, of C——." Old lady (hesitatingly): "Don't you think he is—rather prosy?" Young lady (indignantly): "No, indeed, I do not. Allow me to inform you that is my father." Old lady: "Oh, indeed! Then I am glad I hit the mark so gently, because 'Old Dr. A——' is my husband. So I suppose we have both got a lesson, my dear, don't you think?"

A recent invention is the cheapening of the ponderous fly-wheels of large engines by making them hollow and filling them with iron ore sand, which is packed and pressed into the hollow space of the wheel, making the weight nearly equal to the saved metal.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The popular fallacy that house-plants poison the air of a room by the exhalation of carbonic acid during the night, has been demonstrated by recent experiments of Prof. Kedzie of the Michigan agricultural college. To make as conclusive a test as possible, instead of taking the air from the room containing a few plants only, the professor gathered it from the college green-house, where more than 6,000 plants were growing. The room had been closed for more than twelve hours; and, if the plants inhaled carbonic acid to an injurious extent, the analysis of air from such a room would certainly disclosed this fact. Three specimens of this imprisoned air was gathered shortly before sunrise, from different parts of the room, the analysis of which gave 4.11, 4.00, 4.00 parts of carbonic-acid in 10,000 of air, or an average of 4.03 in 10,000 while the out-door air contained 4 parts in 10,000, thus proving that the air in the green-house was better than "pure country air."

A woman living at Patchogue, L. I., has charged her husband with instigating his servant girl to poison her. The girl, however, repented, and informed her mistress before it was too late that her tea was poisoned. Unwilling to give entire credence to so terrible a story, the woman tested the properties of the tea by trying its effects on a casual washerwoman, whom she induced to drink some of it. The washerwoman being made violently ill, all doubt was at an end, and the outraged wife immediately took measures to bring her husband to justice. The story is certainly a remarkable one, and the presence of mind of the woman in making her experiment to test the poisonous nature of the tea is quite unprecedented. She has undoubtedly added to the uses of washerwomen, and hereafter we may expect to see washerwomen entirely replacing litmus paper and other old-fashioned chemical tests in investigations of alleged poisoning cases.

Giornale delle Colonie, who writes from Massowa, Africa, captured the pretender to the throne, Abba Kassai. His ears were filled with gun cotton by Johanni's orders, and the cotton was then exploded, blowing the head to atoms. It is also reported that he lately caused the right hands and the left legs of no less than twenty-seven captives to be chopped off in his Imperial presence, and then abandoned them (after the fashion of the Roman emperors) to be preyed upon by lions, tigers, and panthers. It is stated, but we can hardly credit the statement, that an Englishman, Colonel Kirkham, in the service of the Emperor Johanni, lately returned from a mission to England, was an eye-witness to these barbarities.

A very singular accident has occurred in Moelfre Bay, Anglesey, Wales. A farmer bought the hull of the *Royal Charter*, which was wrecked there fourteen years ago, and until lately he employed a professional diver, but within the last few weeks he has donned the diver's suit and gone down himself. A few days since he took down a cask of power for blasting. By some mishap this cask exploded, breaking the glass of the helmet, and suffocating the man, who was drawn up out of the water dead.

An extraordinary scene has been witnessed in one of the streets of Sheffield, England. A new sewer was being put down, and the excavations laid open a seam of coal which there crops up almost to the surface. News of this discovery was quickly spread among the humbler residents of the neighborhood, and the result was that several hundred woman and children put in an appearance with baskets, buckets, and sacks, and all kinds of receptacles, for the collection of the "black diamonds" as they were thrown up by the workmen.

The correspondent of an English paper asserts that a very large trade is carried on in Bermingham in the export of flint muskets, commonly called Africans or Park palings, for the use of the Ashantees against the Britishers. These rude weapons are quite as effective at short ranges as the Martini or any other elaborate arms. They are made by thousands in Birmingham; also very formidable matchet-knives about two feet long.

Steps are being taken to establish an Irish Club in London. A committee has been formed, which numbers amongst its members several Irish M. P.'s, merchants, journalists of various shades and politics—for the proposed club will be non-political. Funds will, it appears, be forthcoming as soon as suitable premises shall have been secured, and among the subscriptions offered is one of £1,000 from a representative of a Leinster constituency. About 200 gentlemen have already expressed their willingness to become members.

An English gentleman has recently discovered near the wells of Moses, by the Red Sea, the remains of ironwork so vast that they must have employed thousands of workmen. Near the works are to be found the ruins of a temple, and of a barracks for the soldiers protecting or keeping the workmen in order. These works are supposed to be at least 3,000 years old.

A workman of Milan has been taken into custody for beating a statue of the Madonna. It appears that the man had for many days been supplicating for the intercession of the stone in behalf of his wife, who lay at home grievously sick. The prayers proved unavailing, for the wife died, and the irate husband straightway thrashed the statue.

Professor Agassiz received, on his birthday, a gift of one hundred thousand dollars from his son-in-law, Mr. Quincy Shaw, at a little dinner party the latter had arranged for him, and at the same time his son gave him a check for twenty thousand dollars. The professor promises to devote the whole to science.

HEART'S CONTENT.

There is an isle far over troublous seas,
Above whose valleys bluest skies are bent,
Where sweetest flowers perfume the pleasant leas—
Men call it Heart's Content.

And every prow that rides the sea of life
Toward that dear, distant isle is turned for aye,
Through treacherous calms and stormy shoals of strife
Holding its doubtful way.

Oft in the midmost ocean bark meets bark,
And, as they pass, from each the challenge sent
Comes back the same across the waters dark:
"We steer for Heart's Content!"

For many an isle there is so like, so like,
The mystic goal of all that travail sore,
That oft the wave-worn keels on strange sands strike,
And find an alien shore.

But ever as the anchor drops, and sails
From off the storm-strained yards are all unbent,
From the tall mast-head still the watcher hails:
"Lo! yonder!—Hart's Content!"

And so once more the prow is seaward set,
Hearts still hope on, though waves roll dark around,
And on the stern men write the name "Regret,"
And fare forth, outward-bound. —*Barton Grey.*

THE COMIC PAPERS.

Punch.—COMMUNICATED.—A "Home Ruler"—My wife.—WHOLESALE.—Swell Customer: Ya-as, this is neat. Augh, I'm wather 'xtwav'gant 'n 'mowellahs!—nevah go out without one—somebody's; and nevah go home with one—anybody's. Ya-as. Now—ah—what do you charge for these by the gwoss?"—POACHING MADE EASY.—Sportsman: "Well, Jim, I hope you have not been in trouble for poaching this season?" Jim: "Not I, sir. The birds is brought up so tame for you gents now, that there beant no trouble and precious little sport in looking after them!—SPORTING DEFINITION.—A Grecian nose the straight tip.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Among forthcoming works of interest an "Essay on the Art of Snubbing Deputations" may, we hear, be shortly looked for at the hand of the Home Secretary. Moreover, it is whispered that the Premier is devoting some spare hours (when he can find them) to the discussion, in a pamphlet, of the merits of the question, "Shall Hodge have a Vote?"

Fun.—SOMETHING TO BE GRATEFUL FOR.—Sister: "But you mustn't complain, Willie dear; look how many things you enjoy." Willie (in a sort of cut and dried way): "Plenty of grub and clothes." Sister: "And nothing else to be thankful for?" Willie: "O, I don't know. Yes (in a half whisper), I heard the bathing woman tell ma this morning her rheumatiz was coming on again."—DON'T HURRY.—Among the various articles which are being sent out to the Gold Coast are a number of wooden huts for the soldiers. But at the present rate of active preparation we think our brave fellows will be in possession of A-shanty before the huts arrive.—ANSWERED.—Mr. Practice, M. A. (having met one of his lazy scholars determines to give him a lecture): "Where are you going, sir?" Boy: "To get a pen'orth o' nails, sir." Mr. P.: "What for, sir?" Boy: "A penny, sir."

Judy.—NOT SO VERY BAD OF THE OLD GENTLEMAN.—Severe Proctor (to Undergraduate, who, after the approved fashion, is wearing his mortar board, but carrying his gown): "I say, young sir, I should imagine the gentleman whose gown you are taking home would be very displeased to find you wearing his hat."—Bradlaugh, the atheist, has gone to America to lecture against the principles of Christianity. Dr. Brinley, a well-known theological controversialist, follows him, with a view to counteract his pernicious teaching in any towns which Bradlaugh may visit—on the principle, "After the bane, the antidote." We have just paid the Americans fifteen millions of dollars on account of the *Alabama* affair; cannot they, in return, manage to keep this mischief-monger on their side of the Atlantic for the future? *We* could spare him.

Hornet.—PROGRESS OF THE TRIAL.—The Tichborne trial progressed splendidly last week. Dr. Kenealy accused Mr. Hawkins of secreting a certain envelope. Mr. Hawkins gave Dr. Kenealy the lie direct. The Lord Chief Justice said that he was much hurt. Justice Mellor remarked that he had never been so insulted. Dr. Kenealy observed that he would not be surprised at anything Justice Mellor might say. Mr. Hawkins declared that he would never speak to Dr. Kenealy this side of the grave. No contempt of court was published during the week.

Junius.—It is not true that an official in the telegraph office at Madrid has been detected in an attempt to send a true dispatch.—It is not true that Mr. Gladstone has resolved to revive the borough of Old Sarum in order to secure a seat for himself in the next Parliament.

MARK TWAIN'S NOVEL, "THE GILDED AGE."

Mark Twain's novel, "The Gilded Age," written in conjunction with Mr. Warner, of Hartford, U. S., may be looked for any day now, but will probably be delayed a few weeks. It is the first work of fiction the humorist has attempted, and is devoted chiefly to pictures of American life both in towns and in the wilds of the Far West. The opening of the work, and such chapters as serve to get us fairly into the gist of it, are wholly from Mark Twain's hand; Mr. Warner then takes up the thread, but the two authors work in conjunction thenceforth to the end. It will be curious to speculate on the portions respectively contributed by each, and these it will possibly not be very hard to identify, as the two writers have distinct peculiarities of style, though their combination is wholly to the advantage of the work, the result being such as each of himself could not have brought about. Mr. Warner, it may be interesting to state, is a contributor to *Scribner's* and other American magazines, and also editor of a newspaper at Hartford. He has written on many and diversified subjects. It is to the accident of his being Mr. Clemens' (Mark Twain's) next door neighbor while the latter was in America that we owe the forthcoming novel. Under the circumstance of the joint production and the fact that Mr. Clemens has written some portion of the work since he has been in England, the joint authors are enabled to secure a double copyright, English and American. We may add that "The Gilded Age"—a suggestive modification of the fabled "Golden Age"—most applicable to these modern times, will be published simultaneously by Messrs. Routledge & Co. and Mr. Clemens' own American publisher.—*Mirror, London October 16th.*

ENGLISH FEMALE EMIGRATION—EMILY FAITHFULL.

MEMPHIS, TENN., October 24, 1873.

Editor News Letter—Some time since I noticed a paragraph in the *News Letter* to the effect that Miss Emily Faithfull was organizing a bureau or society for the purpose of sending young English women out to situations in New York city and Chicago. It occurred to me that San Francisco would be a much better place for the young women than either of the other cities. I wrote to Miss Faithfull, setting out at some little length my reasons for so thinking. This morning I am in receipt of the following answer:

85 PRAED ST., PADDINGTON, LONDON, October 8, 1873.

DEAR SIR—Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter. If your friends in San Francisco will organize a society and send me funds I will gladly forward right and proper emigrants. My scheme is supported by the Royal Family, and many of our English Nobiety, among I may mention His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge; Duke of Rutland, Earl of Shaftsbury; Lord Aberdeen; Sir Titus Salt; Lady Pollock, etc., etc. In fact, more or less of all these whose names are on the enclosed. Hoping to hear from you as soon as possible, I remain,

Yours truly, EMILY FAITHFULL.

With the note came a printed circular (which will be found in our advertising columns). It remains now for the good people of San Francisco to organize without delay an Emigrant Aid Society, to assist the work of Miss Faithfull in London. Let me urge you not to permit this really important matter to die, as you did my suggestion about making an effort to turn the tide of emigration to California, which is now flowing from the Southern States East of the Mississippi to Texas. Organize at once and communicate with Miss Faithfull, at the address given at the beginning of her letter. I suggest that the Hon. M. S. Latham take the initiative.

GEORGE W. GIFT.

The white population of Fiji have raised an objection to the payment of taxes, and, for the enforcement of their objection, have taken up arms. The captain of H. M. S. *Blanche* has, however, after an interview with the foreign consuls, forbidden British subjects to arm.

The scarcity of seamen is becoming a greater and greater grievance in London. Quite a fleet of ships are now waiting in the docks for the complement of men required to send them to sea. Some go away half-manned, others are almost exclusively manned by foreigners.

The demand for school mistresses has greatly increased in England since the passage of the elementary education act in 1870. The mistress gets from £74 to £80 a year for five days of five or six hours each in a week, with six weeks' vacation during the year.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has selected his story—"The Dream Woman: A Mystery"—and re-written it for his American reading tour. His agents have received over one thousand five hundred applications for Mr. Collin's appearance in different places.

VALE BOHEMIA.

Vale, valete fair Bohemia!
Thou Lotos Land, thou dwelling-place of peace!
I soon must leave thee, fair Bohemia,
But never shall my love for thee decrease.

Never again through all the long, long years
Can I have glimpses of that glorious life;
For lo! the flame of Hymen's torch appears,
And I must soon be fettered with a wife.

No more to totter home at break of day,
And feebly prod for key-holes on the door,
Stumble up stairs, blaspheming all the way,
And slumber sweetly on my bed-room floor.

Never again to call the world my home,
And bid defiance to all social ties;
Fettered at last, I can no longer roam,
Bound by a chain I love and yet despise.

Already do I hear the crab-like babe
Making night hideous with its awful yells,
Yet, though my wrath tempts me to choke the plague,
I must get up and dandle it by spells.

Kill me, ye gods, or take away the charm
'Of woven paces and of waving hands'
That lures me from Bohemia's peaceful calm,
To rashly enter matrimonial lands. T. A. H.

San Francisco, October 7, 1873.

THE LAST OF DR. LORD.

Dear News Letter---How strongly this suggests the advice, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, which, as everybody knows, means—the cobbler should not go beyond his last. I considered myself most unfortunate in being in the country during Dr. Lord's lectures in this city. I could scarcely reconcile the fulsome and glowing eulogiums of the daily press and the trenchant criticism of the *News Letter*, though of course I recognized the unquestioned superiority of the latter's literary opinion. I had an opportunity of judging for myself on last Sunday evening, at Dr. Stone's church, where the Rev. Dr. was advertised to deliver positively his last lecture. Let me at once and unhesitatingly indorse your opinion of this literary tramp, and thank you for promptly exposing the emptiness of the old fossil's pretensions to be considered a first-class lecturer. He might run a third-rate little bethel with profit, if not success; but there ends his capability. With the keen eye to the dimes which characterizes these gospel sharps, it was announced that this old "Lark" would not discourse without "mud." Accordingly the usual raid was made on our pockets, *Ad majorum gloriam Dei*—for the greater glory and benefit of Lord, who, when it was all safely bagged, essayed to answer the conundrum: "Where was Moses when the candle was out?" He left us at the termination of his discourse in exactly the same condition as the answer to said conundrum left the mythical author of the Pentateuch—in the dark. But then, he emphatically declared, he was not lecturing for skeptics, savans or rationalists. Oh, no: not to men of intelligence and reason, able to discriminate between common sense and the veriest bosh, but to old women, who can swallow the most illogical statements with as much faith as the staunchest Infallibility dogma religionist. I care not to further criticise the dreary religious platitudes and make-believe earnestness of this old played-out antediluvian, but hope the next Mercentile Library Association's importation will be of a better brand. DOGBERRY.

Two Jewish ladies recently passed a government examination in Rome, and obtained certificates to enable them to become teachers in a communal school. This fact is noteworthy, in so far that this instance is the first of that kind that has ever occurred at Rome.

The Darwinians are jubilant over a recently discovered reptile in Australia call the "Frilled Lizard," which habitually runs about on its hind legs, seldom or never touching the ground with its fore feet, the latter being but feebly developed.

Our readers will not be surprised to hear that A. H. Wyman, the cook of the United States hotel at Portland, Maine, who took a long pull at a flask of bed-bug poison, a few nights ago, under the impression that it was whisky, is dead.

The total number of persons who have visited the Vienna Exhibition is stated to be 5,562,135.

SUNBEAMS.

Raillery.—Dumas, the elder, was a bright man, but often met his match. He was proud of the large sum paid for his writings. One evening in the saloon of a rich financier the conversation turned on the remuneration of men of letters. "I," said Dumas, "am certainly the best paid. I receive thirty sous a line." "Indeed, monsieur," said a by-stander, "I have never worked for less than a million a line; what do you think of that?" "You are joking." "Not at all." "What are you, then?" "Constructor of railways."

Some years ago a clergyman, a stranger, going to officiate in a country church on a lovely Summer afternoon, on finding no kneeling hassock in the desk, desired the clerk to supply one, who, after a brief interval, appeared with one of a very primitive description, a sod freshly cut from the turf on the outside. For a short time this sufficed tolerably well; but soon the clergyman had to rise most abruptly, as the sod proved to have been cut from an ant-hill, and, as can easily be imagined, swarmed with thousands of its tenants.

Some Simple Language.—In which latter discrepancy lies struggle without end. And now, let but, by ill chance, in such ever-enduring struggle—your thin earth-rind be once *broken*. The fountains of the great deep boil forth: fire fountains, enveloping, engulfing. Your earth-rind is shattered, swallowed up; instead of a green flowery world there is a waste wild weltering chaos which has again, with tumult and struggle, to *make* itself into a world.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"The Good Time 'Cumming,' Wait a Little Longer."—We are told that there will be no total eclipse of the sun visible in England until August 11th, 1999; and even then it will be confined to the south-western part of the island. This news is as interesting as the information lately put forward by a continental astronomer to the effect that in ten thousand years the Winters will not be quite so cold as they are at present.

An old Aberdeen laird's wife, when some of her acquaintances were enriching the tea-table conversation with broad descriptions of the many vices of their several spouses, said of her own, that he "was just a gueed, well-tempered, couthy, queat, innocent, deedlin, drucken body—wi' nae ill practices about him ava!"

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Domini, 1846, and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

A Hindoo widow (the first) has been married in Madras. The gay widow was but thirteen, and those who are fond of names may be pleased to learn that hers was Poongavana Ummall, daughter of C. Angoo Moodeliar, of Chintaudrepettah, and married Vichoor Soobramania Moodelliar.

A lady who, on the death of her first husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining room. One day, a visitor, remarking the painting, asked, "Is that a member of your family?" "Oh, that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenious reply.

We have no patience with the man who goes squinting about here and there, stumbling over this and that, and making a short-sighted nuisance of himself generally, when a pair of Muller's spectacles would set everything right.

"Unhooked."—A young lady had coquetted until the victim was completely exhausted. He rose to go away. She whispered, as she accompanied him to the door, "I shall be at home next Sunday evening." "So shall I," he replied.

Lightning recently struck a telegraph pole and ran along the wire into the office at Coatsville, Ind., when the operator, seated at the instrument, excitedly telegraphed back, "Don't send so fast!"

A railroad guard, after twenty years of experience, concludes that he had rather attend to the wants of 20,000 men passenger than have one lone lorn female in his train.

The Skye terrier headdress is the latest freak of the fashionable girls in New York City. They will have the distemper as the next fashionable thing.

A Waterbury man has christened his daughter Glycerine. He says it will be easy to prefix "Nitro" if her temper resembles her mothers.

A man who rode in the same railway-carriage with a bridle couple fifty miles heard her call him "dear Charles" just 518 times.

Said a woman to a physician who was weighing two grains of calomel for a child: "Diuna be so mean wi' it; it is for a poor fatherless bairn."

A postmistress in Pennsylvania employs her husband as head clerk. Women's rights at last.

The creditors of an absconding Yankee banker found, on opening his safe, that the only thing he had laid up for a rainy day was an umbrella.

LOVETIDE.

Chiseled cups of fairest flowers
Through the fields are blossoming;
Summer splendor bathes the hours
In a rosy coloring.
Days are sweet when love is turning
Things of earth to brightest gold;
Days are sweet when souls are yearning
Heart to heart to fold and hold.

Where the stream goes leaping by,
Lisping ripples kiss each shore;
Hark, the willows softly sigh
To the waters they hang o'er.
Youth and maiden half forget—
Scarcely heed the world without;
Hands by tender hands are met;
Lips are pressed by lips devout.

Oh, the paradise of pleasure,
Whither souls ascend in love!
Mingling rapture without measure,
As they soar to heaven above.
Stay, sweet moments; life is fleeter
Than the streamlet rushing by;
Stay, sweet moments; love is sweeter
Than all earth-born ecstacy. —*Tinsley's Magazine.*

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

OUR NOTABILIA.

The English Standard, one of the principal bulwarks of a Conservative constituton, and a paper with a daily circulation of over a hundred thousand, has an evident appreciation of the advancement we have made in the art of advertising, as witness the following editorial clipped from its columns. This is only one of the scores of evidences we constantly receive that our *Notabilia*, by their novelty and vim, attract wide attention: "How much farther the art of advertising can be carried must be left for decision to the inventive powers of the San Francisco *News Letter*, which is far ahead of all other publications at present. Readers of English papers are occasionally startled by a something which looks like a gross puff until a parenthesis (advt.) explains the matter, but the 'Frisco' paper goes to the extreme verge of artfulness. The dexterous manner in which the reader is led through a long anecdote until its *raison d'être* suddenly breaks in upon him is sublime. The recent rage for ballooning is of course not lost sight of by ingenious advertisers. Students of the paper are told that 'The Graphic Balloon, the monster of the world, has burst. Professors Wise and Donaldson are disconsolate, and are seen sitting for hours munching peanuts and wrapped in melancholy study, at times exclaiming in most piteous accents, 'Up in a balloon, boys!' Wise is an old man, and fears that by the time the next is made he may have paid nature's debt. Donaldson is younger and more hopeful. However, let us not put our trust in balloons, but stop on earth and buy really good furniture from N. P. Cole. It never bursts.' A little love story, too, is attractive, and easily utilized. "'Well, well,' said John to his own little sweetheart Mary, 'so you say that the doctor says you are to take tonics to keep your strength up; take my advice and don't take any of his nasty trash.' 'Then what would you have me take?' asked Mary, blushing at her own audacity in thus daring to question John. 'You come with me every day to the Saddle Rock, in Pine street, and have a plate of oysters; you'll soon be well.' Cunningly interspersed amongst similar notices piquant *faceliæ* find a home, with now and then an effort of the muse:

'Oh, give me Houseworth's photographs,
So life-like and so sweet,
All taken at his gorgeous place,
At 12 Montgomery street.'

Houseworth might almost have said as much in prose perhaps, but no one would be rash enough to hint that a 'Frisco' advertiser does not know what is best for his own shop."

There is an anecdote told of one of Queen Anne's chaplains to the following effect: "His duty was to read the Church prayers in the anteroom while the Queen was at her toilet within. Occasionally the door was shut 'while Her Majesty was shifting herself,' during which interval the doctor left off, and resumed when the door was reopened. The other chaplains had not been so fastidious, and the doctor was asked by one of Her Majesty's women why he did not go straight on with his reading; upon which he replied that he 'would never whistle the Word of God through a key-hole.'"

Messrs. Webb & Holladay and New Zealand.—In reply to Mr. Johnston, Mr. Vogel, the Premier, said that two securities of £25,000, given by Messrs. Webb & Holladay, were held by the Government. Mr. Webb had refused to pay, but the bonds were good and the Government would recover the money; that £10,000 had already been withheld from moneys due Mr. Webb.—*Auckland Herald.*

The Portuguese authorities have declared the port of Liverpool infected with cholera, and all vessels arriving at Lisbon from the Mersey will be subjected to three days' quarantine.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

The Orleans Princes have decided not to compete with Count Chambord for the unstable monarchy of France.——The Emperor of Austria has conferred the Imperial Order of Francis Joseph upon Mr. Wheeler, President of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company.——The Universal Exhibition of Vienna closed at 4 o'clock on Sunday, without ceremony.——Konigsmarch, the German Minister of Agriculture, has resigned, and Blankenberg reigns in his stead.——The report of the eruption of Mount Etna, specially telegraphed to the London *Daily News*, was false.——Bismarck is rigidly enforcing the laws against the Catholic clergy.——Castelar, President of the Spanish Cortes, is seriously ill.——It is reported that the Dean of Canterbury will go to St. Petersburg to perform the ceremony of marriage between the Duke of Edinburgh and H. R. H., Maria of Russia, according to the form of the English Church.——Dr. Living-tone is said to be a prisoner in Central Africa. We do not intend sending a special correspondent to discover the truth of the report.——Many of the new Mexican dollars have been debased by dishonest employés in the Mint at Mexico.——The spread of the potato blight is creating alarm in Ireland and the east of England.——At a recent great fire in Liverpool, England, five policemen were smothered by the smoke.——The yield of the vines, fruit trees and corn fields of Italy will be very small this year. ——The month of October was a disastrous one to England in the matter of storms and incessant heavy rains.——The Tiber is subsiding, and fears of destruction by flood are abating.——Sir William Bovill, Lord Chief Justice of the English Court of Pleas, died in London on Saturday.——A dispatch has been received announcing the total defeat of the Carlist troops by the Imperialists.——The Devon and Somerset Railway, which has been seven years in building, was opened on Saturday.——The negotiations between Austria and Turkey for the settlement of the differences between the two powers, arising from the conduct of the Austrian Consul in Borna, and the Turkish note to the European Cabinets in relation thereto, are progressing favorably. Turkey is disposed to give complete satisfaction.——A letter from Rome says: "According to a report in the official journals, the ecclesiastical property sold under the hammer in September in the whole kingdom of Italy brought 3,123,000 francs. The valuation which the Government had fixed upon the property was 4,287,000 francs. During the current year, 11,333 parcels have been sold, bringing 28,138,000 francs. From the end of September, 1867, until the end of September of the present year, 88,850 lots have been sold, bringing 333,100,000 francs; the price at which the property was put up was represented by the gross sum of 430,107,828 francs, showing a difference of about one-quarter between the estimate value and the price realized."——Forty houses were burnt down in Constantinople on Monday night.——Rios Rosas, the well-known Spanish politician, is dead.——The ship *Tangier*, from Australia, brought £489,000 in bullion to London, nearly all for America.——The Spanish steamship *Murillo*, seized at Dover, for sinking the emigrant ship *Northfleet*, has been condemned and will be sold.——An explosion on Tuesday morning, in a fireworks factory, at Lambeth, killed eight persons and wounded a number of others.——The office of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of England, has been accepted by Sir John Duke Coleridge.——Alexander Bregden, Member of Parliament for Wednesburg, in an address at Darlington, England, Monday night, said he had been offered ten thousand tons of English rails, now lying at New York, at £2 per ton less than the original cost.——It is reported that Count de Chambord has received a congratulatory letter from the Pope.——The Government of New Zealand has offered free passages to all laborers who wish to emigrate to that country.——The news from India is more encouraging. Crops are improving, and there are hopes that a famine may be averted.——The Austrian Riechsrath was opened on Wednesday, by the King in person.——It is estimated that there will be a surplus of eighteen million francs on the French Budget.——A telegram from Cartagena to the *Times* says that the insurgents have arrested a Prussian subject named Giraud, and refuse to surrender him on the demand of the German Consul, declaring that he is a spy from Madrid. Serious complications with the German Government are probable.—— We see from a list published in the *American Register* of October 4th, that the witnesses for the prosecution in the trial of Marshal Bazaine at that time numbered something like 270, whilst those for the defence did not reach 65. Among the first are such names as Jules Favre, General de Palikao, Marshal Canrobert, and Gen. Bourbaki.

OLD MANSIONS.

We delight in old houses, especially those ancient chateaux and houses of country squires to be found on the continent of Europe and in England. There is an air of solidity and solid wealth about them that the more modern buildings do not possess. In addition, we know that their walls inclose treasures of art and valuable works of chiseled gold and carved wood, that are the delight of all eyes. In a business point of view, the same may be said of the City of Paris (*Ville de Paris*). The exterior is quite plain, although in good taste; no pretentious ornaments to catch the eye of the passer, but within, the best and richest wares that can be imported. Everything is thoroughly good of its kind, whether it be made of cotton, linen or silk, and in that respect it keeps up the character of an ancient house. The very employés, like the retainers of old, inspire one with the worth and value of the contents of the building.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

After Dean Swift's Death, there was found in his desk a paper containing a lock of hair—possibly dead Stella's—with the legend, "Only a Woman's Hair."

Relic of bygone love,
Priceless in days of yore;
Freely you waved above,
Beauty that vanquished lore.
Dearer than virgin gold,
Brighter than jewels rare,
Treasured from days of old—
"Only a woman's hair!"

Earnest of plighted troth,
Broken, but precious still;
Fragile as woman's wrath,
Helpless as woman's will.
Cherished in secret long,
Hidden with loving care,
Subject of many a song—
"Only a woman's hair!"

Relic of lovelit days,
Poem that never palls;
Only the warmest rays
Truly thy tint recalls.
Faded thy glowing gold,
Vanished its glitter rare;
Dearly 'twas bought and sold—
"Only a woman's hair!"

A SENSELESS CLAMOR---THE MINT SCANDAL.

The San Francisco daily papers seem to have degenerated into the basest and most reckless kind of scandal mongers. Under the lead and example of "the only live paper," they have gradually sunk to the disgusting position of bawds and pimps to the lecherous liquorice-mouthed lovers of obscene sensation. Their latest exploit has been an outrageous attack upon Gen. LaGrange, Superintendent of the San Francisco Branch Mint. The *animus* of this onslaught is apparent to the initiated. Ever since entering upon the duties of his office, the Superintendent has been besieged by a hungry throng of applicants for positions in the Mint, who possessed no qualifications to justify their appointment. By his refusal to comply with the demands of these importunate beggars, Gen. LaGrange has created a host of rancorous enemies. These, coöperating with certain discharged officials, who, when they held positions in the Mint, aspired to run the entire institution, have recently revived a batch of old and exploded charges against the Superintendent, and they are now clamoring for him to "come out and disprove the accusations" in the newspapers. We suspect that he has too much sense and self-respect to attempt anything of the kind. His defence, when a defence becomes necessary, will be made before the proper tribunal, and not before the malicious and lying accusers who, having first invented these charges, would now modestly constitute themselves an impartial and disinterested judge and jury to try them. The Superintendent has, in our judgment, done wisely and well in imitating the President's reticence, and giving no heed to the clamor of his irresponsible and ambushed assailants. We predict that he will inflexibly preserve in this course, and obdurately refuse to "come out" and "prove himself innocent," at least until something specific and tangible in the way of evidence is adduced against him. No man whose time is valuable can afford to waste any portion of it in confuting vague rumors and anonymous slanders. Besides, it would be an act of disrespect to the Superintendent's official superiors for him to notice these charges before they are presented in an authentic shape. When they are so presented at Washington, a formal investigation will be instituted, and then they will be promptly met and satisfactorily disposed of. Meantime the Superintendent will preserve his equanimity unruffled by the yelping of the pack of curs who are making such an unmusical hubbub.

Edmund Scott.---This, our well-known and active citizen, died last Tuesday evening, in his fifty-second year. Mr. Scott was in England enjoying the repose with his family, that an arduous life of over twenty years in San Francisco rendered a recreation, if not a necessity, when he was recalled to California by the death of Judge Lyons, whose executor he was appointed. He returned to this city, but not in good health, and since his return was incessant in his application to his business as agent for many foreign, as well as resident, landed proprietors. His nervous system was not equal to the strain, but his energetic temperament fought against the insidious disease until at last the brain could no longer support the constant wear, and both brain and body succumbed to the overwork—the consequence of his devoted attention to the interests entrusted to his charge.

Mrs. Emeline M. North vs. North American Life Insurance Co.---The above case, that has occupied the United States Circuit Court several days, was yesterday decided by the jury in favor of the plaintiff: amount, $20,000, and interest at 7 per cent. Some of the most prominent merchants in the city were on the jury. The late Captain John G. North was the builder of those splendid steamers of the late California Steam Navigation Company, and any number of other vessels that are now navigating the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The verdict seems just.

POOR BULLETIN! POOR DEACON! POOR DEVIL!

The once puissant Bulletin waxes feebly querelous in its old age, as its strength decays and its troubles multiply. No old woman afflicted with the "hypo" was ever more monotonously objurgatory than Deacon Fitch's evening organ has become in its declining days. It has degenerated into a chronic grumbler, to whom existence has become a bore, and the grasshopper a burden; it views all subluinary things with a jaundiced eye and in vexation of spirit, because the times are out of joint, and the *Bulletin* is no longer a power in the land to set them right. Its latest plaint is elicited by the resolution passed last Monday evening by the Board of Supervisors, providing that the corporation advertising shall be done by three newspapers, one being the official paper, and the other two a morning and evening paper *having the largest circulation*. Our irascible contemporary grows hysterical over this very just and proper resolution, and scolds the Board with the fierce volubility of a superannuated beldame. "It is a job," shrieks the excited old lady, with her cap awry, and her nerves in a flutter; "here is a rump Board of Supervisors; here is a little stake of $50,000, or more, all turning on the affidavit of a desperate and reckless publisher! The job covered up by this resolution is a scandalous one! It is a job to nurse desperate and conscienceless newspaper publishers!" Such are the incoherent ravings of the grandmother of the evening press. It is not difficult to understand where the special grievance lurks which has given rise to the old lady's painful agitation. The secret is to be found in the clause ordering the printing to be given to "a morning and an evening newspaper having the largest circulation." The *Bulletin* dare not go into competition, lest its loss of circulation should be exposed. *Hinc illae lachrymae! Tantaene animis senilibus irae?* By refusing to come forward and compete for the advertising, Deacon Fitch will acknowledge the decline of his evening organ in position and prestige. But as he knows perfectly well that the actual circulation of the paper has dwindled until it has become insignificant, he cannot enter the arena as a competitor. It is an awkward fix—a really distressing fix—and all our sympathies, it is unnecessary to say, are with the Deacon. But we see no help for him. The case is desperate.

SENATOR CASSERLY'S WILL.

We have been favored with a copy of this celebrated statesman's will, which we here present to our readers:—Being fully developed in body, sound in health, and of a natural mind, I do make this my last Will and Testament:

First. My political virtue I give to Dr. Shorb in trust for the benefit of the Democratic poor.

Item. I bequeath all my political capital to the *Examiner*, to be used as a sinking fund when the city and county printing shall be given to another.

Item. I give all and singular my law library to Col. Barnes, as a slight token of my appreciation of unlimited cheek.

Item. All debts due me for services rendered in my official capacity, by any corporations, corporation or individual, and which I failed to collect in advance, I devise to the R. C. Orphan Asylum.

Item. I give my family pride to Bishop Kip, as a reward for his laudable zeal in remembering his ancestors, to the exclusion of his successors.

Item. My senatorial mantle I freely give to any one, who, Elisha-like, stands under when it falls.

Item. I bequeath my wit, genius, and ability, unreservedly to the Democratic Committee in San Francisco, but not to be used until I am no more.

Item. I bestow all my learning upon the High School Investigating Committee.

It is my desire that six pall-bearers should attend my funeral, one to be a lawyer who is the most known pretender to honesty in California; the second to a policeman who can never be found on his beat; the third an apostate clergyman of good character; the fourth a ward politician who never told the truth; the fifth the editor of a "live" paper, and the sixth the *News Letter* man, whom it is my desire to punish.

I do also appoint Governor Booth my executioner without bonds.

Joseph Eppright, a Philadelphian, was executed at Mount Eden, Auckland, July 29th, for the murder of Mr. Garrity, mate of the whaler *Rainbow*, at the Bay Islands. William Fisher, also an American, who was charged with and convicted of aiding and abetting, had his sentence of death commuted to ten years' penal servitude. Eppright is represented as having served four years in the Federal army during the civil war, and was but 28 years of age.—*Auckland Herald.*

That Chronicle reporter, who was the first on the Modoc field of battle, the first to view it from a distance, and left Fort Klamath in company with the female portion of the tribe, is now in Wyoming interviewing Mrs. Captain Jack. Is she about to change her name?

Sunrise Harris has been captured and the *Post* has paid the reward of $400—which was the moving power of his capture—like a man, and an honorable one at that.

WIDMUNG.

A ma mere, purissimae glaucopis Athene der wunderschoenen hyas goddess Sapientioe ex reliquiis cerebelli d' un fou.

Lie schreiben gute Poesie
Quod est non semper facile
Laus Oleomargarini
J'avoue c'est bon, oui ! j'ai lu pis.

Spose you potlatch sitkum dollar
I writey skookum, make you hollar
Pero no entienden hoi polloi
Which means its Dutch to Patrick Molloy.

Butyrum olim ex lacte factum
Ist nicht so gut wie Oleomariginum
"Hoc" est ex mammâ vaccae pressum
"Illud" wants nary cow, God bless um.

Le ranz des raches, si doux et fin
Rend place à l' Oleomargarin
Manteca, butter, butyrum, beurre
De cette invention ont peur.

Aeide mousa ! con amore !
Bevuto troppo ? no ! sling your story
Mah to wu Israel Adonoj !
Ish goot for Jewish folks, my boy.

Cauamus suaviter, mon cher
Es ist kein Schmutz or grease of bear
Hermanos ! balga ! gaudeamus
Lachaim ! all except the farmers.

Los ANGELES, November 5th, 1873. D. W. C. N.

SIR J. D. COLERIDGE ON THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The foundation stones of four new schools were recently laid at Exeter, England, by the members of the School Board. At the luncheon, among other toasts proposed was that of the "Houses of Parliament."

The Attorney-General, in acknowledging the toast on behalf of the House of Commons, and having made a few introductory remarks, proceeded—I may say that in no assembly of Englishmen, with the hearts and memories of Englishmen, can the name of the House of Commons ever be uttered without exciting in answer a glow of righteous and generous pride, because the history of the House of Commons is written in the history of England, the honor of the House of Commons is the honor of England, and the glory of the House of Commons is the glory of England. (Cheers.) I am very far indeed from saying that the House of Commons never makes mistakes. I am very far from saying that at certain periods of our history it has not at times behaved itself unworthily; but I do say this, I believe there is not another legislative assembly in the world with a history of nearly seven centuries which can more honestly appeal to the great and noble feelings of gratitude and respect on the part of the country than the English House of Commons. (Hear, hear.) It has won for us our liberty in difficult, and sometimes in dangerous, constitutional conflicts; and it has secured for us our liberty by limiting our liberty, and by guarding and protecting that liberty by the forms and the institutions of law. (Hear, hear.) What particular claims this present House of Commons has on the people it is hardly for me to say. (Laughter.) I suppose that is a question upon which opinions differ—(laughter)—but I observe that a great number of persons, including a good number even of its own members, seem to be uncommonly anxious that it should come to an end, I suppose, from our having done so much. It seems to be forgotten that, unless it should please the Queen to cut it short, elected as we were so short a time since as November, 1868, we have two whole years constitutional life left in us yet. (Laughter.) I continually see such phrases as "dying Parliament;" and I perceive that the writers and speakers who prefer the use of Latin, call it a "moribund Parliament," others "an expiring Parliament," "worn-out Parliament," "effete Parliament"—(laughter)—and now and then an obvious allusion to the resemblance between a natural death and parlimentary dissolution. These things have formed the chief subject of many of the public addresses which I have seen for some time past. Now, an Attorney-General knows no secrets—(a laugh)—and if he did know them, it would be his sacred duty not to reveal them; but I will hazard a prophecy, which, if it should be fulfilled, will, I am sure, in the minds of most people, assure us a considerable span of protracted existence. I venture to assert that we shall survive the termination even of the Tichborne trial. (Loud laughter.)

CHOLERA IN SIAM.

The resources of Siam, if but poorly developed, are nevertheless various and rich. Among its rulers are to be found men of some reputation for statesmanship and intelligence, and who are now unversed in European sciences. Bangkok, the metropolis, has been reckoned to contain a population of about 400,000 souls, and there for more than fifteen years a considerable foreign trade has been carried on. We, therefore, regret profoundly to learn some short time back that cholera has been raging to a frightful extent in Bangkok, the death rate there having been estimated at 500 per day. The ravages of the disease were no doubt much augmented by the great accumulation of cholera corpses in the temples awaiting incremation —there being upwards of 2,000 in one temple alone—and by the large number of bodies floating up and down the river. Most of the natives in the employ of Europeans had fled the city in a panic (the whole of the local newspaper staff among the rest).—*London and China Express.*

Mark Twain gave his first public lecture in England at the Hanover Square Rooms, his subject being: "Our Fellow Savages of the Sandwich Islands."

[From the San Francisco News Letter of Nov. 15th.]

LETTER FROM THE PARSON.

Mr. Editor:---Permit me through the columns of your *truly religious* and widely circulated journal, the *News Letter*, to give to the Christian world my experience of the last ten days, as an interloping pilgrim among the faithful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. I had noticed for some time past, with deep sorrow and a painful solicitude, the wide margin of glaring inconsistencies between the precept and example, the preaching and practice of the professing Christian. Realizing, therefore, in it fullest sense, the obligation I owe to the civilized world, and my duty as a progressive parson to my fellow man, I girded up my loins in the determined spirit becoming one of God's anointed, and plunged headlong among the multitude, determined it possible to seek out and expose the error which has taken such a positive hold of the mind of the average Christian, as to cause him to profess one thing and practice another, to promise one act and perform its opposite, to shake your hand in the sunlight and stab you in the dark, thus presenting to the disgusted gaze of the thinking world the pitiable spectacle of a living, moving, hypocritical counterfeit, or, in more concise language, a walking lie. With my Bible in my hand, I called on a leading merchant who had made a corner in grain, and asked him how he reconciled the enriching of himself at the expense of Europe's starving operatives, with his professions of religion as taught by the meek and lowly Jesus.' He offered me a three-bit cigar, and replied, pointing to the Bible, "Look in that blessed book, old boy, where it says, 'to him that hath much shall be given, and to him that hath not it shall be taken away, even that which he hath.'" I was answered. With sorrowing steps I turned me away amid the jeers of his employés. In crossing the street I beheld, with pious indignation, a human monster belaboring with a heavy club, a harmless and inoffensive mule, accompanying each blow with a horrible oath. I stepped up to the creature, and raising my Bible aloft in one hand, begged his forbearance. I asked him if he was not aware that the mule was a descendent of that sacred animal on which our Saviour rode into Jerusalem? My friend," said I, "are you a Christian?" "That's a hell of a question to ask me," said he; "a Christian, of course I am." "Why then," said I, "you know that it is wicked to beat that sacred mule." "Look here, old psalm singer," said he, "I have authority for what I do in that holy book which you hold in your hand; turn to the Song of Solomon where it says:

> **Things have come to a damn pretty pass,**
> **When a man can't wollop his own jackass."**

I was silenced, and retreated in disorder, accompanied by the prolonged whistle of the blasphemous mule-driver. I next called on the Social Evil. She received me with all the loving caresses and fond endearments of a newly fledged camp-meeting convert, while she whispered in her sister's ear, "See, here's an oyster." "Gentle stray-bird from the dove cot of the Lord, said I, "you're mistaken; I am not a worldly bivalve to be opened by the oyster-knife of iniquity. I am a saintly Sunday sifter of the seeds of Satan. I winnow the wheat from the wild weeds of the world's wickedness. I come to warn you from the wrath to come." "Get out, you old buzzard," said she, "I am a better Christian than you are, a blamed sight. You come canting and praying around here, trying to warm a few dollars out of us, on a scare about our immortal souls, but it won't do. We're posted; we've read that Bible of yours, and God's chosen ones, and Solomon in particular, was beloved of the Lord for taking care of just such saints as we are." I was closed out, convicted again by my own witness, the Bible. I next visited a condemned murderer, on the eve of his execution. "My friend," said I, "have you made your peace with God?" "Made my peace?" said he; "I never had any quarrel with him. I'm all right according to that holy book which you hold in your hand. I'm sorry I've been caught, and I believe in Jesus. That's a ticket to the dress circle in heaven; what more can I have?" I bowed my head in ah humility. I saw that the teachings of my blessed book were a premium to crime. I then proceeded in company with our pious commission, and visited our State Prison. We interviewed nine hundred and fifty State prisoners, who had been convicted of all the various crimes in the calendar. They were all Christians with one solitary exception, and he was sentenced for a life term for shooting a clergyman in defence of free thought. This solitary exile was a free thinker, and had no Saviour, in consequence of which he was the butt for all the jeers, ridicule and ribald jests of his fellow convicts. I remarked to the chaplain of the prison that this was not evincing a proper Christian spirit. He replied that it was purely Christian; that the good book taught us that "that those who are not for us are against us: believe on me or be damned; an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and that this infidel wretch must be made to see the error of his ways and embrace Jesus and be saved. I asked the reverend gentleman how it came about that so many pious Christian souls were confined in the State Prison for committing such heinous crimes!

"Oh," said he, "the ways of Providence are past finding out. They are but instruments in the hands of an all-wise God, no doubt for the working out of some great design which is mysteriously hid from the vulgar gaze of common men." He referred me to my Bible, to where it says: "He whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." It was as clear to me as mud; but I doubted the love and wisdom, and thought it was hard on the instruments. I called on the medical fraternity, and to my mild and gentle inquiry, of, "Are you *Christians*, gentlemen?" the unvarying answer was, "No, only in a professional sense, and to assist us in our practice, in making money." I presented my Bible to the legal gentlemen, members of the

bench and bar, and asked them if they pinned their faith on that book? Their answer was a decided and unequivalent "No." "It requires," said they, "a few men to remain honest by keeping outside of the church in order to settle the differences of belligerent Christians." I felt sick at heart, and began to lose faith in my holy book; but as a last resort I spoke to a little boy, who was playing marbles, hoping to find true and budding piety in his young mind, "Sonny," said I, "Do you know that Christ died to save sinners?" He turned on me with the most comical expression I ever beheld, and roared out, "Bully for Christ! It's my next shot." That floored me. I gave it up. I was convinced that my blessed book was used only as a cloak to cover the world's iniquity. With a bosom loaded with inexpressible grief, I conveyed my false friend and erring guide with a pair of tongs out into the back yard, and buried it in the ash heap; and loaded with sorrow in contemplating my lifelong case of misplaced confidence, I sat down on an inverted nail keg and wept, giving partial vent to my overcharged feelings by murmuring the following mournful monody:

Thou art vanished and gone, like a toad in a puddle,
And never no more my brains wilt thou muddle.
Thy bundle of lies, which through life I have trusted,
Are now all exposed, and my confidence busted.
In this heap of waste ashes, I'll dig thee a grave;
My bonage is over; I'm no more thy slave;
Thy promise of bliss, in a home in the sky,
I find, to my cost, a stupendous lie.
The veil of deceit from thy pages I tear;
And thy threat of a Hell is impotent to scare.
This heap of waste rubbish, where all things are rotten,
Is the bed that befits thee. Be thou dead and forgotten.

Yours, in melancholy madness,

THE OAKS, November, 1873. THE PARSON.

A JAPANESE EXECUTION.

We have been favored by a correspondent, says the *Evening Standard*, London, with the following account of a Japanese execution: "I went to see an execution at Yeddo out of vile curiosity. I repented of it, but still it was a most extraordinary spectacle, and impressed me very much. The culprits were eight in number, one being a woman. They were all beheaded with the sword. The operation was performed with wonderful dexterity and coolness, and not one of them, even the woman, showed the slightest symptom of fear. There was a space of ground roped off; inside were three holes dug in the ground, with a little mound behind each, on which was spread a mat for the criminal to kneel on. On one side of the enclosure were two Japanese officials, in chairs, to see the thing properly conducted. I had a place directly in front of the mounds, at about six feet distance. The criminals were placed in a row on one side of the enclosure, blindfolded with pieces of paper (they use paper for everything there). What struck me most was the horrid coolness of the executioner's assistant, a good-looking lad of about 18; he went up to each poor wretch in his turn, gave him a tap on the shoulder, led him up to the mound, and made him kneel on the mat; he then stripped his shoulders, made him stretch out his neck, said, 'that will do,' and in a flash the man's head was in the hole in front of him and his bleeding neck was, as it were, staring me in the face. The assistant, still with the same pleasant smile, picked the head up, threw some water over the face to wash off the blood and mud, and presented it to the Japanese officials, who nodded and signed to go on with the next; the assistant than gave the corpse a blow between the shoulders to expel the blood, and finally threw the carcase aside like a log of wood. He then repeated the same pleasant programme with the next. I never thought a man's head could come off so easily; it was like chopping cabbages, only accompanied with a peculiar and most horrid sound—that of cutting meat, in fact. There was a dense crowd of Japanese present, including many woman and even children; these people never ceased to eat, smoke, and chatter the whole time, making remarks on the performance, and even occasionally laughing, just as if they were at a theater. The executioner poured water on his sword between each decapitation, as one whets a knife in order to cut indiarubber."

New Zealand.—We learn from the Lyttleton *Times*, "that the war threatened with the Maories has been averted by the judicious action of the Government in treating the murder of Sullivan as an ordinary crime, which should be dealt with by the usual legal tribunals. Had they taken the murder up on the ground of its political significance, war would have been unavoidable; even the most uncompromising opponents of the Government admit that they have acted with great good judgment. The fact is that Mr. McLean's policy is now pretty generally accepted as the best; indeed, the only one for the Colony. Fighting means expenditure of money, involving stagnation in trade and general depression. The maintenance of peace means a moderate annual expenditure on the natives, and a gradual but sure advance through the barriers they have set up on the path of civilization and settlement."

GIVE US THE RAILROADS, GOVERNOR!

Give us the railroads, Governor!
Never heed Interviewer's curses;
The iron trail will open up wealth
And certainly relieve us of
Should San Francisco not have her way
She'll hear of such a bold-headed track,
And make us bought but a two-horse bay,
With a tyrant's frown at its back.
Give us the railroads, Governor!
List to the farmer's cry;
He has toiled upon to your steel-ribbed lands,
As on lowly swiftly fly:
For the cargoes they bear in their lengthy trains
Are wealth unto towns new born,
Which their breath has quickened on hills and plains,
Where once bareness reigned forlorn.

Give us the railroads, Governor!
Wealth and fame and power;
With them our State will grow rich and great,
Without them she will fall.
Over the mountains, and over the plain,
From the East unto the West,
Twine and twine the precious chain
Over Eureka's breast!

Give us the railroads, Governor!
Stretch out their iron limbs;
The locomotive's breath is a dew
Neath which the desert smiles
With the bloom of the golden-breasted grain,
And the hue of the blue-cheeked grape,
While hammer and saw, and whirring plane
Mold cities into shape.

Give us the railroads, Governor!
Build on, and do not pause,
The people will see that your noble schemes
Are not checked by oppressive laws,
Let them call you a "railroad king,"
And your friends a hireling band;
Where is the one who like you can show
Such proofs of an enriched land!

THE ANTIQUITY OF BUTTER-MAKING.

Herodotus, the Greek historian, is the most ancient writer who, in his account of the Scythians, described a process for making butter. The world-famous Greek current in Europe rates, who was nearly contemporary with Herodotus, in the fifth century B. C., in "The Scythians," says Hippocrates, "pour the milk of mares into wooden vessels and shake it up violently, causing it to froth, when the fat part, which is light, rises to the top and becomes butter." Pliny, too, in B. C. says that good butter is prepared from the fattest milk of sheep or goats by shaking it in a vessel in the hot sunshine. He says, also, that it can be melted and poured over pulse and vegetables, instead of oil, and might be used in many kinds of cookery, as well as in pastry, instead of oil. It is evident from this that butter is not a modern invention, and that our pastry cooks have certainly received nothing from their grandmothers. But the principal use of butter among the Greeks and Romans was as an ointment and a medicine. The Romans were accustomed to anoint the bodies of their children with it to render them pliable, and the Barbarians attributed its application to making it as a hair dye. Plutarch, Dioscorides, and many other writers, inform us that a Spartan lady once paid a visit to Pompeia, the wife of Julius Cæsar, and that one smell so strongly of butter and the other of cheese, that neither could endure the other. We are not told what kind of ointment it was, but we can safely assert that the butter must have been very rancid. The ancient Christians of Egypt burnt butter in their lamps instead of oil, and in many remote times it was used for the same purpose in Roman Catholic churches, during the Christmas festivals, to avoid the great consumption of olive oil. The inventor of Rouen has a tower called the butter tower, from the fact that the Archbishop of Rouen, in A D 1506, finding the supply of oil to fail, during Lent, permitted the use of butter in lamps on condition that each inhabitant should pay six farthings, with which money the tower was built. There are other "butter towers," Notre Dame, Bourges, etc.—*Scientific American.*

Teaching a Jackdaw to Talk.—I am much pleased to have an opportunity of helping some of my brother-readers something on this subject, for perhaps when any body possesses a jackdaw they wish it to talk, and many adopt the usual practice of teaching the poor bird a language. If you wish your bird to talk properly, train it, and feed him entirely yourself, allowing no one else to interfere with him, and every time before feeding him, chatter to him. You had better begin with one word, such as dick. If, after repeating it several times, he attempts to make you, immediately feed him; and do the same at every meal, each time making him say something before you give him anything to eat, and in time he will talk himself, without training. You will require a deal of patience, and maybe Jack won't think proper to talk at first, but do not despair. If you are kind to him, he will soon know what you want, for birds of this class are very sensible, and, like every living thing, fully appreciate kindness.

The admirers of Miss Florence Montgomery will be glad to hear a new story by her—"Thwarted; or, Ducks' Eggs in a Hen's Nest."

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

A weekly steam service has just been established between Constantinople and the slopes of the Caucasus, the port of Poti being the terminus. The route selected runs along the coast of Asia and the Black Sea, and the vessels of the line are some under the British, others under the Turkish flag. This undertaking is supported by the Persian mercantile community, and is intended to serve as a pioneer for their own line of Persian steamers now about to be built, and for which a company has been recently got up at Constantinople, under the auspices of the Shah's Minister at the Sublime Porte. Before many months we may hope to see not only a Mediterranean but also a Red Sea and Persian Gulf steam carrying trade, via the Suez Canal, established by Persians, under their "Lion and Sun" standard, the principal products and manufacturs of Persian exports being silk, cotton, indigo, opium, tobacco, senna, rhubarb, oil, wool, corn, pulse, precious stones, silver, copper, iron, lead, coals, salt, silks, satins, velvets, brocades, gold tissues, extraordinary fine muslins, gauze, calico, woolen carpets, rugs, and arms. In the passenger traffic good profits must be made.

In a paper read the other day before the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. Waring, the eminent architect, puts forth his views "On the Laying out of Cities," a subject of the highest importance. The difference between cities of the present day and of the middle ages is great; but, as Mr. Waring contends, nothing like the difference that will prevail between cities of the present day and those of the future. Of the three plans on which a city can be laid out, namely, the square, the parallelogram, and the circle, he prefers the circle, as offering most of beauty and convenience. In laying out a city, he would provide abundant open space, which, of course, means plenty of air; and he would have plenty of trees. The gardens should be in front of the houses, instead of the rear; thereby, the streets would look broad, and the houses would be quiet. And to every main street there should be a back street, with access to every house; and along these back streets all refuse should be carted. These are suggestions which might be applied to cities of the present.

Mr. Spurgeon, in recently laying the foundation-stone of a new college at the rear of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, said that his congregation had acquired property in the Tabernacle, the Orphanage, and the schools to the amount of £100,000, and the college, of which they were now about to lay the first stone, would also soon be their unencumbered property. Their object in establishing this college was that when they found a young man who had a genuine mission for the ministry, but who unhappily dropped his "h's," or said "we was," to give him such a culture as would make him a fit and suitable teacher of religion. After condemning the Ritualistic section of the Church of England, and saying that he had no patience with the tacit complicity of the Evangelicals with those "bastard Papists," Mr. Spurgeon deposited the coins and newspapers in the cavity in which the foundation-stone was to rest in all Christion love and charity.

The latest marvel in telegraphy is an invention, recently exhibited at the French Academy of Sciences, by the aid of which maps and plans may be sent by telegraph, without necessitating a special drawing for the purpose. Over the map already made is laid a semi-circular plate of glass, the circumference of which is graduated. At the center is an alidade, also graduated, which carries, on a slide, a piece of mica marked with a blade point. The latter, by its own movement along the alidade, and also by that of the alidade itself, can be brought upon every point in the glass semi-circle. Just before the plate is a fixed eye-piece. Looking through this, the black dot is carried successively over all the points of the plan to be reproduced and the polar co-ordinates of each noted. The numbers thus obtained are transmitted by telegraph, the receiving device being analogous to that just described.

Another Parisian demi-mondane celebrity has also passed away to meet the Marguerite Gautiers who have preceded her. The one was called Anna Deslions (her real name being Deschiens). She died of consumption. She was a living picture of the "*Dame aux Camelias*," and was one of the last of that type—that is, she was tall, slim, elegant, and distinguished, and knew none of the slang practised by the cocottes of the present school, whose only requisites to become notorious are to be fat, to have red hair, and to swear. Anna Deslions, however, was quiet and ladylike, and, seen in her carriage, might easily have been mistaken for a genuine instead of an imitated jewel. She leaves a hundred thousand francs of debts! Nothing more.

A singular discovery has been made at Nidau, near Berne, Switzerland. In the river Thiele has been fished up a chest four feet long, marked with the letters "I. d. I.," banded with iron, and full of gold pieces. The tale runs that, in 1388, the Bernese let sink in the river, swollen by the rains, one of their vessels, which was being used at the siege of the castle, and in which craft was deposited the treasure in question. That occurred at the period when Enguerrand IV., the last of the Sires de Coucy, had received from Austria the county of Nidau as an appanage. What remained of the Sire's property was ceded to the Orleans.

Advices from Zanzibar report the capture of a slaver off Lamoo by the governor of that place, with a cargo of 217 slaves. This is a most satisfactory proof that the Sultan of Zanzibar and his officials on the coast are acting up to the late treaty with Great Britain for the abolition of the transport of slaves.

Mr. Edmund Yates has been appointed London representative to the New York *Herald*.

ONLY A JOCKEY.

BY A STABLE-HELP.

Only a jockey, mind you, "a fellow that rode for pay:"
'Twould puzzle a chap to find you a better this many a day!
Dead!—so some people call it, and we who keep talking horse
Should be flatly told we were wicked if we said he'd finished his course.

He died, they say, of consumption, which means he died of light weights;
And maybe the Royal Commission on Horses in their debates
Have found out why it's considered improving the animal's breed
To bring down the modern race-horse to a six-stone carrying weed.

Ah, it isn't the men they carry, but the money they carry that tells—
Well, I know some jockeys are blackguards, but how of your high-born swells?
For "noble" is so like "nobble" at times that it's hard to see,
Unless you're well up in your spelling, what difference there can be.

Well, anyhow, he, poor fellow, was honest and true and tried;
He was tempted no doubt pretty often, but he never pulled nor lied,
Though the swells of course were the tempters, he stuck to his purpose strong:
A man that was killing himself to go straight was not the chap to go wrong!

You may say he died in his harness, and died for honor and glory.
There's many a man less honest than Tom has got a place in story.
He was only honest, earnest, and true, and did the work that he found.
Will they say as much about me and you, when they put us into the ground?

—*London Fun.*

BOOK NOTICES.

THOREAU; THE POET NATURALIST. With Memorial Verses. By William Ellery Channing. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

What is to be expected of a book in which the author introduces himself and work to the public in the preface in such a motley style: "In a biographic thesis, there can hardly occur very much to amuse, if of one who was reflective and not passionate, and who might have entered, like Anthony Wood in his journal: 'This day old Joan began to make my bed'—an entry not fine enough for Walpole. At the same time the account of a writer's stock in trade may be set off like the catalogues of George Robins, auctioneer, with illustrations even in Latin, or

> 'The learned Greek, fit in rich epithets,
> Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words.'

Byron's bath at Newstead is described as a dark and cellar-like hole. The halos about the brows of authors tarnish with time. Iteration, too, must be respected—that law of Nature. Authors carry their robes of State, not on their backs, but, like the Indians seen by Wafer, in a basket behind them—" the times epitome." But, as the cheerful host says:

> I give thee all, I can no more,
> If poor the offering be.

The best scraps in the larder like Pip's porkpie." And so he goes on in several paragraphs of patchwork, until one imagines that one is reading a dictionary of quotations, or glancing over an old maid's scrap-book. A man has no right to transform the spiritual, cultivated, entertaining companion, into the disagreeable, tiresome bore that Mr Channing, with his curtailed sentences, attempts at aphorisms and remarkable English inflicts on us, bewildering his readers most effectually as to the pursuits, life, and pleasures of a most interesting man. For instance: "Once when a follower was *done up* with headache and incapable of motion, hoping his associates would comfort him, and perhaps *afford* him a sip of tea, he said, 'There are people who are sick in that way every morning, and go about their affairs,' and then marched off about his. *In such limits, so inevitable, was he compacted.*" "He was entered of Harvard College in the year 1833, and was a righteous and respectable student, having done a bold reading in English poetry." Another qualification: "Never in too much hurry for a dish of gossip, he could 'sit out the oldest frequenter of the bar-room,' as he believed, and was alive from top to toe with curiosity, *a quality, it is true, not latent in our people.*" His opinion of poor relations: "He did not wish for a set of cheap friends to eat up his time; was rich enough to go without a train of poor relations—the menagerie of dunces with open mouths." Mr. Channing speaks of his eating a half loaf of bread for dinner on an Albany bound boat—"A plain man could do this heartily; an ornamental scented thing looks affected. This was before the pedestrian disease!" Another would-be aphorism of the author's, chosen for elegance and the meaning conveyed: "Soap grease is not diamond." Thoreau "worshiped a hero in mortal disguise, under the shape of that homely son of justice, John Brown," consequently Mr. Channing gushes in this strain of Thoreau: "He shot corruscating abolition rockets at Framingham and elsewhere, and took his chance in preaching at those animated free churches which pushed from the rotting compost of the Southern hot-bed. At Worcester, he is said to have read a damaging institution lecture upon 'Brains' that never got to print. He, too, had the glory of speaking the first public good word for Captain John. Brown after his attack upon the beast run for the American plate—that Moloch entered by Jeff Davis and backers. In

ten years more, the United States, that killed instead of protecting bold Ossawatamie, was enlisting North Carolina slaves to fight against Virginia slave-holders!" What rotten bosh! what tiresome old twaddle! Did Mr. Channing stay at home expressly to write this, and send his wife's relations "on to Richmond?" It sounds very like it. Just such bombast, such miserable trash, draw the attention of the reader from the life of the Poet Naturalist, and he bestows his time in bewailing the fate of Thoreau, who had such a friend as William Ellery Channing to write his life.

WOMANHOOD: ITS SANCTITIES AND FIDELITIES. By Isabella Beecher Hooker. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Mrs. Hooker is a member of the remarkable family of Beechers, and though less known to fame than her brothers and sisters, has the gift of stating her opinions with force and maintaining them with power. Her object in this little work "is to present in the most effective manner the argument against the licensing of prostitution," and to incite the women of America to take up, with the same enthusiasm, "the work done for moral purity by the noble women of England." The pamphlet contains three distinct papers; the first, a letter on "Motherhood," addressed to the Rev. Dr. Todd in answer to a "serious and earnest article from his pen, which appeared in the Boston *Congregationalist*, entitled 'Fashionable Murder,' in which the crime of foeticide was severely condemned;" the second, correspondence with John Stuart Mill in regard to the "Subjection of Women," and the third, on "State Patronage of Vice," in which she says: "Men, in dealing with this subject alone, however well disposed, have shown their incompetence to it. It is for women, with a profound interest in a question so vitally affecting their own sex and the public morals, to address themselves to the subject with courage, with their strong sense of right, and with their instinctive delicacy. It is not a time for fastidious timidity," etc. To those interested in this important question, this work will furnish abundant food for thought and and reflection.

MIND AND BODY; THE THEORIES OF THEIR RELATION. By Alexander Bain, L.L.D., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Another volume in the valuable "International Scientific Series," for the publication of which Messrs. Appleton & Co. are deserving of thanks from all those interested in the scientific education of the youth of our country.

Now that Christmas draws near, the tide of holiday books sets in. Each year an improvement on the last is visible in their publication. The type, paper, binding, illustrations, are all perfect in their way, and the reading matter, provided by some of the most popular authors, bids fair to be a rare treat for the little folks. The following are some of the juvenile publications, by Lee & Shepard, Boston:

JOHN GODROE'S LEGACY. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. No. 5 of the "Pleasant Cove Series," to be completed in six volumes. The last, "The Fisher Boys," is now in press.

THE YACHT CLUB; OR, THE YOUNG BOAT BUILDER. By Oliver Optic. With thirteen illustrations. This volume belongs to the "Yacht Club Series," and will be welcomed by the legions of admirers that Oliver Optic, by his magic pen, has created for himself.

TURNING OF THE TIDE, one of the "Whispering Pine Series," is full of useful information pleasantly given. The struggles and successes of a self-taught blacksmith and surgeon are depicted in such a manner as to absorb the reader deeply in their troubles and triumphs. Iron, a grim enough subject, is so overlaid with a pleasant story of energy, perseverance and industry, as to teach the dullest boy whether he will or no. For sale at the house of A. L. Bancroft & Co.

FIRESIDE SAINTS, MR. CAUDLE AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE, AND OTHER PAPERS, is a collection of sketches not included in the collected works of Douglas Jerrold. Like everything from his pen, they abound with rarest humor and keenest wit. Our old friend Caudle, long the recipient of universal sympathy, appears in entirely new colors. With the unhappy Mrs. C. No. 2, he is as completely the tyrant as he was the slave of No. 1, and his breakfast table lectures do ample justice to his curtain training. In the miniature sketches of Fireside Saints, we recognize many familiar presences of the ingle nook. The Hedebrog Letters complete a volume of racy reading. For sale at the house of A. L. Bancroft & Co.

THE SALARY GRAB. By W. S. Robinson (Warrington). We are glad to see any of these political grabs thoroughly ventilated, and the author of this book seems to have taken great pains, and to be well acquainted with his subject. We recommend it to the perusal of politicians as a warning. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

GOLDEN SUNBEAMS. Just received from A. Roman & Co. The music is composed by Messrs. Hodge & Tinney, and the words by various composers. This book, in our opinion, is for the most part eminently qualified for the use of children, being simple. The words in some cases are peculiar, q. v. "Stand Fast," No. 136. "Nearer Home," No. 52, is pretty, but, like other of the tunes, is rather too much like the ballads sung by nigger minstrels. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

PRONOUNCING HANDBOOK. The most useful little book that we have seen for some time, and if introduced into our schools (easily done at the small price of 60 cents), would correct a great deal of the very bad pronunciation that issues from the mouths of men, who should have had, if they really have not, a decent education. It is a book much needed out here. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

STOLEN AND GIVEN.

Remedy the Social Evil! is the everlasting song:
Oil, to grease the wheels of conscience! Law, to legalize the wrong!

Bring it to a business basis; let us have the money down;
Let the fruit of shame and sorrow swell the coffers of the town.

Let them give a sign like Rahab, when she heard the trumpet-blast;
Label each one with a license brand upon each forehead "FAST."

This, the cry of Goths and Vandals, those who heed will nothing win,
For all sin doth lose its savor, when the law allows the sin.

We remember stolen apples always tasted very sweet—
Now that we are free to buy them, apples we can never eat.

Thus it is with all the pleasures that are naughty but are nice—
Given—they have little value; stolen—they are past all price. T. A. H.

A HINDOO STORY.

A tiger, prowling in a forest, was attracted by a bleating calf. It proved to be a bait, and the tiger found himself trapped in a spring-cage. There he lay for two days, when a Brahmin happened to pass that way.

"Brahmin!" piteously cried the beast, "have mercy on me: let me out of this case." "Ah! but you will eat me."

"Eat you! Devour my benefactor! Never could I be guilty of such a deed," responded the tiger.

The Brahmin, being benevolently inclined, was moved by these entreaties and opened the door of the cage. The tiger walked up to him, wagging his tail, and said: "Brahmin, prepare to die, I shall now eat you."

"O, how ungrateful! how wicked! Am I not your savior?" protested the trembling priest.

"True," said the tiger, "very true; but it is the custom of our race to eat a man when we get a chance, and I cannot afford to let you go."

"Let us submit the case to an arbitrator," said the Brahmin. Here comes a fox. The fox is wise; let us abide by his decision."

"Very well," replied the tiger.

The fox, assuming a judicial aspect, sat on his haunches with all the dignity he could muster, and, looking at the disputants, he said:

"Good friends, I am confused at the different accounts which you give of this matter; my mind is not clear enough to render equitable judgment, but if you will be kind enough to act the whole transaction before my eyes, I shall attain unto a more definite conception of the case. Do you, Mr. Tiger, show me just how you approached and entered the cage, and you, Mr. Brahmin, show me how you liberated him, and I shall be able to render a proper decision."

They assented, for the fox was solemn and oracular. The tiger walked into the cage: the spring-door fell and shut him in. He was a prisoner. The judicial expression faded from the fox's countenance, and, turning to the Brahmin, he said:

"I advise you to go home as fast as you can, and abstain in future from doing favors to rascally tigers. Good morning, Brahmin; good morning, tiger."

Dr. Lankester has held an inquiry at Paddington, London, on the body of a gardener in the employ of a Mr. Warner. Mr. Warner has kept in his grounds some five years a large brown bear, which was chained up in an enclosure, and considered docile. A few months back the deceased was wheeling a barrow in the vicinity of the bear's kennel, at which Bruin exhibited great irritation, and repeatedly showed its dislike to him afterwards. It was the practice to give the bear grass; and the deceased, having been cutting the grass plot, took an armful of grass and went within the hurdles, and threw the grass to the bear. On turning to come away, while within the length of the chain and before he could reach the opening, the bear flew at and attacked him, and threw him down. The deceased's cries brought assistance, and one person having a boat-hook struck the bear with it whilst he was standing over the deceased's body. They succeeded in beating the animal off, and getting the deceased out, when it was discovered he had received frightful injuries, from which he expired thirty-six hours after. The deceased received twenty-one lacerated wounds, and died of acute mortification. Mr. Warner, the owner of the bear, said it was five years old, and was so docile that children used to feed it, and it would feed with dogs; and a man had ridden round the post to which it was chained on its back. Since this occurrence he had offered the bear to the Zoological Gardens, but as they declined to have it, he had had it shot. The jury ultimately returned a verdict of "accidental death," with the expression of opinion that no blame attached to any one.

A telegram from Constantinople states that the subscriptions received there for the new Turkish Loan amount to £2,000,000, and in other cities to £8,000,000.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Of all the tribe of groveling creatures of brazen brow and callous sensibilities, the San Francisco "Interviewer" is at once the meanest and the most impudent. It has long been a matter of wonder with the *Town Crier* that such a community as the one in which we live should so long have submitted to the inquisitorial tyranny of this shameless tool of the shameless proprietors of the sensational newspapers. To the Interviewer, nothing is sacred. He respects neither the decencies of social life nor the privacy of recent bereavement. He no longer listens furtively at keyholes, or sneaks into wedding parties to which he has not been invited in the safe disguise of a gentleman; but with the trucculent assurance of a bravo boldly demands admittance, and propounds his insolent interrogatories with an assumption of magisterial authority. He rouses people out of their beds at their private residences at all hours of the night to subject to an Old Bailey cross examination. He meddles with the administration of justice, examines prisoners and persons charged with crime, and presents them to the public for trial in advance of a judicial investigation. He torments, insults and bullies women in distress whose husbands or fathers have committed suicide, or who have been arrested upon some grave accusation. If a distinguished man or a public character arrives overland, the Interviewer hunts him at his hotel before he has had time to divest himself of his duster. There is no nuisance by which we are now afflicted that calls so loudly for abatement. The question suggests itself, why do respectable men and women submit to the domination of this vulgar inquisitor? Why is he not kicked out of every house into which he intrudes? Why do officials of every grade answer his impertinent questions, and treat him as if he were himself clothed with some sort of official authority? Why do those who despise and detest him, who know that he is an ignoble creature engaged in a dirty business, a creature more brazen than a sailor-boarding-house runner, and meaner than a thief why do men who know this still treat him as if he were a gentleman? It is because they have not the moral courage to show the disgust and indignation they feel. They dread the revenge which the rebuffed seeker for information would instantly take in the columns of his sensational print. However brave in the face of ordinary dangers, their courage oozes away before the prospect of a scurrilous paragraph. But on Wednesday the *Call's* interviewer encountered a gentleman in the person of the Hon. James Pollock, just arrived from the East on business connected with the Mint, who, not having the fear of the sensational press before his eyes, snubbed him unmercifully, and sent him about his business no wiser than he came. On the same day the fellow met with a similar rebuff at the hands of Col. McKenzie, keeper of the County Jail. These are noble examples, and if they were generally imitated, the community might hope for a speedy deliverance from the intolerable tyranny of the Interviewer.

If Mr. Frank Edwards, the very tender-hearted and very effective member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, would do us and the horses a favor, let him take a position anywhere on Sutter street, between Dupont and Leavenworth, about 5 or 6 o'clock on any evening, and use his right of arresting to the full. The cars on this street are supposed to hold between twenty and thirty people, platforms included, although a by-law of the Company prohibits passengers riding on the latter, and yet we have frequently counted as many as fifty-two or three, once fifty-six, men and and women on and in one car. Packed together inside like sardines, hanging on outside by each other's legs, coat-tails and collars, their sole object seems to be to ride. Why, we actually saw one adipose Israelite standing outside holding on to the horse's tail. We prayed heartily to the God of this "gentleman's" fathers that the horse would kick, but the poor beast was gone beyond even resisting the indignity. No matter what discomfort they endure; no matter how the poor horses—never more than three on the steepest grades—stumble, and tug, and strain; no matter how the driver flogs and curses the poor, weary brutes—the horses, not the passengers this time; no matter what distress they cause each other and the jaded, panting, overworked dumb animals, these "ladies and gentlemen" *will* persist in riding. Not only is ita mystery to the *Town Crier* how these people will deliberately shut their eyes to the advantages of a short walk, but—and a far more important matter—he considers it a crying shame that such instances of undoubted and gross Cruelty to Animals should be permitted when there exists in the city a Society with the sole ostensible object of its prevention. Surely, if a man is guilty of cruely because he seizes a dog by the hind leg, these Christian and Jewish men and women, who know of no such thing in this wide world as mercy to a beast, come under the active expression of Mr. Frank Edwards' very righteous anger. The Directors of these lines of cars are guilty of great cruelty in *allowing* the practice of crowding already overcrowded cars; the conductors and drivers are guilty of greater cruelty in *not refusing* to allow passengers to hang on when there is already an over-load aboard; but the passengers themselves are guilty of the greatest cruelty in daily *practising* the evidence of utter callousness to anything like suffering in the higher animals. Come now, Mr. Frank Edwards, let us see if your energy is worth anything beyond its transient outbreak *in re canis leggum.*

Not that reference is here made to any recent "Reception," but because of the nonsensical principle of the thing, would the *Town Crier* for a moment attempt to show the absurdity of the custom. A respectable citizen, of average standing and of no particular merit, we will suppose, had been spending a few months in the East, or even in Europe. His return is telegraphed, and commented on with a

little fiddle-de-dee soft-soaping by the dailies hard up for local items. Straightway a lot of good-meaning, but supremely foolish citizens, decide to give him a "Reception" on his return. So collecting *en masse* they march, preceded by a band, to the Oakland boat, and when the ferry, bearing the respectable citizen of average standing and no particular merit, is seen by the other good-meaning, but supremely foolish citizens, the band strikes up "See the conquering hero come" when he's a wholesale linen merchant, or, "Sound the loud timbrel," when he's a stock-broker, or something else equally applicable. How very childish, how extremely like some little Eastern village all this is! Of course, there are two views of the subject: The Pitying, which we have finished with, and The Harsh. The Harsh is, that all this bleating of trumpets and whacking of drums, this hastening to welcome back a rich man is nothing but a piece of despicable toadying to our only Aristocracy, that of money; got up for no other purpose in the world than sueing thus meanly for chinking favors to come. Anyhow these "Receptions" are farces, and those who partake in them always bear a part either in *The Great Simpletons*, or *The Toadying Knaves*.

The city editor of the Chronicle is a most profound logician. The *Town Crier* is led to endue him with the living fame which the publication of this statement confers, because of the following paragraph in Thursday's issue of the live paper, under the heading of "Local Melange:" "On Tuesday afternoon the residents of No. 127 Montgomery street were startled by a heavy fall, which jarred the building. At first they thought it an earthquake, but on inquiry it was found that a large marble mantel in another room had fallen. It is probable that the dampness of the atmosphere caused a loosening of the cement. *Had any one been sitting in front of the mantel, the consequences might have been serious.*" (The italics are ours.) The subtle process of reasoning displayed here calls for more than a passing notice. It is not often one finds more conclusive evidence of perfect command of the art of ratiocination. From the clear, easy manner in which the paragraph seems written, the casual reader might imagine it to be but an ordinary piece of reporter's English. But when we show in detail the labor required to produce such a faultless example of argumentation, our readers will share our reverence for the man whose massive and brilliant mind thus adds weight and sparkle to the local columns of the *Chronicle*. First, you see, the premises had to be carefully and elaborately educed. The premises are: *a*, That something fell on Tuesday afternoon at No. 127 Montgomery street; *b*, That No. 127 Montgomery street is a habitable building; *c*, (which is, by-the-bye, a minor deduction, almost involving a side issue, and by extending the ramification of the problem, adding considerably to the difficulty of arriving at a fair ulterior inference), That being a habitable building, it is to be assumed that there were people therein; *d*, That there *were* people therein; *e*, That what fell was a heavy marble mantelpiece; *f*, And that it was this marble mantelpiece that fell. Ah! There you see we have the premises. Now, these premises having been admitted to be just, what is the legitimate inference to be drawn therefrom? This, says the logician: That, "*had any one been sitting in front of the mantel, the consequences* MIGHT *have been serious.*" What an unimpeachable evidence is here of a mighty, master intellect! The skilled discrimination and lucid order of arrangement displayed are—can we say more?—worthy of a paper which very nearly approaches the *Police News* and *Day's Doings* in the cultivation and scholarly ability displayed in its articles!

"Hero Worship" in California means Blackguard Worship. A man doesn't become notorious here, in the bad sense of the word, by playing the rogue and ruffian; he achieves a reputation as "one of *the* most remarkable men in the country," is looked up to in the streets, and asked to drink on all possible occasions. From the very time when the *Chronicle* man reported the brute Allen to have walked up to his murderer with a club in his hand in a "quiet and *gentlemanly* manner," to the *Alta*'s millenary reporter's disgusting account of Allen embalmed, this mistaken and most unhealthy sentiment has been prominent. Allen is said by another paper to have been "singularly handsome." All damned nonsense. He was nothing of the kind. He was simply a heavy, fat, low, vulgar man, with no one single good quality about him except that of his dying when stuck as any other pig would have done. We don't know Dr. Bentley's purpose in embalming the clumsy carcass, but unless it was to show how rogues and evil men fatten in San Francisco, we think he has very egregiously wasted his not very precious time. The *Alta* calls the result "an embalmed *chef d'œuvre*," and talks about "deceased's two inches of fat under the epidermis of the whole trunk." Sickening! We should think it was, and this term of 'sickening' applies forcibly to the false, rotten sentimentalism that leads Californians to make a live Blackguard a Hero, a maudlin clergyman to coddle a hanged Murderer as a Martyr, and a silly doctor to stuff a fat, old deadfall!

Isn't the Minnie Walton photograph business getting to be rather run to ground. Minnie is a thing of beauty and has marvelous blue eyes, to say nothing of her temper, which don't hurt her a bit, but we commend our galleries to a little variety. In Bradley's she looks prayerfully upward; in Morse's pathetically downward; in Edouart's she rests on her right elbow; at Florence's on her left; at the New York Gallery she varies a little, by leaning comfortably on both. The boys in the theater peddle her around with a hat on, and the picture stores present her with a hat off; while in Houseworth's she is represented in every position which it is possible for a limber young woman to assume, except standing on her head. This suggestion is entirely at Mr. Houseworth's disposal.

At the private exhibition of the guttural machine, the visitors were asked to give certain words and phrases, which were to be repeated as a test of the machine's talking capabilities. Sitting in the front row, and with an expression of stolid nothingness on his antique features, was one of those terrible School Directors. "Give me sumzing zat ze macheen vill repeat," said Prof. Faber, addressing this individual, whose name might be—say Mosgrove. A look of tender bashfulness stole over the Director's face, and, putting a taper finger to his lips, he said: "*I don't think of nothing now.*" The guide and censor of public education "didn't think of nothing then." The elected Director of what shall be taught, and how it shall be taught, "doesn't think of nothing." The man upon whose decision—and that of his *so* extremely intelligent fellows—rests the discharge or retaining of an instructor accused of being guilty of bad grammar, "don't think of nothing." God knows the avowal of mental vacuity was not news to the *Town Crier*, who sat next him; but that he, the school magnate, should publicly make the avowal, was indeed a surprise, until it struck him that the man "*didn't* know nothing," and so, following the example of Baalam's animal, created for himself a cognate notoriety when he "opened his mouth and spake."

A City on the Left-hand Road.—At a religious gathering in Chicago, a few days since, one of the speakers was the venerable Dr. Goodall. Broken in mind and body, but animated by the occasion, the aged clergyman said: "Friends, I am far on upon my journey towards the Celestial City; but I could not help stopping on my way to attend this meeting in Chicago." Here a voice from the multitude was heard by all: "Chicago is not on that road." The effect was electrical, especially upon the poor old gentleman, who was so confused that he could say no more, and was obliged to sit down.

The management of the California Theater has a way of turning off the lights from the auditorium before the audience is half out of the house. This preceeding is liberal, enlightened, sagacious, and worthy of remembrance. The people who happen to be in front blunder and stumble out, unable to see their neighbors, who may be pick-pockets—a class not slow to learn of the ill-advised action, and seize advantage of it. The *Town Crier* would suggest that one dime be added to the price of admission, to enable the management to pay their gas bills.

Harrington—we believe that is the name of the ambitious youth who aspires to paint altar pieces in these godless days—is recommended to the amateur opera troupe for a subject. Mr. Lincoln as that tender flower "Don Carlos," bears so strong a resemblance to the principal figure in Da Vinci's "Last Supper," as to open a new career for him when his voice shall have given out, viz.; a model for sacred pictures.

In the opinion of injured womankind, Vanek's horrible placards have been outdone by Professor Faber's talking machine, which represents a woman's head protruding in a shockingly uncomfortable looking way from a bellows! Does the Professor mean to insinuate that women are blowers?

The Vigilance Committee is making things hot for bad characters in the town of Gilroy. This sort of thing is contagious, and as a sequence, Fitch and Pickering begin to shake in their cowhides. "Mob law" is a ghost that alway makes these two reprobates think hell is let loose.

Clearly, Pixley and Bassett have left the *Chronicle*. Of late its editorials rival, if they do not exceed, those of the *Call* in senseless drivel. Has De Young bought a sausage machine? and does he, in imitation of Pickering, grind out his own editorials?

The population must be diminishing at Houston, Texas. When a stranger stuck his head in at a bar-room window in that town, the other day, and yelled, "Is the Colonel here?" only thirteen men rose and responded "He is."

The point on which the Lick Observatory is to be located is known, among the fishermen and millmen of the vicinity, as "Lousey Point." Though exceedingly euphonious, we think a change of name desirable.

Sir Samuel Baker, returned from Africa, has told the story of his adventures in Paris. There is something which arrests the imagination, as the *Daily News* correspondent says, in the fact that "the unassuming gentleman at the *table d'hote* in Paris was but the other day struggling for his life, almost single-handed, against savages, and living on flour soaked in the water;" that "the gentle lady by his side was within the year handing her husband his rifle while the bullets whistled round her, and sleeping night after night in the open on a bundle of damp grass." This is the true story of English courage and patience told once again. That Sir S. Baker has succeeded in his mission as originally stated, which was to put down slavery by moral force, it would be impossible to say. He has found that ethical suasion is inferior still to the influence of rifle-shot and sabre, and that men who find it lucrative to traffic in human beings can only be induced to abandon their avocation at the sword's point. One thing we may mention. In the course of his campaign Sir S. Baker has discovered long strips of fruitful territory, unknown to plough or spade, which promise a rich agricultural harvest.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER. BORN 1802. DIED OCT. 1, 1873.

The following are the four closing verses from a poem of thirty stanzas published in *Punch*:

Few have lived happier, busier lives than he,
Whose Art plied with delight, delight still gave;
And if at last a cloud fell o'er his glee,
It hung not long between him and the grave.

Our best-known name in Art has passed away;
Of gifts, though bounded, truest most his own;
Who did such work as none of earlier day,
And shall by that to latest days be known.

And as the artist wrought, so lived the man:
Humorous, joyous, genial of mood,
With love that took all live things in its span,
And, without effort, all things to it wooed.

Whatever growth of Art may grace our time,
His still shall hold its place—apart—alone;
Others as high by other roads may climb,
None can be wideller loved, or worthier known.

A LITTLE STORY FOR WRITERS—WITH A MORAL.

In the Attic days of yore, a youth undertook to essay the creation of a tale wherein no woman should appear. Boldly mounting his Pegasus and undaunted by the difficulty of his task, he mastered his steeds, and breathing a prayer to Apollo, commenced with chapter one and warriors bold, and bloody battles, in which many were killed or sorely wounded. In the second chapter, all who were not annihilated by war made many and various treaties of peace. At the third chapter his resources failed him, and in despair he hastened to consult an oracle. The venerable mouth-piece of the gods, scratching his grey beard, said: "My son, the task you have undertaken is impossible. You cannot compose a tale without romance and love, and without women there is no love nor the one nor the other. The perfection of life would be spoiled men live only to destroy, and the world would be a cursed and unfruitful desert. Go, young man, seek love, find romance, for they are the charms of life; gather wisdom by experience, and if you must write, describe always life as it is, and as one who has been an eye witness, for a thousand men are not equal to one woman."

The youth departed in deep thought. A year had passed away when he returned. His manner was gay, his mien was debonair a smile lighted his countenance. He said to the servant: "I have found all that you have said. I have loved many beauties, met with many adventures, and many successes. I am happy, and I will write a romance as it should be." The ancient purveyor of the wisdom of the gods shook his grey locks. "No," said he, "this is only the folly of youth; you have learned nothing, you only trifle with love. Go, my son, seek farther, already you approach the threshold of passion—you go to taste its pleasures and its sorrows." The young man departed gaily singing an ode to Cupid.

The servant waited many years. Finally his pupil returned. His brow was clouded, his eyes sunken, his step slow and weary. "Old man," he said, "I return, for I am sick and weary. Life is one grief. I return to die near you. She that I loved is no more, and my soul is sick unto death, my task is a failure."

"No," said the venerable sage, "your lesson is well completed. To live and be loved is to know the power of the sun and taste the nectar of the gods. The sorrow so bitter as to seek death can never efface the memory of the joys you have felt. Now you can write a romance that will live."

There is a good deal of venomous truth in these remarks of the *Saturday Review*. It says: "The position of a journalist in a democratic society is not very different from that of the court fool of another period. His relations with his master are intimate and confidential, he enjoys the emoluments and privileges of a favourite, and his tongue has a considerable license. Now and then he can slip in a sharp word or two even about the great man himself, and to the great man's face; but he must be wary how he mixes criticism with flattery. His first obligation is to please, to humour, to amuse, and he must take care to follow his master's moods, and always to jump to the right tune."

Cayuga Lake is reported to yield bull-frogs weighing as much as fifteen pounds each, but there is a suspicion that the statement emanated from a real estate agent in that quarter, who wishes to attract French emigrants to that district. Perhaps he heard the story of the German sentry-corporal who knew that, when serving in the 4th Franco-Prussian war, he shot seven French sentries by squatting in the tall rushes and imitating the croak of a frog, and so decoying them within range.—*Daily Graphic.*

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

THE NATIONAL CENTENNIAL.

It is known to all readers of the News Letter---who are supposed to know everything—that Congress has authorized the holding of a grand international exposition, in Philadelphia, in the year 1876, in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. John Bull has never ye commemorated the Magna Charta signature, so unwillingly wrung from King John, except in a few millions of post-prandial speeches; but Brother Jonathan is prouder of a youth not yet so far off, and is bound to set a good example. So a National Centennial Commission has been formed, consisting of a member and alternate from each State, appointed by the Governor thereof, and this Commission has gone vigorously to work, through an able Executive Board in Philadelphia. That city has given the free use of 450 acres of its lovely forest park on the Schuylkill, as a site for the exposition buildings, which are to cover fifty acres. It contributed $50,000 at once for the meeting expenses of the Commission, and has since subscribed $3,500,000 of the $10,000,000 required to make the big show a success. All the money needed is to be raised, not by a tax upon the general people by government, collected with the usual accompaniments of waste and stealing; but by an appeal for voluntary contributions to the patriotism of Americans, who have some pride in their country. The task of raising the money has been assigned to a separate body, styled the Centennial Board of Finance, whose Directors are men of substance and high character. This body has corporate powers, and issues stock to subscribers one million shares of $10 each, payable as follows: one fourth down, the balance in four equal quarterly payments. Interest on this stock, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, calculated to January 1st, 1876, is to be paid out of the first assets of the Exposition. When the affair closes, the balance of receipts over expenses, including the moneys derived from the sale of the buildings and other profits, is to be divided equally among shareholders; and it is believed by many that a good part, if not the whole, of the subscriptions will thus be returned. In every State there will be a coördinate committee for subscription purposes. Gen. H. S. Lansing, representing, and authorized by, the National Board of Finance, has just appointed a State Committee for California, composed of the following well-known and highly respected citizens, whose names are a guarantee that the business intrusted to them will be ably and uprightly performed: Hon. H. H. Haight, Hon. M. S. Latham, H. L. Davis, A. J. Moulder, Wm. T. Coleman, Alex. Austin, James C. Patrick, Hon. James Otis, A. S. Hallidie, W. W. Dodge, Tiburcio Parrott, Charles Mayne, H. M. Newhall, W. T. Garrett, Louis Schloss. This Committee has organized, by election, Mayor-elect Otis as President, Ex-Governor Haight Vice-President, B. P. Avery Secretary, and the Bank of California Treasurer. It has appointed sub-committees to lay out a plan of operations, which will include the districting of the City and State, by wards and counties, under local committees, the holding of public meetings, etc. In due time an appeal will be made to our people to make up California's quota of $145,300 in aid of the Centennial Fair. As this Fair will be both patriotic and international, and the President has formally invited "all the world and the rest of mankind" to join therein, Californians will not fail to respond liberally, nor to have the resources of the State creditably represented. The honor of the Republic is staked upon making the Centennial a noble success, and we are hardly so far gone in political immorality that the honor of the country is not still dear to most of us. So let us unite to celebrate worthily an event that made some noise in its day. Let us bring out the old cracked bell, which, true to its prophetic motto, proclaimed "liberty to all mankind."

EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.

The Russian paper, La Voix, relates the following lamentable story: The steward of a large landed proprietor inhabited, with his family, a handsome house, attached to the estates, not far from Moscow. His eldest daughter, a young woman of great beauty, was betrothed to the son of a rich merchant, and their marriage was fixed for an early date. The lover obtained permission to celebrate the young lady's birthday and also her name-day (St. Elizabeth), which immediately followed by fêtes to be given at her father's residence. The first evening at dinner the young man drank deeply, and became intoxicated, when his conduct became so violent that the guests retired, and he was with difficulty conveyed to his father's house. The next day, however, he presented himself at the ball which he had arranged, and danced with his betrothed. When the dance was ended the young lady requested the band to play a favorite air, and retired alone to the balcony, whence immediately afterwards was heard the sound of firearms, and the unhappy girl was found to have shot herself through the heart with a revolver she had concealed. A letter found upon her assigned the discovery of her intended husband's brutal nature as the motive for her fatal action.

The area under potatoes in Ireland is now returned at 903,213 acres, being 88,589 less than in 1872; and adding to it that now returned for Great Britain, we have 1,417,906 acres. Estimating the produce likely to be safely got up and stored at five tons an acre, we will have 7,089,530 tons of potatoes in the United Kingdom.

BED-TIME STORIES.

Among the real literary benefactions of the season are Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's Bed-Time Stories, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. They are simply and gracefully told—full of the spirit of love and charity, and teach lessons of unselfishness, patience and courage. The following dedication is exquisitely fine:

TO MY DAUGHTER FLORENCE.

It is you that I see, my darling,
On every page of this book,
With your flowing, golden tresses,
And your wistful, wondering look,

As you stood to hear and heed it,
The tale "Bed-Time Stories" I told,
The sunset glory behind you,
And your hair was the only gold.

Will another as kindly critic
Say gladly hear them through?
Will the many children care for
The tales that I told to you?

You can't, sweetheart, at my question,
For answer your head you'll shake:
"We will, if just the rest of it may be,
But the tales are—yours and mine."

FIFTEEN MILLION SOVEREIGNS AND HALF SOVEREIGNS.

The London Court Journal says: "The Royal Mint has turned out fifteen millions of sovereigns and half-sovereigns during the year, representing 116 tons of metal, and of course the Master of the Mint has been asked the question in that most of the fresh coin was required to replace the worn-out at home, and that it was not finding its way into what are called the channels of circulation. It is satisfactory to find that our newest and best coins are sent out of the country either by the Bank of England or the foreign bankers, before they have lost the bloom of the Mint. The Bank of England has accordingly been asked to explain what has become of those fifteen millions of sovereigns which the Mint has been working overtime to turn through the year to fulfill, and it matters not, it is said, that for no less than fifteen millions of new sovereigns in the Bank reserves. The provincial bankers have been asked, or are to be asked, to count the coins passing through their hands to see whether any extraordinary proportion of the new money can be traced in the currency. The head of an Welsh bank is sure the mass of this money has been exported in exchange for necessaries of the Peruvian Mint. Of course we can do nothing. The drain is [illegible] and we must grin and bear it. But it is hard, nevertheless, that we should lose coin—not to the extreme of wear or clipping to reduce, merely, weight, and not a good weight, in a mathematically correct proportion, either, for the sovereign is thrice [illegible] weeks in the year, and from that [illegible] it is either just, that we have not been waiting for coins to be [illegible] our own currency, but simply during the required part of the year of coining for the Queen's Mint. Our new sovereigns have been brought up as soon as they have been issued, packed in envelopes and sent off to the Rhine to be thrown into a melting pot, mixed with a little more alloy, and coined into two-thirds pieces. It is not a friendly act, of course, on the part of Prince Bismarck—but it is our own fault, for as soon as the money comes out it is a temptation to every state in Europe to take the best sovereigns they can find in our markets and use them for their own purposes. There is reason to believe, also, that speculators, jewellers and others find their operations of sweating very good for the purposes of their work, and that they always select the freshest and heaviest sovereigns for the purpose."

FAILURE OF THOS. SCOTT TO NEGOTIATE HIS BONDS.

The announcement that Thomas Scott has failed for the present, to negotiate his bonds, is, we believe, will regret by all in the position of the State and country. New work will be prosecuted, completed, only as much will be done as will keep the contract with the government intact. It is probable, though, that before many months the whole line will be completed, and the work carried on with vigor. This, of course, will be a great gain to the present interests of southern California, but it will fall much short in Los Angeles [illegible] other cities in this county. The Southern Pacific has been rapidly pushing its road during the past few months, and has its force working east from Los Angeles twenty-five miles at [illegible]. They may stop with their contract with the county is completed, but this will not be done. It will enable the country to grow to the railroad for support, and then immigration will be continued to more narrow boundaries up the valleys. This will be advantageous in some respects, for a close population is more favorable than a scattered one. It enables more rapid and complete improvements to be made. It brings better schools, more churches, better roads, and a more prosperous community. As these railroads [illegible] all center in Los Angeles, the trade of the country and villages must [illegible] there.

—*Los Angeles Herald, Oct. 31st.*

An Irish paper urges every true son of Erin to enthusiastically pray for the success against the British of that brave and intelligent monarch the King of Ashantee."

Pilgrimages may be termed the picnics of faith.

WAITING FOR THE WAITER.

We said we'd meet at half-past three—
It's twenty minutes later;
And whilst poor Lucy waits for me,
I'm waiting for the waiter.

She'll vow "I do it just to tease."
It proves I really hate her."
Will my excuse content her? "Please
I waited for a waiter."

My doubts of that are very great,
My love of her is greater;
Each passing moment adds a weight
To waiting for the waiter.

I'll have to stand a bonnet new,
A trip to the theayter,
And this extravagance is due
To waiting for the waiter.

I only want a pint of stout,
A chop, and a "pertater;"
I'm hungry—jamm'd in—"can't get out,"
I'm waiting for the waiter.

SUNBEAMS.

The following whimsical epitaph is from a stone in a parish churchyard of Ayrshire:

"Here lye the banes of Thomas Tyre,
Wha lang had budg'd thro' slush and mire,
In carrying bundles and sic like,
His task performing wi' sma' fyke;
To deal in snuff Tam aye was free,
And served his friends for little fee.
His life obscure was naething new,
Yet we must own his faults were few;
Although at Yule he sip'd a drap,
And in the church whiles took a nap,
True to his word in every case,
Tam scorned to cheat for lucre base.
Now he is gone to test the fare
Which none but honest men will share.
Died January 2, 1795. Aged 72."

"Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse;
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man;
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer;
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle;
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree,"

The following is said to have been a Yankee's reasoning on progress in locomotion: "I can recollect ten or twelve years ago, that if I started from Bosting on a Wednesday I cud git in Philadelphy on the next Saturday, making jist three days. Now I kin git from Bosting to Philadelphy in one day; and I have been calc'lating that if the power of steam increases for the next ten years as it has been doin' for the last ten years, I'd be in Philadelphy jist two days before I started from Bosting."

"**Now, then, madam,** please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to an old lady, when he had put her in position and the plate in the camera. The old lady looked hard at the designated spot from her seat, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it, and then turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see anything there."

A lady once, whose love was sold,
Asked if a reason could be told
Why wedding rings were made of gold;
I ventured thus to instruct her:
Love and lightning are the same;
On earth they glance, from Heaven they came;
Love is the soul's electric flame—
And gold its best conductor.

Here is an excuse from a Southern paper, which is an excuse. One wonders whether the pressman and compositors go on in this manner and afterwards excuse their conduct in the paper: "The Senior is attending Chatham Court, and the City Editor is at Goldsboro in attendance upon the Press Convention, of which he will furnish a report. This will account for the defects in our local columns."

An interesting exhibit of the comparative popularity of Dickens' works in this country is shown in the sales. "David Copperfield" stands at the head of the list, "Christmas Stories" second, "Pickwick Papers" third, and then "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist" and "Dombey and Son." The "Tale of Two Cities" is at the foot.

A Dutchman getting excited over an account of an elopement of a married woman, give his opinion thus: "If my vife runs away mit anoder man's vife, I shake him out of his preeches, if she be my fadder, mine Got."

"**Is your house a warm one, landlord?**" asked a lady, in search of a dwelling. "It ought to be; the painter has just given it two coats," was the reply.

Western journals are remarkably felicitous in their phraseology. A St. Louis paper, for instance, calls finding the body of a drowned person "catching a floater."

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those who have just turned saints.

Why is a minister near the end of his sermon like a ragged urchin? Because he's toward (tore'd) his close.

Wombwell's menagerie on its tour announces days for a "select and fashionable feeding."

Is "stealing a march" worse than "taking a walk?"

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

Thirty-one iron plates for the *Costa Rica* arrived from the East on recently. They will be put in place immediately, and in about a week the steamer will be ready for service again.——A daring woman leaped recklessly from a Kearny street car on Monday, and hurt her knee-nies very much in consequence.——Hayes Park Block is being divided into building lots, and is rapidly losing its old appearance. ——A paragraph, to the effect that it is felony to procure a spare key to your Post-Office letter box, is going the round of the papers, so suppose we may as well repeat it.——Dr. Andrel, the olive-faced surgeon, has, with the aid of nature, given a man a new elbow-joint, the old one having been taken out, decayed.——The ladies of the First Congregational Church will open a fair in the Horticultural Hall about the 1st of December. Those who have money to throw away are respectfully invited to attend.——James Trevillian, a Cornishman of Virginia City, has challenged Patsy Hogan, the light weight, to fight him for $1,000 or $500, at any time or place.——There can be no doubt that the Ocean View Race Track will be literally crowded to-day.——The regular church Union of the Episcopal Church Union was held at Trinity Church Chapel on Monday evening.——Henry George, editor of the *Post*, is again at his post, but his ink-slinging will be postponed until his arm is out of its sling.——Serafino Guichre, a Swiss carpenter, shot himself on Monday morning, at 532 Vallejo street.——The Alms House has 329 inmates.——John Donaldson, shot by McAravy, is pronounced out of danger.——The U. S. frigate *Piscarora* is now at Vallejo.——Sixty-four names were on the books of the *Three Brothers* when she sailed.——Scarlet fever does not seem to abate. Three children were lost to one family on Folsom street within twice as many weeks.——John Mengels, who won the chief prize at the National Rifle Club Meeting, at Harbor View on Sunday last, has already been challenged.——Father Sheehy, the incendiary Irish lecturer, gave his farewell spit and splutter on Tuesday evening.——Corner of Bush and Fillmore streets is rapidly becoming the hoodlum head-quarter. ——Rev. W. H. Platt, the new pastor of Grace Church, arrived here on Sunday. The Rev. gentleman has not called on us, nathcless we trust his new Platt's Hall may be a success.——H. B. M. steam-frigate *Repulse*, six days from Esquimault, arrived in port on Monday.——Fred Baxter, the sporting sharp, has gone without saying good-bye, and the papers are beginning to find out 'twas what they had expected all along.——Uncle Jimmy Kennovan, having got gloriously drunk on Monday, some kind friend led him to the Police Station.——E. D. Herrick, the P. O. clerk, arrested for opening his own letters, has been honorably discharged.—— Some 2,440 through passengers went East, and 5,009 came West, on the Central Pacific Railroad during the month of October.——James Otis, Mayor-elect, arrived by the overland cars on Thursday evening.——The bullet fired through the windows of the San Jose cars turns out to have been a stone shied by a mischievous youngster.——The *Japan*, P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamer from China, came into harbor on Wednesday with fifteen cabin passengers and three hundred Chinese in the steerage.——It is said there is a deficiency of cars on the Sutter-street line between five and six o'clock in the evening.——The shooting match between Streuli and Mengels will take place at Alameda to-morrow, commencing at 9 A.M.——Patsy Hogan has accepted Trevillian's challenge, and the fight seems likely to come off at Colfax.——Chief Engineer Scannell arrived on Thursday evening, and met with an enthusiastic reception——Thursday was quite a damp day, not so much fair, honest rain as a dirty, greasy, general mistiness, you know.——A fatal accident occurred on the wharf of the P. M. S. S. Co. on Thursday, by which a laborer was crushed to death.——The vegetable famine is at an end, for the Italian dealers have returned to their senses and gone over to Market street.

A FITTING REBUKE.

There are many men in existence who deem it no harm to speak slightingly of woman. According to their idea it is quite meet that the strong should assail the weak. One of these robbers of reputation received a severe rebuke on a recent occasion. At a dinner, at which no ladies were present, this man, in responding to a toast, "Woman," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, exclaiming that the best amongst them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being their surroundings. At the conclusion of the speech a gentleman present rose to his feet and said, "I trust the gentleman, in his application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, not ours." The effect of this just and timely rebuke was overwhelming, and the maligner of women was covered with confusion and shame.

The Sunday (N. Y.) Mercury of October 26th relates a very characteristic and curious incident of Erin's witty and practical people: A Mr. Thomas Ryan, who resides on West Fifty-sixth street, near Seventh Avenue, offered to register yesterday afternoon, but he had failed to bring his naturalization paper with him. He was told that without it his name would not be placed upon the rolls, unless he could swear that he had lost it and could not procure a duplicate. But Tom was not to be put about in this way. "By Jabers," he said, "I've got my paypers an' I'll bring them." He went home, and in less than an hour he came back with the whole door of his bedroom balancing on his head. "Here," said he, "there's me paypers; look at 'em," and sure enough the certificate of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of the city was pasted upon the door.

GREEN FIELDS IN SIGHT.

At the portals of the morning
Stood a child with dainty feet;
All about him golden sunshine,
Pearly dew and blossom sweet;
And with tender dimpled fingers
Plucked the flowers fresh and fair,
And the overhanging branches
Laid their dew drops in his hair.

Looking forward o'er life's pathway,
Saw he broader fields of green,
Skies with snowy clouds so fleecy
Here and there, now shreds between;
And with swiftly flying footsteps
Started he for fields more bright;
But in vain he hurried onward—
They were always just in sight.

Warmer, brighter, grew the sunshine;
Broader, rougher grew the way;
But with greenfields just before him,
Nothing could his footsteps stay.
So he wandered on till manhood
Took the place of childhood fair;
Then he threw aside his flowers,
Wiped the dew-drops from his hair.

Onward, onward, toiling, striving,
Helping others with his might,
Saw he that the blooming meadows
That are always just in sight
Lie within the dark, cold river.
Here we only wish and wait,
Till the Master calls us over,
And unbars the pearly gate.

THE RATTLING OF THE CHAINS.

If, in matters of religious belief, the *Mail Bag* was not above the cant and hypocrisy of this village of San Francisco, we should feel ourselves out of place in furnishing a journal for intelligent and reflecting minds. If we consented to allow ourselves to be driven in harness by those who profess a belief in all the absurd dogmas that priestcraft has invented for the selfish advancement of the idle and worthless class to which they belong, we should feel humiliated. The men who do not believe in a God are the bright intellects of the age. The men who resent the audacious insinuation that because they do not, credit the Christian fable that, therefore, they are not good citizens are the best men in society. The truly good and charitable are not those who have accepted from priests and preachers a standard of excellence that looks to creeds and acts of worship, but they are those who square their lives by the rules of honor, and govern their intercourse with their fellow men by their own pride and self-respect. Draw a cord across a highway, and arrest one hundred intelligent men of independent minds, who think for themselves, and ninety will reject the whole absurd teachings of modern religion; seven will be fools, professing to believe, through an ignorant fear of hell, and three will be found to be knaves, who have stolen the cloak of religion to shield their iniquities, and one of these will be a preacher. We print the following from the biography of John Stuart Mill, and we declare that it is our firm belief that among all the Philosophers and Men of Science now living in the world not one in a thousand will acknowledge themselves believers in the wicked and demoralizing dogmas of this modern faith, called the Christian religion, and taught by the Christian church:

John Stuart Mill's Religious Views---His Disbelief not only in Christianity but in a God—His assumption that Theology must be Denounced as an Enemy to Mankind.

[Extract from John Stuart Mill's Autobiography.]

I was brought up from the first without any religious belief in the ordinary acceptation of the term. My father, educated in the creed of Scotch Presbyterianism, had by his own studies and reflections been early led to reject, not only the belief in Revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called natural religion. I have heard him say that the turning point of his mind on the subject was reading Butler's "Analogy." That work, of which he always continued to speak with respect, kept him, as he said, for a considerable time a believer in the divine authority of Christianity, by proving to him that, whatever are the difficulties in believing that the Old and New Testaments proceed from or record the acts of a perfectly wise and good being, the same and still greater difficulties stand in the way of the belief that a being of such a character can have been the maker of the universe. He considered Butler's argument as conclusive against the only opponents for whom it was intended. Those who admit an omnipotent as well as perfectly just and benevolent maker and ruler of such a world as this, can say little against Christianity but what can with at least equal force be retorted against themselves. Finding, therefore, no halting place in Deism, he remained in a state of perplexity until, doubtless after many struggles, he yielded to the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing whatever can be known. This is the only correct statement of his opinion, for dogmatic atheism he looked upon as absurd, as most of those whom the world has considered Atheists have always done. These particulars are important because they show that my father's rejection of all that is called religious belief was not, as many might suppose, primarily a matter of logic and evidence; the grounds of it were moral, still more than intellectual. He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. His intellect spurned the subtleties by which men attempt to blind themselves to this open contradiction. The Sabæan or Manichæan theory of a good and evil princi-

ciple struggling against each other for the government of the universe he would not have condemned, and I have heard him express surprise that no one revived it in our time. He would have regarded it as a mere hypothesis, but he would have ascribed to it no depraving influence. As it was, his aversion to religion, in the sense usually attached to the term, was of the same kind with that of Lucretius: he regarded it with the feelings due, not to a mere mental delusion, but to a great moral evil. He looked upon it as the greatest enemy of morality; first, by setting up fictitious excellencies—belief in creeds, devotional feelings, and ceremonies not connected with the good of human-kind—and causing these pretensions excellencies to be accepted as substitutes for genuine virtues; but, above all, by radically vitiating the standard of morals; making it consist in doing the will of a being on whom it lavishes indeed all the phrases of adulation, but whom in sober truth it depicts as eminently hateful. I have a hundred times heard him say that all ages and nations have represented their gods as wicked, in a constantly increasing progression; that mankind have gone on adding trait after trait till they reached the most perfect conception of wickedness which the human mind can devise, and have called this God, and prostrated themselves before it. This *ne plus ultra* of wickedness he considered to be embodied in what is commonly preached to mankind as the creed of Christianity. Think (he used to say) of a being who would make a hell—who would create the race with the infallible foreknowledge, and therefore with the intention, that the great majority of them were to be consigned to horrible and everlasting torment! The time, I believe, is drawing near when this dreadful conception of an object of worship will be no longer identified with Christianity, and when all persons, with any sense of moral good and evil, will look upon it with the same indignation with which my father regarded it. My father was as well aware as any one that Christians do not, in general, mean to the demoralizing consequences which seem inherent in such a creed, in the manner or to the extent which might have been expected from it.

The same slovenliness of thought, and the subjection of the reason to fears, wishes and affections, which enable them to accept a theory involving a contradiction in terms, prevent them from perceiving the logical consequences of the theory. Such is the facility with which mankind believe at once and the same time things inconsistent with one another, and so few are those who draw from what they receive as truths any consequences but those recommended to them by their feelings, that multitudes have had the unabashed boldness to set up Omnipotence and Hell, and have nevertheless identified that being with the best conception they were able to form of perfect goodness. Their worship was not paid to the demon which such a being as they imagined would really be, but to their own ideal of excellence. The evil is that such a belief keeps the ideal wretchedly low, and opposes the most obstinate resistance to any thought which has a tendency to raise it higher. Believers shrink from every train of ideas which would lead the mind to a clear conception and an elevated standard of excellence, because they fear, even when they do not distinctly see, that such a standard would conflict with many of the dispensations of nature, and with much of what they are accustomed to consider as the Christian creed. And thus morality contains a wretched load of bad and false, with no consistent principle, nor even any consistent feeling, to guide it.

It would have been wholly inconsistent with my father's ideas of duty to allow me to acquire impressions contrary to his convictions and opinions respecting religion; and he impressed upon me from the first that the manner in which the world came into existence was a subject on which nothing was known; that the question "Who made me?" cannot be answered because we have no experience or authentic information from which to answer it; and that any answer only throws the difficulty a step further back, since the question immediately presents itself, "Who made God?" He added, sometimes, (look care but I should be acquainted with what had been thought by mankind on these insoluble problems. I have in consequence at how early an age I made myself conversant with classical history, and he taught me to take the strongest interest in the Athenian as the great and decisive contest against priestly tyranny for liberty of thought.

I am thus one of the very few examples, in this country, of one who is not thrown off religious belief, but never had it. I grew up in a negative state with regard to it. I looked upon the modern world, and upon the ancient as well, as something which in no way concerned me. It did not seem to me more strange that English people should believe what I did not than that they should read Herodotus. I should have done so. History had made the variety of opinion among mankind a fact familiar to me, and this was but a prolongation of that fact.

In regard to the question of religious topics by those leading his father's opinions, Mr. Mill has the following remarks, which have about them the ring of a manifesto:

I think that few men of my father's intellect and public spirit, holding with such intensity of moral conviction, as he did, unpopular opinions on religion, or on any other of the great subjects of thought, would now either practise or moderate the withholding of them from the world, unless in the cases, becoming fewer every day, in which frankness on these subjects would cost more than the loss of means of subsistence, or would amount to exclusion from some sphere of usefulness peculiarly suitable to the capacities of the individual. On religion in particular the time appears to me to have come when it is the duty of all who, being qualified in point of knowledge, have, on mature consideration, satisfied themselves that the current opinions are not only false, but hurtful, to make their dissent known, at least, if they are among those whose station or reputation gives their opinion a chance of being attended to. Such an avowal would put an end at once and for-

ever to the vulgar prejudice that what is called, very improperly, unbelief is connected with any bad qualities either of mind or heart. The world would be astonished if it knew how great a proportion of its brightest ornaments—of those most distinguished even in popular estimation for wisdom and virtue—are complete sceptics in religion, many of them refraining from avowal, less from personal considerations than from a conscientious, though now, in my opinion, most mistaken apprehension lest, by speaking out what would tend to weaken existing beliefs, and by consequence—as they suppose—existing restraints, they should do harm instead of good.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

The Examiner of Tuesday, in noticing the reappointment of the Hon. Jos. Austin as Port Warden says: "We observe that the Honorable Jos. Austin has been reappointed by the Governor a Port Warden for the Port of San Francisco. This is an appointment eminently fit to be made. Mr. Austin has been in this office now for almost six years, and has discharged its arduous and exacting duties with credit to himself and satisfaction to the commercial community. His great experience and notable industry recommended him to Executive favor, and overcame the objection urged by some that he was a sterling Democrat, who never scratched a ticket or bolted a nomination. If Mr. Austin outlives this new term, and his ruddy appearance would indicate he is good for half a dozen more, he will have been ten years in that snug berth; a period of service exceeding any of his predecessors. Indeed, we believe he has already been in office for a longer period than any before him. This is a proof of his superiority in that branch of the public service. We are glad to see that in one instance, at least, Governor Booth has acted according to the spirit of the Civil Service reform and retained in office, without any solicitation or bargaining, a faithful public servant. The mercantile class and the ship-masters cannot but be gratified at this act of the Governor's, which adds so much to their convenience. The rotations in the office of Port Warden have always been more or less a cause of annoyance and inconvenience to shippers and masters of vessels; and if the reappointment of the Hon. Joseph Austin means that such positions are hereafter to depend on special fitness rather than partisan claims, we shall have no objection to interpose." We fully indorse the *Examiner's* opinion, and are sure that the duties of the office will be discharged in the most honorable and efficient manner by the worthy holder.

THE CHIEF CLERKSHIP.

It seems that Marcus D. Boruck, the best Clerk that ever held the position in the State, is spoken of for reëlection to his old position in the Assembly; and for that the Sacramento *Union*, *Bulletin* and *Call* take offence. If, as the *Union* says, that the friends of Mr. Boruck are willing to give the Democracy every other position in the Assembly in order to elect Mr. Boruck Clerk, then it shows how popular a man he is among his friends. Now, we are in favor of Boruck's election, because he is the best fitted man in the State for the place, and because his whole official conduct is without spot or blemish. No man attends more faithfully to the duties of Clerk than he, entirely eschewing all else but the demands of the House. And we happen to know this about Boruck, which the members of the Legislature and the public should also know, and it is this: that all his appointees last session drew their full *per diem* pay, or, in other words, Boruck refused to accept one farthing of percentage off the pay of his appointees in return for their appointments, on the ground that if they could afford to pay him two or three dollars per day off their pay for their appointments, they could afford to labor for the State at the reduced valuation they desired to put upon their services; and when the Speaker declared the Assembly adjourned, Mr. Boruck's work as Clerk of the House was fully and thoroughly completed. And, for the first time in the history of the Legislature of this State, on account of his assiduity, the coming Assembly will not be called upon to pay one farthing for work left undone by the preceding Assembly. If the members of the Assembly desire experienced and expeditious work, they should elect Marcus D. Boruck unanimously as Chief Clerk of the Assembly.

A curious breach of promise case has just been settled at Brooklyn. A Miss Roxeana Homan sued Alexander Earle, a merchant, for breach of promise of marriage, laying her damages at $25,000. The main question involved was whether a promise to marry could be inferred. Miss Homan admitted that there had not even been a verbal, much less a written, promise to marry; but she brought witnesses to prove that Earle had repeatedly kissed her, and on the strength (or frequency of these osculations based her claim. Judge Neilson, who presided, charged the jury that no interchange of words was necessary to constitute an engagement, adding, "the gleam of the eye and the conjunction of the lips are overtures when they become frequent and protracted." Touched by wisdom so profound, the jury brought in a verdict for $15,000, and on carrying the case to the Court of Appeals, the decision has been affirmed with costs.

GOAT ISLAND.

LELAND STANFORD, *loquitor.*

The Isle of Goats! the Isle of Goats!
What vision through my fancy floats;
I see my iron net work crawl,
And cling about its rocky wall
I hear my shoring engines' roar
Resound along its sea-washed shore;
I stand upon its rugged crest,
And grasp the commerce of the West.

Between the Isle and Oakland's strand
I see a city great and grand,
Spring into fe above the sea—
A monument of mine and me.
And there, within its crowded streets,
The Occident the Orient meet
And to its wharves, with sails unfurled,
There sweeps the shipping of the world.

From scenes like this I turn away,
To gaze where San Francisco lay;
That city which, with foolish pride,
Long me and all my might defied.
I see her crumbling to the dust,
Her energies consumed with rust;
Her streets, once loud with human tread,
Now like a city of the dead.

I hear no more the hum of trade,
The clink of trowel, ring of spade;
I hear no more the mule-train's groan with its load of golden grain.
I see no smoke from chimneys rise,
I hear no sturdy sailors' cries,
For commerce all has sped away,
And left the "wrong side of the Bay."

But dreams like this are all in vain,
I hear the nation all complain,
And know its firm resolve to be:
Goat Island ne'er shall pass to me.
I know my mine, that can't be foiled,
And San Francisco can't be killed;
I see a way disputes to end,
And make that place my lasting friend.

My iron horses soon shall race
Across the intervening space,
And at the close of every day
Shall stabled be in Mission Bay!
Here is a way! I have a will,
And soon my carpets will be still;
For let it now be understood,
I'll bridge the Bay at Ravenswood.

MAX.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN WEDDING.

A magnificent silver centerpiece, executed by Messrs. Sy and Wagner, of Berlin, was presented by the officers of the 18th Hussars, at Bangalore, as a wedding present to Colonel R. B. Prett-john, C. B., commanding the regiment, and his bride, on the 16th of September last. It is not often that an Anglo-Indian station is the scene of such a brilliant wedding. Bangalore had long been in a state of excitement at the approaching nuptials, for Colonel Prett-john is as popular a commanding officer and distinguished a soldier as there is in the army, and the bride, the second daughter of Colonel Smith, 30th Madras Infantry, is as lovely as she is amiable. The church in which the ceremony was performed was crammed with spectators, the wedding party itself being of goodly size, and the soldiers of the regiment, in full dress, crowding in to see their colonel "turned off." The gallant bridegroom, like all the officers present, wore his uniform, and the *coup d'œil* in the church was such as is not often witnessed in these very plain and matter-of-fact days.

The knot having been satisfactorily tied, the party adjourned to the mess house of the Hussars, where breakfast was laid for 120 persons. The mess-room had been tastefully decorated, and nothing was wanting that forethought could provide or hospitality suggest to render the repast worthy of the occasion. Conspicuous upon the table of course towered the splendid cake, supplied expressly by Messrs. Gunter, of world-wide celebrity; and it may, perhaps, interest our English readers to learn that this triumph of confectionery reached its destination in India in perfect condition, sugar and all, though it traveled through the Red Sea during the hottest season.

Major Barton, the officer second in command, opened the speeches of the morning by requesting the colonel and his bride to accept from their friends in the 18th Hussars the piece of plate already referred to which stood in front of the happy pair. His observations were most feeling and well chosen, and the gallant colonel, in his reply, showed that he had been deeply affected by the kind exhibition of feeling on the part of his officers towards himself and his bride, as evinced in the substantial offering of the plate and the genuine welcome given to Mrs. Prettejohn's entry into the regiment. The usual toasts followed, and, on their departure of the pair amid a shower of gold and silver bangles or anklets thrown by native servants in testimony of their regard, and also sappers and good wishes, the company separated, only to meet again in the evening, when dancing kept up in the mess-room till a late hour, formed a capital wind up to a most interesting and pleasant day. Dr. Scott, 18th Hussars, acted as Colonel Prettejohn's best man.

In speaking of the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, *Appleton's Journal* says: The leading characteristic of the assembly was clearly shown; and it is the hopeful one that we have tried to depict. Charity, liberal thought, clear understanding, and humanity these have gained. Narrow theologies, mere dogmatism, ecclesiastical supremacy over men's opinions, narrowness in every form these, we think, have been the losers, by this gathering of leaders in the Christian Church.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes to us as follows: The most striking feature about the newest Parisian dresses is the enormous oxydized ornaments which are worn upon them. Four inches across is no uncommon size for the circular buckles, which are all the rage now. Anything uglier or commoner looking cannot be imagined, for they look like lead, and seem to answer no purpose whatever. Tunics are looped with them at the side, and even behind; and I have seen one stuck on the front of a bonnet. The most eccentric form of them is a coiled serpent, the head in the middle, with two bright little eyes gleaming in it. There is a dress in the window of a West-End house now, made of olive-green velvet, trimmed with satin of the sickly yellow color so fashionable now, and the tunic looped with these coiled serpents, each one large enough for a small dog's collar. Though these *outre* ornaments are most common in oxydized silver, they are made in pearl, jet, or steel indiscriminately, and are put on, it seems to me, wherever there is room; so that a lady's dress, when fully trimmed, rattles as if loaded with fetters. Indeed, the fetters are by no means imaginary, for some ladies who aim at the very topmost hight of singularity in dress, substitute thin chains of the same material as their buttons, with flat coins at the ends for the cords and tassels, which are very much worn with heavy materials. Rather a novel trimming is being sold by the yard for winter dresses. I see it can be had in almost any color, though it is rather costly. It is made of several crossway folds of some light soft material, crossed with slanting bows of velvet of a good contrasting color, or black, and edged on both sides with velvet. This trimming is made in several widths, and looks very well in black and white on a colored dress or jacket.

The new opera cloaks from the Paris houses are very stylish. They are made with a drapery across the front, something like a Roman toga, and are very richly embroidered. For a tall slight figure they are extremely graceful. A new and very comical looking fur is being shown as likely to be fashionable though I must confess that I don't think its beauty will recommend it. It is something of the quality of ermine, but exactly the reverse in color. The fur is black, but the tips are white. I asked the name of it the other day, and had some unpronounceable polysyllable in Russian given me as the proper designation for it. It is prettiest in trimming. There is a rather eccentric though comfortable looking costume heavily trimmed with it in Regent street, and called the Alexandrovna. A slight variation of the kilt plaiting so much worn is made by weaving each plait so as to give a zigzag appearance to the folds. When the whole front of the dress is kilted this has a very peculiar appearance. The fashion of wearing paper articles is coming up again; paper fraises in great variety are being worn; some of them are edged with most delicate-looking lace and have the appearance of very costly work. Perhaps the oddest things in the way of paper articles are the jupons, which may be worn on a fine day without the slightest risk of detection, and look like fine calico and pretty embroidery. What would our great-grandmothers have thought of paper petticoats, I wonder? The paper bed-quilts are marvels of imitation. In appearance they exactly resemble a Marsalla counterpane of a handsome pattern. The table cloths, which may be bought for sixpence a piece, are not so successful, they lack the smoothness of damask, and being rough they catch the dirt very easily. Short lace curtains for windows made of paper cut into extremely delicate lace patterns are very pretty, and if not pulled about will last clean a long time, and the cost of them is very little more than the price of washing the heavier and uglier muslin and leno ones.

Office of the U. S. Shipping Commissioner, No. 118 Jackson street, San Francisco, Cal., November 10, 1873. COL. J. D. STEVENSON, U. S. Shipping Commissioner—Dear Sir: My attention having been called to a letter from Capt. Nichols, of the bark *Patmos*, that on the 21st day of June, 1873, appeared in the San Francisco *News Letter*, a public journal published in the city of San Francisco, headed, "A Letter from the Captain (Nichols) of the Bark *Patmos*," reflecting upon yourself and the manner in which the public duties of your office were performed by yourself and clerks, I beg to state that said letter was never written or dictated by me, or its publication directly or indirectly ordered or authorized by me, and I am free to say that I believe you perform your duties under the law, to the best of your ability and with strict fidelity, and that your office is as well regulated and governed as any similar office can be.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
(Signed) W. C. NICHOLS, Capt of bark *Patmos*.

Rev. Celia Burleigh has made a new and telling point against the present style of feminine attire. Woman was originally created a biped, she says; the Creator doubtless intended her to remain a biped. But at present, thanks to her swinging, trailing, cumbrous dress, woman was forced to make use of her hands in "locomoting" through any narrow passage-way up or down stairs, and so virtually reduced to a quadruped.

The Appetite of a Child is as catholic as it is excellent. A baby in New Bedford has won immortal renown by swallowing thirty-seven buttons (four of them brass), an iron sewing machine nut, a gold sleeve button, and a thimble; and yet the pretty pledge still lives—a prosperous baby!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Joaquin Miller's "Song of the Sun Lands" will disappoint the ex-

suspect the delicacy was accidental. The poems in this volume remind one of

at

"O, we are born first to be Poems;
Yea, we are born first to be Songs;
Before we are born to be Men,
Yet first to repent and regret!"

it is that of a rocket or a star remains to be seen.

FROM OUR LOS ANGELES CORRESPONDENT.

Local doings are sparse in Los Angeles.

Years ago, when Henry Ward Beecher's reputation was not world-wide, a

When you have lost money in the streets, every one is ready to help

When a man's neck-tie is untied, how untidy he looks!

Always examine an old plug hat before you kick it.

What word is always pronounced wrong? *Wrong.*

"OLD MAN PIERCE'S BUCK."

[A PLAINSBURG LEGEND.]

Far out upon the Plainsburg Plains,
Where the huge spiders roam,
And the wild dogs at midnight howl,
A shepherd made his home.

There curlews screamed their dismal scream,
And fed on—God knows what! [scream,
For no worm ever could live there,
So parched the ground, and hot.

The shepherd was a weird old man,
And none knew whence he came;
He never spoke the passer by,
And no one knew his name.

The folks all called him "Old Man Pierce,"
Though why none seemed to know,
Unless that he *must* have a name,
Where names abundant grow.

His furrowed brow and downcast eye
Told of some heavy care,
Some skeleton that haunted him
Always, and everywhere.

Some one once passing in the night,
Stopped to inquire the way,
And listening at the old man's door,
Declared he heard him say:

"Blood will wash out! blood will wash [out!
But this blood never can;
My hand's as red with blood to-day,
As when I knifed poor Dan."

For years he lived this hermit's life,
Till feebler grew his tread,
And a rumor came to Plainsburg
That "Old Man Pierce" was dead.

The owner of the sheep went out,
The sheep were safe and sound,
But not a sign of "Old Man Pierce"
Could anywhere be found.

In the hut they found his blankets,
His coat and pants and vest,
The same in which for many years
The old man had been drest.

They found a bloody-handled knife,
A lock of human hair,
And a likeness of a handsome boy
Wrapt up with wond'rous care.

And then they counted out the sheep—
A flock of half-bred ewes—
And found among them one old buck,
How got there, no one knows.

For lambing time was coming on,
And many months before,
They'd taken all the bucks away—
Least so the owner swore.

The buck had neither mark nor brand,
Was thin and rather lame,
But had an eye that seemed to burn,
And glitter like a flame.

They drove the ewes to pastures new,
But not a yard could they
Persuade that queer, odd-looking buck
From the corral to stray.

And there to-day, if on the plain,
By good or evil luck,
You fine that hut, you'll certainly
See "*Old Man Pierce's Buck.*"

W. L. E., Plainsburg, 1873.

JOSEPH FRONTIN VS. JOTHAM SALISBURY AND JOSEPH HICKS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

This was a case in which plaintiff claimed commission as a broker upon the sale of the Mead House property. The witnesses for the plaintiff were Mr. John Shirley, Mr. James Flood, and the plaintiff himself. The chief witness for the defendant was Mr. Richard Brown, a retired barber and owner of the late and well known Cochituate Bath Establishment and Shaving Saloon on Sansome street. Mr. McAllister, for the plaintiff, said that Brown's testimony was brought forward at all points to fill up every need and defect of the defence; that it reminded him of the answer of the clown in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"CLOWN.—But for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

COUNTESS.—Marry, that is a beautiful answer that fits all questions.

CLOWN.—It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks; the pin—buttock; the gnatch—buttock; the brawn-buttock, or any buttock!"

The lawyer for plaintiff also said that the real contest in the testimony was between Brown, the barber, on the one side, and Shirley, Frontin and Flood on the other; that it reminded him of the fight by a barber described by Campbell in the *Trip to Cambridge*; that with slight alterations, Campbell's lines would read thus:

> "Thus when the barber and John Shirley fight,
> John Shirley beats the luckless barber—*white.*
> The pond'rous Frontin, on the other tack,
> And big with vengeance, beats the barber *black.*
> In comes the winning man, the mighty Flood,
> And soon, we see, he's drawn the barber's blood.
> *Black, red* and *white*, the colors of his pole,
> Mark the poor barber and o'erwhelm his soul."

The jury rendered a verdict for plaintiff for $5,200, being 2 per cent. interest on the value of the property sold last Spring, through the agency of Mr. Joseph Frontin, to Messrs. Flood & O'Brien, for the sum of $260,000. This lot has been held in the same family, up to the time of sale, since 1847, when its cost to the purchaser was the modest sum of eight dollars and seventy-five cents.

Every English soldier who is sent out with the Ashantee expedition is to be provided with a pocket filter.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

If any proof were needed of the impression made by the Chinese and Japanese collection at Vienna upon European taste, we might point to the extraordinary prevalence in the fashionable world of the bizarre combinations of colors hitherto confined to China, to the imitations of cloisonné in chinaware, metals, and even wall-papers and textile fabrics, and also to the many articles of toilette and household use, which are labeled and recommended as *a la Chinois*, or, *a la Japonais*. But in addition to all this we learn that in Vienna, in the well-known and popular scenic opera-ballet *Ellinor*, a dance of Orientals in correct and approved Chinese costumes is received with extraordinary favor, and is welcomed with great plause.

The captain of her British Majesty's steamer Basilisk has taken possession of New Guinea in the name of the Queen. The possession of this island, one of the largest in the world, teeming with every variety of mineral and vegetable products, occupied by three distinct races of men, numbering several millions, intersected in every direction by navigable rivers, and having every gradation of climate, is of more than ordinary importance, as it virtually gives to England the command of the South Pacific and the China Seas, and must have a very important influence in augmentating her Eastern commerce. The only country which now has a foothold in that region is Spain, which holds the Philippine Islands.

The monarchical cause has received a considerable "set up" by the declaration of Marshal MacMahon that, whilst he has had absolutely nothing to do with bringing about the present situation, he shall not consent to remain where he is after the present attempt to establish a settled Government ends one way or the other. Thus, France must choose between Monarchy and leaving M. Thiers still keeps silence; and many people opine that he may very well set to the suggestions of conscience and patriotism, and desist from an opposition which would probably prove as futile as it would be unscrupulous; and it is by no means impossible that the *fou furieux* and his hordes will be left in the Parch.

The earnings of Sir Astley Cooper afford a striking example of the slow promotion of even the most skillful and deserving of doctors. In the first year he netted five guineas; in the second, £26; in the third, £94, in the fourth, £496, in the fifth, £1000; in the sixth, £2000; in the seventh, £4000, in the eighth, £6000, in the ninth, the year in which he secured his hospital appointment, £7,000. The highest amount he ever received in any one year was £24,000; but for many years his average income was £15,000. The most that the famous Abernethy ever realized in one year was £5,000, showing that his vagaries and eccentricities were by no means a source of profit to him.

To supersede as far as possible the employment of horse labor in Woolwich Arsenal, an extensive system of narrow-gauge tramways is being laid down through all the roads in that vast establishment, and into every conceivable corner where horses and carts can penetrate. The rails are but eighteen inches apart, and trucks adapted to the same gauge are being manufactured specially contrived for the carriage of guns, metals, coal, and stores of all kinds, as well as one or two for passengers.

It is stated in an Eastern paper that Adah Isaacs Menken, the noted woman who was wont to ride horses on the stage, does not seem to have been the only wife of John C. Heenan. Since his death a Mrs. Sarah Stevens Heenan, who was an actress in California many years ago, has turned up in London, and is on her way to this country for the purpose of claiming his estate.

Good news for oyster eaters has come from the Dorsetshire coast. A Colchester fishing smack has opened up a hitherto unknown bed off Portland, which is said to be miles in extent. The lucky crew had dredged several tons of the bivalves, and had, of course, found a ready sale for them, when a whole expedition of oyster dredgers from Colchester bore down on the new "diggings."

Mrs. Fawcett, in a lecture delivered in London, stated that there were 2,500,000 unmarried women in England, and half of these must remain unmarried. The world, however, was changing its views as to the position of women. She heard that the Messrs. Baring were taking women into their banks, and were satisfied with the result.

The "Bazaine trial" seems to be going against the accused, and the people are beginning to ask, Will he be shot? It is quite possible. But if he is, he will be shot for the offense of disbelieving in the Fourth of September and in the advent of Henri Cinq. How many people would have to be shot for similar incredulity!

From April 1st to the 18th ult., the Exchequer receipts amounted to £17,090,949, as compared with £16,916,495 in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure has been £15,650,592. On the 18th the balance in the Bank of England was £904,496.

Miss Rye, famous for the promotion of female emigration, has made propositions to the French Government with a view to the importation of a swarm of marriageable young women into New Caledonia.

There was a great assemblage of clergy on the 17th ult. at Ely, Cambridgeshire, to celebrate the 1200th anniversary of the foundation of the cathedral of that city.

In England last year the number of deaths attributed by coroners' juries to excessive drinking was 379—253 men and 121 women.

A KITCHEN ROMANCE.

Now, Mr. Malone, whin ye're shpakin' like that,
It is asy to see —— Arrah, get out o' that!
Whin discoursin' wid ladies politeness should tache
That ye're not to use hands, sir, instid o' yere spache.
Should the missus come down, sir, how would I appear
Wid me hair in disordther?——

Och! Kitty, my dear,
Yer pardon I ax; but yer mouth is so sweet
It's a betther acquaintance I'm seekin' wid it!
An' I love ye that fondly—begorra, it's thrue!—
That I'm always unaisy unless I'm wid you.
An' thin I'm unaisy as bad as before;
An' there's nothin' 'll aise me at all any more,
Until yer betrothal I've got—and, bedad,
I'll not let ye go till yer promise I've had.

Well, I like yer impertinence, Mr. Malone!

It is noways impertinent, Kitty, ochone!
Fur a man to be lovin' the likes o' yerself
An' ye might marry worse, if I say it meself.
Fur me heart is yer own an' me wages is good,
An' I know of a residence, built out of wood,
To be had fur the askin' of Dennis McCne;
Fur he's goin' to lave it, an' thin it 'll do,
Wid some fixin' an' mendin', to keep out the air,
An' a bit of a board to patch up here and there,
An' a trifle o' mud to discourage the cracks,
An' we'll make up in lovin' whatever it lacks;
An' it's built on a rock, with a very fine view
Of the counthry surroundin' that same avenue;
An' to be quite genteel an extension we'll rig,
An' therein establish an illigant pig;
An' thin we shall prosper as nate as ye plaze,
An' ye'll see me an alderman some o' those days,
An' the childther will grow up with schoolin' an' sich,
An' in politics, thin, they'll be sure to get rich—
Och! this is the land fur improvin' the race;
So, Kitty, mavourneen, just turn round yer face,
An' give us one kiss the betrothal to own——

The divil a one to you, Teddy Malone!
D'ye think I'd be lavin' a house o' brown stone
Fur the tumble-down shanty ye're talkin' about,
While I live like a lady wid two evenin's out,
An' me wages is high an' me wardrobe complate?
Sure, ye couldn't tell missus from me on the strate;
An' at home it's the same, fur she's fond of her aise,
An' ye couldn't say which of us bosses the place;
An' ye're r'aly presumin' to ask me to lave,
An' by the same token—now will ye behave!
Let loose of me hand, sir!

But, Kitty, my dear,
Ye can't be intendin' to always live here,
Wid niver a husband to love ye at all,
And niver a baby —

Whist, Mr. Malone!
Y'ere very indelicate ——

Divil a wan!
It's only the truth that I'm tellin' indade,
That ye're niver intindin' to die an old maid.

'Tis right ye are, Teddy! How could ye know this?

Well, thin, will it plaze ye to give me the kiss?

Get out wid ye now, sir! An' how can I tell
But perhaps there's another would suit me as well?

Arrah! Kitty, me darlin', don't say that agin
If ye wouldn't be killin' the thruest of min:
But if there's another ye likes more than me,
Then it's faithless ye are an' its goin' I'll be,
An' I'll die broken-hearted fur lack of the joy
That I thought to be gainin' ——

Why Teddy, me boy,
Is it dyin' ye're shpakin' of? What would I do,
To be left like a widdy a-mournin' fur you?
And ye wanted a kiss?—Well there, if you must.
Och, murdther? The man is devourin' me just!
Is it 'atin' me up ye'd be afther belike?
Well it's not so unpleasant—ye may if ye like;
An' if any one's askin' about ye I'll own,
That a broth of a boy is me Teddy Malone. —*Peleg Arkwright.*

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

One of the noblest sentiments that can animate a people is that of patriotism, and one of the noblest evidences of this grand sentiment is that furnished by the militia of San Francisco. We have patriots in blue coats and hats like powder-puffs; we have patriots in green trees and sacks and trousers; patriots all over green and patriots all over black; patriots who are the counterfeits of the Prussian Grenadiers and patriots who are facsimiles of the French Zouaves; patriots on horseback and patriots on foot; patriots who dress for parade and patriots who dress for masquerade. A most every European nation has been represented by a body of (American) patriots, all burning with a strong desire to defend the land of their adoption. We have glorious proofs of patriotism in bright, showy bell-ons, in parti-colored fringe, in broad red stripes, in epaulettes like patio door-mats, and uniforms such as none but a drum-major in a nightmare ever dreamt of. To be sure the rank companies show but little signs of grit or efficiency, but what is that, fellow citizens, compared to the constant proofs they afford of the noblest quality of patriotism—giving socials and publishing the names of all the patriots and patriotesses present in the next day's papers? Do you want any further proof of patriotism? Then for God and Liberty's sake look at their drums. Can we listen to the martial music of, say "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," or "The Wearing of the Green," and not feel our eyes fill with worthy tears at the thought of the magnificent *blowing* of these our brave defenders. Let but the "Chow-Chow Hang-Hyen Company of Celestial Guards" hear the organized band and all send their: Come on! Come on, ye marauding bands from Marin County! Come on, ye fierce hordes from the San Pablo Bend! Come on, ye well-armed cohorts from Alameda and Brooklyn! Come on, ye ferocious, untrained swarms from the Farallone Islands, or ye fierce mountaineers from the Seal Rocks! We *dare* and *defy* ye! Our Queen City has a corps who at the shortest notice can muster Irish-Mexican-Anglish-Chinese-Spanish-Electric-Arab-Mantua, each corps with a band and drum and fife corps, and all ready to give another social and parade, so that her wives may be kept inviolate from your onslaughts!

There are grave and distressing rumors current, that the "Thumb Sucking Club" has "busted." It is always sad to hear of misfortune overtaking those of tender years, and with this great affliction of the gods young creatures, who so vainly attempted to imitate men, the *Town Crier* profoundly sympathizes. 'Tis said that, at a meeting held the night before the great race, the Secretary was instructed, with a burst of enthusiasm, to "back the California horse, and invest the Club funds in an 'Old Thad' pool." But, on Saturday morning, the Secretary, on counting up the dimes, nickels and postage stamps in the tin savings bank which the Club uses as a treasury found, to his dismay, that there were but six dollars and seventy-eight cents on hand. Alas! he couldn't buy a "Thad" pool with that, you know, and he couldn't call a meeting and have the resolution rescinded, for the hills were dotted with toiling and foot-sore "Thumb Suckers," bound for Ocean View, some of whom had started the night before, to be in time. What was to be done? The brain of our incipient financier was equal to the emergency. Quickly gathering together the empty bottles and sacks which the last admitted members had paid as their initiation fee, he realized on them with a passing junk man. More dead than alive, he reached the race course, and there became aware of the appalling fact that to back "Thad" was out of the question, and that "Mamie Hyer" was the only horse within the reach of his slender finances. Indeed, he still lacked fifteen cents of a sufficient sum to invest on her. But should *the* Club of the city be unrepresented in the great race for a paltry fifteen cents? Not much! Perish the thought! Not if he had to refrain from Chinese cigars for a month! So, supposing the required deficiency from his own private exchequer, *he bought a "Mamie Hyer" pool*. Talk about the late monetary panic! That was as nothing compared to that which, in its terrible effect, has aged the broken-hearted members almost to desertion, and bursted the Thumb Sucking Club!

Somebody hooked up a floating 'un just below old Sausalito, on Tuesday morning. The description of the body and what covered it are not particularly interesting, but something found on the body strangely enough, unerringly indicates that the poor man committed suicide. In the coat-pocket of the deceased was found a copy of the *Evening Bulletin*, of the date of the 17th instant. And in that paper there were two columns of editorial matter! There cannot be the slightest particle of doubt that the poor wretch had attempted to read through this, and overwhelmed by the mighty misery and hopeless dreariness, had plunged into the cold waters of the bay, carrying that which had driven him to death in his pocket! Men and brethren, friends all in this common cause, shall we take *no* steps in this matter? Shall human ass and inoffensive citizens have a deadly dose, more rebel than the Stygian brimstone and treacle springs, served out to them on the street corners, and *no* action taken to prevent this wholesale destruction of brain-sucking misery? The matter is one that should be looked into, and this *must* be the last victim to that noxious, pernicious, unwholesome, destructive and miserable compound known as "Fitch's Black Draught," the *Evening Bulletin*.

Brother Parshall and Brother Van De Mark are about to open a Young Ladies Seminary in Oakland. Particular attention will be given to the spiritual welfare of the pupils. The Seminary will be run on strictly evangelical principles.

A legion of unclean spirits has possessed the devil-dodgers alias "God's Anointed." The pulpit-pounders have returned to the flesh-pots, and the Gospel-grinders are confounded. The reverend goat familiarly known as "the beast Parshall," is eclipsed: the lustre of his fame for pre-eminence in lust is dimmed; his escutcheon, the motto on which was "feed my lambs," is blotted; a monster, a very *lusus naturæ* in the way of beastliness, has deposed him, and steps upon the boards and before the public as Champion Evangelical Blackguard. The former erred only as we all err: except that we do not all beat our breasts at the street corners and thank God that we are not as other men, we can, to a certain extent, sympathize with him—even the sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair; but the sin of this St. Van Demon's Mark should place him beyond the pale of pity from anything human. We say *should*, but it *has not*. The very sex that he has most wronged has commiserated him, merely because he denies the wrong in the teeth of evidence gravely brought and well sustained. Oh, credulous women! Let him at least disprove the charges made, for Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion. This is the kind of shepherd that prates about "strayed lambs" and that daily deplores the unchastity of woman. Verily *he* would not render them otherwise. This is the heavenly director who points the way to salvation. Let him, we say, be brought before some tribunal competent to give him an impartial trial: not before one composed of members of his own cloth, for such a conclave of iniquity would assuredly bring destruction upon the city, but before men who, if he be guilty, will mete him out such a punishment as shall cause a shuddering to future generations, and make his name a bye-word and a hissing for all time to come. In the meantime, we suggest to the proprietor of the Pacific Hall that he cover the building with a fire and brimstone proof roof, lest it share the fate of the cities of the plain.

We do not consider Solomon responsible for the brainless head of any parson that ever whined a nasal prayer, or preached a vapid sermon; but in the sins of the flesh they are his lineal descendants, if there be truth in genealogy, and if the chronicles of the lecherous old wise-head's amours have come down to us faithfully. His true disciples are at his tricks all the time. There is no restraining them. A Parshall scarce achieves a filthy renown ere a Van De Mark arises to eclipse him. The priests—good judges of solid comfort—are boldly throwing off the yoke of enforced celibacy, one by one, according to the precepts of the sage Paul. But to the average parson, a wife is a mere bagatelle in his list of luxuries. The fruit which grows high on the wall is more tempting than that within easy plucking, and the parsons have a long reach. Parents with growing daughters are becoming so used to the present state of affairs that they pray with one eye on the pulpit and the other on the budding flower. The stories come in thick and fast. A pastor in New Jersey is responsible for the paternity of several broods. Another in Kansas has gone through a whole orphan asylum. One in Illinois has decamped with a leading citizen's wife and coin. Among ourselves we have had an Eagan, a Parshall, and a Van De Mark. What is going on *sub rosa*, we not dare to guess at. But in the state of civilization to which we have attained when it becomes impossible to suppress crime, we regulate. Wherefore the *News Letter* suggests, that with the parsonage, the salary, and the perquisites, each incoming pastor be also presented with a well assorted harem of all ages, styles, and kinds, of such variety and quantity that having wide choice he may be prevented from casting a baleful eye upon any she outside its walks. Furthermore, that as parsons in such lines are irrepressible, their sin, like the social evil, shall be legalized, and the harem and its appurtenances be considered one of the legitimate and ordinary belongings of the holy office.

The Young Californian gives us this peep behind the scenes:

"I heard it!" "Who told you?" "Lord help us!" "Poor creature!"
"Her friend." "You don't say!" "So artful!" "So sly!"
"'Tis dreadful." "Yes, awful!" "No beauty!" "Quite thirty!"
"Don't tell it, I pray!" "Between you and I!"
"Good gracious!" "Who'd think it?" "I'm going!" "Do stay, love!"
"Well, well!" "Dear, dear me!" "I can't!" "I'm forlorn!"
"I have my suspicions!" "Farewell, dear!" "Good-bye sweet!"
"And I, too, you see!" "I'M GLAD SHE IS GONE!"

The Chronicle and Bulletin have got something now to fight about. This time the occasion is very small, and, so far, mysterious innuendo has not ripened into open hostility. The *Chronicle* stated that Ensign, the too expert locksmith, made an almost successful attempt to break jail, and gives an elaborate account of the entire *modus operandi*, which lays the reportorial staff open to the suspicion of possessing a member who has "been there." Next, the *Bulletin*, with all the official force of the prison to lend authority to the contradiction, denies the statement *in toto*. This we may style "the lie with circumstance," for assuredly neither paper troubles itself to progress through the "retort courteous," or any of the milder forms of disagreement. The *Chronicle* speedily followed suit with the "countercheck quarrelsome," nor was the *Bulletin* behindhand with the "lie direct." This we believe to be the last in the catalogue, and the word that precedes the blow; but we have no doubt that the *Chronicle's* ingenuity, seconded by the querulous irritability of its opponent, will prolong the pleasing little wrangle *ad infinitum*. If it amuses them, it assuredly hurts no one else, so we counsel them to "nail your Ensigns to your poles and strike—" but do not "hear," like the couple of wrongheaded and quarrelsome bickerers that you are.

An Odd Epitaph.—The following epitaph is to be found in Bristol churchyard, Vermont:

> "He was a staunch and valiant man, and to
> All appearance a sincere Christian.
> [illegible]
> Whose sole object of life was the glory of
> [illegible]
> Church. He was buried in Bristol, aged
> [illegible]
> [illegible] months and seven days."

Fashionable Intelligence.—[illegible] Fashionable Intelligence [illegible] Mr. Wm. [illegible] Esq., gentleman—the California rule: Knock at your wife's door and walk three [illegible] night in the station house, a quart of kerosene, and a torrent of candid ing doubts.

A morning journal [illegible] wife!

A zealous member [illegible] other women.

The queerest object in nature [illegible] as well as myself."

> "The world and Time will adjudge them [illegible]
> But Cæsar, when one Mark had lost his head:
> [illegible]
> Therefore, 'go with me, friends, to bless this Twain.'" —*Punch.*

In the "Life of Mescheles," [illegible] I have got my toe back from the [illegible]."

Felt Gratitude.—[illegible] "Tell that to the [illegible]

A panic smitten Boston paper says [illegible]

A man being awakened [illegible]

BEFORE SUNSET.

In the lower lands of day,
On the hither side of night,
There is nothing that will stay,
There are all things soft to sight;
Lighted shade and shadowy light
In the wayside and the way,
Hours the sun has spared to smite,
Flowers the rain has left to play.

Shall those hours run down and say
No good thing of thee and me?
Time that made us and will slay
Laughs at love in me and thee;
But if here the flowers may see
One whole hour of amorous breath,
Time shall die, and love shall be
Lord as time was over death.

Tyrolese Dairies.---Personal experience, says a writer in *Lippincott's*, after two summers in the Tyrol, had made us reflect very much upon the butter and cheese question. Whether regarded as a luxury or a necessity, the Swiss Gruyere and Emmenthal cheese, and the fresh, dainty pats of butter, made the contrast striking in the Tyrol. The milk and cream were rich and delicious, but became simply loathsome when transformed into butter or cheese. We wondered how and why it was that we could never obtain perfectly palatable butter, until we discovered the universal practice of churning it, without salt, into huge oblong balls, large as the nave of a wheel, which naturally soon turn rancid. It does not, on this account, lose its value to the natives, who use very little butter, melting it down into clarified dripping called schmalz, for their endless fryings and frizzlings. This badly-made butter is, however, often adorned with the emblems of the Passion, such as the cross, ladder, crown of thorns, and nails. It is considered to enhance the value of the butter kugel or ball, especially when given to the priest in payment for masses said for dead relations. The Ursuline Sisters were paid for Moidel's education in butter. And the native cheese—meagre cheese as it is justly called—is a poor, insipid, not over-clean curd cheese. The curds are often merely squeezed in a cloth, then turned out and placed upon an upper shelf to dry, where they look like back portions of gigantic skulls, until damp and mould somewhat destroy the resemblance. The kind called fat cheese is not much better. It is, however, made with greater care, and dried in bands of pink bark in the Alpine kitchen. The mountain dwellings are dark and badly constructed, and if furnished with a proper dairy, the prejudiced housewife often refuses to use it, believing that cream will not set unless the milk is warm; thus, much becomes sour, and is either thrown away or turned into still more inferior cheese. Or she purposely lets the cream become rancid before she churns, that the children may not take too great a fancy to the schmalz, and thus it may last longer.

The Guardian says it may be remarkable how few great English painters have borne purely English names. Celts or foreigners have distanced the Anglo-Saxon. Landseer, a German name, is probably of Jewish origin. Reynolds was probably Welsh or Cornish. Mulready, Maclise, Wilkie, Phillips, Grant, Faed, Frith, Watts, Leighton, Millais, Marks, Riviere, Fildes, Walker, Topham, Burton, Burne, Jones, Rosetti, all are either Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, Italian, or Jewish. So, too, among sculptors, Foley, Macdowell, and one or two more, are of Irish extraction, Woolner, Theed, Boehm probably German. It is the same with architects. Of living architects, the three who have attained to academical honors are Mr. Street, whose name is a translation of the French de la Rue; and Sir G. G. Scott and Mr. Norman Shaw, who nominally at least belong to the other side of the Tweed. Englishmen may, however, comfort themselves with some of the greatest artists on the British list. Gainsborough, Wren, Chantrey, Turner, are enough; and we have among us Poynter, Holman Hunt, Butterfield, Waterhouse, and several more. But not many.

A journal of Bogota, New Granada, the *America*, announces a discovery so strange that confirmation is required before giving credence to it. Don Joaquim de Costa is reported to have found, on one of his estates, a monumental stone, erected by a small colony of Phœnicians from Sidonia, in the year IX. or X. of the reign of Hiram, contemporary of Solomon, about ten centuries before the Christian era. The block has an inscription of eight lines, written in fine characters, but without separation of words or punctuation. The translation is said to be that those men of the land of Canaan embarked from the port of Aziongaber (Boy-Akubal), and having sailed for twelve months from the country of Egypt (Africa), carried away by currents, had landed at Guayaquil, in Peru. The stone is said to bear the name of the voyagers.

One of the most racy, sparkling novels that has lately appeared is "Mr. Carington; a Tale of Love and Conspiracy,', from the pen of Mr. Robert Turner Cotton. During the run of this tale in the *St. Paul's Magazine*, there have been innumerable guesses at its authorship. It is an agreeable surprise to know that it is the work of a new writer of fiction. The novel is in the highest degree attractive. For boldness and originality of conception, as well as ingenuity of treatment, it is an immense success. A story dealing with Russian conspirators in the persons not only of fierce and high-ranked men, but of lovely women, disclosing the weaknesses of the Earl of Delamere, and unveiling a number of mysteries and illegitimacies, must needs contain some doubtful passages. But Mr. Cotton's is a fascinating story.

Tartar on Teeth.---Diluted acetic acid, mixed with rose-water, applied to the teeth every morning for a few days will remove the tartar without affecting the enamel. When free from tartar, keep the teeth cleansed with charcoal-powder.

The preparations for the Ashantee campaign include a number of guns for mountain warfare. These are to be packed on mules. The first introduction of these guns—which were originally employed in the Abyssian campaign—was accompanied by an amusing incident. Some genius thought it would be a good idea to so arrange the guns that they could be fired from the backs of the animals which carried them, thus saving the time and trouble of unpacking. An experiment was tried; a gun was placed on the back of a donkey, his tail was turned towards a target on one of the Kent marshes, and a slow match was applied in the presence of an admiring assembly of author ties. Anxious expectancy was depicted on every countenance, when lo! the animal began to *turn round!* Scientific interest gave way to utter horror. Some scampered off at the top of their speed, wiser men flung themselves flat on their faces, and the one wisest of all made a dash to the head of the donkey. After a few seconds, which seemed an age, the gun went off, the shot ricochetted harmlessly amongst some timber, while the miserable donkey turned a complete somersault in the air.

The Choctaws are behaving in a very treacherous way, in refusing to fulfil their treaty engagements. In the treaty of 1856, Congress agreed to give the Choctaws $300,000 for the strip of country known as the "leased district," provided the Choctaws would, within two years, adopt into the nation and make citizens anout 3,000 negroes, formerly their slaves, and give forty acres of land to each individual. The time expired without action having been taken, and from Council to Council the Government has extended the time. This money, with interest, now amounts to more than $400,000, yet so strong is the prejudice against admitting their slaves that they have again refused to pass the act of adoption. The negroes are excited, and will send a strong delegation to Washington to urge their rights before Congress. They do not want to be compelled to leave their homes, and desire to have their status determined.

The Shanghai correspondent of the London Times writes: I see there is a project at home to give a railway to the Emperor of China, in order to convince him of the merits of steam as an institution. But I fear the gentlemen who have taken up this idea hardly understand the character of the people they intend to benefit. The leading Chinese officials are not ignorant of railways; they see plenty of steamers, travel by them very frequently, and have lately built several of their own. It is quite within the scope of their intelligence to know that what a steamer is on water a railway would be on land. The fact of having a small railway given them, instead of having to spend £60,000 in its acquisition, will not affect them at all. It is not the cost they fear, but the change.

The town of Woolwich recently experienced a sudden and almost unexampled visitation of darkness. The darkness was not that of a London fog, but more resembled the darkness of midnight. There was a reddish tint in the sky like that occasioned by a great fire. The atmosphere was very heavy and oppressive. Fowls went to roost, pigeons and other birds stopped in their flight to seek the nearest shelter, and everything being covered and oppressed by the gloom. The period of intense darkness lasted about five minutes, which light gradually broke in from the west, and an hour afterwards there was brilliant sunshine.

A new mineral composition, known as Oroide Gold, has been employed by an English jeweler in the manufacture of various kinds of jewelry, which bid fair by their handsome appearance and extreme cheapness to become largely patronized by the fair sex. They are the best imitation of the pure metal that could have been contrived, and the various ornaments are in the highest state of finish, the engraving and chasing being most admirable. Oroide Gold, we are told, wears extremely well, and this, combined with the low price at which they can be produced, will no doubt stimulate the demand in no ordinary degree.

The Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation has just received a large consignment of rare animals from the Coromandel Coast, Polynesia, and South America. Amongst them are four young Patagonian hares, which grow to the size of a fawn; some curious ducks, from the *Indies orientales*, never before brought to Europe; to the *Melegonal pipoussot* of Mr Ternesse; a swan which looks like a floating egg, thence called *Dondrocygne œuf-cygne*; some tufted partridges, a *Cygnopan Cristatus*, whose eyes are half covered with a red eyelid; quails from Coromandel, the *Cothurnix Coromandelica*, etc.

It is said that the Duke of Sutherland has prohibited killing the birds or taking the eggs of the eagle and hawk tribe on his extensive domains in Sutherland, Scotland, on account of their rapid decrease, and that his keepers have frequent offers from egg collectors of £5 for a golden eagle's egg, and about £2 apiece for the eggs of other rare birds of prey. In one instance, says the *Inverness Advertiser*, a golden eagle's egg taken in Scotland, and purchased from the keeper at five guineas, was resold for £10.

The earth, in traveling around the sun, once in a year, goes at the rate of 19 miles a second. The velocity of light is 192,000 miles per second. At that rate, it takes about 8½ minutes for light to pass from the sun to the earth. Light comes from the nearest star (*Alpha centauri*) to the earth in 3½ years; from the pole star in 48 years, and from Capella, the beautiful star in the "Goat," in 70¾ years! Yet there are supposed to be stars so remote that their light has not yet reached us.

In a recent number of the Aldine, a sonnet was published as a relic of the late Edgar A. Poe. It turns out to be a well-known sonnet of Thomas Hood's.

The Druggists' Circular says that powdered nitre, moistened with water, applied to the face night and morning, will soon remove all traces of freckles.

THE OLD COUPLE.

They sat in the sun together
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stepped over the threshold throne.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated upward
Like the close of a silent psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen mystical road
That leads to the beautiful city
Whose builder and maker is God.

Perhaps, in that miracle country,
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of a vanished Spring time
Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters
Shall restore his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlives time.

But the shapes they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made sacred to us by kisses
The angel imprinted there—

We'll hide away in the meadow,
When the sun is low in the west,
Where the moonbeams cannot find them,
Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But we'll let no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, arise
O'er the two who are no longer,
In their Father's house in the skies.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

THE GREAT RACE.

Mr. Editor:—Independent of my own feelings, which are elevated to the highest pinnacle of religious enthusiasm, on account of the signal success bestowed upon our pious community by an all-wise and beneficent Providence, in granting us the blessed privilege of capturing the $20,000 purse which was hung up for competition by our Christian friends, a few days ago, at the Ocean View Race Track, it is at the earnest solicitation of a majority of the leading clergymen of our State that I am led, as a progressive divine, to lay before the readers of that truly religious journal, the *News Letter*, a correct account, from a moral and religious standpoint, of the great running race between "True Blue," "Thad Stevens," "Joe Daniels," and "Miss Mamie Hall." To the sceptical and jaundiced eye of the enemies of religion, horse-racing may appear to be a carefully veiled species of gambling. I admit that in some instances such may be the case; but I would say to the doubter, the scoffer, the infidel and ungodly, that I have the solemn assurance of the representatives of Fashionable Religion, and leading members of our prominent churches, who attended the great race, that the match was projected by the followers of the meek and lowly man of Nazareth, and that the magnificent purse of $20,000 was subscribed to, and raised by, contributions from our pious and God-fearing fellow-citizens. We were determined to show those wicked men from New York how different the result would be between a race gotten up in pure worldiy mindedness as was the case of "Occident" and "Lucy" and a match of horse-flesh, made under the benign influence and pious supervision of a Christian Jockey Club. The Eastern world—which is Chicago, New York and Boston—have for a long time gazed with jealous eyes upon our magnificent temples of worship, whose gilded domes and burnished spires and lofty minarets rise in solemn grandeur from every part of our saintly city, directing the eye of the weary worldling to his peaceful home in a blissful hereafter. Eastern infidels have also beheld with envious eye, and covetous feeling of the soul, the palatial mansions of our Christian nabobs, which look frowning down from the face of every hill, and with a yearning spirit of grasping avarice they longed to possess themselves of our magnificent redwood castles, with their lofty turrets of burnished tin—

Around whose consecrated towers
The sunlight falls in golden showers.

Accordingly those cunning Eastern financiers, taking advantage of the gambling spirit which lies latent in every human bosom, brought to our shores last year "Goldsmith Maid" and "Lucy," and imposing on the youth, innocence and inexperience of Mr. Stanford, through him and his horse "Occident," relieved our faithful and trusting Christian brethren of much coin. Since that time, by a continuous, prolonged, and wistful gaze down into the secret depths of an empty pocket, they have discovered the error of their ways, and a prayerful few, having met in holy conclave, resolved in a Christian spirit to perpetrate an act of evil, that good might come. They were determined to break up the pernicious system of gambling on horse racing, and decided that the best means of so doing, was to offer a large sum as a purse, to entice the Eastern gamblers here once more, and then, by uniting in prayer, make a strenuous effort to induce the Lord to favor the California horse. The result of the Great Race shows that their pious and disinterested efforts were crowned with a glorious and unprecedented success. It was all owing to the prayers of the faithful, their pledges to the Lord, and the training of the horse. Every devoted Christian who staked his dollar on "Thad Stevens," sent on high a holy aspiration, that it might be returned to him at least doubled, and every saintly singer of psalms who sneaked around and bid for a pool on the favorite horse, recorded in his pious mind a silent pledge to donate every dollar of his winnings to the paying off the debt of his church, or laying the corner stone of a lying-in hospital. To the unprejudiced eye of the most casual observer, it will become apparent in a moment on which horse to bet his consecrated dollar. "True Blue" and his ancestors have been in the hands of men of the world, atheists, free-thinkers, and infidels; fed upon unsanctified oats, and surrounded by the unhallowed fumes of tobacco, brandy, and the amber-colored

fluid of the Rhine, whereas "Thad Stevens" was sired on a Sunday, first saw the light on All Saints' Day, was sprinkled, and received his name on Ash Wednesday, and was reared in his earlier infancy on new milk and honey, with which the Land of Canaan is supposed to flow. He received his first caress from the gentle hand of a pious missionary from Ashion's Isle, and was left a sacred legacy to a saintly Mormon, who was gathered to his fathers at Salt Lake City. Since then he has passed through the hands of the professors of a Dozen Creeds, and was once rode home from an Irish wake by a Catholic priest. In training for the great race he was fed on consecrated food, and his thirst was quenched by copious libations of magnetized water, the celestial, invigorating influence coming direct from the ghost of his great namesake, through the spirit medium ship of Professor Horn. I also, in company with three eminent divines, who had staked large sums on "Thad," called on a celebrated seer, and had an interview with the invisible essence of the original "Thad." He promised to be at the track on the day of the race, and unseen by mortal eye, to ride his favorite nag to glory and success. At the request of the Rev. J. A. Bryant, Pastor of the Club, I have recorded the main features of the race in a poem, which can be set to music, and sung at the dedication of any public building, erected for religious purposes, such as a church, theater, almshouse, club room, stable for racing stock, or jail:

THE RACE.

That morn, the Autumn sun shone down
In mellow light, on hills of brown,
And tipped with gold the waves of blue,
Which skirt the Track at Ocean View.
But ere he rose the hills aboon,
And crossed the sultry arch of noon,
A motley crowd came pouring down
The hills, from San Francisco town.
In eager haste they rushed along
With gibe and jeer and jest and song;
Some on a high-bred charger's back;
Some squeezed and sweltering in a hack;
Some in a lumbering hotel coach,
And some with trappings more reproach.
The iron horse drew thousands out
Among the hills to join the rout.
Miles upon miles the dusty way
Was lined with wagon, cart, and dray.
The fiery phaeton's tandem team
Swept by the foot-pad, like a dream;
Great upper tendom's silken skirt
Was trailed along in common dirt,
And mudsills, with their close cut hair,
Jostled the haughty millionaire.
The citizen of every grade
That day aside his task had laid;
Each one had joined this steeple chase,
To see two blooded horses race;
And stake his gold at Ocean View
On old "Thad Stevens," or "True Blue."

"True Blue" was favorite of the East,
While "Thad" was California's beast.
And what a world of wealth was there—
Charms in the sunlight, almost bare,
And globes of snow and golden hair,
And locks of every hue and shade,
The raven tress and auburn braid,
And curls that o'er the bosom played,
And eyes, whose soul bewitching spell,
A universal story tell.
The steeds are now upon the track;
Each rider mounts his courser's back;
And as the racers reach the score,
Hushed is the people's wild uproar.
Deep silence for a moment falls
Over the scene; till Byrant calls.
Then answering to his watchword, "Go!"
Like arrows shot from warrior's bow,
Leaving a cloud of dust behind,
The flying steeds outstrip the wind.
Then loud Hosannahs rend the air,
And hearts beat high, and many a prayer
From fashion's ruby lip was sent
High up the azure firmament.
Around the track the horses flew,
Old "Thad" ahead, and then "True Blue."
Four times round and then repeat;
But "Thadeus" gained the winning heat,
And gobbled up the golden bag,
And left behind the Eastern nag.

Yours, in exuberance of spirits—Amen,

THE OAKS, November, 1873. THE PARSON.

The Oleomargarine Butter promises to be a brilliant success. Just now the company is busy executing orders and doing what it can for the general good. The fact is that choice roll butter has been forced up so high that consumers begin to kick, and wish for something better. There is now a good healthy competition existing between the two different factions of the trade, and we don't see anything to prevent our Sansome street friends from carrying off the palm of the business. The rush is great, the butter is good, and orders have been received for *treble* the quantity the machinery is adequate to supply.

Cuba.—The following figures respecting the Queen of the Antilles will be doubly interesting to our readers at the present time: Length, 730 miles; width, 28 to 127 miles; area, 1,400 square miles; highest land, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea; population in 1870—whites, 800,000; slaves, 100,000; free black, 200,000; total, 1,400,000; towns and villages, 540.

South American advices, via Panama, November 9th, say that the Bank of Valparaiso and the Bank of South America have decided upon uniting. Their nominal capital will then amount to $20,500,000. The shares have risen in consequence.

The Cape Argus, one of our South African exchanges, of the 25th of September, says there have been some very large and valuable finds at the diamond fields, and trade there is very prosperous.

THE WEATHER AND LEECHES.

This time-honored subject is at present attracting more than usual attention, an attention showing itself chiefly in the anxiously reiterated query: What sort of season are we going to have? The complete answer to this is beyond us, but we present to our readers the details of a curious arrangement, that will unerringly predict the atmospheric changes and condition for twenty-four, or even thirty-six hours in advance, at any rate. When we consider how often anxiety is expressed as to the state of the weather, it would seem probable that an infallible barometer, which could be obtained at the cost of a few pence, would be looked upon as invaluable, and find a place in every house. Such, however, is not the case; those who patronize this living barometer are "few and far between," and it is with the desire of making others better acquainted with what has been proved to be a most useful aid to weather-wisdom that the following notes are put together. This barometer is none other than the common leech, which we are perhaps accustomed to look upon with more or less disgust, in spite of the undoubted benefits which its operations bring to us. The poet Cowper was well acquainted with this property of the leech. In a letter to Lady Hesketh, he says: "Yesterday it thundered, last night it lightened, and at three this morning I saw the sky as red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle that foretells all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. No—not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice it to say, that no change of the weather surprises him, and that in point of the earliest and most accurate intelligence, he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them, indeed, can make the the least pretence to foretell thunder—a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence." In Hone's "Everyday Book" there is a letter dated March, 1826, in which the following observations, "made by a gentleman who kept a leech several years for the purpose of a weather glass," are given. The leech was kept in an ordinary eight-ounce bottle, about three parts filled with water, and covered at the mouth with a piece of linen rag; it was kept in a window, and the water was changed once a week in summer, and every fortnight in winter. His observations coincide so nearly with those which we have ourselves made, that we shall extract them for the benefit of those who may make a similar experiment, so that they may know in advance (what observation would soon teach them) the meaning of the different movements of the prisoner.

"If the weather proves serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form. If it rains either before or after noon, it is found crept up to the top of its lodging, and there it remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner gallops through its limpid habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, for some days previously it lodges almost continually out of the water, and discovers very great uneasiness in violent throes and convulsions. In the frost, as in clear summer weather, it lies constantly at the bottom, and in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial."

Our personal experience of these "clerks of the weather" is but limited; so far as it goes, it generally tends to confirm the foregoing remarks. The following observations, however, of a lady naturalist, to whom we are indebted for our introduction to leeches in their barometrical capacity, and who has herself kept a daily record of their movements for more than twelve years, admirably supplement what has been already quoted.

"As a rule, during fine and wet weather, the leeches remain at the bottom of the vessel. When a change is slowly approaching they move upwards, twenty-four hours, or, at times, thirty-six hours, in advance of it. When a storm is rapidly approaching, the leeches become very restless, and rise quickly; while before a thunder-storm they pass entirely out of the water. A tight-fitting wire-work cover must be placed over the top, as the leeches soon escape, especially in stormy weather. When the change occurs, they become still at the bottom of the vessel; but if under such circumstances they rise again or keep above the water, length or violence of storm is indicated. If the leeches rise during a continuance of east wind, wind rather than rain is to be expected. When a storm comes direct from a distance, we shall observe the rapid rising and restlessness alluded to above, but much shorter notice—from four to six hours—will be given. When heavy rain or high wind is to be expected, the leeches are also restless, and keep out of the water, but their movements are much less rapid. It is advisable to keep the vessel in a temperature as even as possible. When the temperature falls below 48 degrees the leeches cease to indicate any change; they become quite torpid, or, in other words, hybernate *pro tem.* In a small jar at a temperature above 75 degrees, the excessive heat may cause them to rise; otherwise they would be quiet."

From this description—the more trustworthy as being the result of the observations of many years—our readers will be able to gather what the various motions of the leeches indicate, should they be induced by this short notice to set up a living barometer. In more than one instance, when in apparently cloudless and settled weather a sudden storm has been indicated by the leeches and prophesied by their owner, the amazement of those not in the secret has been very amusing. We do not hesitate to say that many disappointments at picnics or excursions would be prevented were these weather-wise creatures more generally known and more frequently consulted.

One of the features of the Bazaine trial is a black reporter.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes to us as follows: The tremendous length of the feathers and ribbbon ends is the principle feature of the newest bonnets and hats this month. No plume seems too long nor too thick to be considered stylish. The most approved, and also the most costly style, is to have a single feather of great beauty and softness, taken from the front of the hat round or over the crown, according to taste, and falling on the shoulders behind. In a ruby velvet hat prepared for H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, the long feather, which was white, was twisted in a peculiar manner, which gave it the effect of a huge curl. The Princess looks better than she has done for some time, and her familiar face is already seen almost daily in her usual resorts. At the theater the other night she had adopted a very pretty style of headdress. The hair was rolled up from her face in large, careless looking rolls, sufficiently waved to save them from looking stiff, and tiny Marguerites glittered here and there among them. From her back it all fell upon her shoulders in curls, not the small cork screw ringlets we have had so much of lately, but large heavy curls, each one well defined and beautifully soft looking. At the left side above the ear a pale pink rose was worn. The whole effect was very pretty, though very foreign looking. Indeed, the whole appearance of her Royal Highness with the Elizabethan frill standing up around her dress, and the guttering fan she carried, was rather like a gay picture of some bygone period. She looks pretty in everything, but I think the simpler her costume the more lovely she is. We are going back to the Elizabethan era in our costumes. The modistes say that very long waists, even approaching the deformity of the Virgin Queen in that respect, are to be introduced and rigidly enforced by the costumers; let us hope they won't insist on the farthingales and monstrous skirts as well. I had a pair of Parisian corsets in my hand the other day, and was assured that they are to be the precise fashion for the coming Winter. They are exactly the shape of twenty years ago, when the longer the waist the better the figure was supposed to be. Little coifs of the Marie Stuart shape are being worn for the theater and evenings now. They are precisely the shape made so familiar to us in the portraits of the hapless Queen, and are trimmed according to the fancy of the wearer. They look best in point lace, modern or antique, and very well embroidered in tiny pearls, or even gold or silver, but I saw one in a West End window with a trimming of cut steel which looked as ugly and vulgar as can possibly be imagined. Steel daggers are worn on bonnets, too, and large, bristling aigrettes standing straight up from the top of the crown so as to catch the light from every possible point. The newest fashion for fraises and sleeve ruffles is to have them of gold lace, not the stiff lace used in trimmings, but a soft kind of which the basis is silk and the gold only runs through. It is very brilliant and rich looking, of course, but neither tasteful nor, I think, in good style. Some of the new waterproofs are very ugly. The most useful ones differ very little from those which we have seen for years; those which aim at novelty are eccentric and useless. The very newest is the "Princesse," a long classical looking garment, trailing on the ground behind and flying loose, with a huge pointed hood at the back. It has large, hanging sleeves, and tassels everywhere where a tassel can hang. It is graceful looking enough, but would be a sore incumbrance in the sort of weather when ladies are supposed to wear waterproofs. The "Dama" goes to the other extreme, and is so tight fitting that it looks like an indoor dress, and would be a trouble to get off if its wearer did wear it in wet weather. The latest fancy with ladies of abundant means is that the chatelaine and the articles on it shall, to a certain extent, match the dress with which it is worn. As many of the little trinkets have velvet or silk in their cases, it is only those who can afford to pay for almost any whim that can do this. The velvet bag, clasped and mounted in silver, which is so universally worn now, is made to come out of its clasps by a most ingenious piece of mechanism inside, so that the bag may be of a dozen different colors and the clasps do for all.—*Glasgow Mail.*

BLACK.

It was remarked by a witty and observing French woman, that you can do anything with black: that a black silk dress is never out of fashion and never out of place. You can go to a funeral in one, or you can go to a picnic, (it is true that we have been to some picnics that were like funerals, and to some funerals that were like picnics); to pay a morning visit, or take a walk; with the addition of a little lace or other trimmings, it will do for a dinner party. It is always *comme il faut*, and always becoming. The above was suggested to us by the immense display of rich, heavy black silks at the White House. The prices, too, are moderate, and herein lies another most excellent thing in its economy. Nothing is more economical than black silk, especially of a good quality, and how well most colors look with it! particularly shades of yellow or red, and how dignified and comfortable an old lady looks in her black silk dress and warm furs!

A grocer asked an artist, "Is sculpture difficult?" The artist replied, "Why, bless you, no. You have only to take a block of marble and a chisel, and knock off all the marble you don't want."

NEW BOOKS FROM A. ROMAN & CO.

STORIES OF INFINITY; LUMEN. HISTORY OF A COMET. IN INFINITY. By Camille Flammarion, author of "The Atmosphere," "The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds," etc. Translated from the French, by S. R. Crocker. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

The deep and anxious curiosity which pervades every human heart regarding the mysteries of the next world and our hereafter, causes every work treating thereon to be sought after and read with absorbing interest. The peculiar theories of M. Camille Flammarion are maintained with much force and grace of diction, still they do not completely satisfy the mind, though they furnish abundant food for argument and grave thought. In the article entitled "Lumen," he says of death:

"Death is not. What you call death, the separation of the body and the soul, does not, in fact, take place under a material form, as do the chemical separations of dissociated elements that are witnessed in the physical world. One is scarcely more conscious of this final severance, which seems to you so cruel, than is the new-born child of his birth. We are infants in heavenly life, just as we have been infants in earthly life. Only the soul, not being wrapped in the corporeal swaddling-bands which clothe it here below, acquires far more rapidly a knowledge of its condition and personality. This perceptive faculty varies greatly in different souls. There are some who, during life in the body, never lifted themselves toward heaven, never longed to master the laws of creation. Such, still under the dominion of bodily appetites, dwell a long time in a state of trouble and unconsciousness. There are others, happily, who at the close of this life soar on winged aspirations to the summits of the sublime eternal: these behold with calm serenity the approach of the moment of separation, they know that progress is the law of existence, and they will enter beyond into a higher life than this: they note, step by step, the numbness that mounts to their hearts, and when the last flutter, faint and imperceptible, ceases, they are already far above the body which they had seen sinking into sleep; and shaking off magnetic bonds, they feel themselves borne by an unknown force towards that point in the creation to which their aspirations, their feelings and hopes have attracted them." In the same article, he brings forward a remarkable argument in regard to the "three quite distinct principles in man—First, the body; Second, the vital force; Third, the soul"—which we would like to quote at length, as it is most deserving of it. The "History of a Comet," he says, is not a romance of pure fancy, grown spontaneously in the fertile fields of the imagination; it belongs wholly, and by right of birth, to positive studies; it was born on scientific soil. The last article, "In Infinity," is full of curious and weird fancies that at once strike the imagination and take entire possession of one for the time. Altogether we regard this as a most readable work, full of suggestive thought, and possessing a rare charm for a speculative mind.

SILVER AND GOLD. An Account of the Mining and Metallurgical Industry of the United States, with Reference Chiefly to the Precious Metals. By Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph. D. Published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York.

The author says, in his Introductory, that he "herewith transmits his report on mines and mining in the States and Territories of California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, giving a general review of the history of this industry in rich districts, and of its conditions and prospects, with such comments and suggestions as seem likely to be of use to miners, metallurgists, capitalists and legislators." He also says, in conclusion, that "the nature of the increase of the bullion product is still more gratifying than its amount, since it shows clearly that the decline of production from superficial mining is more than compensated by a steady augmentation from deeper and more permanent sources." A very useful work.

RECORDS OF A QUIET LIFE. By Augustus J. C. Hare, Author of "Walks in Rome." Revised for American Readers by William L. Gage. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

It is good for the world to know the inner home life of such men as Augustus and Julius Hare. Eminent divines, learned scholars, distinguished authors, in whom birth, breeding, culture and refinement were united, whose society was sought far and wide, and whose intimate friends and associates were such men as Wordsworth, Landor, Bishop Heber, Bunsen, Dean Stanley, Arnold, etc. As Mr. Gage says in his preface: "Who of us has not longed to enter the homes of our greatest men and women, and listen to their voices and feel the power of their presence. Here is an instance where, owing to a strong sense of duty to the world, the barriers have been taken down, the shades have been drawn, the faces are seen by the firelight, and the words reach us through the open windows, and when I see what delicate and modest spirits dwell within, I honor them for this public confidence, and cannot withhold my thanks that this great and most unexampled kindness has been shown, and the cherished riches of a home been given to a nation.

A Nebraska man on his dying bed, remembered that his wife was smoking hams, and he said: "Now, Henrietta, don't go to snuffling round and forget them hams."

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR DECEMBER.

This periodical is like some people we know. It had a promising boyhood—a wayward and neglected adolescence, which changed to a mature and refined man, hood under the fostering care of a commanding intellect. We are happy to announce that Benjamin P. Avery has been secured as editor of this magazine, and the announcement of this fact means a corresponding improvement in its style and matter, so that once more the *Overland Monthly* will stand in the front rank of American literature. A short prospectus, issued with this number, gives a sort of programme for 1874, with a list of writers that form a galaxy of talent. The present number opens with a short but interesting article, from the pen of the new editor, called "Chips from an Indian Workshop," giving an account of the remains of Indian workmanship in the Upper Sierra, in the shape of fragments of obsidian, flints, jasper, chalcedony, etc., which had been chipped off to form spear or arrow heads, the most noticeable fact being that the original material had been brought from a distance, probably from the neighborhood of Lake Tahoe. Joaquin Miller follows with a conceited, trashy article on Geneva and Chillon. Can any one who has ever seen him, or his portrait as exhibited at the Art Union, ever conceive his having a flirtation with a French Princess? A pastoral story, by Stephen Powers, written in the interests of the total abstinence folk, is succeeded by a rather didactic and prosy essay on the American Novel, deprecating the English style of forbidden love, indignant parent, selfish elder brother, who dies at the nick of time, and the inevitable final wedding, recommending instead a picture of American life and manners. Henry Edwards' pleasant little sketch of "Life in Mazatlan," with its cockroaches, flies and splendid climate, is well written. Then comes "Daisy's Mission," by W. M. Turner, one of the Luck of Roaring Camp-sort-of-stories, after which the first part of "New Zealand," by W. G. Harrison, containing some new and instructing facts respecting that singular and half-developed group of islands. W. Hammond Hall gives the views of an engineer on "The Influence of Parks and Pleasure Grounds," and although the question admits of no doubt, it is treated in a calm, philosophical spirit, particularly with reference to our own Golden Gate Park. A memorandum of a visit to the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," by Mrs. A. B. Harrison, makes us acquainted with one of England's best novel writers. "From New York to Rio," by Dr. Stallman, reads like a *Sunrise* testimony, and is not particularly interesting, excepting to the parties named in the narration. "Klamath Land," by Samuel A. Clarke, if the fine writing were omitted, is interesting as describing a strange crater lake in that little known district. "The Sheik and his Daughter" is a capital story, by Peter Toft, showing how a loving wife not only saved her husband from ruin, but cured him of his extravagant mode of life. Of the poetry, we confess that we cannot say much, excepting an earnest, serious commune with Nature by Mr. Avery, called "A Memory of the Sierra." It is the good, healthy poetry of a good man. The "Etc." is chiefly devoted to the intended Lick Observatory, and the review of the Current Literature we have not had time to read. We predict a marked improvement in the *Overland Monthly* for 1874.

HOME RULE.

Home Rule seems to advance with giant strides in the sister island. A week or ten days ago it was announced that upwards of 250 clergymen of the Popish Church in one diocese had given in their adherence to home rule, and this week we are informed that additional names to a considerable amount have followed in the same course. It may be of importance—indeed, of vital importance—to both England and Scotland, especially the latter, to inquire more narrowly as to what "home rule" really means. Some home-rulers will not allow that it means repeal of the Union between England and Ireland; then, if so, what does it mean? Is it a larger slice of good things to be extracted from the British Government, and diminished responsibility in its support? If this is the case, Scotchmen had better look at the following facts, and take into consideration whether or not it would be advisable to try something like Scottish home rule as an antidote to the present agitation:—"Some facts, already pretty well known, regarding the comparative revenue and expenditure of Ireland and Scotland have been confirmed by the issue of a return moved for by Mr. M'Laren. It shows that while Scotland yields £8,513,987 of revenue, and Ireland only £7,010,630, the Civil Service Estimates for the latter amount to £3,440,589, compared with only £782,487 for Scotland. Ireland has engrossed so large a share of the attention and labors of the British Legislature for years past, that it is time some more even-handed method of distributing justice were adopted. If English and Scotch representatives were somewhat more united in a determination to deal equally by all parties, we have no doubt that Ireland, and especially "home-rulers," would soon find to their cost that they have all along been getting the lion's share, and that, were they now placed on rigidly equal terms, especially with Scotland, they would have been greater gainers to have kept silence. *English Ladies' Own Miscellany.*

Watson's Art Journal is one of the most valued of our New York literary exchanges, and it is regarded as a great authority on all matters connected with music and the drama. A late number, speaking of our California favorite, says: "Miss Minnie Walton, as 'Peachblossom,' [in *Under the Gaslight*] 'the girl who was never brought up,' was very amusing, and acted with great spirit. Her performance of the character was an artistic triumph.

EXTRACTS OF EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

From time to time interesting matter comes by mail to some of our friends, and we are permitted to make extracts. The following is from a gentleman behind the scenes:

"You will have noticed as an extraordinary fact that in almost every election which has taken place in Great Britain for the last two years the Liberals have been beaten. There is a combination of reasons which will explain it. I think it is to the pot-house keepers and parsons that a good deal of the reaction is due; but still more to the absurd encouragement which has been given to Trades Unionism by the Liberal party, and the consequent enhancing of prices without any diminution of taxation. Liberal as I am, I would be a Republican if I could, still I cannot see that Trades Unionism is anything but adverse to the vital principles of our side. It is *Protection* in the worst form. So long as the farmers wanted to protect their wheat, there was a grand howl against the system; but now, that it is found to answer the workman's purpose to protect his labor, not a word of objection is heard from the very quarters where Protection of old received its death blow. I fancy that in America you have no chance of having the bane of Trades Unionism cast among you in addition to your other unpleasantnesses. Your material resources are too large, and you have such a power of expansion, in fact elbow-room, such as we have not here, and it is to this producing its natural result in the form of pressure upon the middle classes that the Liberal party is for the present going to the dogs. Personally, I have always foreseen this result, and fought as hard as I could against the system, so I shall not have to reproach myself. The Government has been wrong, too, about education. This leaving the religion element in to please the Church has alienated a lot of votes; but I fancy from the fact of Bright rejoining the Cabinet they are going to alter this mistake. Then again the beer houses are an enormous difficulty, and having been far more leniently treated than they deserve are, of course, turning round and doing all the harm to the party they can. As for the parsons, where was there a parson (except D ——) anything but a thick-skulled donkey who could neither desire nor deserve liberal reforms. And unluckily the parsons are just now a strong element here. You may thank goodness for your exemption from this class of cattle in America, as by law established I mean."

[From the San Francisco News Letter of Nov. 22d.]

LONDON, November 1, 1873.

My Dear News Letter,—It is customary for Englishmen to write to the *Times* when they wish to relieve their mind about some real or fancied grievance, but I fly to you for consolation. My dear friend, were you ever hanged? Were you ever under the surgeon's knife? Did you ever come out of a fight with six revolver bullets in your carcass,—if so, you may perhaps understand my feelings the first time I was shaved in England. I used to esteem a shave a sort of luxury, and generally managed to get forty winks when under the manipulation of Charley at the Occidental, who was certainly a tonsorial artist of the first degree. Having in my mind the delicious sensations formerly experienced, I walked into a saloon and ordered a shave and shampoo, and I got them. The shaving was performed in a chair without any rest for the head, and when I got through I imagined that I had been garotted. It took me some time to regain my senses, and when I did I looked in the glass and discovered that the barber had made a chopping-block of my face, which was so sore that I prayed to be shot to relieve me from my misery. But I wasn't through yet; the shampoo was to come, and I thought that this operation would be more gentle, and it was, for I never had such a delicate shampoo. The mixture he used he called egg julep, and was a compound of decayed hen fruit and soda, which gave it a very gamey perfume. He poured a few drops on my head, as if it cost $20 an ounce, and then carefully wiped his hands on my hair a few times to clean them, then pushed my head under a water-spout and squirted about a pint of water on it, being careful to run a small stream down my spinal column. A towel was then brought into requisition, which about half did the purpose for which it was intended; my hair was then combed and brushed, and my swell artist said "Thank you, sir. Would you like to be weighed?" (They generally keep a weighing machine in their shops.) Perhaps he wanted to see what weight of meat he had cut off my face. Since that memorable day I have been trying to shave myself, and succeed passably well. It is true I have cut off half of one of my ears, but then as it doesn't interfere with my hearing I don't mind it much. Anything rather than submit to the tortures of another such barber, whose genius for inflicting pain would make a Modoc commit suicide from envy. Now, my dear *News Letter*, can you give any advice on this subject to your

GREAT ORIENTAL.

The dying words of a Delaware woman were: "Harry, if you marry again, remember that it only takes a cupful of sugar to sweeten a quart of gooseberries."

Louisville young ladies say to a beau who does not promptly offer his arm, "Tip us yer flipper, old fel, and don't stand there grinning like a baked skunk!"

THE NEW CITY HALL.

We take note of an extraordinary argument in a recent number of the Sacramento Union in reference to the cost of our New City Hall and Law Courts. It is astonishing, I must say, to read our contemporary's views pro and con on a subject in which it has little or nothing to do, or its citizens to pay for, and pretty nearly wholly at the expense or cost of, if not swindling it, the erection of the New State Capitol now nearly completed in its own city. It is still more to be deplored that some of our own city journals should descend to such a low condition of grovelling as to cringe from the most servile, fawning, and transparent motives to curry favor with those who have better show reason for the faith, or, if not, could obtain favor or position at the Secretary of the City Hall counter-sometimes, or to the Common Council themselves. The "no-thing-cannot-be-done-in-brick-and-mortar-what-a-stable-cost-a-million-of-dollars. It would only be easy, we suppose, to accommodate this by making all the interior apartments in a series of marble halls, with inspected Italian stationery, with ornaments of sandstone, and other fancy-ness, which with good taste prevails therein. Now, our notion is, that this building can and should, on the basis of the present measure, through its expenses to completion, be given to the public for an extra million or three-halves. What, then, becomes of the additional six millions so constantly [illegible] by some of our city's statesmen before their readers, with a view to flatter the Commissioners, who have done their best to give the people an enduring fire and everlasting-proof public work, and one which, properly [illegible], will, we trust, be more so, as the Legislature advises the people of San Francisco. Another writer has found a fault, and a million and a half will be expended and only the foundation put in. It is impracticable to put down on the sand to make such a statement. What are the facts? We state without fear of contradiction, that the Commissioners will give to the city, for the amount appropriated, a building, the main portion of which will be erected to an even eight of its feet, or four stories above the foundation-and-ground of the foundation-and-ground. In addition to this, the Grand Hall will be built entire, with the various galleries, corridors and offices of the Recorder, together with the various [illegible] and will be ready for the use of the Courts of this building as soon as the Courts desire to occupy the premises or what is termed the main building. In addition to this the straight-lay-back-up-a-plaza, which are with the exception of the [illegible] in the contemplation. We should say that it would require more legislation than one [illegible] to [illegible] the six millions of dollars on this work, beyond what will necessarily be [illegible] for the city, and the [illegible] for the city and county purposes, unless it the portion which pertains to the [illegible] being voted by the people. Legislators should be selected, and, hence, it is their duties to see that a large amount, and by just and the three [illegible] Commissioners, who have done the [illegible] work [illegible] well, and to the satisfaction of the vast majority of the community. They have spent the amount of public moneys entrusted to [illegible] and we do not doubt the Courts for the [illegible] to [illegible] in San Francisco, are our own peers, [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

NAMES OF THE SUPREME BEING,

IN FORTY-FIVE LANGUAGES.

Hebrew..*Elohim or Eloah*	French.....*Dieu*	Polish.....*Bog*
Chaldaic.....*Elah*	Spanish.....*Dios*	Polacca.....*Bung*
Assyrian.....*Ellah*	Portuguese.....*Deos*	Lapp.....*Jubinal*
Syriac and Turkish..*Allah*	Old German.....*Diet*	Finnish.....*Jumala*
Malay.....*Alla*	Low Breton.....*Doue*	Runic.....*As*
Arabic.....*Allah*	Italian.....*Dio*	Zemblian.....*Felizo*
Old Egyptian.....*Teut*	Irish.....*Die*	Hindostance.....*Rain*
Modern Egyptian...*Tenn*	German and Swiss...*Gott*	Coromandel.....*Brama*
Armorian.....*Teuti*	Flemish.....*Goed*	Tartar.....*Magatal*
Greek.....*Theos*	Dutch.....*Godt*	Persian.....*Sire*
Cretan.....*Thios*	English & Old Saxon. *God*	Chinese.....*Prussa*
Æolian and Doric....*Ilos*	Teutonic.....*Goth*	Japanese.....*Gezur*
Latin.....*Deus*	Danish & Swedish....*Gut*	Madagascar.....*Zarmar*
Low Latin.....*Diex*	Norwegian.....*Gud*	Peruvian.....*Pachacamac*
Celtic and Old Gallic..*Diu*	Slavic.....*Buch*	Language of the Magi. *Orsi*

NUMBER FIVE.

Last Wednesday evening Montgomery street in the neighborhood of the Occidental Hotel resounded with the harmony produced by an excellent band o f music headed by Charley Schultz. It was the fifth anniversary of Mrs. Lillie Coit's wedding, and the old Knickerbockers, No. 5, turned out in force to do honor to the occasion, and serenade their adopted sister. And, indeed, the compliment was as well merited, as it was offered in all heartfelt sincerity, for a truer, stauncher friend never stuck to another than did this bright lady to those friendly firemen. They belong to the time when our citizens alone did active service in fighting the fiery element; but now that an organized and paid force exists, nothing remains but the memory of pleasant times and perilous moments. Few of our readers know how kindly Mrs. Lillie Coit remembered those who had enrolled her on their list when she was Miss Lillie Hitchcock, what gentle attentions were bestowed on the sick, and when the last rites were paid, the rarest flowers on the bier were sent by her who still wears the golden badge No. 5. Therefore, the serenade was a graceful tribute to the honorary member of the company.

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKEN J. P.

Here lies the Justice, gone at last
To get the thing he merits;
Our comfort is—he need not thirst,
He's in "the land of spirits." —*Judy.*

THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Width on the north end	216 miles.
Extreme extension from west to east	552 miles.
Average width (about)	235 miles.
Extension from north to south	654 miles.
A direct line from the north-west corner of the State to Fort Yuma, being the longest line of the State, is	830 miles.
A direct line from San Francisco to Los Angeles	342 miles.
A direct line from San Francisco to San Diego	451 miles.

San Diego lies 350 miles south, and 285 miles east of San Francisco. Los Angeles lies 258 miles south and 225 miles east of San Francisco.

Cape Mendocino, the most westerly point of the State, is 96 miles west from San Francisco and 180 miles north.

Dido-die-did.—The following is an epitaph on the death of a young lady engaged to be married:

"The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding dress provided;
But ere the wedding-day arrived
Dido fell sick and die-did."

England is celebrated for its fogs, France for its frogs, Ireland for its bogs, Canada for its dogs, Maine for its logs, and Ohio for its hogs.

"**A prudent woman,**" says a Frenchman, "is like a pin—her head prevents her from going to far."

ART NOTES.

The next reception of the Art Association is fixed for the evening of December 10th, and desirous of aiding the society as far as possible, we shall briefly indicate the conditions of membership, that such of our readers who may wish to join may do so before the next *soiree*. Life members are elected by a majority vote of the Board of Directors, and pay $100 down, which entitles them to all the privileges of the society to all time—or at least to all *their* time. Ordinary members' names pass before both the Board of Directors and a general members' meeting, and it is needless to say that all but a very few—excluded for sufficient reasons, have been elected. The precautions adopted are simply for the purpose of keeping the association select and respectable, and in point of fact, there is no society in the city the membership roll of which contains so large a proportion of our most cultured and refined people. Members pay $2 50 entrance fee and $1 per month, and those joining before the next *soiree* will receive their tickets, whether or not a general meeting has been previously called, provided their names pass the Board of Directors. All tickets admit a lady with the bearer. Ladies are eligible to membership and to office in the society. As is generally known, the association will shortly inaugurate a School of Design, when it is probable that State aid will be invoked.

We think that we recognize the hand of Mr. B. P. Avery in the long and carefully written description in the *Bulletin* of the Art Association's recent acquisition of casts from the antique. That gentleman is preparing a careful *catalogue raisonne* for the use of members and visitors, which will make the inspection of these casts and models doubly interesting.

The following, from a recent number of the New York *Nation*, may be interesting to our readers: "The first art college established in an American university took being on the 18th ultimo, when a Fine Arts Department was opened at Syracuse. Two courses are organized at present—architecture and painting—with which the faculty will undoubtedly find their hands full; sculpture is not yet talked about, nor is room made for any fine art addressed to the ear, except 'elocution.' The scheme, thus restricted to principles of design, includes those studies which give scope and intelligence to design, such as chemistry and photography, mathematics, history, æsthetics and languages. It is truly charming to be promised a breed of artists who shall not be remarkable for complete ignorance of things connected with a liberal education. * * * The whole experiment is a novelty. It will be watched with deep interest, and we think it not unreasonable to hope that, especially in the department of architecture, some solid results will follow upon skilled training; it is, of all the arts, most like a science, and has the largest ingredient of calculation and common sense. * * * The successful European schools depend above all upon the personal magnetism of the great artists who conduct them. It is surprising how adroitly these men of genius shun the college tendency to rest in pedantry, precedent, boredom and ennui. They watch their classes with pride and care, in the hope of founding a propaganda, working for nominal salaries, to the detriment of their personal affairs. The art idea springs up quickly between them and their pupils, as a language springs up between baby and nurse. There are not observable among the professors of Syracuse men who have made a mark in the practice of art, but doubtless they are selected for their competency. We observe with admiration that landscape and portrait are taught by one gentleman, irresistibly carrying the thoughts back to Titian, the last painter known to have excelled in those branches equally. The Dean of the Faculty is George F. Comfort, A. M., an enthusiastic student of æsthetics for many years. To him and his fellow professors belongs the critical task of proving what has not yet been proved whether a college, that capital machine for teaching a science, is a good machine for teaching an art."

Hill is now occupying his fine new studio, or suite of the same, in Duncan's Building, and Marple his rooms over Tucker's establishment. The first is busy on the two grand Yosemite views mentioned by us previously, and the second has in hand some small cabinet landscapes, painted in a very different key to his works in general, more, in fact, like the French school. At his art gallery adjoining, he has a fine animal composition by Clement-son, an English artist, the subject being a group of deer—buck, doe and fawn. This work is almost worthy of Landseer himself; the pictures of this artist have been very frequently engraved. In Nile's window on Kearny street, Keith exhibits a large painting, "The Great Tuolumne Cañon," which is more of a composition than some of this artist's previous works. The ancient moss-covered trees and falling water, the towering cliffs and rugged rocks, are very finely rendered. Nile will shortly open a large gallery above his store for the exhibition of works of art; it will be capable of displaying about two hundred pictures, and has two entrances on Kearny street. In the same place, Gebhardt's picture of "Heidelberg by Moonlight" is now on view. *Apropos* of Keith, we understand this artist is now sketching in Utah, having accompanied Watkins, the photographer, on his great trip. Watkins has two special cars, which will be hooked on or detached at pleasure from the regular trains of the overland route. He takes with him his wagon and horses, so that he can visit points distant from the railroad, and will make a grand series of views on the trans-continental highway. Keith's fine view on Russian River has been purchased by P. E. Sherwood, the broker, for a handsome sum. In the Post-street gallery, Bloomer exhibits a very bright, pleasing view of "Emerald Bay."

Good ties to keep one's business from going to pieces—*Advertise.*

THANKSGIVING.

For the power thou giv'st the press
We thank thee, Lord:
For the means to give redress
We thank thee, Lord;
For the sting that's in our tail,
Making us a moral flail
To make sinners weep and wail,
We thank thee, Lord.

For the copies we have sold
We thank thee, Lord;
For the cash our pockets hold
We thank thee, Lord;
For the news that thou hast sent
Of men on wickedness intent,
For all the money on us spent
We thank thee, Lord.

That we're read from pole to pole
We thank thee, Lord;
That we're feared by every soul
We thank thee, Lord;
That the lightest word we speak
Makes the frightened sinner shriek,
Makes the rampant hoodlum meek,
We thank thee, Lord.

That all other papers fail
We thank thee, Lord;
That their news is ever stale
We thank thee, Lord:
That thou thyself dost oft alight
On a pleasant Friday night
Of our first proofs to catch a sight
We thank thee, Lord.

If thou wilt ever advertise
Tell us, O Lord;
And thou shalt have the largest size
Of type, O Lord;
We will charge thee less per line
Then at any other time,
For thou hast made our face to shine
With oil, O Lord.

T. A. H.

ACTION.

Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell, that he was one of those men who would undertake anything, from the command of the Channel Squadron to an operation for the stone, and the same may in truth be said of Charles R. Peters. He no sooner got out of the trammels of a bonded warehouse, which he had raised to the first rank, than he created the market on Sutter and Market streets, and between Montgomery and Sansome. When that was finished and he had realized a handsome profit, he built the California Theater. That was his delight. He gloried in the massive walls which withstood the sharpest shock of earthquake we have ever had, before the roof was over them, and ere they were girded together. He rejoiced in the forest of lumber that framed parterre, boxes and gallery; and when that was done he turned towards the Mercantile Library, and cleared off its onerous debt. Many good people objected to the means, but no one had a breath of accusation against the manner in which the means were carried out. For a year or so we lost sight of C. R. P., but at last, as they all do, he came back to the old ground as hearty and enterprising as ever. At that time the Stock Board was the all-engrossing feature, and we suppose that like the rest he went in to win, which, with his long head, he in all probability did. But we waited for his *action*, and at last out it came, in the shape of an address to the public and a notice from himself, both eminently characteristic. We refer our readers to the *Bulletin* of the 21st or 22d of November, we forget which. The various propositions, although somewhat startling from their magnitude, do not appear to frighten their author. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars are to be donated to the Mechanics' Institute for a lot and building for their annual fair, a kind of permanent San Francisco Crystal Palace. That's all right. Next we have the promise of a fountain at the intersection of Kearny and Market streets—a monument much to be desired. After that statues of Lick and Pioche. It's true, one opened Market street and the other is going to adorn it, but the latter wouldn't look well on a pedestal, and the former is not yet dead. As regards July fireworks and Woodward going to Europe for live wild stock, we can't suppress the boy nuisance, and we don't think that in W.'s state of health he would undertake the trip. But all this was merely introductory to the grand scheme which Mr. Peters' fertile and practical brain had conceived. Having secured James Phelan's property on Sutter, Dupont and Market streets, he intends next Spring to pull down all the rookeries that cover the ground, and build the finest and largest market but one in the United States. It will be 275 feet on Sutter by half that length on Dupont, and will anticipate the wants of that population which is moving as inevitably as fate along the southern portion of the town towards the new City Hall. Mr. Peters disposes of the vexed question of the Italian gardeners by offering to lodge and stable—we are not quite sure whether he will not board them—at the corner of Market and Beale streets. We look upon C. R. Peters as a very useful man in our community. May his shadow be never the less.

Wines from France, other than Clarets, are neglected. Champagnes are giving place to the Native product from Gerke's Vineyard. The local demand for I. Landsberger & Co.'s superior Sparkling is continued. We have now to notice the Champagnes made here by F. Schleifer & Co.; the quality and flavor of these Sparkling Wines are to be commended, being fully equal, if not superior, to any Native Wines yet manufactured in the United States. We quote the same Fleur de Vigne, quarts, $12; pints, $14; Sparkling Muscatel, quarts, $14; pints, $16 per case.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The Ignatian Literary Society has been debating the question, "Has Morality Kept Pace with Civilization?" Taking morality to mean the duties of men and women in their social character, we answer, unhesitatingly, Yes. Civilization has arrived at a high state of perfection, and morality has kept pace with it. Especially the morality of San Francisco. We live here in a state of beautiful simplicity, pristine innocence, breathing an atmosphere of saint-like brotherly kindness. The stranger who tarries within our gates is struck with the evidences of a thorough conformity to the rules of right, noticeable on all sides. Our public men are patterns of upright living, with the only shadow around or about them that cast by their own effulgent brightness. Our public institutions are models of successful management and honest dealing. Who would ever think of asking for an "Investigation" into the conduct of the officers or asking for a public auditing of their accounts? Why, they are nearly all shall we say greasy?—with the Lord's anointing oil, and lambs, or rams rather, without blemish. Our courts of justice do what little they have to do in such a spirit of transcendant fairness and godly impartiality as to excite the truest reverence of a community so universally moral and high-toned as ours. No gold-weighted judgments, no tedious delays in administering justice; everything pretty and proper. This, we believe, is chiefly owing to all the legal dignitaries, from the highest Chief Judge to the lowest special officer, being born Americans. And then look at the private life of the people! What lovely pictures of morality are presented! A sort of kaleidoscopic series of bright and charming effects. Turn it which way you choose, and something new and pretty is presented. We have no murders, no suicides, no outrages, no nothing wrong. Our women are vestals as maidens and Susannahs as wives. Unapproachable, pure and chaste, they have earned for themselves a name indeed. On this particular subject there can be no doubt. The morality of San Francisco society proper is notorious. And how pleasantly and improvingly we all live together. Not a pistol in the city, a Bible and prayer book in every man's pocket, church every day, psalms and spiritual songs rising unceasingly from Meigg's Wharf and all vacant lots; no gambling, the Sabbath respected, our papers conducted by princely spirits, who kiss all round whenever they meet; no drunkards, no drinking, no lewd women and no Chinese. Brethren, we live in a holy city and in a holy time. Morality *has* kept step with civilization. Let us praise the Lord! Send glory! Hallelujerum! Selah! Yah!

John Purcell, living somewhere about the corner grocery of Mission and Sixteenth streets, had a trifling difficulty with his wife and threw her down stairs. It hurt her a little, fractured her arm, disfigured her face and so on. But what we want to say is this. These little differences are becoming so frequent, and "gentlemen" (*Chronicle's* gent'emen) are sometimes so impetuous and unreasoning in keeping up their position as "boss of the shanty." We think a set of rules for the mild correction of rebellous females would be of service. Something like this: No. I. THE OBSCURE HINT. *Application.*—Let it be supposed that on coming home at night, Shorthand cannot fit his latch-key. Let him ring the bell like old fury until his wife comes and opens the door, when he is to give her a growl and blacken both her eyes. This is the Obscure Hint: that in future she had better mind and not have queer key-holes in the street door. No. II. THE GENTLE PERSUASIVE. *Application.* Let it be supposed that the coffee at breakfast is so hot that the husband burns the tip of his tongue in hastily drinking. He is immediately to seize the coffee-pot and pour the coffee down his wife's back, making at the same time some pleasant joke about anointing and Mocha. This will Mildly Persuade her to blow the coffee cool the next time she hands it to her husband. No. III. THE LAST APPEAL. *Application.*—Let it be supposed that the husband says he thinks 'twill rain to-morrow, and that the wife ventures to think 'twill be fine. He is at once to seize her by both ears and knock her head against the wall until the neighbors think he has bought a bass-drum. If the wife is nursing a baby 'twill be so much the better, and will be a lesson to the child, whether boy or girl, how to behave when he or she grows up. This is the Last Appeal to her sense of what is due her lord and master. No. IV. THE SETTLEMENT OF THE DIFFICULTY. *Application.*—Let it be supposed that the husband on coming home on Saturday night is asked by his half-clothed wife what wages he has brought? And supposing he asks in reply 'what the hell that matters to her?' And supposing the wife in reply begins to cry, the husband is immediately to seize a chair and knock her down. There is the chance of the blow killing her, to be sure, but would it not after all be the final Settlement of the Difficulty? The *Town Crier* commends these remarks to the vast army of persecuted husbands, and the poor, law-forsaken man. Forsaken and most pitiful army of sad-hearted and broken-spirited wives—God help them!

Bohemian High Jinks, November 22, 1873.—Headquarters of the Bohemian Club. Special Order No. 1.—The members of this Battalion of wit, wisdom, music and (Dutch) courage, are hereby notified to assemble on Saturday evening, the 29th inst., at 8 o'clock sharp, for exercise in the art of war, as taught by "The Poets who have sung of the Battle Field." William of Germany, Bismarck, Von Moltke, Marshal MacMahon, Grant, Sheridan and Sherman, are hereby excused from attendance. The heroes of the Amador War will report promptly at the hour named, and bring their scars (and dues) with them. Any Bohemian failing to comply with this order, will, like Gen. Dix at the Battle of New Orleans, be hauled down and shot on the spot. By order of W. H. L. Barnes, Sire.

"**Set a thief to catch a thief**" is receiving a very practical application in these latter days. The *Chronicle*, on Sunday last, published a statement to the effect that the circulation of the moral and family sheet had risen to the astounding total number of *three hundred and sixteen!* To say nothing of *five* exchanges. This statemegt riled old Pickering terrible bad, and next morning he went for the upstart daily and gave it fits. More than this, he showed to frightful perfection how the trick was done, tearing down the curtain and showing the strings that pulled the cards. *Charl*atan No. 1 threw back the vile aspersion on the purity of his character; declared that in *his* performance there was "no deception, ladies and gentlemen;" overthrew his rivals *tables*; showed the hole where the extra ball was hid; patched up his own curtain and hoped the conjuring performance would go on without further interruption. Not a bit of it. Nimble-fingered Loring, jealous of his reputation as *the* Hey-Presto and Prize-Conundrum-Propounder of the Pacific Coast, came back to the onslaught with renewed vigor and another bottle of hair dye, smashed his rival's "properties," and raised Cain generally. *He* knew all about it; *he* had been thar, and no dodges under the sun were going to blind such an out and out dodger as he. And so the classic war rages. And so the dailies of San Francisco uphold "the dignity of the press," about which they prate with such overwhelming aldermanic shallowness and miserable no-conception of what the very words mean. Two great dailies engaged in an animated discussion on the extent of their circulation? Not a bit of it; simply Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee quarreling, in a very undignified and hoodlumish manner, banging each other about the head with puffed-up bladders—their papers, to wit—and affording one more proof of what exceedingly low and tricky papers they are. For how, in the name of common sense, can we judge otherwise when we find the proprietors, for a whole week, each trying to prove the other a trickster! As if, good Lord, we needed *that* proved!

If there is any one thing that makes us feel meaner than another, it is having to affect an interest in a "mother's darling," when that darling is anything under six and is the only child. You are asked to examine the "dear child's" legs, to feel how plump, how firm, or how something they are, and if you would not be thought a brute you have to assume an idiotic smile and finger the mottled limb and say, "Dear me! Surprising! Hah"—and ten chances to one, all you get in repayment for this examination of the little beggar's extremities is a kick in the stomach or a dig in the eye from a small red leather boot, on which the mother never fails to remark, "Bless the little duck's activity. Isn't it astonishing? And only three years old!" Or, you have finished dinner and are chatting pleasantly with the host, when the fond mother brings in "her boy" that you may, as a favor, be allowed to admire him. The little cherub is put down on the floor and immediately steers toddlingly for you, and wipes its little fingery-ingeries all clogged with the sticky remnants of cranberry pie on your white waistcoat. "See how familiar the dear love is with you, Mr. *Town*," says the mother, and you roll your head and say that children always *did* take to you. But if you could have that frightfully familiar child by yourself for a few minutes near a convenient water-butt, wouldn't you wash him? The fuss and cackling these hens with a brood of one make over the solitary chick is very beautiful, and proves that natural affection is not yet extinct. And this thought has put us in a better frame of mind. We *do* love little children. We love to hear them howl and yell, for is it not a happy sign that their lungs are sound? We love to have baby-fingers thrust into our eyes, for is it not a charming proof that *they* can see? And we love to take a dear child and trot it on our knee, and, if the consequences are disastrous, have you not the satisfaction of knowing that you have made the dear child happy, even though it necessitates a change of nether garments of both yourself and the little angel?

The Hoodlum Rough of San Francisco has a pleasant, honorable way of fighting that is the only good point about him. He doesn't sneak up to your face in a cowardly manner, tell you to take care of yourself, and wait till you are ready; but he comes behind you in the dark, as a fair and honest fighter should, and pleasantly stabs you somewhere under the shoulder-blades. Nor does he, when in a scuffle he has floored his adversary, wait in a stupidly brutal manner until you are risen. No; he jumps square and plump on your face, smashes in your nose, kicks your teeth down your throat, or gouges out an eye or two. He has several harmless weapons of offence always convenient in a saloon, which he uses with wonderful and damaging dexterity. When a row is on, when glasses and bottles are whizzing, when knife and pistol are out, you will see you hoodlum, who knows what's what, take a lager beer glass, grasp it by the handle and smash half. Still grasping the handle he now has a weapon that for a short-handed encounter is one of the most effective and terrible things in creation. Sharper than a razor, and more jagged than a saw, your "Be Jaythus!" will go into that crowd and never fail to cut off a man's nose or ear, or lay bare the cheek-bone at a stroke. Ought not San Francisco to feel proud at possessing the inventor of this pretty little instrument? Remember the humane sand-club too. The hoodlum is a *noble* creature, that is, if to be noble means to be the incarnation of all that is useless and idle and repulsive and the meanest and most cowardly skulk that ever cursed God's earth.

The excitement about the "great race" still rages in sporting circles, and the question whether the owners of *Daniels* tried to sell out to Chamberlain for half the pool money and the purse, is debated with as much animation and profanity as ever. We are sick of it. Stop the disgraceful row, gentlemen of the turf, or take yourselves and your "flyers" East, and settle it there.

The daily press of this city has become so utterly demoralized, that no issue of either of the cheap morning papers is now considered complete unless it contains one or more articles of an outrageously defamatory character. The better to minister to the depraved tastes of the proletarian rabble, the objects of attack selected are generally prominent citizens whose characters are above reproach. General LaGrange and Sheriff Adams have been among the more recent victims, and the license which the defamers have allowed themselves, is of such a character that in a highly civilized community it would excite disgust and loathing, while in a frontier settlement it would at once provoke a resort to the bowie-knife and pistol. The *Chronicle* set the fashion by inaugurating these reckless assaults upon private character, and the *Call*, after a little hesitation (due to timidity, not conscience or decency), commenced following suit. If there were any particle of wit, humor, or fine-edged satire to lighten up the unmitigated brutality of these assaults, they might gain a measure of indulgence. The blow is delivered with the clumsiness of a clown, and the dull ferocity of a butcher who likes his work for its own sake. The only hope of a nauseated community is that the two may, in the excitement of their competing perjury, swear themselves into the State Prison.

One Thomas Brown, a *Sunrise* sailor, attempted to become "dem'd moist and unpleasant," by precipitating himself into the waters of the bay, but was saved by an absent-minded policeman. We protest. If abused sailors choose to dispose of their superfluous carcasses, in Heaven's name let them do so. We have enough of them on hand who are to receive their board and one dollar per day for evidence of the bruises on their scurvy bodies. We have hitherto pitched into Captain Clarke because every one else did, something rare with us. We have regarded him as a relentless bloodhound, a gorged vulture, a fierce hyena, a treacherous jungle tiger, a remorseless cannibal, a ship Dionysius, a blood-sucking vampire, as everything that is cruel, wicked and merciless. But abused sailors and cruel captains are pouring in on us so fast that our vocabulary is giving out; we can't think of any more pet names like the above, and we are disposed to take the other side of the question for a verbal change. Wherefore we cheerfully offer the Bay to all desponding sailors as a safe refuge from ships and courts; and we furthermore guarantee the fishes a meal that will try their digestions quite as strongly as they—the fishes—will afterwards try ours.

The Chronicle of Sunday, in its advertising columns, gravely announced "the debut of Miss Adele Seiz the hunchback." A long course of observation has prepared us for any defect in a young lady histrionically inclined. A huge wart on the nose excites no shudder in our æsthetic soul. A squint does not call for even a passing remark. Crooked knee-joints and spectral limbs have become familiar things. The opera choruses have robbed the charnel-house of its horrors. Dresses low in the neck and brief in the skirt have made us hideously acquainted with female anatomy in the bone line. But to back-bones growing out instead of straight we object. We might, upon a pinch, endure a well-developed wen, but a hunch on the back, Mr. *Chronicle*, is too much, even for either our complaisance or education.

Mr. P. Mish, who, from his advertisement, evidently contemplates a domestic change, invites his friends and the public to come up and buy his elegant and costly furniture. We admire our townsman's candor. A baser mind would have advertised, "Pictures, selected by the gentleman while in Rome, going dirt cheap; elegant rosewood sets for a mere song; an eight and a half octave piano recklessly sacrificed." Mr. M. loftily disregards the cheapness, and boldly and fearlessly announces a costly sale, thereby earning our unqualified admiration, but, we fear, ruins his auction.

The curtain has at length come down on the screaming farce of the *Gentle Captain*, and the tickling trio have received their bouquets. Clarke goes to the County Jail for a few months, where he will doubtless pass his time at his ease, writing articles against cruelty to animals. Harris, the tool (very brutal tool for all that), has been sent to the State Prison for four years, which makes *him* a *felon!* Mulloney gets a trifle more than his deserts in proportion. What a stupid, stupid, *stupid* piece of legal thimble-rigging! And this is American justice! "Alas, poor *Post!*"

A sailor thus described a figure in a quadrille: "You first heave ahead and pass your adversary's yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your heel, and bring up with your partner; she then maneuvers ahead, off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line; make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place the best way you can, and let go your anchor.

An old Troy river man says he is disgusted to hear people nowadays talk of low water in the Hudson. He remarks that he can remember well, years ago, when the river was low. He asseverates that at one time all the passengers on the New York boat had to close their windows during the entire passage down, because the steamer's wheels raised such a dust.

A Pennsylvania preacher while holding service, recently gave thanks in a fervent prayer, for the prosperous condition of their crops—"excepting, O Lord, the corn, which is backward, and the oats, which are mighty thin in spots."

THE PRIEST'S HEART.

It was Sir John, the fair young priest,
He strode up off the strand;
But seven fisher maidens he left behind,
All dancing hand in hand.

He came unto the wise-wife's house:
"Now, mother, to prove your art;
To charm May Carleton's merry blue eyes
Out of a young man's heart."

"My son, you went for a holy man,
Whose heart was set on high;
Go sing in your psalter, and read in your books;
Man's love fleets lightly by."

"I had liever to talk with May Carleton,
Than with all the saints in heaven;
I had liever to sit by May Carleton
Than climb the spheres seven.

"I have watched and fasted, early and late,
I have prayed to all above;
But I find no cure save churchyard mould,
For the pain which men call love."

"Now heaven forfend that ill grow worse:
Enough that ill be ill.
I know of a spell to draw May Carleton,
And bend her to your will."

"If thou didst that which thou canst not do,
Wise woman though thou be,
I would run and run till I buried myself
In the surge of yonder sea.

"Scatheless for me are maid and wife,
And scatheless shall they bide,
Yet charm me May Carleton's eyes from the heart
That aches in my left side."

She charmed him with the white witchcraft,
She charmed him with the black,
But he turned his fair young face to the wall,
Till she heard his heart-strings crack.

—*Canon Kingsley, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE POPE AND THE KAISER.

Germany is still much exercised by the correspondence between the Emperor William and Pius IX. The Emperor so far has much the better of the argument, and the Pope has only given one more proof of his ignorance and presumption. But we confess we are utterly unable to understand the condition of rage into which the Germans have lashed themselves about this Papal Letter, and we cannot help suspecting that the press, in continuing to make such a fuss about it, is merely obeying a hint from Prince Bismarck to pile up the agony. It is absolutely necessary for that statesman to persuade his countrymen and Europe generally that there is internecine war between the Vatican and Germany, and that the Papacy is struggling and conspiring to rend Germany in pieces, in order to justify the amazingly stringent and despotic legislation which has been passed against the Roman Catholic Church in that country. Archbishop Manning has been taking up the defence of his Episcopal brethren on the Continent; and had he only been more discriminating, he might have made a successful point or two against the Ecclesiastical Laws recently passed at Berlin. We confess it seems to us a tremendous stretch of the rights of the State, such as should be resorted to only in the direst extremities, to insist that bishops shall neither appoint, suspend, nor remove priests without the assent of the civil power; but we cannot allow that it is either unreasonable or unjust to demand that all young men intended for the ministry should not enter it blindfold, but should be obliged to pass a portion of their curriculum at a national university. Naturally, however, the State wishes to prove that it is wholly right and the Church is wholly wrong, and *vice versa*, and so each tries to make as much noise and kick up as much dust as possible. That terrible champion of Rome, Archbishop Ledochowski, has once more been fined for fresh disregard of the new laws. Bishop Kott's death leaves a vacancy at Fulda, and it is expected that the filling of it will afford room for another pretty quarrel between Rome and Berlin.

A certain Highlandman meeting one day with a friend in the lowlands, the latter expressed himself thus, at the same time helping himself to a glass of real mountain dew: "Naething better, Donald, on a cold morning than a glass of good whuskey and water." "Ah," replied Donald, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I ken fu' weel what's better nor a glass o' whuskey an' watter." "What is't then, Donald?" "Twa glasses o' whuskey and nae watter!" "So say I."

A meeting of the Royal Mail Steam Company was held on the 22d ultimo, when the directors' report was adopted, and an interim dividend was declared in accordance therewith. The report stated that, owing to the heavy cost of coals, the increase in the expenditure has exceeded the growth of the receipts, and that the surplus on the working account is consequently less by £27,579 than for the first half of the year 1872. The directors, however, are able to advert again to the satisfactory state of the insurance account, through the careful navigation of the fleet, and an immunity from disaster. The balance on the 30th of June was £239,191, but although £200,000 has hitherto been thought a sufficient sum, it will be matter for consideration at the end of the financial year whether, in consequence of the increased number of vessels employed, and the great rise in the cost of iron ships, it will not be desirable to retain a larger amount. In the interim the directors feel justified in recommending a distribution of £2 10s. per share as a dividend for the half-year, and from the insurance account a bonus of £1 15s. per share, making in all £4 5s. per share.

Handsome People.—Handsome men and women, when they are tolerably ballasted with brains, generally form the least "vain" section of humanity. For handsome people have no need to fume or fret about the trifles of dress—no need to patronize a fashion because it is becoming—no need, in fact, to think about their own faces and figures at all. Somebody calls dressing well—that is, becomingly and appropriately—a duty to society; but it is a duty very easily performed by handsome people. It is the woman with a snub nose, sallow complexion, and round shoulders, who finds the toilette arrangement a severe study, and who in delight at a little success becomes vain—vain with that not-so-bad-after-all self-congratulation which is the most treacherous starting-point from which vanity can rise. And by same analogous rule there are the unfortunate of the other sex, who study neck-ties, and patronize advertisers' hair-dyes, and perseveringly cultivate contumacious whiskers, and have quarrels with their tailors, and, by dint of regarding themselves in small looking-glasses and large, and owning their deficiencies about their "good points."

At the meeting of the St. Pancras Board of Guardians it was stated that one of the inmates was the Hon. Miss Eyre, an old lady of 83. She was a sister of Colonel Eyre, of Dublin, and a close connection of the celebrated Governor Eyre. She had never been married, and at one time possessed considerable wealth, and, as cards and documents in her possession proved, she was visited by large numbers of the aristocracy, even by members of the old Royal Family. She had, however, got into bad hands, and was ruined; her relatives had settled £40 a year upon her, but even that little she had been robbed of, and sovereigns were abstracted and bright farthings put into her box as a substitute. As a means of protection she had been sent into the workhouse, and she desired that the surplus of the £40 after paying for her maintenance should be taken care of to give her a decent, and not a pauper burial. The matter was referred to the Vestry Committee.

The Belgian Government has recently ordered securely locked letter-boxes to be placed in all the insane asylums of the country, public or private, in positions where they will be easily accessible to all the inmates. They are designed, says the *London Medical Record*, to allow complaints and suggestions to be made to the authorities in a way independent of any of the officers or attendants. No one connected with the institution can have access to them. They are in charge of the Procureur du Roi of the district, and the letters which they contain are taken to him weekly for examination. The complaints made are investigated, and if any one assert that he is sane, he is ordered to be examined by medical experts. Abuses are corrected. The system exerts a wholesome influence, and tends to secure proper management in all its details.

Strange Death in a Graveyard.—A woman has died under extraordinary circumstances at Auckland, Australia. Her body was found lying in a half nude state in the Cemetery, most of her clothes having been taken off and laid by her side. Her shawl had been folded up and laid under her head like a pillow. It was found from a *post mortem* examination of the body that the woman had died from the effects of drink and exposure. Deceased must have undressed herself and laid down, thinking she was getting into bed.

Technical Education for Housebreakers.—An ex-convict discharged the year after an imprisonment for a first offence of stealing a few shillings, said, "Before I entered —— Convict Prison I knew nothing of burglary, now I could easily break into any house in London: and I know the shops where to obtain the needful tools for the purpose, all of which I learned from my fellow prisoners." And yet it is complained that nothing is done in this country for "technical education."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

In the course of a sermon recently preached on behalf of a fund for the widows and orphans of indigent clergymen, the Bishop of Manchester turned the full force of his eloquence against those of his brethren who are guilty of committing matrimony on a small stipend. Dr. Fraser declared that in no class are reckless marriages so rife as among the clergy: and he emphatically laid down the doctrine that such folly as that of which he complained is nothing less than a great crime.

The Cape Argus of Oct. 4th says: "Mr. C. Eckard, of Dassiesfontein, passed through Richmond the other day with sixty-two young ostriches in a buggy." [Were they eggs, or was the buggy a wagon?]

THE LAST SUPPER.

[BY JOAQUIN MILLER.]

What song sang the Twelve with the Saviour
When finished the Sacrament wine?
Were they bowed and subdued in behaviour,
Or bold as made bold with a sign?

Were the hairy breasts strong and defiant?
Were the naked arms brawny and strong?
Were the bearded lips lifted reliant,
Thrust forth, and full sturdy with song?

What sang they? What sweet song of Zion,
With Christ in their midst like a crown?
While here sat Saint Peter, the lion;
And there, like a lamb, with head down,

Sat St John, with his silken and raven
Rich hair on his shoulders, and eyes
Lifting up to the faces unshaven
Like a sensitive child in surprise.

Was the song as strong fishermen swinging
Their nets, full of hope to the sea?
Or low, like the ripple-wave, singing
Sea-songs on their loved Galilee?

Were they sad with foreshadows of sorrows,
Like the birds that sing low when the breeze
Is tip-toe with a tale of to-morrows—
Of earthquakes and sinking of seas?

Ah! soft was their song as the waves are
That fall in low musical moans;
And sad I should say as the winds are
That blow by the white grave-stones.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

We do not doubt for a momeni the religious honesty of the small company of people who have been for some time assembled on an island in the Connecticut river, waiting for the end of the world, and the advent of the Son of Man. Through these crisp November days and nights, the men and women at this encampment—a few score of watchers all told—have been holding themselves in readiness for the great event, and gazing wistfully up into heaven, during the hours of sunshine and the hours of starlight, to see if they could not discern the signs of His approach. They have passed their time in praying, singing hymns, and all sorts of religious exercises, assured that the day of their translation was at hand. Their study of the prophetic Scriptures had led them to believe that the 5th of the present month, or Wednesday of last week, was the day appointed for the consummation of all things. Most people are familiar with the way in which these Second Adventists interpret the prophecies of Daniel, and its visions of the Apocalypse. Most people have heard or read their theories of the "days" and "times" and "beasts" and "Kingdoms" and "Mystery of Babylon." They are certainly very ingenious, and oftentimes there seems a sort of plausibility about their ideas. But they are evidently mistaken in their calculations, and their method of interpretation. A hundred times within the last half century, they have figured out the precise date and circumstances of the end. As many times they have been in error. On the present occasion, they were sure, beyond the possibility of doubt, that they had got at the truth. They knew that the 5th of November would see the heavens open, and the Crucified One appear to set up his millennial kingdom on this earth. It was an awful day for them, and they welcomed it with feelings of awe. But it passed like other days. And when it had gone, they decided that they had made a slight error in their calculations, but that the Day of Judgment would certainly, in any event, arrive before the close of the present year. It is very easy to laugh at these people, and ridicule them, as some of the papers have been doing. It is easy to say that they must be fools and fanatics, or knaves and schemers. We say none of these things. But we do say that they have surely misunderstood, and do still misunderstand the prophecies of the Bible. We also say that they do not advance the cause of religion, but injure it. We further say that they should, hereafter, approach the prophecies in a more reasonable spirit, and that they must speak with less assurance about things which are among the Divine mysteries, when it must be very apparent to all that the only event which "The Second Adventists" desired or ought to commemorate on the 5th day of November was Guy Fawkes' day, a day in the old country always commemorated by school boys as the only one day never to be forgotten when "Guy" was caught with a dark lantern in the cellar beneath the House of Commons, with every preparation and 100 barrels of gunpowder ready, as the leader of the gunpowder plot to blow up the King, Lords, and Commons to a height which would have brought about a Roman hierarchy to rule the kingdom.

The German Government announces semi-officially that the emigration, particularly from the eastern provinces, has decreased this year.

Profound study has led a M. D'Argentigny to the conclusion that [illegible]

"Calling out Loudly for the Earth."—A few years ago I was a guest at a [illegible] and there had been some [illegible] to the house, so that [illegible] I remarked on the want of the [illegible] and the smell was very offensive. [illegible] "Calling out loudly for the earth!" I thought the saying was [illegible] and [illegible] Last week. The person who applied was a native, I believe, of [illegible]

Little as a Preservative of Wood.—A writer in [illegible] says that [illegible] and [illegible] a wash, about half [illegible] a small proportion of [illegible]. Salt is said largely [illegible] of [illegible] from [illegible]. A small [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Monday, October 20th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Orlo F Swett to John Skerrett	S 5th Ave or Shipley, 375 sw 5th, sw 50x 75—subdivision 100 v 206	$3,750
Bd of Tide Land Com to C J Flatt	Lot 5, blk 559, Tide Lands	180
Joseph S Paxson to E Black Ryan	Sw Stanley Pl, 240:7½ se Harrison, se 34:4½ x 120—sub 100 v 75 subj to mort for $1,200	7,000
Richd L Ogden to Wm C Ralston	W cor Bryant and 4th, nw 275 x 275—100 v 172, subj to mort for $45,000	5
Silver Ter Hd Assn to Chas Cooper	Lots 412, 413, Silver Terrace Hd	771
Same to Same	Lots 438, 439, same	866
John O Kane to Same	Lots 433, 434, 435, 436, Silver Ter Hd	400
H H Colby to Francis C O'Donnell	N Grove, 100 e Buchanan, e 25 x n 68:9 subdivision W A 223	2,800
Samuel Rea to John Graff	Und ¼ 100 v 114	1
John Lucas to James G Farnham	E Dolores, 219 s 22d, s 25x117:6	800
Franklin Heywood to E A Nolan	N Clay, 172:6 w Larkin, w 90 x n 127:8¾ —W A 18	15,000
John T Wright to Geo S Wright	Lots 10, 11, blk 274, S S F Hd & R R Assn	1
Same to Same	Lot 1, blk 428, Same	1
Samson Rosenblatt to Isaac Hect	Nw Post and Van Ness Ave, n 120 x w 109—subdivision W A 84	31,500
D B V Henaric to J F Cutter	Nw Berry and Jones, n 137:6 x w 137:6	5
I Lockwood to Wm C Kruger	W Mission Ave, 335:8 s 17th, w 193:6, s 8 in, e 96:9, s 20, e 96:9, n 16 to com	480
J C R B Philips to Em Lowenthall	Lot 72, West End Homestead	$ 100
A McManus to J Ambrose	W York, 104 s 23d, s 26 x w 100	800
Daniel Drussel to Abijah Baker	Se Natoma, 275 ne 6th, ne 37:6 x se 80— subdiv 100-v 203	6,500
Selig Kalisky to Robert Wilson	Lot 58, City Center H'd	600
City and Co S F to W H Mueller	E Utah, 375 s Yolo, e 100 x s 58—subdiv P N 85	Prem
Marie Louise Gaut to H H Schafer	E Hyde, 87:6 s Sutter, s 55 x e 87:6—sub 50:v 1270	10

Tuesday, October 21st.

Bd Tide Ld Commrs to C J Flatt	Lot 3, blk 559, Tide Lands	$ 180
Same to Same	Lot 4, blk 559, Tide Lands	234
David Conkling to R H Lloyd	Se Laguna and Walnut Ave, e 102:11 x s 25—subdivision W A 200	1,500
Giovanni Cuneo to S Garbini	W Dupont, 57:6 n Union, n 20 x w 90	5
Same to Same	W Dupont, 57:6 n Union, s 12½ in x w 90	160
Same to Michele Perata	W Dupont, 37:6 n Union, n 16¾ in x w 90	233
S Garbini to Nicola Marini	W Dupont, 74 n Union, n 3½ x w 90	560
Same to Giovanni Cuneo	W Dupont, 37:6 n Union, n 20 x w 90	5
Wm F Helling to G A Helling	N Ellis, 142 w Polk, e 25 x n 120—sub W A 61	Gift.
Hugh Corbett to Frank Kennedy	S Pacific, 197:6 w Buchanan, w 30 x s 117—sub W A 267, subject to mortg for $3,750	6,000
Frederick Buel to Harriet A Buel	Ne Hampshire and Temple, n 76:6 x 100	5
Same to Emma W Buel	E Hampshire, 76:6 n 25th, n 75 x 100	5
Samuel Gilmore to Wm G Koch	W Mason, 109:6 s Filbert, s 28 x w 80	3,000
William Hollis to O B Adams	E Guerrero, 175 n Ridley, n 25 x e 80— subdivision M B 22	3,000
Wm G Kruger to Adolphus J Plate	W Mission Ave, 335:8 s 17th, w 193:6, s 8 in, e 96:9, s 20, e 96:9, n 16 to com	480

Wednesday, October 22d.

Edwin R Sproul to Thos Findley..	N Bush, 192:6 e Jones, e 82:6 x n 137:6 —sub 50 v 1034	$7,000
R F Morrison to James W Haley..	50 v lot 4, in blk 260, W A	50
P F McGovern to Mary Feeney ...	Se Shipley, 100 ne 9th, ne 25 x se 75—sub 100 v 297	1,650
James Johnson to A Drayeur	W Webster, 112:6 n O'Farrell, n 25 x w 56—subdivision 50 v 1092	2,100
Wm S Blunt to Wm W Crane, Jr..	Se Webster and Lombard, s 120 x e 137:6 —subdivision W A 260	2,195
Wm W Crane, Jr to Jas W Haley .	Same	1,600
Abijah Baker to Susan B Goodwin	Se Natoma, 293:9 ne 6th, ne 18:9 x se 40—subdivision n 100 v 803	2,700
J McCombe to Mary E Pleasant...	Se Clara, 105 ne 4th, ne 20 x se 80—sub 100 v 72	5
R Flannery to City & Co San Fco	W Hartman Pl, 90:6 s Lombard, s 22, w 137:6, nw 28:7 x, e 31:7 to com	2,158
B Gallagher to Agnes Gallagher ...	N Geary, 100 w Devisadero, w 65:9 x n 137:6	Gift.
Thos Cullen to Elizabeth Stoltz...	Re-record	....
Lucian Curtis to John Calvert.....	W Kearny, 137:6 n Pacific, w 104:62-100, nw 5:29-100, n 55:93-100, e 75, n 29, e 32:92, s 89 to com—subdivision 50 v 43	10
Hyam Joseph to Same	W Kearny, 137:6 n Pacific, w 104:62-100, nw 5:29-100, n 55:93-100, e 75, n 29, e 32:92-100, s 89 to com—sub 50 v 43	27,500
Catherine Fogarty to Wm Hayes ..	W Dupont, 137:6 s Sutter, n 25 x w 110—subdivision 50 v 560	10
J A Drinkhouse to F Ackerman ...	S Temple, 50:10 w Church, w 50:11 x s 114	10
John Calvert to James M Curtis...	Und ½, w Kearny, 137:6 n Pacific, w 104:62-100, nw 5:29-100, n 55:93-100, e 75, n 29, e 32:92-100, s 89	10
Julius Grollman to S S Arnheim ..	Lots 5, 6, blk 8, West End Map 2; also, lots 1, 2, blk 8, West End Map 2; also, lots 209, 211, Gift Map 2; also, lots 84, 85, West End Hd; also, lot 116, Silver Terrace Hd	1,200
John N Wilson to Josiah Moulton.	W Hampshire, 380 s 25th, w 100, s 120, ne to Hampshire, ne 68 to com; also, ne Potrero and Serpentine Ave, n 150 :7, e 200, s 55, sw 230 to com; also, nw Sutter and Devisadero, w 100x137:6; also, 50 v lot 1, blk 385, W A	....
Josiah Moulton to John N Wilson	Se 25th and Bryant, s 140 x e 100, also, nw 25th and Potrero Ave, n 201:6 x w 100; also, 50 v 6, blk 385, W A	....

Thursday, October 23d.

Bay Park Hd Assn to Mrs K Piper	Lot 27, blk 561	$ 360
Revilo Wells to M Moritz	Sw P and 23d Ave, w 170:8, s 600:10, e 300:4, n 600	500
Sil Ter Hd Assn to C Burkhardt ..	Lots 288, 289, Silver Terrace Hd	891
Same to John Stevens	Lots 148, 149, Same	741
Same to Dorres O Donnell	Lots 357, 358, Same	1,021
Same to Charles Wilson	Lots 137, 138, Same	641
Pt Lobos Ave & Park Hd to Same	Lot 29, blk 458, and lot 31, blks 385, 389	530
Ferdinand Reis to Same	W West 150, 228:4 n C, s Lot 4, w 25:1, ne 103:4 to com—sub O L B 338	1
James Sherry to William Tardif ..	Und ½, s Frederick, 125 w 151, w 62:6 x s 80—sub 100 v 91; also w ½ lot 137, blk 97, Central Park Hd; also, lot 16, blk 351; w ½ lot 5, blk 108, S S F Hd	1
Jacob Weaver to B Richardson ...	Lots 28, 29 blk 11, Unitas, M S; lots 11, blk 86, City Land Assn	700
William Tardif to James Sherry...	Und ½, lot 138, S F Hd; e ½ lot 137, blk 97, C P Hd; lot 8, blk 352; also, e ½ lot 5, blk 108, S S F Hd	1
Leon Mejasson to John Shirly	N Jackson, 49 e Kearny, e 24 x n 68—sub 50 v 45	1
J Seirly to City & Co of San Fco ..	Com 68:5 n Jackson, 49 e Kearny, n 4:7, e 24, s 83:5, nw 27:8 to com	8,448
Same to Same	Com 49 e Kearny, 68 n Jackson, n 15 x e 24	315
Jas M Curtis to John H Carroll ...	Und ½, w Kearny, 137:6 n Pacific, w 104:62-100, nw 5:29-100, n 55:93-100, e 75, n 29, e 32:92-100, s 89—sub 50 v 43	13,000
David Fitzgibbon to Arthur Quinn	Mission Block 36	500

Catherine H Behrens to J Behrens	E Stockton s Lombard, 25x50	Gift
Jas Behrens to Henry Balzer	Same, subject to mortgage $1,500	10
A H Vaughn to Abraham Jacobs	W Powell s Jackson, 23x68:9	3,500
Wm J Gunn to H W Newbauer	N Sutter, 190 e Gough, 30x120	3,700
John Agnew to Mas Sav and L Bk	Dora nw Bryant, 50x80	1,163
M Cannavan to Same	Kearney and Lombard, 137:6x137:6	16,674
John Agnew to Same	Jessie sw 6th, 50x75	4,617
R B Dallam to Thos Stealey	17th and Guerrero, 180:8x193:6	200
Thos Stealey to Andrew J Gunison	Guerrero s 17th, 30x193:6	3.000
Chas H Mead to Horatio N Cook	Pennsylvania av n Mariposa, 75x100	2,400
Geo Ellis to John Hayes	Devisadero n Geary, 25x75	700
Sil Ter Hd Assn to H Kirchheimer	Lots 242 and 243, Silver Terrace H'd	831
Arthur Quinn to John Durr	S Ridley 140 e Guerrero, e 25 x s 100—subdivision M B 26	2,000
Same to Thomas H Kennedy	S Ridley, 165 e Guerrero, e 25 x s 100—M B 26	2,000
T P Riordan to Eugene Riordan	W Vermont, 100 n Nevada, n 33:4 x w 100—subdivision P N 109	1,190
John Grant to Thomas C Clancy	Se Perry, 400 ne 3d, ne 25 x se 75—sub 100 v 77	1,550
W S Beebe to Mrs Winifred Greeley	W Scott, 27:6 n O'Farrell, n 55 x w 96:6—sub W A 455	1,450
John Grant to Henry Doolittle	Se Perry, 325 ne 3d, ne 25 x se 75—sub 100 v 77	1,575
D Sullivan to Julius Grollman	Lots 1, 2, blk 8 West E Map 2, re-record	....
Sav & Loan Soc to G B de Noe	Ne Guerrero and 24th, e 15 x n 137:6—subdivision H A 10	575
J B Palmer to Henry Paulissen	S Pfeiffer, 220 w Dupont, w 20 x s 52:6—subdivision 20 v 538	500

Friday, October 24th.

John Stark to John Spelan	N Dale, 289:10 e Dolores, e 27:1 x n 114—subdivision H A 31	$ 300
R Montgomery to W Montgomery	Se Wayland and Mansfield, e 120 x s 100	200
O F Graves to John Ballard	S Berry, 320:10 ne 6th, ne 45:10 x se 240—subdivision S B blk 22	1,500
P Panzavechia to Wm Jenkins	W Rondell, 133:10½ e Valencia, 159:4 s 16th, 22:2 x w 64—subdivision M B 40	2,300
Mary A Doyle to James Daly	Se Stevenson, 100:11 sw Potter, sw 25 x se 100—subdivision M B 13	1,400
Wm K Van Allen to C H Crowell	S Clay, 138:11 e Cen Ave, e 62 x s 127:8½	1
Sil Ter Hd Assn to J H McKay	Lots 198, 199, Silver Terrace H'd	780
E A Seiberg to J C Duncan	Lots 37, 38, blk 211, O'N & H	300
Thomas H Holt to E L Beard	1-6 int in Winter Tract, subject to mort	650
C S Lord to F A W Davis	Com on Bryant, 37:6 fr se cor Bryant and Gilbert, ne 42:6 x se 125	2 800
J W Pearson to J D Roberts	S Dorland, 225 e Dolores, e 50 x s 115	6,000
Bd Tide L Com to C J Wingerten	Lots 1 to 24 inc, blk 855, Tide Lands	315
Rebecca Green to Henry Planz	W 1 50 v 1041, 62:6 s Geary, s 25 x e 56	1,650
W R Montgomery to J C Dyas	Lot 8, blk 161, lot 8, blk 168, Univ Ex Hd	1,600
P Berianio to Antonio Spinetti	S Vallejo, 97:6 e Dupont, e 26:8 x s 34—subdivision 50 v 69	2,500
Leon Levy to Sarah Levy	Sw 3d, 25 nw Harrison, nw 25 x sw 80	Gift
S Christenson to H Christenson	S Ellis, 110 e Polk, e 27:6 x s 120	Gift

Saturday, October 25th.

Jas Gibb to John Conrad Beckler	Nw Tehama, 312:6 ne 4th, ne 25 x nw 80—subdivision 100 v 53	$3,250
Wm Hodgkins to James Gibb	Same	2,100
Michael Murray to Henry B Atkins	S Page, 192:6 e Gough, e 27:6 x s 120—sub W A 143	3,125
A J Merriam to Michael Lynch	Lot 339, Gift Map No 1	85
J J E Hawkins to Thomas Giblin	Lot 233, blk 34, Mission & 30th St Hd	400
Geo Middlemis to Emile Artiques	Und ⅛, lot 44, blk 95, Tide Lands	600
D Peterson to Sav & Loan Society	Lots 326 to 335 inc, Gift Map 1	500
Wm F Chase to Henry C Wright	Und ⅛ of 1-16, Winter Tract	600
Agnes Birch to Wm R Sloan	S Russell w Hyde, 40x60	....
Patrick Flood to Mathew Swift	Und half of lots 7and 8 blk 11, W E M 2	195
E Barrett to David Stewart	Se Natoma sw 7th, 25x75	3,750
Ursula V Moxley to Chas G Moxley	Nw cor Fell and Franklin, 120x137:6	Gift
P Demartini to Alfred Rising	S Broadway w Dupont, w 37:2, s 66, etc	500
Alfred Rising to Louis Raffetts	S Broadway w Dupont, w 17:2, s 60, etc	5,000
Sebastian E Shaw to R H Cowan	Nw Jersey and Church, 80x100	1,050
M O'Brien to Geo Ulshofer	Ne 12th Ave nw L st, 100x100	300
F L A Pioche to James Collins	Lots 22 and 23, blk 49, City Land Assn	190
Same to Patrick Collins	Lots 12 and 13 blk 53, City Land Assn	190
Wm H Hamlen to Henry Philip	Und ⅓ Harrison & Hawthorne 112:6x156	5,000
Harrison St Hd Assn to J Dickson	Lot 55 blk 142, Harrison St Hd	800
Same to Margaret Dickson	Lot 56, same	800
Same to Wm Dodd	Lot 57, same	800

Monday, October 27th

Savings & Loan Soc to L Goodwin	Sundry property on south portion city	$ 1
L Brand to D V T Koppensteiner	Lot 46 blk 558 Bay Pk Hd	400
Mas Cem Ass'n to C H Lauraber	Lot 6 Sec 24 in Addition to Masonic Cem	102
Paul Tract Hd Ass'n to L Steiner	Lot 7 blk 22 Paul Tract Hd	500
C Reynolds to John J Perkins	Lot 13 blk 66 S S E H d and R R Ass'n	2,500
Laurel Hill Cem Asn to B F Hardy	Lot 2019, Laurel Hill Cemetery	103
Wm B Swain to Jos Piggott	Se Sanchez and Vale, s 26:6 x e 100	300
Harrison St H Ass'n to F Casteel	Lot 60 blk 142 Harrison St Homestead	800
Wm B Carr to A A Londerback	Ne Bay and Leavenworth, 137:6x137:6	2,000
Adolph Unger to Anna Bernstein	S Bay e Mason, 22:11x60	550
A B McCreery to Saml W Holladay	Nw Scott and Fulton, 27:6x137:6	1
Bd of Tide Ld Com'rs to B Murphy	Nw Clary sw 5th, sw 25x80	8
L Hazelquist to Jeanne Richett	N Jackson w Stockton, 28x62:6	1,800
F J C Lavilan to Peter R Schmidt	N Pine w Van Ness Ave, 30x137:6	60
Jeane Lankershim to same	Same	3,000
City and Co of S F to C E Broad	Ne Hyde and Pine, 60x112:6	....
Same to Wm Davis	N Pine e Hyde, 37:6x137:6	....
Samuel Irving to F M Eckert	S Washington w Hyde, 27:6x102:6	2,000
John Everding to A B McCreery	Undivided ½ 50-vara lot 6 blk 450, W A	10
John Morton to same	Same of lot 580	10
A B McCreery to C L Place et al	Undivided half of 50-vara lot 580 W A	....
F P Hoodey to George Brown	Se Tyler and Broderick, 137:6x137:6	1,000
Jos S Friedman to same	Sundry lots in Western Addition	5

Tuesday, October 28th.

John Sullivan to James C Cary	50-v 3 blk 459, W A; also 50-v 4 blk 448	$ 1
F B Austin to John H Turney	N Bush [illegible], 57:6 [illegible] s Sutter W [illegible] and Cary, n 137:6x137:6, being subdivision W A 514	5,000
Chas C Butler to same	N Bush [illegible], 137:6 e 137:6	100
H H Lawrence to Catherine Koch	S Pine and Larkin Aves, s 8:x60	15,500
Geo Brown to A B McCreery	S McAllister w Broderick, 68:9x137:6	10
Same to same	Subdivision W A 529	10
Gottlieb Bart to Michael O'Brien	Nw 25 and Howard, 75x80	825
Dennis E Hogan to Wm Johnston	Sw Moss and Howard, 25x75	800
Caspar T Hopkins to E Merrifield	E corner Folsom and 11th, se 152, ne etc	10
Jas P Mckenna to A M Schrekkert	Sw Gordon se Harrison, 50x75	1,500
Same to Henry Bosz	Sw Gordon se Harrison, 25x75	1,500
S W Holladay to A B McCreery	Se Devisadero and McAllister, 412x137:6 snb W A 449; also, s Fulton 175 w of Scott, w 137:6, e 100 n 137 to com	5
E Ross to Leonard M Felker	E Mason s Greenwich, s 17 inches, etc	350
Sav and Loan Soc to A Lemaire	Nw Tehama, sw 5th, 50x75	5,250
E W Burr to Sav & L Society	Same	5,100
Silver Ter H d Ass'n to H Schulte	Lots 150 and 151, Silver Terrace H'd	751
Same to Fred'k Hagemann, Jr	Lots 44, 46, 177, 178, 179	2,064
Same to Fred'k Hagemann	S Lots	3,366
Same to same	Lots 77, 78, 99, 139, 140, 163, 164, 165 to 171 inclusive, 206 to 208 inc, 251, 252, 431, 432, 445, 450 to 454 inclu, Sil Ter H	14,440
Timothy Ellsworth to Isaac P Frink	S Market e Stuart, 137:6	1 00

Wednesday, October 29th.

A B McCreery to George Brown	Undivided ½ n Fulton e Baker, etc	$ 10
Same to same	N Fulton w Broderick, 70x137:6	10
Silver Terrace H Ass,n to C J Flatt	Sundry lots Silver Ter Hd	800
John Grant to H Berglund	Se Perry ne 3d, ne 25x75—sub 100-v 77	1,550
Geo F Sharp to Henry C Downing	50-v 1 blk 364, W A, nw McAllister and Fillmore	1
Jergen Chrisenson to G Pistolesi	N Union e Dupont, 20x77:6	3,000
W Hanscom to Abbie P Hanscom	N O'Farrell w Leavenworth, 137:6x25	Gift.
Nancy M Farwell to F M Farwell	Blk bounded by Larkin, Beach, Hyde and North Point Streets; blk bounded by Larkin, Beach, Hyde and Jefferson also sw Beach and Larkin, s 137:6 x w 68:9, also w Beach & Larkin, 275x68:9	5,000
Wm Hollis to Thos C. Nye	Ne Devisadero and Tyler, 30x100	5,150
Nathaniel Gray to E W Playter	Nw Bush and Octavia, 120x100	1
E W Playter to Wm Hollis	Same, subject to mortgage for $3,000	6,000
Francis D Cleary to Pat Cleary	E Howard, 97:6 s 25th, s 97:6 x e 115	1,800
Pat Cleary to Frances D Cleary	Se Howard and 25th, s 97:6x115	10,000
Chas E Bread to Chas Bread	N Bush w Hyde, w 137:6x137:6	3,000
Jas P Sargent to Jas Buckley	Undivided ½ se cor Polk and Pac, 60x60	800
Jabez P Cleary to same	Undivided ½, same	500
Jas more to same	E Polk, 60 s Pacific, s 30 x e 90	225
Frank Williams to same	E Dolores, 122 n John, s 122x117:6	1,000
Odd Fel Cem Ass'n to J D Neppert	Lot 1, Hope Sec plat 2	108

Thursday, October 30th.

Hib Sav and Loan Soc to W Meyer	Ne 11th, 100 se Howard, 23:4x70	$1,375
A J Bowie to same	Same	1,375
Thos Martin to Michael Gannon	Re-recored	....
Silver Ter Hd Assn to C Stedman	Five lots in Silver Ter Hd	150
E B Ragsdale to B J Shay	E Howard n 13th, n 75, e 134:8, s 69, etc	8,000
Jacob Holmes to Thos McInerney	Five lots in Gift Map 4	400
John O'Brien to J T'Brien	Nw Mission sw 1st, 58x24: also und one half s Clementina s 4th, s 80, nw 80	6,000
H T Saunders to J D Saunders	Ne Sutter and Dupont, n 60x57:6	30,000
John H Saunders to Same	Same	5,000
B J Shay to John Chaffey	Se Howard ne 13th, being sub M B 16	3,000
Isaac Lipman to Jas Thom	Lot 18 blk 123, Central Park Hd	750
Geary St Ex Hd Ass'n A Forsyth	Lot 41 blk 261	350
J P Canlin to A Borland	50-v lot 2, W A blk 134	13,000
Jas H Hesse to Albert Venino	Potrero Nueva blk 146	7,000
A Barney to Charles S Barney	Lot 77, Precita Valley Land	2,500
S Weintraub to Mis St Ex H Ass'n	Lots 191 to 198; 367 to 434 Mis St Ex H'd	5
Robt Lehman to Jos Gutberlet	Sw cor Washington and Codman Place, w 20 x s 57:6, being subdiv 50:v 157	3,600
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to J Howes	Lots 49 and 50, Harrison St H'd	1,600
S Gilmore to James McKeown	Ne 29th Ave 200 nw J st, nw 25 x ne 100	
Pac Mail S Ship Co to D O Mills	N Sacramento, 143:4 e Montgomery, e 40 x n 60 subdiv B and W 188	360 17,500
B G Lathrop to M P Jones	Sw 19th and Harrison, w 245 x s 520, being subdiv M B 52	18,000
City & Co S F to W P Daingerfield	N Fulton, 137:6 w Broderick, w 68:9 x n 137.6, being subdiv W A 529	Prem
Andrew B McCreery to same	Same	10
Henry M Bosworth to J Bobier	N 27th, 80 w Sanchez, w 30 x n 114	400
Wm Matthews to Eugene Avy	N Lombard, at se corner 50-v 527, n 157: 6 w 34:3, being subdiv 50-v 527, 536	3,000

Friday, October 31st.

Thos McInerney to Cath Miller	E Old San Jose Road, sub lot 393, P Val	$ 510
Sil Ter H'd Ass'n to Cath Strubel	Lots 462 and 463, Silver Ter Hd	891
Chas Mayne to Gustav A Scott	S Grove w Laguna, 25x120	2,000
L Lercari to Guiseppe Spinetta	Und ½ n Francisco e Powell, 22:11x137:6	852
A S Hallidie to G Mitchler	N Sacramento w Jones, 12x68:9	270
J Schwendell to Mary A Chaloner	E Kearny s Union, 12:2x60	1,000
Ferdinand Reis to Geo Dougherty	Ne Missouri and Napa, 100x100	10
Paul Rousset to W D Heath	E 13th s C st, 133:4x240, O L Blk 392	200
Henry White to Louisa R White	S Eddy e Devisadero, 77:6x137:6	Gift
Bd Tide Ld Com'rs to R K Rogers	Sundry lots Salt Marsh and Tide Lands	8,000
John Connolly to Jas McGillin	Se Howard sw 8th, 25x85	2,500
W C Burnett to J T Callender	N O'Farrell e Devisadero, 27x137:6	1
Edward B Perrin to John Center	E Harrison n 21st, n 26x100	1,000
Lamson S Welton to Chas Main	Ne Sacramento and Buchanan, 275x412:6	3,000
A Carman to Chas F Meyer	Se Clary ne 16:10x75	2,325
John Hill to Wm R Sloan	Lot 6, Central Pac H'd Ass'n	350
Ira M Wentworth to R H Yates	Turk e Deviso, 27:6x137:6	4,000
C S Capp to Diederich W Tietyen	Union e Stockton, 35:9x88:9; also, all int in remaining por of said 50-vara	2,250

Saturday, November 1st.

S F Savings Union to Chas Rock	N Greenwich, 257:9 e Dupont, 17:2x70	$1,950
Carsten Hellebrandt to H Goetze	Ne Montgomery and Union, 87:6x23	5,625
Geo Brown to August Drucker	N Fulton w Broderick, 40x137:6	550
Nenian F Foster to G R Starr	N Geary w Octavia, 51:8x120	2,700
Michael Gannon to Rodger Shields	W Rich s Folsom, 25x75	2,900
Lewis P Sage to Wm E Neumeyer	Nw Green and Baker, sub blk 572, Cen P'k Homestead	1,000
Chas J Jansen to E W McGraw	N 21st e Guerrero, 50x115	5
Samuel McHenry to same	Same	6,000
J W Harrison to Alex R Baldwin	Sundry lots in Western Addition	20
Wm Hollis to M A Anderson	E Guerrero n Ridley, 25x80	3,600
Amelia A Brown to B B Newman	S Clark w Drum, w 37:6x60; also, w ot Hubbard, 112:6 s Howard, w 112:6x82:6	5,000
Garden T'ct H Ass'n to W Johnson	Lots 9 and 10, blk 1, Garden Tract H'd	700
John G Beck to G W Chapman	Lot 29, Mission H'd	1,800
Marcus Abrams to J Atkinson	Market sw 6th, 25x90	13,000
David O'Brien to Pat'k Moran	Sanchez n Henry, 25x105	400
University Ex H Ass'n to G Gaythen	Lot 5 blk 171, University Ex H'd	400
F Barquin to Marcus Abrams	Market sw 6th, 25x90	12,800
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to S & L Socy	Lot 65, Harrison St H'd	800
City and County S F to L Smith	Solano w Tennessee, 50x200	prem
M W Welton to David Conkling	Laguna n Post, 25x102:11	200

Monday, November 3d.

Butler B Minor to Louis T Haggin	E Taylor, 70:0¼ n Washington, n 63:4½ x137:6	$ 1
Patrick Cleary to Daniel Keefe	Lots 21 and 22, blk 13, Junction Hd	300
M M Estee to John P Jones	Ne cor Pierce and Union, s 148 x w 286—subdivision 419, W A	25,000
Same to Same	Sw cor Pierce and Union, w 286 x 48—sub 414, W A, subj to mort for $12,000	1
Leopold Loupe to John Parrot	Ne Sacto and Front, e 60 x n 60	36,000
Silver Ter Hd Assn to P Mahler	Lots 345 and 346, Silver Terrace Hd	761
W H L Barnes to Michael Fagan	Nw Natoma 175 ne 6th, ne 25 x 80—sub 100 v 220	5
Michael Fagan to Robert Smith	Same	4,000
Charles Kane to William Keegan	Se Minna, 250 sw 4th, sw 25 x 75—sub 100 v 132	4,250
Charles H Killey to C Robinson	E Octavia, 125 n Broadway, n 27:6 x 137:6	4,000
Jas Ambrose to Thos O'Connor	S Sacramento, 79:6 e Powell, e 23 x 68:9—subdivision 50 v 123	3,700
Jas H Gardner to Charles Goodall	Se Pierce and McAllister, s 137:6 x 137:6 sub W A 389	9,000
Park Lannan to Henry Proll	Larkin and Clay, 100x27:9	2,400
Geo W Frink to Geo Hearst	Por blk 851, Outside Lands	1
Silver Ter Hd Assn to P Hellrick	Lots 469 and 470, Silver Terrace H'd	951
Wm Tynan to Wm J Harney	Gough w Oak, 25x75	2,200
Wm J Harney to Margaret Harney	Same	Gift
Samuel M Wilson to C T Ryland	Blks 166, 167 and 168, Potrero Nuevo	5
Same to Bartlett Doe	Blk 168, Potrero Nuevo	2,500
D O Mills to Same	Same	468
Saml M Wilson to Same	Blocks 166, 167, 168	5

Tuesday, November 4th.

Hillside Hd Assn to T O Lewis	Lot 103, Hillside Hd	$ 500
Frank Livingston to L Stanford	Nw King, 114:7 from w l 4th, sw 22:11 x 60—subdivision blk 15 S B	875
L Seligman to Cont and Fin'e Co	N King, 343:9 sw 4th, sw 91:8 x 120—sub S B and W, Lot 15	5,400
Wm K Van Alen to C H Crowell	S Clay, 138:11 e Channel Ave, e 62x127:8¼	1
Wm B Frisbie to M H Garland	S 25th, 50:11 e Noe, e 50:11 x 114	800
John Berghauser to M Berghauser	Und ½, sw Pac and Kearny, s 137:6 68:9; nw Green and Dupont, w 29:4½ x57:6	5
Same to Same	N Bdway, 115:6 e Taylor, n 62:6 x e 22	5
Henry A Gullixson to T B Kent	Se Jessie, 137:6 ne Annie, ne 20x68—sub 100 v 9	7,250
I W Knowles to George Brown	Ne Tyler and Broderick, e 137:6 x 137:6—50 v 3, blk 510 W A	700
James Aston to James Otis	Nw Minna, 97:6 ne Jane, ne 40 x 80	5,500
Benjamin Hill to Lena A Hill	250 s Napa, 60 e Illinois, e 62:10 x 50, e Illinois, 185 n Sierra, n 15, e 95, s 15, W 87:6 to com	1,000
Pacific M Church to Chas Vinzent	Se Minna, 343:9 sw 4th, sw 45 x 80—sub 100 v 133	8,500
Gustave Touchard to Jas Diamond	Se Clary, 425 sw 4th, sw 25 x 75—sub 100 v 177	5
Jas Diamond to Patrick Murtha	Same	2,750

Wednesday, November 5th.

Thos Douglass to E A Bancroft	N Harlan Pl, 206:3 w Dupont, w 22:11 x 63—sub 50 v 204	$1,800
John Wieland to William Campe	S Jackson, 30 e Dupont, e 40 x 48	15,200
City & Co of San Fco to A Forbes	Sundry Out-side Lands	....
Wm C Ralston to Richard Cotter	S 8th Ave, 150 w C, w 25 x 100—sub blk 156, S S F Hd and R R Assn	500
Marie L Gaut to Gustave Dussol	Und ½, se Hayes and Buchanan, s 50 varas x e 50 varas—sub W A 221	5,000
Samuel H Harmon to O G Palmer	Nw l 100 v lo: 66, 40 sw fr ne cor of said lot, thence se 137:6 x sw 42:6	5
Chas C Butler to Wm K Van Alen	S Clay, 225:11 e Central Ave, e 25x127:8¼—sub W A 623	500
Same to Charles H Crowell	S Clay, 200:11 e Central Ave, e 25x127:8¼—sub W A 623	525
Frank H Woods to Geo L Bradley	Se O'Farrell and Scott, e 137:6 x 137:6—subdivision W A 430	5,000
Richard Tobin to John Tobin	Sundry Lots W A	Gift.
Water Front L Co to John Krusel	S 5th Ave, 50 e J, e 25x100—sub blk, S S F Survey	750
A L Warner to Charles Holland	Lot 5, blk 235, S S F Hd and R R Assn.	1,500

Thursday, November 6th.

H L Hutchineon to Daniel Bayley.	Se Louisa, 77:6 ne 4th, ne 20 x 69—sub 100 v 45	$3,000
Samuel Hancock to F A Langley..	Nw 20th and Sanchez, w 105 x 57	700
Elizabeth Shaw to Conrad Shar ...	N Green, 68:9 e Taylor, e 20 x 75—sub 50 v 665	5
James L King to Chas McLaughlin	Und ¼, sw Hayes and Larkin, s to Market, sw to Fell, w to Polk, n to Hayes, e to Larken, thence to com; also, all w Guerrero, 141:9 s Market, n 141:9, sw 149:10½, thence to com	10,000
Mendel Yaretsky to Marcus B Levy	Und ½, n Geary, 92:6 w Dupont, w 22:6 x 60	500
John McCombe to B J Shay	E Mission, 150 s 17th, s 20 x 122:6	500
Wm J Gunn to Edwd A Wheeler .	Lots 22, 23, blk 96, Horners Addition	300
Folsom & H P U to W Bistrup	Lot 5, Howard and Folsom St Prop U	1,000
Bernardo Perata to G Delfino	N Vallejo, 175 e Kearny, e 20 x 137:6—50 v 217	3,000
Geo H Howard to Jas L Riddle....	E Montgomery, 30 n Commercial, e 50 x n 59:9	5
Martin Mangels to T M Fitzgerald	Sw Grove and Gough, w 83:6 x 40—sub W A 149	3,400
Emma J Johnson to R L Ogden...	W cor 4th and Bryant, nw 275 x 275—100 v 172	75,000
Leon Dingeon to L A Pavillier....	Lots 359, 360, Silver Terrace Hd	500
Wm J Gunn to James S Handlen..	S O'Farrel, 137:6 w Octavia, w 50 x 120—sub W A 203	500
E S Swan to Horace D Gates.....	E Wisconsin, 383 n Sierra, n 50 x 100—P N 212	720
M Berghauser to John Berghauser.	Ne Taylor and Broadway, n 62:6 x 93:6.	5
Geary St Ex Hd Assn to C Tracy..	Lot 6, blk 167, Geary St Ex Hd	350
J W Roberts to A A Louderback ..	E Utah, 300 n Yolo, n 100 x 25—sub P N 86	2,500

Friday, November 7th.

Thos Kelley to Walter H Cook	E Steiner, 72 n Geary, n 50 x 94:6; also, w Avery, 100 s Post—sub W A 358	$1,700
P Dempsey to James Gillespie	Sw Shotwell and 17th, w 25 x 100	1,400
Auguste Drayeur to D Kohler	W William, 112:6 n O'Farrell, n 25 x 56—50 v 1042	2,100
Silver Ter Hd Assn to T Kinstry ..	Lots 418 and 419, Silver Terrace Hd	711
A Forbes to City & Co of San Fco.	Street and highways	....
F S Lawrence to Jas Flood	Se Verona, 163:8 ne 3d, se 70 x 22:8	2,100
B McDougall to O J Preston.....	N Turk, 51:9 e Webster, n 120 x 51:6—subdivision W A 280	7,369
Bd T L Com to J P Van den Bergh	Whole of blk 724, Tide Lands	189
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 8, 21 to 24, blk 799, Tide Lands	126
Same to Same	Lots 7 to 11, 14, 15, 16, blk 35, Tide Lands	249
Same to Same	1 to 5, 7, 24, 11, 18, 19, 20, blk 800, Tide Lands	126
John Reynolds to H H Reynolds..	Nw Green and Laguna, n 100 x 125	4,000
Alfred Wright to Jonn F Morse ...	Lots 17, 18. 21, blk 11, Univ M Survey..	500
S A Woodbury to Q L Adams	5 acres, Woodbury Tract	1,000
Edward Martin to Chas Le B Jones	N Hayes, 106.2 w Laguna, w 25 x 120—sub W A 222	1,700
Claus Brommer to D Brommer....	Lots 77, 78, 99, 139, 140 163 to 171, 206 to 218, 251, 252, 431, 432, 445, 450 to 454, Silver Terrace Hd	3,560

Saturday, November 8th.

Saml Hancock to Nathan Atkinson	Se Howard, 345:6 ne 3d, ne 42 x 80—sub 100 v 50, subject to mortgage	15,000
Gottleab Zeh to John G Koch.....	N Page, 110 w Franklin, w 27:6 x 120—subdivision W A 142	4,225
T B Valentine to William Hollis...	Ne Steiner and Clay, N 127:8¼, e 275, s 25, e 137:6, s 102 8¼, w 412:6 to com—sub W A 351	1
I C Wade to Same	Same	15,000
Maria B Gimmy to L Quint	Se Bay and Polk, e 137:6 x 137:6—50 v 4, blk 30, W A	100
Real Estate Associates to W Hollis	Sundry Lots in W A	5
Wm Hollis to Adolphe Hartmann .	E Steiner, 59:10½ s Clay, s 30 x 118:9—subdivision W A 352	4,000
Nucleus Hd Assn to F W Myrick .	Lots 33 and 34, blk 38, Nucleus Hd	800
F W Myrick to F A Saillet.....	Same	780
Francis Ross to John Parnell.....	Lots 1 to 13 inc, Gift Map 2	1,860
Harris Myers to L R White...	Undiv half 13 acres near Lone M Cem..	1,500

Monday, November 10th.

J B Dillon to Catherine Dillon	N [illegible] e Laguna, e 27.6x120—sub W A 209	...
A C Evers to Jesse Franklin.....	[illegible]	...
Anna M Evers to Same	[illegible]	$3,333
T W McCue to T W McCue	[illegible]	666
Mary A Christmas to Daniel Smith..	E [illegible]	1,200
Alice M Swain to Chas S Ives.....	S Francisco [illegible]	2,000
Mrs E A St. E H to B Rodman....	[illegible]	912
Same to Same	[illegible]	1,000
T McConahy to H A Gallixson....	E Lo[illegible]	1,000
C F McDermot to J J Meaburn....	W Jo[illegible]	1,000
D Quintaros to Adison Champion.	S Bd[illegible]	2,000
Water Front L Co to R Sullivan...	S 5th A[illegible]	1,500
J F Tupper to Harry W Taylor	[illegible] to center of stone wall, n to land owned by Connelly e Michigan s 75	1
P I Sheridan to Anne Sheridan	S Lib[illegible]	1
[illegible]	[illegible]	5
Silver Terrace H Ass'n to J Love..	Lot 3 [illegible]	901
Same to Same	[illegible]	926
E S Josselyn to Sophia Beardsley...	S Geo[illegible]	3,500

Tuesday, November 11th.

John Landers to Ansley G Davis..	S Bush, 137:5 w Leavenworth, w 27:6 x [illegible]	...
H S Dorland to John Barry.....	S Church Lane, 127:6 e Church, e 25, s 137 m or l, w 25, n 137:6 m or l to com	4,000
Jane V Phillips to Wm Vincent ..	[illegible]	450
J L Moody to Peter R Schmidt....	[illegible] —sub W A 87	900
Francis Harasthy to W Hogan...	[illegible]	500
John Evans to C H Parker	N Jackson, 137:6 w Dupont, w 34:3 x [illegible]	2,250
Pt Lobos A H'd Ass'n to C Kennedy	[illegible]	300
Maurice Dore to Mich'l Mussio....	[illegible] 1527	1
Wm [illegible] to Same	[illegible]	600
J W Reay to Same.....	[illegible]	200
City and Co S F to G H Parker....	W [illegible] B 137	...
G H Parker to Wm E Stevens	[illegible]	2,250
Patrick J White to Marie I Carto .	Sunday Lots W A [illegible]	1
Edwd Martin to Patk J Gallaher ..	Ne [illegible] sub W A 222	2,000
James O'Connor to Nels Gustafson.	W [illegible]	3,100
R Smith to James H Gardiner	[illegible]	1
[illegible]	[illegible]	4,000
Maria R De Wolf to Daniel Lydon	[illegible] sub blk 16, University Hd Extension	350
F L A Pacche to J B P Dupuytren	[illegible] Berlin Realty [illegible]	3,940

Wednesday, November 12th.

John Garretson to T M J Dehon...	[illegible] Lander Co, Nev	$ 500
[illegible]	[illegible]	5
D F McDonald to Isabella French.	1 acre McDonald Tract.....	1,000
J S [illegible] to Wm R Swain	[illegible]	400
Geo Turner to F G Edwards.....	[illegible] 50 x 708	200
S and L Sachs to L G de Ambrosi..	[illegible]	3,000
Wm [illegible] to John McCutcheon	[illegible] M B 22	3,750
J McClintock to Sarah McClintock	Same	Gift
Wm [illegible] to M S Wedding	[illegible] A 352	5,250
J M Lord to Wm Holmes	W [illegible] 50 x w 80—sub W A 313	1,300

Thursday, November 13th.

T D Mathewson to Jos Emeric	Und ½, s Ridley, 280 w Guerrero, s 280, w 280, n 140, ne 317 e to com.....	$5,500
Martin Weaver to N Landry.....	Lot 3, blk R, R R Hd No 2	65
G R Starr to Aaron M Tullis	N Geary, 102:11 w Octavia, w 25:10 x 120—sub W A 201.....	1,500
A Wilkie to Frank Koenig	Nw Natoma, 225 sw 5th, sw 40x80—sub 100 v 196.....	8,750
Marg't Murphy to Mary Murphy...	Lot 2, blk 1, Garden Tract Hd.....	Gift
E F Stone to W C Ralston	S Bush, 137:6 w Leavth, w 137:6x137:6 50 v 1229.....	1
John Landers to F B Reynolds....	S Bush, 225 e Hyde, e 27:6x137:6—sub 50 v 1229.....	13,500
Dorothea Frisch to F S Redfield...	W Taylor, 82:9 s Filbert, s 46x77:6—sub 50 v 3436.....	6,000
Wm J Richardson to Jas Dowling.	W Webster, 37:6 s Ellis, s 25x87:6—sub W A 306.....	2,000
Geo D Roberts to John Hamill	S Dorland, 325 e Dolores, e 50x115—sub M B 79.....	3,000
Silver Terrace H As'n to M L Gally	Lots 204 and 205, Silver Terrace Hd....	731

Friday, November 14th.

Mendel Yaretski to B J Shay	N Geary, 92:6 w Dupont, w 22:6x60	$ 50
M Wurkheim to M Yaretski.....	Same.....	4,000
C Spreckels to John W Pearson...	S Dorland, 325 e Dolores, e 50 x s 15—sub M B 79	2
John W Pearson to G D Roberts..	S Dorland, 325 e Dolores, e 50 x s 115—sub M B 79.....	10
J F Dorland to Same.....	S Dorland, 325 e Dolores, e 50x15	1
H E Greene to John W Henerie...	Und ², s Irwin, 412:6 sw Harris, thence along s l of Irwin to Center, thence e to Price, se to Hubbell, ne to a pt 300 sw Harris and Hubbell, thence nw 120, sw 112:6, nw 120 to com.....	15,000
C Hartson to G L Lansing	Ne Fillmore and Bdway, e 68:9, n 137:6, w 54, s 133, s 5:6 to com—sub W A 520	2,500
G L Lansing to M R Lansing.....	Same.....	2,500
W Hastings to Wm E Darby	Sw Priest and Washn, w 21:3x57:6	109
Peter Conniff to Nicholas Conniff..	S Welsh, 150 e 4th, e 40x80—sub 100 v 169.....	6,000
City and County S F to C L Place..	S Tyler, 137:6 w Broderick, w 137:6 x 137:9—sub W A 530.....	....
J O'Regan to A J Gosch	San Leandro: 9¾ acres.....	3,667
A J Gladding to Trust's O B of Sav	Oakland: Block L, Peralta H'd Tract...	1
R Perrin to C H Pollard.....	Washington T'p: The A B Forbes place	4,125

Saturday, November 15th.

J H Turney to L M Graham	Nw Clay and Walnut, n 127:8¼x137:6—W A 814	$2,500
Sidney L Johnson to L Quint.....	Se Bay and Polk e 137:6x137:6—sub W A 30.....	5
L Quint to Francis S Spring.....	Same.....	500
E E Koch to George Brown	Se Masonic Ave and McAllister, e 237:6 x137:6—sub W A 650.....	4,000
E N Riotte to Louis Lekens.....	Lot 4, West End Hd.....	500
R H McDonald to S M Hodgdon...	Se Howard, 303 sw 7th, sw 28x100—sub 100 v 268.....	5,090
Thos McInerney to J W Hansell...	Lots 2144, 2153, Gift Map 4	250
Wm J Gunn to Jane Corwell.....	N Navy, 254 e Church, e 26x114—sub H A 60.....	250
G C Johnson to R B Johnson	All int in Estate of Geo C Johnson, decd	1
O F Cem'ty As'n to J Catania	Lot 6, Hope Sect plat 2.....	54
A H Cushing to M E Cushing	Und ½ lot 5, blk 14, Market St H'd.....	Gift
P Spreckles to M E R Dempster...	12th w Howard, s 35:3, n 36:9, etc	....
C J Dempster to Peter Spreckles ..	12th w Howard, s 25:3, s 65:11½, etc	....
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to S Levy....	Lot 59, Harrison St H'd	800
Silver Terrace H'd As'n to same ..	Lots 258 and 259, Silver Terrace H'd....	991
Lewis Goodwin to S and L Soc'y..	23d e Guerrero, 228x50; also, 24th and Guerrero, n 232, e 218:3, etc; also, Elizabeth e Guerrero, 94:6x64:8; also, 23d e Guerrero, s 114, etc; also, Elizabeth e Guerrero, 114x50.....	1
Margaret Felburn to Nora Carl	Lot 240, Gift Map No 1	100
Mark Pixley to Albert Folsom.....	Lot 12 blk 403, S S F H'd.....	700
David Wight to Henry Winkelman	Perry sw 3d, 25x80.....	3,000
Titus Deussing to E A Richardson.	18th e Noe, 25x114	1
University Hd Assn to N Smith....	Lot 3 blk 113, Univ'ty H'd	315
Flora Campion to Fred'k Hellwig .	Se Morton Pl and Dupont, e 60x20	9,500

Monday, November 17th.

T P Riordan to Thos McC Harvey	W Vermont n Nevada, 33:4x100	$1,175
S I C Swezey to J B Fe ton, Exers	S Fell w Laguna, 82:6x120	1
Harrison St Hd Assn to Geo Miller	Lots 30 and 31, blk 142, Harrison St Hd.	1,600
A W Macpherson to Donald Fraser	Se Bush and Hyde, 87:6x87:6	1
David E Buell to Nina L Buel	Undiv ½ se Harrison, 50 sw Rincon Pl, sw 75, se 150, ne 52, nw 7, ne 73, nw 10, sw 50, nw 133 to com—sub 200-v 74	Gift
Wm J Richardson to John A Russ	S Turk w Deviso, 75x137:6	9,000
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to F Roland.	Lots 122 and 123, Silver Terrace Hd	631
Levi C Lane to Augustus Starr	S Washington e Webster, 127:6x50	2,500
A Mecartney to Richard S Floyd	Ne 1st se Harrison, 34:1x137:6	6,500
T P Riordan to Dennis O'Leary	Se Natoma, 250 ne 11th, 25x75	1,450
David Porter to Julia Grady	S Clay e Kearny, 24x61:3	1

Tuesday, November 18th.

J C Hutchinson to J Daly et al	Nw Solano and Columbia, 25x100	$1,329
J H Blood to Julia H Van Reed	W corner of 5th and Howard, nw 30x75; also nw Howard, 75 sw 5th, sw 25x80.	1
Board Tide Ld Comrs to C Driscoll	Blk 847 Tide Lands	630
Same to same	Blk 844, Tide Lands	504
Peter Sander to John Miller	Sw 4th, 80 se Mission, 25x75, being sub 100-va 132, subject to a mortgage for $8,500	12,500
John S Manson to Henry Kohler	E Kearny, 91:8 from Union, 22:11x103:1	2,000
L E Welton to John Apel	Nw Pine and Webster, 27x87:6	1
Antoine Borel to same	Same	1,650
John Apel to Job D Willson	Same	1,300
Paul Tract Hd Assn to W J Gray	Lots 2 and 3, block 24, Paul Tract Hd	1,000
A J Moon to Wm A Frederick	Sw cor Market and Pearl, sw 52, se 60, n 70, being subdiv M B 22	3,300
S G Pierce to Francis E Pierce	Commencing at a ponton the range line 5 and 6 w, distant 15 ch n of s line Dan Ryan Preemption claim, and 21 chs s tp line r 1 and 2 etc, contain'g 5 acres	3,500
F N Jones to R W Putnam	Lots 24 and 25 blk 380, Haley Tract	300
Mission St Ex H Asn to J Baynard	Lots 426 and 427, Mission St Ex Hd	805
G H Livingston to J M Livingston	Deed confirming acts of Jas M Livingston, done under power of attorney dated April 14th, 1849	....
Samuel Gilmore to John Drusedom	W Mason n Union, sub 50-v 404 and 433	4,70[illegible]
Patrick McDonnell to Sav & L Soc	Se Tehama ne 9th, ne 20x80	29[illegible]

Wednesday, November 19th.

University Hd Assn to W Fogarty	Lot 4 blk 110, University Homestead	$ 315
T Wade to Op House & Art U Assn	Nw Mission 115 sw 3d, 55x275	30,000
John G North to Wm B Swain	50-v lots 4 and 5, blk 348, W A	1,556
John Crowley to Ann Crowley	N Minna ne 7th, 22:6x75	2,003
Chas Homer to Chas H Parker	Nw Taylor and Broadway, 137:6x137:6	5,000
Hannah Rick to R H Lloyd	Subdivison 100-v 216	10
Harret Ann Smith to Geo L Smith	N Clay 25 e Pike, 20x70—subdiv 5 -v 57 subject to deed of trust for $3,300	6,000
Eunice S Sleeper to J G Goldsmith	Ne 1st 25 se Boston Place, etc	1
Louis Backer to Chas Semler	Lot 112 blk 571, Central Pk Hd	285
A Everett to Thos Sanchez	N 16th w Guerrero, n 113, w 58, s 112 etc	3,600
Maurice Dore to A E Ball	Same	3,600
Mian St Ex H Assn to S Weintraub	Lots 422 and 423, Mission St Ex Hd	805
Jas O'Brien to Thos Donnelly	E York n 24th, 52x100	850

Thursday, November 20th.

Elizabeth Wright to L C Ranck	Lots 24 and 25, blk 52, City Land Ass'n; also, lot 23, Mission St R R H'd	$ 155
Robt McElroy to Leon Levy	W cor Harrison and 3d, nw 25x80	16,000
A C Heineken to Jacob Schleicher	N Geary e Larkin, e 45:6x137:6	7,500
Sav & Loan Soc to John C Ross	S Tehama, 345 ne 9th, ne 20x80	1,900
Silver Ter Hd Assn to Wm Wiegr	Lots 129, 130 and 131, Silver Terrace Hd	947
Jno L Love to L Gottig	W Deviso s Waller, etc—sub W A 520	3,735
Same to same	N Haight w Steiner, etc	6,579
Same to same	50-v 5 blk 441, W A	3,732
Walter H Cook to Jas Collins	E Steiner n Geary, 25x94:6	650
Same to Jas F Fitzpatrick	E Steiner n Geary, 25x94:6	650
P B Cornwall to Edward L Fell	City Slip lots 9 and 10 in blk bounded by Clay, Commercial, Drumm and Dav	500
Edwd L Fell to Daniel S Roberts	Same	500
City and Co S F to Robt H Pearson	N Central Wharf, 100 e Davis, e 25x119:6 being City Slip lots 9 and 10	16,400
C F Wehn to C Strehl	N Post w Hyde, w 34:4x137:6	7,550
Henry Toomy to Amos Mecartney	E Taylor s Bush, 37:6x62:6	6,700

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
E M Minturn et al to J M Gray	Same: 100x217:8 se cor Oak and Central	1,550
C L Des Rochers to Stuart & Tait	Oakland T'p: Part plot 13	1
J Swett to G Tait	Same: 200x100, part plot 13	500
W Watts to Northern R R Co	Same: Strip 100 feet wide, cont'g 5 acres	....
E H Pardee to Same	Same: Same, containing ½ acre	....
J S Emery to Same	Same: Same, containing 4 acres	....
E Weard to Same	Same: Same, containing 4 acres	....
Durant & Buchanan to W B Rising	Same: 137x200, adjoining Univ'ty site	1,500
Watson & Carpentier to H P Irving	Same: Interest in por plots 88 and 89	5
G O Davis to E J Malera	Same: Lot 8 in blk 4, S U H'd Tract	500
T S U Hd Assn to G Tait	Same: Lot 1 in blk 4, same	625
S U Hd Assn to R Clark	Same: Lot 8 in blk 1, same	730
P Dunnigan to A Curtis	Same: Part plot 43	5
M L Irving to J F Finn	Near Temascal Ck and Tel Av: 135x100	....
Alden & Whitcher to P McGraw	Same: Lot 7 in blk 211, Alden Tract	400
Ed Field to M Silvia	Near Mission San Jose: 21 acres	1,918
Same to T S Seal	Same: 65 acres	5,821
Same to E Niehans	Same: 78 acres	7,360
Same to M Lyons	Same: 34 acres	3,100
Musser & M'Clure to Brisco & Kane	2 miles ne from same: 8 acres	1
A Kane to B Brisco	Same: ¼ int 8 acres and 191 acres	2,700
J S Moore to A Wetherbee	Near Pleasanton: A Tract	600
M Griffin to E T Murnane	San Leandro: 2 acres	700
J B Robertson to Cal L M & A Co.	Bordering S F Bay, Alvarado to Alviso: 20,026 acres Marsh	240000
A Baker to G W Patterson	Road Alvarado to M San Jose: 109 acres	13,355
R Campbell to Schable & Schwerin	Livermore: Lots 5 and 8 in blk 14	500
W Meek to C P R R Co	San Lorenzo: 5 acres	1
W S Warsham to T J Twohig	Washington T'p: 138 acres	4,825
J B Felton to A D Splinals	Near San Leandro Old Road and Fruit Vale Av: 20 acres	1
J H Saunders to Hatch & Brangon	An int in Sobrante of various ranchos	5
N L Hastings to E S Hastings	Alvarado: Lots 9 and 10 in blk 36, U City	Gift
D McDougal to D Coats	Oakland: N line 27th 165 w from Grove, thence w 50x100	500
E Rohte to J Kelly	Same: N 8th st 75 e from Brush, thence e 50x100	1,900
J E Marchand to L Dinsmore	Same: S line Middle 130 e from Peralta, thence e 50x145	1,000
T H Selby to H T Clayton	Same: N line 15th st 158 e from Brush, thence e 106x163:9	2,500
S C Field to C J Frank	Same: W line Webster 50 n from 9th st, thence n 25x75	1,800
F Warner to R M Johns	Same: W line Filbert 250 n from 28th st, thence n 50x125	650
Same to R Kirkwood	Same: W line Filbert 150 s from 30th st, thence s 50x125	700
E P Flint to L M Clement	Same: S line 12th st 100 e from Linden, thence e 75x114	6,500
R G Brown to G & B Sew'g M Co	Same: Lot 56, Buena Vista H'd	800
J V Webster to A Foule	East Oakland: Ne line Adams 50 se from Larue, thence se 25x140	750
L Barbolla to S A Webster	Same: Lots 3, 9 to 15 in block 18, San Antonio	200
H E Winslow to C Winslow	West Oakland: P't blk 525, Casserly T't	5
C Winslow to H E Winslow	Same: Part same	5
H E Winslow to I Cullen	Same: S line 8th 94:5 w from Willow, thence w 94x56 to Goss	1,000
J Potter to J F Seaman	Same: S line William 130:7 e from Wood, thence e 50x100:7	170
C A Eason to J R Spring	Alameda: 460 Railroad Ave near Mastick Station	1
H Bailey to L B Huff	4 miles n from Livermore: 829 acres	28,000
O D Sherman to E Prowse	Near Haywood: 265 acres	16,000
A Menges to H Meininger	Near Mt Eden: 112x140	125
J S Marston to J P Vargros	Centreville: 10 acres	1,500
A Johnson to A Brannan	San Leandro: 75 Callan Av x 150	1,000
F S Spring to L McKinney	Decoto: Lots 32 and 5 in blk D	1
W Osburn to D McCann	Pleasanton: Lot 16 in blk A	3,000
P Vallejo to S M Wilson	At Vallejo Mills: Tract on Alameda C'k	500
S E Alden to M S Stow	Oakland T'p: Lot 63, Temescal Park	500
E Alden to S E Alden	Same: Lots 116 and 117, same	1
S E Alden to E Alden	Same: Lots 11 to 15, same	1
S U H'd Ass'n to E J Turkington	Same: Lot 9 in blk 3, S U H'd Tract	700
J R Brown to N F Craven	Same: 1 acre, part plot 73	Gift

J E Whitcher to B J Lehmann	Oakland: 26th near Grove 50x10	$ 118
Thos Johnson to Eliz McComb....	Same: S line Seward 100 e from Wood, thence s 33 4x117 6	5
Jacob Hardy to J M Haven.....	Same: W line Henry 175 n fr 3d, thence n 50x125	500
The Central Land Co to E Higham.	Same: Lots 16 & 17 in blk C of Brown Tract	14,000
Richard Rising to P S Wilcox.....	Same: 75x125 se corner Bush and 13th..	7,035
Arthur Edgar to James Edgar.....	Same: [illegible] fr Telegraph Av, thence w 50x129 4...	5
Edward McLean to J Nelson.....	Same: W line Charter 113 s fr West 5th, thence s 31 3x125	550
J B Bigelow to John Thompson...	Same: E line Franklin 902 2 n fr 14th, thence n 58x150	3,880
Same to John F Lewis.....	Same: E line Franklin 960 2 n fr 14th, thence n 42x150	3,610
Ex of E Tompkins to C H Rice	Same: W line Webster 181 10 s fr Durant, thence s 50x150	2,250
C Taylor to J E Whitcher.....	Same: 26th near Grove 50x10.....	1
E A Cutting to H H Wood	Same: Lot 38 in blk 3 Oakland Hd Assn	400
Hannah Antone to John Williams.	East Oakland: S corner Webster and Walker 150x150	1,500
S U Hd Assn to A M Hering	Oakland T'p: Lot 10 in blk 2 S U Hd Tct	730
Linden Hd Assn to Sarah Clark ...	Same: Lot 25 in Linden Hd Tract	550
James Edgar to Arthur Edgar	Same: Lot 1 in blk 2 and [illegible] in lot 1 in blk 2 adjoining University Site	5
James Davis to Benjamin Kneal...	Same: Lots 13, 14 and 15 in blk A Union Park Tract	850
N B Byrne to J Stratton et al	Same: 15 acres part plot 84.....	5
Univer H Assn No 3 to S Berkeley	Same: Lot 11 in blk 8 U H Tract No. 3 .	500
D L Cooper to S T Perkins.....	West Oakland: N line 8th 98 e fr Wood, thence e 32 90	2,000
C Brommer to D Brommer	Brooklyn T'p: [illegible] int 20 acs on Mr V R.	2,500
A J Gladding to Jane L Case.....	Oakland T'p: 25 ac part plot 56.....	9,124
R Gibbons to Alfred Gibbons	Alameda: Lot 18 in blk 83 near High ...	....
M A & F S Fitch to Patrick Riley .	Same: S line Jefferson Av 70 w fr Bay, thence w 80x150	700
Same to William Desmond	Same: SW cor Jefferson and Bay 70x150	700
Same to J Edwards.....	Same: W line Bay 200 n from Washington Av n 50x150.....	475
D Deal to John Treyloan.....	Same: 127x153 in Hay & Carpenter Tr	5
Richard Benson to Peter Donlon..	Murray T'p: 160 ac 36 m e fr Oakland ..	541
A D Splivalo to Thomas Fenley...	Livermore: 50x100	100
R N Caughell to A K Overacker...	Same: Lots 1 and 2 in block 20	250
W M Mendenhall to P W Overacker	Same: Lots 3 and 4 in block 19	200
J D Patterson to H C Banta.....	Same: 920 acres 7 m ne from Livermore.	4,600
G W Hamilton to W Sinkwitz.....	Same: Lot 1 in block 11.....	150
J Wilkinson to J McDavitt	Same: Lot 5 in block 15	125
Same to A Bardillnio	Same: Lots 7 8 9 and 10 in block 13	400
A M Church to B D Morrell.....	Same: 37 acs road from Dublin to— ..	....
W H Davis to J M Worth.....	Same: Lot 8 in block 13.....	1,030
Edward Denken to John McDonald	Same: 340 acres 3 miles nw from——..	8,000
C Coleman to John Green	Same: 160 acres 8 miles ne from	1,000
J J Riser to M R Gonsalvio.....	Washington T'p: 23 acres	2,500
G Camron et al to G B Bowman...	Pleasanton: Part lot 9 in block J.....	150
Erastus Brown to Hyram Brown ..	Near Haywood: 5 acres	1,000
H Brown to F Behn	Same: 5 acres.....	800
J B Ford to H Mosher	Same: 5 acres.....	625
Same to Christian Sanderson.....	Same: 10 acres.....	1,275
Same to R Mosher	Same: 5 acres.....	625
H Mosher to Same.....	Same: 1 acre	150
A Walker & D G Butler to F C Pipe	Mayhew's Landing: 60 acres near——..	....
L Perham to C Hadsell	Mission San Jose: 36 acs 4 miles n fr——	1,000
W Daniels to S J Brown	Same: 83 acres near——	1,000
D Coleman to E Brown	Town of Midway: Lot 13.....	100
Theodore Le Roy to T O'Neil	San Leandro: Lots E and F in block 20.	600
H K W Clarke to John Mathews..	Same: 235 and 117 acs on San Leandro Creek, n so [illegible] int R T and int of M J and W H Davis on the San Leandro R	11,500
M R Sanborn to L Gregory.....	Centerville: 3 acres	25
J J Gardiner to Rev J Eells	Oakland: 150 Hobart 270 Delger 216 Telegraph Ave	21,000
E J Smith to T S Calvin	Same: W 1 Webster, 4 s fr Merrimac, thence s 50x100.....	5,000
J Scott to E E Fisher.....	Same: 50x125 se cor 30th and Linden...	1,500
W H Smith to S D Ashmore.....	Same: S 1 14th, 88 e from West, thence e 30x100	1,900
J B Felton to J W Brumagim.....	Same: 125x527 bd s by 24th, n by 26th, w by Filbert	5
J R Browne to N F Craven.....	Same: N 1 1st, 75 w fr Madison, thence w 75x100.....	5

L Stevens et al to J Thompson....	Oakland: E Franklin 886:2 n 14th st and thence n 16x150	$ 640
D H Crocker to Priscilla S Crocker	Same: Lots 68 and 69 Buena Vista Hd..	5,000
J T & G D Hall to J Ziegenbein..	Same: N Middle st 320 ft e from Peralta thence e 120x145	3,000
M J Ashmore to E Pattiani.....	Same: S 14th st 88 ft e from West thence e 30x100	2,750
J Caperton to P Cox.....	Same: Sw corner Market and R R Avenue, 25x100	900
J Held to C Searing.....	Same: Se cor Clay and 9th st, 75x75....	3,300
N J Thompson to J J Conley.....	Same: N of 5th st 75 ft e from Castro th e 75x100	3,000
G M Condee et al to A D Smith....	Same: E Myrtle 104 ft n from 8th st th n 50x125	6,500
A A Moore to W W Moore.....	Same: S 20th st 100 ft e from West and thence e 50x100	800
J H Latham to N M Latham.....	Oakland: E Jackson 1270 ft n from 12th st th n 300x150 along Lake Avenue....	Gift
J L Tredd to L G H Bruns.....	Same: E Adeline 484:6 n from 12th st, th n 55x122	1,800
J E Marchand to George D Hall...	Same: S Middle 80 ft e from Peralta th e 50x145	1,100
S H Wade to D S Webster	East Oakland: Ne 17th st 100 nw from 11th and thence nw 50x100	600
M H Guy to Enos Taylor.....	Same: Nw cor Jackson & Clay, 150x150	3,000
A C Nichols to J S Derby.....	Same: 150 on sw line Washington and cor Washington and Friedman; also, 50 x about 120 w corner Washington and Friedman st	7,500
M Noe to J A Rodrigues.....	Same: Sw Adams 50 nw from Antonio thence nw 25x140	600
T J Foster to T Sanjurjo.....	Same: Se Jones 100 ft ne from East 19th st th ne 100x150	....
T Buel to Rosa A Buel.....	East Oakland: Part of block 33 Clinton and lots 1 to 8 in blk "P" Lynn.....	5
Enos Taylor to J F Chapman.....	Same: W cor Jackson and Clay, 75x150.	1,700
M Curtis to M Macgrelyn.....	Oakland Tp: 3 acres part of plot 64	2,500
S Merrill to M A Reilly.....	Same: 194x210, adjoining Univer'ty Site	1,200
E Adams to H K Moore.....	Same: Tract on San Pab Road 4 miles n from Oakland	1,000
A M & G A Peralta to F Peralta...	Brooklyn Tp: 4 acres	1
S Merritt to J Bachman.....	Berkeley: 40x110, Tract adjoining Univ site	400
P G Buchanan to H Durant.....	Same: Tract adjoining same.....	5
M A Cohen to First Presb Church	Alameda: 1 acre nw cor Cen and Versailles Ave (Sisters' Title).....	1
Tide Land Com'rs to Mrs V Taaffe.	Same: 2½ acres marsh on San Leandro Bay	40
W W Chpman to E Mayrisch.....	Same: W 3d Ave 252: n from Central Av thence n 106:3x194:8	600
W E Brown to G F Elliot.....	Alameda: Lots C & D in blk 10 Alameda Park Homestead Tract.....	600
I Yoakum to Wm J Field.....	Fitchburg: 3 acres San Leandro Road	1,600
H Bongers to O O Slayton	Haywood: 63 acres 4 miles se from same	900
C P R R Co to same	Same: 63 acres 5 miles se from same....	157
P & E Canavan to J B Horn.....	Washington Corners: 1 acre	375
T Ellsworth to H L Dearing.....	Decota: Lots 12 13 and 14 in blk B.....	200
C Layn to C Heyer.....	Haywood: 102:2x137.....	250
A H Griffith to M Silva.....	Washington Township: 30 acres Road Alvarado to Centerville.....	4,200
G Carmon et al to M Cochran.....	Pleasanton: Lots 3 and 4 in block D....	300
J H Bernal to T Rafferty.....	Same: 100x112	400
Geo May to I M O Brien.....	Livermore: 160 acres 9 miles ne of same	1,800
W M Mendenhall to J Beazell.....	Same: Lots 4 to 9 in blk 34	300
R Hansen to A J Bryant	Same: 160 acres 3 miles n of Livermore	200
W M Mendenhall to W H Palmer.	Livermore: Lots 11 and 12 in blk 19....	175
R B Campbell to M Burke	Same: Lots 6 and 7 blk 14.....	800
G E Corbitt to J Corbitt.....	Mission San Jose: 123 acres 3 miles s of same	3,000
Est of E Tompkins to J T Walker.	Same: 192 acres	16,600
G W Dam to H C Parker.....	Oakland: E line Telegraph 290 n from Hawthorne thence n 60x450 to Elm st.	5,200
Same to R Dudgeon.....	Same: E line Telegraph 200 n fm Hawthorne thence n 90x250 to Elm.....	8,800
H D McGeorge to M Holland.....	Same: E line Linden 450 n fm 28th st th n 50x125	1,500
L Van Laak et al to L Van Laak..	Same: N line 9th st 75 w from Franklin westerly 100x100	10,000
J S Scott to Same.....	Same	....
Austin & Moore to Atkinson et al.	Same: 5 acres in V Peralta Reservation	5,000

W F Boardman to F A Lewis	Same: 100x150 ne cor west and 19th st; also por 18th bet Brush and Market	....
D McDougall to M Cavanagh	Same: N line 265 e from west st thence e 50x100	500
W B Swain to C H Kelly	Same: Bounded by 24th, 26th, Kirkham and Peralta	2'000
P Thomson to Althof & Bahls	Same: E line Linden 100 s from 10th st thence s 130x125	5,200
G Warner to H E Raymond	Same: 200x200 bounded e by Clay n and s by 12th and 13th	18,500
C H Sawyer to P McGee	Same: An interest in s line of Frederick 300 w from Telegraph w 100x100	1,000
A Carroll to A Farrell	Same: E line Clay 50 n from 6th st th n 50x75	3,500
O R E Associates to L Young	Same: W line Filbert 101 s from 26th st thence s 100x125	1,000
M Curtis to E Gilmore	Same: S line 22d st 100 w from Curtis th w 50x80:4	500
B Campbell to D Girst	Same: 25x90 sw cor Lewis and 5th	3,400
L W Kimball et al to G W Taylor	Same: Lots 49 and 50 Kimball Tract on San Pablo Ave	200
P Bartlett to J & W Brusher	Same: w line Center st 73:1 n from Middle st thence n 26:1x102:1	500
Jenks & Mead to J B Hill	Alameda: S line Clement 230:6 e from Everett thence e 45x150	475
Same to C A McCreery	Same: N line Clement 185:6 e from Everett thence e 45x150	500
Hayward's Pk H Union to T White	Haywood: 100x150	250
Same to A Evans	Same: 100x150	250
W Hayward to J Pimentel	Same: 50x189	375
M Altamarano to C Duern	Near Livermore: 1 acre	1
J R Walker to A O Slayton	Eden Tp: 153 acres	900
W Carroll to H H Lawrence	Brooklyn Tp: 3 acres near Sousal Creek	1
D D Bowers to same	Same: Same	1
H Durant to C O'Donnell	Berkeley: 57:6x108 in tract adjoining University site	250
S Merritt to H Durant	Same: 350x350 same locality	350
H Durant to A Carroll	Same: 57:6x108, same	250
Same to L M Hoffman	Same: 1 acre in same	Gift
Taft & Stratton to L K Turner	Same: 346x60, part plot 56	500
E S Gubbo to A F White	Same: Lots 19 and 20, White Tract	....
J S Butler to J Scott	Same: 50x125 se cor 30th and Linden	1,600
G E Hawley to J Clement	Alameda: 50x150:5 ne cor Park & Buena Vista; also, n l Buena Vista 150:5 e fr Park, thence e 50x150	1,250
W B Clement to J Caldwell	Same: S l Washington 192:7 e fr Park, thence e 50 2x100	300
R Altamirano to C Duerr	Near Livermore: 6, 48, 40 acres	3,500
A Mesa to R Altamirano	Same: 168 acres	800
J D Poyoreno to Same	Same: 6 acres	1
C Duerr to Baker & Esdon	Same: 16, 48, 40 acres	4,000
W Cahill to N Rose	San Leandro: 3 acs, rd to Wicks' Land	1,200
A Bernal to Duerr & Mushbaumer	Near Pleasanton: 128 acres	1,000
J R Browne to S C Browne	Oakland T'p: 1¼ acs part plot 73	1,500
L Gnarini to G Garibaldi	Same: Lots 8, 56, blk 1 Maxwell Tract	700
A Jane to G Andrade & N Gaxiola	Oakland: 4 acs on San Pablo Road, 4 miles n fr	400
Edson Adams to Same	Same: 32 acs, same locality	500
A K P Harmon to H O Coloff	Same: w l Alice, 1494 n fr 12th, n 78 x 150	2,750
H C Dohrs to Mrs M Lynch	Same: E l Broadway, 37:6 s fr 9th, s 37:6 x 80	10,000
A Milton to F Warner	Same: 50x100, sw cor San Pablo Ave & 26th	1,000
J Ziegenbein to A Gensoul	Same: N l Middle, 320 e from Peralta, thence e 34:11 to Chester	600
Z & M A Kelly to W K Bacon	Same: 125x100, ne cor Washn and 3d	400
D McDougal to F Richard	Same: w Grove, 50 s fr 28th, thence s 37:6 x 90	337
Oakland Hd Assn to T Green	Oakland Tp: Lot 124, blk 9, Maxwell T	5
Same to E Hopkins	Same: Lot 122, same	5
M E Givin to A Kohler	Same: 36 acs, part plot 30	5
S Univ Hd Assn to H M Benton	Same: Lot 2, blk 2, Site Univ Hd Assn	700
J Jose to Thomas Enos	Near Hayward: 3 acs	920
H F Shepardson to A C Southwick	Alameda: w l Euclid, 360 n fr s l Pacific Ave, thence n 100 x 217:6	2,000
Theo W Cook to Maria Russell	Same: se l Broadway, 350 sw fr Central Ave, thence sw 50 x 140	1,225
K McLean to Lewis Soher	Near Mission San Jose: 85 acs	6,500

F Prader to O C Miller	8 miles fr same: 160 acs	500
A J Silva to Same	Same: 160 acs	500
S A Dugan to Lewis Gregory	At Centerville: 2½ acs	50
H W Williams to Same	Same: Same	10
G Young to W W Johnston	6 miles se fr Livermore: 160 acs	1,200
C G Johnson to Same	Same. 160 acs	....
J De F Fagan to M L de Yrager	San Leandro: 100 x 105	600
E A Hames to H J Rasekes	Same: 100 x 150	300
T Josephs to John P Williams	Same: 3 acs	1,200
Same to Josph P Williams	Same: 3 acs	1,200
Theo Le Roy to Joseph Almon	Same: Lot D, blk 30	25
A Kohler to M E Given	Oakland Tp: 71½ acs	5
H Durant to Joshua Barker	Same: 6¼ acs, Lot 10, plot 13	4,874
P W Bellingell to Tobias Hack	Same: Lot 9, blk 4, State Univ Hd Trct No 4	500
S E Alden to G Koch	Same: Lot 13, blk 2,110, Alden Tract, Temescal Creek	480
E N Hooper to I Hyde	Same: Various Lots in Vernon Park	6,000
E Koenig to James Davis	Same: Part Lots 1, 2, blk A, Vernon Pk	600
The Capitol Hd to D F Burrows	E Oakland: 100 x 120, Capitol Hd Tract, Lake Merritt	720
G Schneider to M Sanes	Same: Sw l Abel, 52:6 nw fr Alameda, thence nw 75 x 140	100
C C Fisher to M E Green	Same: W l Charter, 127:6 n fr Alameda, thence n 25 x 140	150
G W Thompson to A T Dewey	Brooklyn Tp: 94 & 165 acs, near Sausal Creek, 3 miles ne fr Lake Merritt	3,000
J M Haven & W Flint to R Knox	Same: 5 acs, part of Cameron Tract on Moraga Road	3,000
W B Clement to B Hall	Same: Lots 6, 7 and 8 Clements Addn to Melrose	1,300
P S Wilcox to P Swasey	Oakland: 50x96:3, nw cor West 5th and Myrtle	3,175
W F Kelsey to G J Nicholson	Same: 50x100, nw cor Elm and Grove	1,500
A J Gladding to D Roudebush	Same: Lots 2, 3, 4, 5, blk M, and Lots 8, 9, blk N, Peralte Hd Tract	700
C A Tuttle to G Stakemire	Same: S l Charter, 559:3 e fr San Pablo, thence e 50x129:4	800
J B Woolsey to E K Miller	Same: Lot 64, Buena Vista Hd Tract	600
J C Hays to Geo Atkinson	Same: W l Market, 59:1 s fr West 5th, thence s 25x100	600
Durant & Bigelow to M Daly	Same: 50x92:11 ne corner West 5th and Chester	950
P L Wilcox to A J Snyder	Same: N l 9th, 100 w fr Bdway, thence w 40x75	2,500
W Benitz to Same	Same: 75x100, nw cor 10th & Franklin	6,600
T A Gachey to M McLean	Same: 75x106:11, se cor Linden and R Road Ave	1,000
P Sather to J S Fogg	Same: Part blk 483	150
J Chart to F F Schwagermann	Same: W l Franklin, 75 n fr 9th, thence n 25x75	1,250
G C Potter to P Kadel	Same: W l Telegragh, 58 n from 17th, thence n 50x110	3,500
P McNamara to Blethen & Terry	Same: S l 2d, 100 w fr Bdway, thence w 50x100	2,000
Armes & Sather to T A Gochey	Same: 75x106:11, se cor R Rd Ave and Linden	....
J Allman to W T Coleman	Same: ½ acre, w l San Pablo Rd	6,000
J S Fogg to J C Finigan	Same: N l West 5th, 175 w fr Market, thence w 25x100	1,350
Wall & Sanford to O Gas Light Co	Same: N l 1st, w 150 w fr Bdway, thence w 50x100	4,000
Capital H'd Ass'n to S L Marks	East Oakland: 51x124, Capital Hd Tct, on Lake Merritt	361
S L Marks to P Short	Same: Same	300
H Tubbs to C Quill	Same: Ne Humbert, 125 nw fr Benton, thence nw 25x150	200
W Atkinson to A C Cordan	Same: Ne l East 15th, 55 se fr 10th Ave, thence se 25x90	1,300
D G Barnes to J West	Same: Ne l Hepburn, 177:6 se fr Antonio, thence se 50x140	350
J B Watson to A E Newland	Same: 10, 2 acs, Watson Tct near Lake Merritt	9,510
E Bigelow to W K Rowell	West Oakland: Various portions of Caserly Tract	22,500
Same to M and M Rickard	Same: N l Chase, 127:6 s fr Wood, thence e 25x135	625
Same to F Baslain	Same: N l 8th, 187:8 w fr Willow, thence w 29:99:11	775
Same to F N Langley	Same: 108x102:6, ne cor Willow & Case	2,500

J H McCourtney to M McCourtney	Near Oakland N city limits, 66 acres, Telegraph and Broadway Ave	Gift
Hays & Caperton to C H Collin	Alameda: Nw Bdway, 150 ne fr Lincoln, thence n 50x140 2	100
C Churchill to J F & H W Taylor	Same: 55 acs, marsh, Estuary S Leandro	5,000
H W Taylor to H C Sawyer	Same: ½ int 20 acs, marsh, same	800
Same to J F Taylor	Same: ½ int tract, marsh, same	1
J Welsing to J B Connor	Same: ½ int tract, marsh, same	1
C H Harle to N Porter	Same: Lots 1 to 6, blk 51, near High	1
E B Huntington to D Klintworth	Same: 100x150 2, sw cor Buena Vista & Webster	250
N Porter to C H Haile	Same: Lots 7, 12, 13 and 14, blk 51, near High	5
A Montgomery to C H Haile	Same: ½ int, blk 61, near High	100
Hays & Caperton to W N Meeks	Same: N w l Broadway, 105 0 ne fr Santa Clara, thence ne 2 00x140 2	15,000
S Prichard to J Connors	Oakland Tp: Various Lots Regent St Hd Tract	21,000
E Babson to G Bunnell	Same: 10 acs, part plot 68	5,500
H Durant to M Cashman	Same: 10 acs, San Pablo Ave	4,000
Durant & Merritt to J Chart	Berkeley: 120x110 3, tract adjoining University site	1,000
A Leloa to C Silvie	Brooklyn Tp: 23 and 24 acs	1,500
J M Moore to J Silva	Near Mission San Jose: 40 acs	4,000
S Nash to A Cowden	Same: 51 acs	5,616
A O Hopkins to M S Luna	Same: 83 acs	7,096
G M Walters to L E Osgood	Cadervalle: Lacre	400
S M Wilson to Alameda Water Co	Vallejo's Mills: A tract	10
C Hadsell to Same	Alameda, Laguna, San Antonio, & Calaveras Creeks: Water rights	10
G W Harlan to R B Campbell	Livermore: Lots 5 and 6, blk 18	275
Stillwell Williamson to A Selbach	Same: 50x100	100
Beazell & Crowell to Same	Same: 50x100	60
A Selbach to W Ludwig	Same: 2 lots, each 50x100	800
H M Teague to J O Brien	Same: Lot 2, blk 14	750
J D Poyorena to E Amury	Near Livermore: 10 acs	500
F D Atherton to C Booken	R I Haywood to Amador Valley: 13 acs	1,085
C Silva to A Silva	Washington Tp: 2 acs	1,200
G B Bowman to W Ludwig	Pleasanton: Lots 8 and portion 9, blk J	900
E & J Decoto to A Decoto	Decoto, near Alameda: Various lots	5
J & A Decoto to E Decoto	Same: Same	5
E & A Decoto to J Decoto	Same: Same	5
J Hazarty to N & J Gallagher	Oakland: 125 0x95 2 se corner Telegraph and Laurel	1,750
P Thomson to H Althof	Same: W line Filbert 100 s for West 10th street thence s 75x125	3,000
W Bryan to T Sargant	Same: 125x150 ne cor Harrison and 8th	1,250
P S Wilcox to C B Bradley	Same: 75x125 s e cor Brush and 12th	6,200
T Hartwig to M Freiberg	Same: S line 8th st 37.6 w from Webster thence w 37.6x85	700
M A Reilly to A Miller	Same: West line Wequster 506 n from 14th street thence n 150x150	6,000
R A Loomis to B N Bayhiscich	Same: Lots 31 and 35 Academy Hd	1,300
R C Alden to E J Crane	Same: 87.6x125 ne cor 12th and Brush	2,000
J C & E Coleman to W H Norton	Same: E line Louise 100 s from 30th st thence s 100x115	600
C A Kose to J Eaton	Same: E line Harrison 1026 n from 12th st, th n 78x150	1,400
E M Hall to H E Hitchcock	Same: W line Franklin 150 n from Birnie thence n 50x150	1,875
T Cleary to A Butler	Same: N line 5th st 75 e from Jefferson th e 50x100	Gift
J Cassidy to Daly & Ward	Same: S line West of 13th st 208 w from Kirkham th w 52x110	5
J Bauman to J Frey	Same: 32.8x104.9 nw cor Kirkham and 15th sts	500
J Kraney to M Ryan	East Oak and S w line Madison 100 nw from San Francisco, nw 50x140	1,250
B Haynes to Board of Education	Same: 200x300 Madison, Clay, Monroe and Taylor	9,000
A Gincosta to L Larne	Same: Lot Walker, Adams & Commerce	250
A K P Harmon to J N Olmstead	Same: Se line Taylor 100 sw from Madison, th sw 50x120	3,200
F Lehnig to L Gottig	West Oakland 154.2x77.4 se corner of Goss and Bay	3,146
E B Mastick to C P R R Co	Alameda: Tract s by Railroad Avenue, e by Prospect	2,000
F D Atherton to J H Wisener	Near Haywood: 64 acres and 137 acres	2,295
J Nevin to Gilroy & Farrell	6 miles ne from Livermore: 160 acres	2,560
A Barna to Hahnemeg & Ohlsen	5 miles nw from Dublin: 160 acres	3,000

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

AFTER ALL THE WAKEFUL YEARS.

Is it then so hard to die?
Life hath not such unmarred bliss,
After the last parting cry
Death is but blank nothingness.
Now it seemeth sad to be
Laid in some drear chamber dead,
While the loved ones tearfully
Move around with awed, hushed tread.
Then we shall be sleeping deep,
Theirs, not ours, will be the tears;
Is it then so hard to sleep,
After all the wakeful years.

What should make us fear or fail
That we never wake again?
What is death that we should quail—
Is it not sure end of pain?
Perfect slumber, perfect rest,
No more heat, or rains or snows,
No more hopeless, weary quest,
No more fading of life's rose.
No more sorrow-lands to reap;
No more waking unto tears;
Is it then so hard to sleep,
After all the wakeful years?

SAN FRANCISCO AS IT IS.

It is always interesting to hear what other people have to say of us, even if their remarks are not altogether of a flattering nature. This reason alone would be sufficient to warrant us printing the following, but when to it are added the extra one of the extract being from a work published by the respectable English firm of Longman's, Green & Co., and the general justice of the observations, we think this chapter on "'Frisco as it Is," may safely be inserted in the *News Letter* as something superior to the general run of wayside pencillings. The writer says:

I cannot speak very favorably of the architecture of the city. Around the old adobe church of the Mission Dolores many of the old clay houses still remain, bearing the marks of a century. The dwellings are not generally elegant, and stately mansions are rare. Small, one story, three-roomed houses are occupied by the people. Recently some fine private houses have been erected; but all seem very unhomelike in their exterior appointments. The public buildings are so out of proportion, that they exhibit no architectural beauty. House-builders seem to have accepted the situation—that every October the earth *will* quake, and that masonry *will* crack, and ceilings and chimneys *will* fall; hence they have sacrificed taste to a style which they call "earthquake proof." The great hotels—the Lick and the Grand—present long and somewhat imposing *facades;* the Occidental has the most harmonious front, but is considered too high for that "peculiar institution," an earthquake. The newer buildings are of wood; and all are covered with ornaments to such an extent that they become often very repulsive. The structure which the Bank of California has erected for its offices, although neither large nor pretentious, is, to my eye, the best specimen of graceful and classical architecture. The Treasury Building of stone, in the Doric style, has just been completed, and compares favorably with the Government buildings of other cities. The new City Hall is not far enough advanced to decide its merits, although the plans show a very elaborate but still very ornate design.

The churches in their architecture are not as a whole pleasing. Several new ones, among them Dr. Stone's on Post-street, are fair in their proportions: but there is in them all a lack of harmonious blending of materials used, and in the adjustments of the lines of gables, windows, and doors. The Episcopal church is almost ugly in its appearance; Calvary is better, but has the look of an opera-house. [The church which the lamented Starr King designed, and in which his society still worship, has a pleasing and harmonious Gothic front. This edifice also in its interior finish and arrangements shows the cultivated taste, as well as the wisdom, of its architect. Just outside this church, within the little yard, separated from the street by an iron fence, beneath the shade of a Monterey cypress, is the sarcophagus which holds the cherished dust of Starr King. New England gave of her best when she sent this eloquent divine, in the trying hours of need, to the Pacific. He infused his own life and teachings into a people who now hold his name in honor, and revere his memory, telling their children of him whom they loved so well. This done his mission seemed ended. The memory of his life and his recorded utterances remain a perpetual legacy to the people of the state of his adoption as well as to those among whom his labors began.]

In riding about San Francisco, one is amazed with the luxuriance of foliage and blooms which are seen in the gardens. Hedges made with the fish geranium; fuchsias trained against the house reaching above the windows, or in a tree, with stem four inches in diameter; the century-plant in full-bloom; the tea-roses, pelargoniums, and the choicest pinks, all growing out of door without protection—such are some of the sights. There is a lack of shade-trees along the streets; but in the garden I saw the pepper-tree, with its delicately-fashioned leaves; the cypress, with its feathery foliage; the eucalyputs, from Australia, which grows very fast, and is said to rival in size the sequoia (of which species are the "big trees" of California); the fig; the several varieties of palm; and choice evergreens, the arborvitæ, the cedars, and many other trees, all growing in luxuriance. As there are no grasses indigenous to this region, much difficulty has been found in making lawns; but some of the southern grasses, like Kentucky red-top, the Timothy, together with the white clover, have been made to grow upon prepared soil, with constant irrigation; for even here a windmill is almost as common, and certainly as useful, as in Stockton. The lawns, however, are not like those which give to the English places their special charm. As you look at these plants and trees, growing the year round, it seems that they must be tired, and need a Northern winter to sleep away a part of the year.

The schools I found much better than could have been expected. By the kindness of the superintendent, I was enabled to visit several of them. The scholars are much farther advanced at the same age than with us. They excel in the languages. We found children of ten or twelve years speaking quite fluently French and German, and those, too, who hear only English at home. They show great talent for the drama. In the rendering of selections from the authors, they not only spoke well, but acted well, and brought into play accessories in costume and furniture in a manner creditable to an Eastern Amateur Dramatic Society. Much prominence is given to instruction in instrumental and vocal music.

There is in the city but very little manufacturing of any kind. The Mission Woolen Mills are now, by the union with the Pacific Mills, and by using Chinese labor, enabled to keep their machines running. The market being so limited, they are forced to produce a great variety of fabrics, among which the "Mission blanket" is justly celebrated the world over. Some few shoe-factories are carried on with Chinese labor; aside from these, but little is done; and Chicago—now so near, since the railroad was completed—is made to supply what the city ought to produce within itself. The click of machinery, the hum of the loom, and the puff of the steam-engine, are all lacking, which make Eastern cities so full of life, and which tell that within our workshops are being fashioned the most curiously-formed products, both useful and ornamental, which other States will need in exchange for the farmer's grains and cattle.

As is well known, California, unwisely, as it seems to us, and now, to very many of her people, refused a paper currency, and has to this day used only gold and silver. That they are now learning that a paper note, when duly honored, is more convenient for use than coin, is at last acknowledged by the bankers and merchants in the demand for a national gold bank, which has recently been established, and whose issues, in lieu of coin, are eagerly sought for by the people. The smallest piece of money used, after the early custom of using gold-dust ceased, was an old nine-pence [twelve and one-half cents], which was always called a "bit." A quarter of a dollar was a "two-bit piece," a half dollar a "four-bit piece," etc. Now that this coin has departed, and the nomenclature as well as practice remains, a great difficulty is experienced. If you buy anything for a "bit," and hand a quarter of a dollar in payment, they return ten cents in change, which would be, as they say, "taking the long bit;" the "short bit" being a dime. A person who tenders a dime for a "bit" is stamped as a mean man, and is avoided; so, what is demanded is, that you should try to pay about equally *long* and *short*. No nickels are seen, and very few silver half-dimes. The leading bankers, I think, are now satisfied that it would have been better to have adopted our common currency; and if this State had done so, the difference between gold and greenbacks would have been long ago made up by the general confidence in our paper. I discover two reasons which determined the course: first, as the people had always been accustomed to gold coin, never having used paper currency, it was a difficult matter to effect a change; and secondly, it must be said, although I regret it, that there was a large and very influential minority who were favorable to the South during the late civil war, and averse to the use of the "war issue" of currency. The Bank of California is the leading financial institution, wielding an immense influence, and presided over by Mills and Ralston so ably that it has the confidence of the entire financial world.

The street cars are of all sorts and sizes—two-horse cars, four-horse cars, and one-horse cars; and the prices for riding in these conveyances vary, like the cars, from three cents up to seven cents. As there is little small silver and no cents in use, the passenger is force to accept tickets in settlement of the balance of the dime (ten cents), which he has presented the conductor, for his ride. The consequence is, that, after you have been in "Frisco" a few days, you have a collection of car-tickets, which, for variety in shape, color, and printing, cannot be surpassed. The roads do not generally exchange; but the three-cent line takes a seven-cent ticket of any other company. How the people submit to such inconvenience it is hard to say; but I suppose a horse-railroad company is substantially of the same *genus* in "Frisco" that it is in—say Boston.

"Fighting the Tiger" is the phrase used for gambling. In the early days of the city, all the people spent their nights around the gaming-table, and with the

miners, even although they have become rich, the love of Faro remains. There are in the city numerous dens where you can lose your money almost surely, although Californians boast of their "square game." What was once done openly is now carried on in defiance of law. With the old population gaming is a pastime, and they stake their money with that recklessness which is born of becoming suddenly rich, and with the numerous prizes in gold mines still undrawn. Admittance to a Faro Bank is easily obtained, and as a warning, in nearly all the dens you will see hanging upon the wall a tiger's head with open jaw, ready to seize his prey. Once having "bearded the lion," they say this becomes only a pleasing picture—a wall decoration.—"*The Atlantic to the Pacific*," *by J. E. Lester.* (*Longmans.*)

THE BETHESDA MINERAL SPRING.

If the one-tenth part of the wonderful things said and sworn to concerning the medicinal virtues of the water of the Bethesda Mineral Spring, of Waukesha, Wisconsin, is true, it has healing powers as marvelous as those of the Pool of Siloam after the supernatural troubling of its waters. And if any reliance is to be reposed in the best and highest kind of human testimony, all the benefits believed in ages of superstition to be derivable from the springs named after famous saints, are actually experienced by persons well known in this community who have tried the Bethesda Water. Learned physicians and chemists bear willing and positive testimony to the extraordinary fact, that this mineral water is *Nature's sure remedy for Diabetes, Dyspepsia, diseases of the Liver, and also for that hitherto incurable and dreaded scourge, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.* The names that are furnished as vouchers for these marvels are not of the class with which quacks and charlatans seek to bolster up their pernicious nostrums, and impose upon a credulous community. Among these names are those of Hon. Stephen J. Field, Alvinza Hyyward, C. O. S. Gibbs, A. T. Farrish, N. Pepern, Dr. J. H. Floto, S. W. Lee, H. L. Hosmer, Captain C. H. Hutchinson, Captain A. T. Fletcher, Levi Strauss & Co., and others as well known as they on California and Battery streets, in San Francisco, have all authorized their names to be used as references in regard to the healing virtues of the Bethesda Mineral Spring Water which they have personally tested. Those who are afflicted with the maladies enumerated, or who feel any interest in the great natural remedy, are invited to call at the depot, No. 230 Sutter street, at the building of the Y. M. C. Association, where they can try the waters.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The paucity of the English language renders us unable to express in terms sufficiently strong our disgust at the rascalities, the investigations, the manipulations, and the general worthlessness among the public schools. The whole concern seems to be composed of a set of arrant prigs, ignorant dolts, scheming rascals, and whiskey-dealing ignoramuses. It is a chance if ten men in the Board of Education can write their names legibly. It is a chance if five of them can show a clean record. If a young woman be elected to a responsible position, there is a crockery contract, a meat bill, or a grocery list at the back of it. If she be not elected, the crockery begins to rattle, and lets the cat out of the bag. There is a constant wrangling and quarreling, and interchange of opprobrious epithets. There is a constant lack of funds, and no one accounts for the leakage. There is an accumulation of French, Dutch, and musical bosh, and the English language is left to flounder ungracefully among non-agreeing verbs and substantives, misapplied adjectives and odd tenses. A circuitous course of reasoning furnishes but one remedy: Cease to increase the species. If there were no children, there would be no schools. If there were no schools, there would be no Board. If there were no Board, there would not be so many prominent blockheads, and one set of prominent schemers the less to look after. If it be a little inconvenient to abolish the children, or to cease introducing these fruits of original sin to a troublesome world, take a shorter way of ending the mischief, and abolish the Board itself. The school department could run itself better than it now is run, and any change could scarcely be for the worse. When the educational system becomes reduced to a crockery basis, there is something fearfully brittle about the whole affair.

Familiar Phrases.—The term, "Masterly inactivity," originated with James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which everybody who didn't suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne. "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," was "conveyed" by Cowper from Bishop Bookly in his "Siris." Wordsworth's, "The child is father of the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas Moore. "Like angels visits, few and far between," is the offspring of an "Hook"—it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought. "There's a gude time coming," is Scott's phrase in "Rob Roy." And the "Almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's happy hit.

THANKSGIVING.

A mandate from our magistrate
Now rings throughout our golden State;
It bids us bow our heads and pray,
To banish merriment away,
And solemn keep Thanksgiving Day,
With reverence meek and low.

Great Bullion heard the solemn swells
Of melody from morning bells,
And as their music fill'd the air,
He laughed in his luxurious lair,
And mocked at offering a prayer
Where it would make no show.

He drew the rich lace curtains wide;
The morning sun, in all its pride,
Poured in his mellow light again,
Through many a variegated stain,
That decked each gorgeous window pane
With all the rainbow dyes.

Old Bullion gazed with fond delight,
His thirsty soul drank in the sight—
Not of the sunbeam's golden ray;
His eager eye glanced on the bay,
Where his proud ships at anchor lay,
Then on the bank across the way,
Where his heart's idol lies.

"Give thanks!" quoth Bullion, "thanks to whom?"
He glanced around the gorgeous room,
Where avarice, with its serpent coil,
Enveloped in its folds the spoil
Wrung from the needy sons of toil,
Till dire starvation came.

"I'll thank myself," proud Bullion cries.
"Fools worship myths beyond the skies,
My faith lies in my subtle brain;
I bend the knee to golden gain,
I wreck not of the thousands slain
By famine's scorching flame.

But now I'll to the house of prayer,
And in their hollow worship share;
We'll keep the toiling millions' eyes
Fixed on their home beyond the skies,
For in our bright example lies
The source of all our wealth.

And while their mental sight grows dim
By gazing on the cherubim
While wrapt in sweet religious trance,
Their whole soul in the heavenward glance,
Be watchful, Bullion, then's your chance
To take their all by stealth."

The rich man's carriage rolled away,
Where knaves and fools and bigots pray;
The knaves go there to use the fools,
The bigots claim their doctrine's rules,
While Bullion laughs; they're all his tools
To keep his coffers full.

He reached the consecrated pile—
He softly trod the holy aisle,
Then stepped within the cushioned pew,
And, ever to his training true,
Over his eyes he gently drew
The soft religious wool.

"Give thanks to God!" the preacher said.
Old Bullion meekly bowed his head,
And echoed in a solemn tone
Each accent of the hireling's moan,
While in his eye the teardrop shone,
Like dew upon a flower.

How well old Bullion wears the mask!
The church of him no questions ask—
Each member feels the power of gold,
Each hath the other bought and sold;
Religion's car hath ever rolled
On golden wheels to power.

I will not here the tale unfold,
How thou hast triumphed with thy gold,
How I, in thy vile serpent fold,
Was charmed like other birds.

I will not brand thy pious brow
With my soul's degradation now.
I'm ill and starving. All I crave,
In my dark passage to the grave,
That thou wilt raise thine arm to save
Our child from fate like mine."

High swelled the rich man's haughty pride;
He thrust the fallen wretch aside.
And then, with mingled shame and fear,
Beckoned a pious toady near,
And bade him from his pathway clear,
This sore to eyes divine.

That night old Bullion could not sleep,
Dark fancies would around him creep;
He strove to fix his scheming brain
Upon his heaps of glittering gain;
His truant thoughts would not remain
Long on the stolen store.

They ever seemed to turn his gaze
Where a pale light shone through the haze,
Whose mellow radiance, soft and warm,
Enveloped one pale female form,
Who show'd the wreck of many a storm
On life's tempestous shore.

Old Bullion saw, with soul aghast,
Roll up the long forgotten past;
He heard a low voice gently say:
"You thrust my worn-out form away.
My soul hath left its worthless clay,
And now comes back to thee.

"Thy bolts and bars and granite walls
Shall no more keep me from thy halls;
I enter with the viewless air.
I come to claim a father's care
For my poor child her rightful share,
Which was denied to me.

"Behold," she cried, "the lovely scene!
The wildwood with its mantle green;
Summer still paints the hill and lea
With flowers; but never more for me,
My sun set in a stormy sea,
Where waves of Lethe roll.

"My wreck lies on Live's haunted isle,
Its shore is strewn for many a mile
With forms of those who spread their sail
Before the breath of passion's gale.
I listened to a traitor's tale,
Who my heart's jewel stole.

"I little dreamed that Summer day,
When you among the blossoms lay
To rest you from the noonday heat,
A serpent lurked in my retreat.
You vowed your bosom only beat
With purest love for me.

"Enough: What boots it now to tell
The why I trusted, how I fell?
You came with treachery's cunning power,
Fondled the blossom for an hour,
Then cast aside the withered flower
On Time's remorseless sea.

"False heart. Time brings a demon here
To haunt thee through each coming year.
I leave the demon age with thee!
His breath shall blight thy threshold tree.
Thy dim eye shall no longer see
The God thou'st worshipped here.

The day's sad mockery is o'er;
The servile sexton tends the door,
He flings the pond'rous portal wide—
The lesser schemers stand aside
Before great Bullion's heavy stride;
None dare to cross his path.

The great man's sweet benignant smile
Threw sunshine o'er the holy aisle;
But now his visage wears a frown,
His pious eyes, in glancing down,
Fell on a woman of the town,
Who raised old Bullion's wrath.

She meekly raised her feeble voice—
She barred his way; he had no choice,
But must this fallen creature meet,
Who asked for alms upon the street.
With fury Bullion's bosom beat
To hear the wanton's words.

From her pale lips the sad sound fell:
"'I loved not wisely, but too well.'

"Time numbs the sense and chil brain,
And wracks thy shrivelled limbs with pain;
The eagles thou hast loved so long
Have sung to thee their farewell song.
No magic can their strain prolong
To greet thy silent ear.

"I see a darkly rolling wave,
That bears thee onward to the grave;
Thy proud soul trembles at the thought
That all thy wealth so dearly bought,
And heart's ambition comes to naught,
And thou must feed the worm.

"No future hope gleams in thine eye;
Thou'st made thy bed, now on it lie.
Die, sordid soul, die all alone;
Let the dark angel claim his own.
Reap the full harvest, thou hast sown
On earth the poisoned germ."

Yours, thankfully,
THE PARSON.

THE OAKS, November, 1873.

OBITUARY.

The numerous friends of Wm. W. Chipman, Attorney-at-Law, of this city, will be grieved to learn of his unexpected sickness and death, after a most agonizing illness of three weeks, prostrated suddenly in the full vigor of life, without a moment's warning laid upon his bed, never to leave it again in life. Hopes were entertained of his recovery until within the last three days, when unconsciousness succeeded the terrible pain, and he gradually sank into that sleep which knows no wakening. Mr. Chipman was born in Vermont, on the shore of Lake Champlain, where he spent his earliest years. He studied law with Stoddard, of Ohio, and practised for many years in Dayton, in that State. Robert Schenck and T. Corwin were his particular friends. Mr. C. came to California early in '50, put up a large building where Court Block now stands, which was used for offices, and also opened the first reading room in California. From the first he realized fully what a grand future was before this country, and seemed to think only of great enterprises to be undertaken, and vast improvements to be made. The beautiful "Encinal" of San Antonio spoke to him of great promise, and indeed it was a question in those early times whether or no that side of the bay would not be *the* rendezvous and emporium of the Pacific. He accordingly made arrangements, and together with his land partner, Gideon Aughinbaugh, purchased the "Encinal San Antonio" in 1851. In 1852, he ran the first steamer, *Bonito*, for one month, after which he bought the *Ranger*, which he continued to run across the Bay from Alameda to San Francisco. He built a bridge across the Estuary of San Leandro, and a shell road, at an expense of $30,000, across the marsh connecting Bay Farm (or what is now known as the Island), with Alameda. But he was in advance of the times. The spirit that pervaded all the community was the power of money, and nothing was thought of improvement and enterprise. The soil of Alameda was rich, and the shade trees beautiful; a bluff bank would allow ships to land directly, and he felt that Alameda, and not Oakland, would be soonest valuable. The town of Alameda was laid out, and choice pieces given away for churches and school houses. An orchard was planted of the first imported or grafted fruit in California. Every thing prospered, until the great financial storms came passing like a whirlwind over the country, suddenly and surely arresting progress. Mr. Chipman then united to land matters his profession of law. Perseverance and untiring diligence and faithfulness marked his career. He never undertook a cause, however remunerative it might be, unless he felt his client had the right on his side, and then, assured of this, he thought no obstacle too great to be surmounted. In his private life, he was an example to many. To keep his conscience void of offence toward God and man, was ever his motto. Generous and kind hearted, he was always ready to administer to the necessities of others, and never had a pleasure unshared by his loved ones at home. On them his loss falls most crushingly. A husband so loyal, a father so tender, a son so devoted, a friend so faithful, must be mourned with no common sorrow, must be ever cherished in our heart of hearts.

A newly married couple found themselves in a railway carriage with only one fellow-passenger, who appeared to sleep profoundly. Soon the lady commenced to call her young husband all the endearing names that natural history can supply. The traveler roused up, begged the lady to call her partner a "Noah's ark," at once, and allow him to sleep quietly.

A lazy, overfed lad, returning from dinner to his work, was asked by his employer if he had no other motion than that. "Yes," said the boy, "slower."

A Hint from Mr. Ruskin.—The art students of Mansfield Mechanics' Institution have been taken in hand by Mr. Ruskin and the Duke of St. Alban's, and they ought to be very much the better for the advice tendered them. Here is a specimen from Mr. Ruskin's brief lecture: "You think you are going to do better things, each of you, than Titian or Phidias; write better than Virgil; think more wisely than Solomon. My good young people, this is quite pre-eminently the foolishest—perhaps almost the harmfullest notion that could possibly be put into your empty little egg-shells of heads. There is not one in a million of you who can ever be great in anything. To be greater than the greatest that have been is permitted, perhaps, to no man in Europe in the course of two or three centuries. But because you cannot be Handel or Mozart, is it any reason why you should not learn to sing "God save the Queen" properly, when you have a mind to? Because a girl cannot be *prima donna* in the Italian Opera, is it any reason that she should not learn to play a jig for her brothers and sisters in good time, or a soft little tune for her tired mother, or that she should not sing to please herself, among the dew, on a May morning?" So precious a little piece of counsel should not be lost.

The women are catching it hard in all quarters on the score of extravagance. Preachers fling texts at them. Lecturers toss society jokes at their bonnets and chignons. The papers print all manner of squibs about their ruinous and spendthrift ways; and now even the German journals have taken the matter up, and dish out whole columns of homiletic sour-krout for their female readers. Really this thing is rather overdone. Considering that woman has but one pet weakness, while man has a whole family of them, and that for every dollar she throws away on dress he wastes ten on cigars, champagne, fancy rides, cards, terriers, dinners at clubs, and other things of the sort, there is rather more talk than there is wind for, and we all know words made out of old breath are worse than empty. Three-quarters of the extravagance of society happen to be of the masculine gender, and three-quarters of the extravagance of women of which we hear so much is of masculine origin. Considering the facts of the case, it would be rather more becoming if some of our masculine censors prated less and economized more. An ounce of practice is worth a pound of preach any time.

Obituary.—Some originality has at last found its way into the obituary columns of the George W. Childs—the Philadelphia *Ledger*—rather:

Lay aside his little trousers,
That our darling used to wear,
He will never on earth want them,
He has climbed the golden stair.

Spiritualism fails to meet with recognition in the patent office of the United States. "Psychic stand" was the name of a device on which a Massachusetts inventor wanted a patent because, as he stated, it would spell out words and sentences known as spiritual communications "through an alphabet not only invisible to the operator, but the very location of which he cannot know." "Moreover," he added, "the mode of its operation precludes all possibility of trick or imposture." The obdurate examiner, however, not only refused to perceive the peculiar merits of this useful invention, but gave, as an opinion, that spiritual manifestations are "largely mixed with ignorance, deception and fraud." The office, it is stated, offered to issue letters patent on the contrivance as a game table, thereby adding insult to injury on the exasperated inventor, who, shaking the dust of the capital from his feet, departed in a state of indignation bordering on absolute ferocity.

Another Curious Epitaph.—The following epitaph is on a tombstone in the churchyard of Wigtown, after a list of deaths of the different members of the family of an inhabitant of that town, and is said to have been written by the son whose memory it celebrates:—

And his son John, of honest fame,
In statue small, and one leg lame;
Content he was with portion small,
Kept shop in Wigtown, and that's all.

A Lincoln man, whose wife has been ill for some time, came out one day with a face longer than his arm. A friend who met him grasped him by the hand in tearful sympathy and murmured, "Oh, when did she die?" "O goodness," was the solemn reply; "she ain't dead, she's cleaning the house."

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease, and the beautiful sister of temperance, of cheerfulness and health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debt.

CUBA.

O ye fair stained lands of Cuba!
O ye blood-red hands of Cuba,
Nations see your print to-day
On their garments clean and shining,
By the hideous mark divining
What dumb martyred men would say.

Ye are rent with swords, brave Cuba,
Ye are blind with words, poor Cuba,
From a nation's craven heart;
Crimson petaled spring your roses
Where prone Liberty reposes,
Pricked to death by council's art.

Are ye ashen veiled and stricken,
Or fierce pulses, do they quicken
At the white lips of your dead?
Can ye hear, O Cuba, crying
Of your patriot children dying
And kneel down where they have bled?

Gird your loins, long struggling Cuba,
Spurn a nation's juggling, Cuba;
Cry aloud for death or life!
Men still live, and fired with freedom
To thy succor it shall lead them
Conquerors in an holy strife.

And ye, O heroes, nobly martyred,
Not too dearly is life bartered,
Since ye died for fellow-men;
Voices, from thy grave up-springing,
Through the nations wide are ringing,
And ye live again.

WASHINGTON, D. C. MARIE LE BARON.

THE GILDED THIEF.

The power of money is proverbial, and nowhere can we find a better illustration of it than in the case of Boss Tweed. The clutches of the law are supposed to grip tightly about him, and great is the exultation of the people thereat. It is thought passing strange in these days that a swindler possessing great wealth should be convicted of swindling. That the men in whom the people profess to place their reliance, and whom they elect to represent justice and the majesty of the law, should prove incorruptible and worthy of being trusted, causes great surprise; and these men, these judges and jurors, whose virtue is at best purely negative, inasmuch as they merely do what they are paid to do, and refrain from doing wrong when they have the opportunity, are lauded to the skies, have their portraits in the papers, and are, in short, held up as model men, and an example to be followed by all future generations. But the clutches of the law, though they hold the great thief in prison, do not disembowel his pockets or force him to disgorge the gold he has stolen. The Boss was unlucky in being caught, and foolish in trusting too much to the corruptibility of his fellow men, but yet his fate is not such a hard one. Had he been a poor man he would have been hustled off to jail, a pick or a stone-breaker's hammer would have been thrust into his hand, and with harsh words, or perhaps blows, he would have been forced to work out his sentence. Nobody would have dreamed of his being acquitted. Being poor, according to the eternal fitness of things he must be guilty. As the case stands, he is flunkied and pampered by everybody that approaches him. His room, which is facetiously called his "cell," is sumptuously furnished and warmly carpeted; he is kept supplied with the latest papers, that he may read to his own gratification how intensely people are interested in the fate of the great thief; his meals are served up to him from a first-class restaurant, and altogether he is treated more like a great State prisoner than a felon convicted of robbery. Of course this is all at his own expense, which means that it is at the expense of the people he pillaged. Whether he will regain his liberty "all at his own expense," or no, remains to be seen.

A Canadian paper notes that a curious circumstance is related of the lad Kingston, who lost an arm recently by a thrashing machine in Adelaide. It appears that subsequently to the amputation, and the limb having been buried, he complained that his hand was cramped, causing him extreme pain, and desired the arm to be disinterred. No attention, however, was paid to the request for some time, but the boy still persisted, asserting that if the arm was not raised he would not recover. The limb was accordingly disinterred and the hand found to firmly shut together. During the operation of opening the hand the patient evinced great agony, and afterwards declared that he felt relieved of the sensation of cramp from which he appeared to suffer so acutely. The circumstance if true, says the Strathroy *Dispatch*, is certainly a curious one; not more so, however, than many others in the records of medical experience.

Hard times in Alabama, according to a Southern paper that says: "Some consummate scoundrel, on Friday night, exhumed the corner-stone of the new colored church at Opelika and extracted there from a one-dollar bill."

Vulgar.—"Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." POLITE.—Dwellers in crystal palaces should refrain from the propulsion of irregular shaped particles of granite formation.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

There is an intense religious awakening at the Fifth Baptist Church, and Professor Vanek, the German conjuror, is giving exhibitions at Platt's Hall, for the benefit of the God of the Powell street Methodist churchites. At one place they are getting into heaven through howling and bitter lamentations, whilst another church is leading its dear children to the sweet fields of Eden through conjuring apparatus and a magic lantern. We wonder who will get to heaven first, the howling Baptists or the pleasure-seeking Methodists? All the churches seem to be going in for benefits. On Sunday next the Church of the Advent will take *its* benefit at Woodward's Gardens, when the Baisley Brothers and the Talking Machine will be made instrumental in saving precious souls. N. B.—Admission for same precious souls, *only* 25 cents each. On the succeeding Wednesday the Jackson street Circus will be transmogrified into a "little heaven below" in aid of the Taylor Street Church. Seven prominent class-leaders are expected to take active part in the performance. On the following Saturday a Masked Ball will be given in the Pavilion of the City Gardens, in aid of the Lord's treasury kept at the Stockton Street Presbyterian Church. Anybody will be admitted in any costume, provided the wearer comes prepared to give liberally to the offertory. On this occasion the bars will be under the supervision of the minister and his sanctified attendants. Drinks will be charged two bits, but the Lord loveth a cheerful drinker, and will not this conduce to very many happy drunks? We hear that Blondin has been engaged for the Church of the Flying Trapeze, and the Salamanders for New Platt's Hall. "My Christian friends and brethren, the good work prospereth. Daily is the devil receiving such kicks from the toe of the righteous that an air cushion has to be provided him. The ungodly would lift up a heel against us but we will smite him under the fifth rib. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, we can humbug the people if we only keep the collection plate going. Therefore let us take a benefit, my brethren, and damn the means, so long as it brings in the dollars.

Thank God, the country is saved! The Rev. Brother Bonte has been appointed Chaplain of the Senate at five dollars per diem. We do not know of a more pleasing fact in the whole course of American history. Now we may sleep quietly in our beds, assured that the blessing of God will rest upon the deliberations of our noble Senators. As a gauge, too, of the efficacy, or value rather of prayer, the event is most noteworthy. Brother Bonte's intercession with the powers above is worth just five dollars a day. We should have thought it worth a trifle more, say, six dollars and ten cents, but suppose such an august and learned body as that at Sacramento would be sure to know. At first we had an idea of proposing the Talking Machine in place of Brother B., but Brother B. does it cheaper and perhaps just as efficaciously. Edgerton of Sacramento, who seems to be of a pious turn of mind, and as such is no doubt highly respected and much looked up to by his confrères, believes $5 little enough to be daily reminded of the existence of a God for. Why, sakes alive that's a weak point truly, for we are prepared to bet anything from a Senator's conscience up to a door-mat, that no single day will pass without the invocation of God and other persons of the Trinity, too, arising from the Senate Chamber times innumerable. In fact the reminders of the existence of such persons are generally too frequent from the mouths of Senators as well as lower mortals. To be sure the exclamatory avowals mostly partake of the nature of wicked and slightly blasphemous epithets, but what of that, is it not the pleasant fashion of the advanced age we live in? Thank God, however, the *Town Crier* says it with true *News Letter* unction and reverence. Brother Bonte is going to mumble a prayer daily for the Senate, and thus the country is saved and the devil cnchred.

It is with awe we contemplate the terrible strait to which San Francisco would be reduced were there neither a Whitney nor a Scannell. It is a matter of wonder that London, Paris, New York—all huge cities, deprived of their unique commanding abilities, have not long since succumbed to the destroying element. It is one of the obstinacies of human nature that we do not appreciate our treasures trove, and are utterly disgusted with the present disgraceful wrangle. With our usual spirit of prophecy, we foretold what has come to pass and advised the letting of well enough alone. It has been our fortune to be present at the putting out of fires where Whitney commanded, where Scannell commanded, and where neither put in an appearance. It was not wilful blindness which made us fail to detect a jot of difference on either of the three occasions, in view of which we are wholly and totally unbiassed: only we don't want both, and consider the present two-headed administration in the light of a municipal deformity. If the lopping off of one caput be insufficient, our nerves are capable of calmly regarding a double decapitation. The sooner the better; for, although Chief Scannell, greatly to his credit, is doing the part of a peace-loving and law-abiding citizen, affairs are in too unsettled a state to be at all comfortable or permanent. The partisan feeling of the Whitney and Scannell cans are matters of supreme indifference to the public, who care only for efficient and legalized officers. And while all are willing to admit the superlative qualities of the Chiefs of the rival factions, all are perfectly willing to burrow some other honest man out from the depths of obscurity and take the chances, sooner than continue the see-saw game of Scannell and Whitney, which has come to such a disagreeable and disgraceful culmination.

"Put that right back where you took it from," as the girl said when her lover snatched a kiss.

There seems to be but little doubt that a war with Spain will *not* grow out of the *Virginius* affair. The disappointment consequent on the pacific termination of the affair is *terribly* galling to one young man of the city. We do not mean Hector Agamemnon Stuart, whose patriotic aspirations will thus be ruthlessly crushed, and who will not be able to lead his gallant cohorts in liberty's cause, but we *do* mean Charley de Young. When the first little dark weather came up, the proprietor of the live paper rubbed his hands in ecstatic gloating over the prospects of a war. The columns of the dead-alive paper were filled with inflammatory articles, urging every one to "Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war! Our country's honor must be vindicated; the insult must be avenged; blood for blood; the eagle aroused," etc., etc. Now, all this high-falutin balderdah simply meant just this one thing: That cunning Charley was itching to breed a row between the United States and Spain, solely because he knew that in the excitement *he would be able to sell a few extra Chronicles!* Nothing more or less than that, and could my gentleman have had his way there should have been a war and no mistake. This burning patriotism meant absolutely *nothing*, for the measure of Charley's interest in any public movement, from a universal war to the burial of a prize-fighter, is gauged solely and entirely by the answer to the question: "How will it affect our circulation?" As it is, we quite imagine the wringing of hands, the gnashing of teeth, and the weeping and wailing that make night hideous around the *Chronicle* office, now that Peace seems probable and the downfall of the last rickety prop that would have kept the paper on its legs for some time, is alas! inevitable.

That enlightened, large-minded, and patriotic American citizen, Loring Pickering, is now hard at work in both his organs discouraging subscriptions in aid of the Centennial Exposition. His cry is, that Californians ought not to aid the project, because it "will take money out of the country" to help adorn and beautify Philadelphia. Every other State in the Union is contributing to the Exposition, yet Pickering would have California disgrace herself by refusing any aid on the niggardly plea that it will tend to benefit the capital of another State. This small-souled opposition is quite of a piece with Pickering's vicious and persistent opposition to the increase of the police force, on the ground that such increase would add grievously to the burdens of the tax-payers. It is notorious that the present force is inadequate to the wants of the city and insufficient for the protection of life and property. Every day this niggard's own papers record crimes of violence committed in the public thoroughfares before 9 o'clock at night, which could not occur if we had a sufficient number of efficient policemen. No one understands the need of an increase better than he; yet, for fear that the addition of fifty or a hundred more men to the force might raise his taxes a few dollars per annum, he opposes the increase, and makes himself virtually an accomplice of the rowdies, hoodlums, and malefactors, who swarm throughout the city perpetrating all manner of crimes and outrages with comparative impunity, because of the weakness of the police department.

Somebody's "Noddle" has conceived a few "New Definitions," and sent them to the N. Y. *Daily Graphic*. They are so good that the *Town Crier* honors them by a "transfer:" *Justice*—A popular legal game, played on the principle of "heads you lose, tails I win." The winning side is always the party who tosses the gold. *Religion*—Society's trade-mark. *Credit*—An air-line route to wealth or ruin. *Love*—An issue of "preferred stock." *Marriage*—A "corner" in love. *Politics*—The entrance to the national grab-bag. *Politician*—A person who values his purse above his good name. *Policeman*—An Irishman in uniform, whose motto is, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." *Modern Poetry*—Rhymed nonsense. *Contract*—Legalized theft. *Friendship*—Exchanging checks. *Sentence*—This word has undergone some remarkable changes. Derived originally from the Latin *sentio*, to think; it afterwards became so perverted as to signify the "judgment pronounced by a court upon a criminal." Of late years it has returned to its original meaning; thus, "Stokes was *sentenced* for murder"—*id est*, he has been requested to *think over his mistake*. *Opera*—The legitimate drama on a spree. *Drama*—Emotional gymnastics. *American Independence*—"Shinny on your own side." *Honor*—(Obsolete.) *Industrial Exhibition*—Elegant style of highway robbery. *Reform*—A political fever-blister. *Critic*—Conceit personified. *Honesty*—(Not used.)

California, of all places in the world, affords the greatest variety of occupations, and presents the queerest combinations of employments. For example, a saloon-keeper may spend part of his time in the Legislature, and a boot-black turn scene-shifter "when the evening dew it falleth, and the mosquiter sweetly calleth." [Shakespeare.] But of all the odd combinations, that of cook and theatrical critic is, we think, by long odds the oddest. And yet the *Town Crier's* little bird—an owl—has whispered him that the brilliant Light who *Flashes* at weekly intervals across our otherwise dark and dismal sky does, in the interim, devote his mighty intellect and valuable time unto the concoction and culinary culmination of the best free lunch in the city. No harm in that. Of course not, but we merely mention it as a peg on which to hang one or two brief remarks. First, we are surprised that the moral and erudite paper to which the gentleman is an appendage should be able to afford occupation to an individual of such high social standing and domestic attainments. Secondly, that the secret of the successful cookery book is now out. Thirdly, that attempting to cook an actor's goose, compounding theatrical hashes, getting into a stew about nothing, etc., are all as natural to him as an apron. Fourthly, we always knew he was distressingly *oily*, and now we know the reason.

New Platt's Hall, which is Grace Church, has been doing good business lately. The new leading man is a thorough actor and true artist. His gesticulation and action are occasionally a little out of keeping, but are mostly true to the sensational character he assumes. He is much better in tragedy than comedy, and notwithstanding his general good conception of the part, occasional glimpses of a tendency to burlesque peep out, betraying prior training. His stage presence is fair, his voice sonorous, and in the conclusion of the last act, where he damns everybody, is particularly impressive. Last Sunday evening appropriate quotations from Edgar Allan Poe, Swinburne, Hector A. Stuart, and other sacred poets, were introduced with good effect. Altogether, the performance is a capital one; the orchestra is well trained and up to the mark, and the Church of the Flying Trapeze is already beginning to feel the effects of the successful opposition. There is an evident want of a new company of holy acrobats at this latter church, for the houses are falling off considerably and the treasury growing beautifully less.

A Scottish publisher of religious works, only forty years ago, advertised a list of books designed for the edification of the faithful, among which appeared the following: "The Danger of Damnation," "Hell as it Really is," "Wrath of the Almighty," "The Bottomless Pit," "Total Depravity Proved by the Bible," "Doomed to Perdition," "The Fiery Pit as a Means of Grace," with some score of other cheerful volumes of equally captivating titles, all full of that sort of "consolation" which the pious mind derives from the conviction that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the human family are doomed to perdition. The *Town Crier* wonders that none of these admirable works are offered for sale at Dr. Stone's "Bazaar," now in full blast at Agricultural Hall. The last title—"The Fiery Pit as a Means of Grace" is peculiarly attractive. Why won't some of our San Francisco pulpiteers of unquestioned orthodoxy preach a discourse on the subject? It would be certain to draw, and that's the chief thing in Modern Religion.

To what a pitiful pass have the parsons come. Hallelujah Coxy, failing to draw an audience by legitimate business (congregation is scarcely the word in these times) has been compelled to resort to the trick of having his Thanksgiving sermon squawked by the talking machine, in a Sunday garden! Our faith in parsons has long been an extinct flame. Our confidence in the talking machine is now thoroughly shaken. We knew it to be a squeaky, monotonous affair and a linguistic humbug. But it possessed the charm of brevity, one which the gospel-dispensers are unpleasantly destitute of, and, therefore, we patronized it. However, it is meet it should descend to such uses. Like the preachers themselves, it is an elaborate piece of uselessness. Like them it is a chatting mouthpiece, as guiltless of cadence of voice as it is of soul. Like them it is a most egregious humbug. And like them it promulgates the word of God at so much per head, because it is more lucrative, if less pleasant, than serving the other party.

The Jesuits of Germany ornamented a wall in Berlin with a huge cartoon, representing a vast cathedral with a rope around it, at which Bismarck was pulling with all his might, and a figure of the devil standing at his side and regarding his efforts with great curiosity. The following dialogue explains the picture: "His Satanic Majesty—What the d—l are you doing there? Bismarck—I am going to pull down the church. H. S. M.—Indeed, you are going to pull down the church! and how long do you think it will take you? Bismarck—About three or four years. H. S. M.—Indeed! Well, I have been at the same job these 1,800 years and have not accomplished it yet. If you do it in three or four years, I will resign my office in your favor."

An Irish laborer, in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Ireland, was on one occasion about going to a fair, at a village, when his master endeavored to dissuade him. "You always," said he, "came back with a broken head; now stay at home to-day, Phelim, and I'll give you five shillings." "I'm forever obliged to your honor," replied Phelim, "but does it stand to reason," added he, flourishing his shillelagh over his head—"that I'd take five shillings for the grate batin' I'm to get to-day?"

The Hoodlum Queen, Mary McCauley, has, through the discriminating clemency of Governor Booth, been pardoned, after serving out one year of a term of four for grand larceny, and Barbary Coast intends giving a masquerade ball to wind up with a prayer meeting—in honor of virtue rewarded and suffering innocence released. There are one or two other dear creatures at San Quentin who are waiting further action of the merciful and appreciative Governor.

A very prudent man in Danbury provides himself with an extra hat for November. He carries it in his coat-tail pocket, and when the wind lifts the one from his head, he straightway jams on the other, and then puts after the first, and thus not only saves much chasing from the unrecognerate, but actually gets credit as a philanthropist—the general impression being that he is in pursuit of somebody else's hat.

"**I was going**," said an Irishman, "over Westminister bridge the other day and I met Pat Hewins. Hewins, says I, how are you." "Pretty well," says he, "thank you, Donnelly." "Donnelly! says I; that is not my name." "Faith, no more is mine Hewins," says he. "So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us—and where's the bull of *that* now?"

THE WELCOME REST.

The following lines were suggested by the finding beside a dry creek of a rude mound roughly fenced in to keep the body from desecration by the wild animals around. On inquiring who was buried there, the writer was told that it was an old man, found dead on the plains, of whom nothing was known, not even his name:

THE WELCOME REST.

Storm tossed upon the rough, rough sea of life,
Having no home, no children, and no wife;
Without a dollar for his daily bread,
His only roof, the hat upon his head;
Too weak to work, too proud to beg his way,
On the roadside an old man dying lay.

The night birds screeched, the pale moon dimly shone;
Thick grew his breath; his pulse was nearly gone;
But as he felt Death's clammy hand's chill touch,
He hailed a friend, and welcomed him as such.
Before his eyes dim with Death's filmy gaze
Flitted the phantoms of his childhood's days.

He saw his mother in her highbacked chair
Waiting to hear his lisped out evening prayer;
He saw his father's stern yet kindly face,
His sister's form, full of sweet easy grace;
He saw the school, his schoolboy friends as well,
And heard the tolling of the old church bell.

Then the scene changed. Beside an open grave,
He, weeping, stood, as only weep the brave;
He saw the sexton gently strew the earth
That hid, forever, her who gave him birth;
Then hot tears trickled from his sunken eyes,
And his last breath escaped in broken sighs.

Next morn with wonted splendor rose the sun,
But cheered him not; *his* race on earth was run.
A shepherd found him lying stiffened there,
The dew-drops shining 'mid his long, white hair
Like fairy tears for erring mortals shed;
A pitying tribute to the unmourned dead.

A rough pine coffin three feet under ground,
An unpretentious little weed grown mound,
And a rail fence put up with careless haste,
As if such use of timber were a waste,
Now mark the spot where, friendless and unblest,
The tired stranger takes his Welcome Rest.

—*W. L. E., Plainsburgh.*

A RATTLING SNAKE STORY.

The Greenbrier (Va.) Independent says:—In Fayette County, near the line of Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, there is a famous rattle-snake den. A short time since, two daring young men resolved to make an experiment, by way of forming some insight as regarded their number, and, clothing themselves from head to foot in suits of thick buckskin with large sharp knives in hand, they sailed forth into the poison invested region. They entered, cutting and slashing, the snakes rattling, hissing, and striking at their adversaries, and, when these enterprising youths landed on the other side, their clothes were a sight to see! As a snake would strike, his fangs would be deeply and firmly implanted in the buckskin, and off would go his head by a well-directed blow by the hand and knife. By making a fair count, it was found that 240 snakes heads were attached to the clothes of one of the party, and 160 heads firmly fastened to the other. More would have been secured, but it was not a good day for snakes.

Dreadful heresy has been preached by Canon Kingsley, at Westminster Abbey. "He declined," the London correspondent of the *Scotsman* avers, "to take any narrow or sectarian view of the great problem of immortality, or to hand over to condemnation those from whom we might differ in opinion. If he did so, the very walls and stones of that Abbey would cry out. In thinking of the great men who were buried there, whether a Dryden, a Newton, a Handel, or a Dickens, they ought not to dwell upon their personal shortcomings, but to ask whether their work had made men wiser, better, and happier." This is terribly unsound doctrine.

Not a single instrument was saved from the burning Opera House at Paris. Their loss alone is estimated at 100,000 francs, or £4,000.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Americans Abroad.—The *Saturday Review* says that American tourists are "driven along by the Furies in the shape of a craving for change of scene, a longing for excitement in the absence of their habitual avocations, and a crushing consciousness that the time before them is shorter than their allotted task. They rush through noble scenery, along the crowded high-roads, and dare not allow themselves themselves to loiter in those sequestered nooks where Nature is really to be seen and courted in her beauty. When they do linger for a time in a capital—Paris, for example—they leave their wives and daughters to do the churches, the galleries, and the shopping, and seek recreation and repose in the restaurants, cafés, and bankers' anterooms, where their countrymen most do congregate. Small blame to them, as an Irishman would say. Those blessed intervals that almost carry them back to the States are, for a certain class of Americans, almost their only seasons of real enjoyment, although, perhaps, it was scarcely worth crossing the Atlantic to indulge in them. If appearances are not altogether deceptive, we can speak with more confidence as to the pleasures of their trip than as to its profit. There is no mistaking the worn and wistful look which tells of continual effort and an irrepressible desire to have it well over.

An enormous quantity of bad fish has been seized at Billingsgate, London, England, during the past four months by the officials of the Fishmongers' Company. In July, 80¾ tons were condemned; in August, 54 tons 9 cwt.; in September, 63 tons 12 cwt.; and in October, 105 tons 9 cwt.; making in all, 304 tons 3 cwt. The fish numbered 880,226; in addition to which there were seized two bushels of cockles, 10 of mussels, 3 of oysters, 349 of periwinkles, 66 of sprats, and 221 of whelks; 8 cwt. 10 lb. of salmon, 6,862 gallons of shrimps, 10 lb. of prawns, and 2,514 lb. of eels.

Coal at the Cape.—The most important item of news from the Diamond Fields reports the discovery of coal of a superior description, and in large quantities, within some distance of Kimberley. The discovery is regarded to be a wonderful one for the fields, as firewood is very dear—some $20 to $30 per wagon-load—and the trees much needed in the district are cut down, and the wood supply is now nearly exhausted. The coal company have a splendid market; and if they have lots of coals, as we hear they have, the coal company's shares will be more valuable than those of any diamond mine.

King Coffee Calcalli and Great Britain.—A correspondent at Cape Coast Castle confirms the statement that the King of Ashantee has sworn to take Cape Coast Castle or perish with his whole army in the attempt. Two separate bodies of his forces, one of 23,000 and another of 12,000 men, have crossed the Prah. All the necessary preparations have been made to receive them. The bush has been cleared, a scheme of defence drawn up, arrangements made for the landing of the marines at a moment's notice, and for the co-operation of the fleet.

A gang of sharpers recently induced a simple-faced countryman, who was apparently lost at a London railway terminus, to accompany them and have some agreeable, choice, and extensive refreshments. At the end thereof they wanted to show the countryman how to take care of his money, then to play at cards, and then at skittles, all of which the rustic declined. Thereat they were rude and overbearing, and demanded "his card." He gave it—Sergeant C—— (detective), etc.

An Expensive Partridge.—Some few evenings ago, a partridge flew with considerable force against one of the windows of Hoole Hall, Cheshire, England, smashing a square of plate glass, measuring 30 inches each way, and one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The bird fell dead to the ground, but was picked up and conveyed inside the Hall, when no doubt it was handed over to the *chef de cuisine*, and subsequently served up. The value of the glass broken was $15.

In a published letter from the Bishop of Manchester, his lordship stated: "I am perfectly satisfied from my reading of history, and my knowledge of the human heart, that an organized system of confession as a necessary condition of the forgiveness of sins, is alien from the mind of the Holy Scriptures, as it must be demoralizing to the consciences both of the penitent and the priest."

An advertisement was recently inserted by the authorities of a small hospital in the south of London for a secretary, who, in return for five hours' work a day, was offered a salary of $750. It is interesting to know that the answers to the advertisement exceeded 300 in number, and among the applicants was a colonel in Her Majesty's army and a titled member of a noble family.

More Light.—It is reported that the collections at the parish church of Frome, Kent, England, have not of late been sufficient to pay the gas bill. The vicar has several times urged upon the congregation to be more liberal in their offerings, but as they have not done so, he on Sunday night left the body of the church in darkness; the chancel was lit as usual.

As an instance of the stagnation of trade in India, the *Pioneer's* Bombay correspondent mentions that when an assistant to a merchant was lately refused an increase in his salary, his employer added, "If you don't take care we'll make you a partner."

In the fire which destroyed the Grand Opera House in Paris recently, the scores of the musical library dating from the days of Lulli and Rameau were burnt.

FRAGMENTS FOUND ON THE FLOOR OF THE ART GALLERY.

Nothing but leaves—the artist grieves
Over a mould bereft.
Where once was vigor, strength, and life,
Peace for the household, comfort for the wife,
The storm hath rolled and left
Nothing but leaves.

Weep for Apollo; mourn his manhood fled,
His nerves unstrung by dire mutilation.
Weep for the Belvidere—his matchless head
Past all Creation.

Daughters of Thespis, don your virgin zone,
Great Hercules is as harmless as a lamb;

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 5th, 1873.

Clad in his Nessus shirt, he sits alone,
Not worth a damn.

Oh blest be the fig leaf that hides our shame,
And cursed be the hand amputarent,
For maidens may giggle, and parsons may hem,
But the mayhem cannot be apparent.*

The Mayor was there, and took a chair
With Mezzara as his tutor.
And in view of the Cuban "little affair,"
Hercules, Mars, and Jupiter,
With other demi-Gods equally bare
Besides the Apollo Belvidere,
Were rendered perfectly neuter.

But Cupid laughed in his downy nest,
As he presaged a life in clover,
For the modest judge who had doomed the undressed
Had passed his mityness over.

*Not a parent. Devil.

The kinsatsu, or "money cards," issued by the Imperial Treasury in Yeddo, are of various dimensions, ranging from the size of a United States Treasury note, or greenback, through the various sizes of our postal currency. With us, however, everything is upside down, or the opposite of what it is in Japan; perhaps *vice versa*, as a foreigner believes. Hence, the legends on Japanese money are read from top to bottom, perpendicularly, and not from left to right. The unit of value is the *boo*—equal to about twenty-five cents. The *rio* is about equal to our dollar, and the *two-boo* piece, halves and quarters of a *boo*, with five and ten *rio* pieces, complete the division of their paper money. The new money, besides being ornamented with the sacred mythical birds, dragons, the crest of the Mikado, etc., are inscribed with legends in Chinese characters, stating their value, date of issue, and the fact that they are current for thirteen years; but they bear no promise to pay on their face. The average size of the new currency is that of a *carte de visite*, and, in beauty and minute perfection of mechanical execution, it is equal to any in the world. In a circle of flashing sun-rays are two celestial birds, with their sacred mouths open, as if chuckling over what a nice thing it is to be the sacred birds of a paper money treasury. They have long, sweeping tails, and stand majestically on one foot. On their necks are two impossible curls that would defy even Darwin to tell how and why they were evolved. Above these happy fowls is the Emperor's ancestral crest—an open chrysanthemum—and, between them, the denomination in English and Chinese characters, and the English words, "Imperial Japanese Treasury," which, in microscopic letters, are repeated several hundred times. The cherry-blossom, the national floral emblem of Japan, is also conspicuous. Beneath are the omnipresent dragons, which, with claws, tail, horns and moustaches, are made to look as respectable as possible. On the reverse side are circles, small birds, peacocks, dragon-flies, crests, stars, and much microscopic printing in English. Each piece is stamped in blue, red and green ink, with the elaborate seal of the Japanese Imperial Treasury. The whole amount of paper money thus far issued by the Japanese Government is as follows: *Kinsatsu*, bearing the seal of the Dai-jo-kan, or Supreme Council of Japan, 48,000,000 *rio* (dollars): *kinsatsu* issued by the Mim-bu-sho, or Department of the Interior, 7,500,000 *rio*; paper money, manufactured by the daimios, but still in circulation, 33,309.20 *rio*; new paper money, intended to replace all the old paper, both local and national, $99,000,000. In addition to the above, "stamped deeds," which circulate as money, have been issued by the Japanese Government to the extent of several million dollars.

It has been very truthfully and indignanly asserted that no woman, however nervous she may be, has a right to wake her husband from a sound sleep only to tell him on his inquiring what is the matter, "Nothing, only I wanted to know if you were awake."

"**Jacob kissed Rachel** and lifted up his voice and wept," says the Scripture. Now, if Rachel was a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can't see that Jacob had much to cry about.

A PAGE FOR THE CURIOUS.

IN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

A new aerial machine.—The Council of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain recently held a meeting at London for the purpose of inspecting the working model of the aerial machine patented by Messrs. Moy & Shill, of Farringdon street, now in course of construction. There were present quite a number of distinguished scientists, to whom the principles and action of the machine were explained, and they manifested great interest and approval. Afterwards the mode of constructing a light steam-engine was explained, whereby a safe and efficient motor can be obtained with an average weight of ten pounds for actual horse-power. Several of the gentlemen present were of the opinion that the aerial problem was near its solution.

Charles Warren Stoddard, in his "South Sea Idyls," writes: "Our craft rocked softly on the summer sea, swinging her idle canvas in the sun. The exquisite marbles flooded past us: the strange anemone laid its pale, sensitive petals on the lips of the wave and paled in ecstasy; a sailor sang while he hung in the rat-lines and tarred down the sun-tanned shrouds. The afternoon waned: down went the swarthy sun into his tent of clouds: the waves were of amber: the fervid sky was flushed: it looked as though something were about to happen up there, and that it could hardly keep the secret much longer. Then came the perfect twilight, and then the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripest, goldenest stars—such stars as hang like fruits in sun-fed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over mountains and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them: and I conjured up my spells of savage enchantment, my blessed islands, my reefs baptized with silver."

What becomes of lost umbrellas? For five days a fortnight ago auctioneers were hard at work disposing of the proceeds of one year's forgetfulness on the Eastern Midland line of rails. We suppose it is within the mark to say that the Midland Company does not carry more than one-tenth of English railway passengers, and yet on that line alone no less than 11,035 umbrellas, 156 sun-shades, and 92 walking-sticks were lost in a single twelvemonth. The miscellaneous lots are as various and unexpected as the stock-in-trade of a marine-store dealer, from a "cask of marmalade" to a "box of organ pipes," from "two and a half tons of pig iron" to "Maw's patent feeding-bottle."

How we Fade.—As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade one by one in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the long-continued struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs by the wayside, and, like him, are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent writer, has felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when the Creator commanded her to be.

A shoemaker living in a garret in Soho bore off the prize for grapes at the recent Crystal Palace Exhibition, at which Baron Rothschild and many of the nobility were exhibitors. The shoemaker's bunch was the largest and heaviest, and the bloom was perfect.

Forests in Germany.—Few people have any idea of the extent of forest land in Germany, and most imagine that of the Black Forest little is left except a tradition and a conventional luster of woodland, so named. On the contrary, in Hanover alone there are 700,000 acres of wood under State management, while nearly a fourth part of the area of Prussia is in forest, although half of that is in private hands.

Feat in Swimming.—We are told that a bridal party East, recently crossing a swollen stream on the journey home, accidentally tumbled into the water and were nearly drowned. The bridegroom, however, who never swam before, managed somehow to swim on this occasion, and rescued his young bride from a watery grave by carrying her in his arms a distance of several yards to the shore.

It is said that all the persons (with one exception) employed in London in rolling first-class cigarettes are male Russians, and in Russia itself no women are employed for this purpose. The reason is worth searching for.

At a London school examination, a class of forty boys, having been set to write out the second commandment, contrived to spell the word "jealous" in twenty-eight different ways. The same bright youths metamorphosed Pontius Pilate into "pendit spelt," "bunch of spled," and "punches pilot." These choice bits, gleaned from the field of elementary education, are, however, poor in comparison to those to be found in academical pictures. The last muddle made by a Cambridge university man in the agonies of examination is, we hear on the best authority, the following. The question was: "Who was Joab?" The instantaneous reply was, "Joab is my wash-pot."

In an account of Napoleon the Great's Russian campaign an historian relates: "The Russians were massed upon a frozen swamp. Napoleon pointed his artillery at them, and twenty thousand bit the dust!" What dust could there have been in a frozen swamp!

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only piece of second-hand goods that sold at prime cost.

A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

The joining together of the members of the English aristocracy in the bands of holy matrimony seems to be something of extraordinary brilliancy and ceremony. We give the account of a fashionable marriage recently consummated in England, which will doubtless be of supreme interest to the fairer portion of our "upper ten." The *Court Journal* of November 8th says: The marriage of the Hon. Eleanore Gifford, fifth daughter of the late Lord Gifford, and niece of Lord and Lady Fitzhardinge, to Mr. Edward Mashiter Dansey, Lieutenant of the First Life Guards, was celebrated on Wednesday at Berkeley Castle, though the bride lives at Ampney Park, near Cirencester, the present residence of Lady Gifford. The approach to the castle from the roadway was overarched with an imposing structure of clustering evergreens, the lofty central space being flanked with smaller arches adorned with flags; and surmounting the central arch was the inscription, "Long life and happiness to the bride and bridegroom." At the entrance to the outer court the massive arch was covered with evergreens, interspersed with artificial flowers, and surmounted with the Berkeley arms, with the motto, "*Dieu avec nous.*" The carriage-drive from the Castle-steep to the church was overarched with greenery, amidst which appeared the words, "God bless them." At the north entrance to the churchyard, another floral arch had been erected, capped with the inscription, "Long may they be happy." In the space from the carriage-drive to the west door (where are still visible the bullet marks made during the civil war) was a temporary corridor, or arcading, consisting of a series of arches of evergreens, of graceful design, covered with an awning. A voluntary from the organ announced the arrival of some of the bridal party. The ladies of the party were dressed with exquisite taste, and the richness and variety of their costumes fully engaged attention pending the arrival of the bride and her immediate attendants. Several of the dresses were composed of two shades of a fashionable color, and they were much admired. Mrs. Dansey was attired in a grey silk dress, elegantly embroidered with delicate floral work; it was trimmed with satin exquisitely blending two shades—mauve and French grey, the velvet fichu of mauve admirably setting off the whole costume; a bonnet of mauve, trimmed with Brussels lace and feather, completed a most elegant attire. Lady Gifford wore a black silk dress trimmed with white lace, and mauve and white bonnet. The Hon. Mrs. Kingscote (sister of the bride) was richly attired in a blue silk dress trimmed with two shades of blue velvet, and bonnet to match; the Hon. Mrs. Trotter also appeared in a costume having two shades of blue, and bonnet to match; the Hon. Mrs. Pennant, a handsome silk costume of two colors—bright pink, and a rich shade of claret or ruby, the front of the skirt being of the former, and the back of the latter color, bonnet and feather to match. The Hon. Mrs. Spier, rich brown silk skirt with salmon color piping, brown velvet bodice, and bonnet to match. Lady Fitzhardinge, a very elegant costume of velvet and silk, in which blue and black were effectively used, the skirt being looped up with silver buckles. Mrs. Clitheroe, a blue moire dress trimmed with velvet of same color and white lace, set off with steel buttons; white bonnet and feather. The Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Emily Kingscote, Mrs. O'Brien, and others, were also among the brilliantly-dressed and fashionable assemblage. The bridegroom was accompanied by Captain Byng, of the First Life Guards, who ably discharged the duties of "best man." The densely crowded assemblage rose to their feet as the fair bride appeared leaning on the arm of the Right Hon. Lord Fitzhardinge, who gave her away. The pure whiteness of her bridal costume formed a strong contrast to the dazzling lustre and the profusion of diversified and gorgeous colorings of the dresses of those around her. She wore a rich white silk train, trimmed with satin and Brussels lace flowers, with bouillonnes at back; fichu of Brussels lace; Elizabethan ruffles of tulle, and coiffure of orange blossoms, while a simple veil of tulle fell gracefully around her figure. She was attended by six bridesmaids, comprising the Hon. Miss Alice Gifford (her cousin), the Hon. Miss Elspeth Gifford and the Hon. Miss Edith Gifford (her sisters), Lady Blanche Somerset, Miss G. Sumner, and Miss Beatrice Sumner. These ladies were uniformly attired in white grenadine skirts over white silk, rich blue velvet basque bodices, long sashes to match, and white sleeves trimmed with blue velvet bows. They all wore, instead of veils or wreaths, Tyrolese hats of white straw, trimmed with blue velvet and feather—imparting a charmingly picturesque effect to the bridal costume as these ladies glided up the nave to the spot where the bride and bridegroom, with Lord Fitzhardinge, stood before the rood screen. Here they were met by the officiating clergyman, the Rev. J. H. Sapte, uncle of the bride (rector of Cranley, near Guildford, and honorary canon of Winchester), and the Rev. J. L. Stackhouse, chaplain to Lord Fitzhardinge. The service was choral, and the first portion of it, including the ceremony itself, was conducted by the Rev. J. H. Sapte. Afterwards the bride and bridegroom and their attendants entered the chancel and approached the altar rails, where the interesting service was concluded. As the numerous party left the altar and streamed down through the crowded assembly, the "Wedding March" was played on the organ, and the merry clang of the wedding bells went echoing through the Vale of Berkeley in celebration of the joyous event. The nuptial party returned to the Castle, in the grand banqueting hall of which a sumptuous repast was prepared. The noble hall, rich in historic trophies and adorned with the emblazonries illustrative of the alliances of the Berkeleys, was beautifully adorned with exotic plants and flowers. Before the breakfast the happy couple left the Castle and drove to Stroud, where they took train with the intention of proceeding to Boston House, Brentford, the seat of Colonel Clitheroe. As they left they were greeted with hearty ringing cheers, and in accordance with the old-

fashioned custom, handfuls of rice were thrown after them by their friends. In the afternoon Lord Fitzhardinge and several of his guests enjoyed some sport at the decoy pools, and there was a large dinner party at the Castle in the evening.

The bridal presents were exceedingly handsome and numerous. Amongst them were the following:—Mr. Dansey (the bridegroom), watch, lapis and gold chain, gold locket with diamond fly, pearl and diamond horse-shoe ring, sapphire and diamond ring, pearl and lapis studs; Hon. Eleanor Gifford, pearl horse-shoe ring and gold ring; Duke of Beaufort, gold and pear. bracelet; the Misses Trotter, silver spoon and box; Mr. Arthur Master, ormolu pen-tray; Mrs. Henry, china figures; Hon. Cecil Howard, barometer; Lady T. Howard, china tea and coffee set; Mrs. Porter, water jug and goblets; Mr. W. Gillett, bookcase; Mr. Henry Farquhar, salt cellars; Mr. Donovan, oxydized silver tea-caddy; Mr. and Mrs. Snow, table; Mrs. Augustus Master, cream-jug; Miss Marion Marjoribanks, worked chair; Messrs. George and Dudley Marjoribanks, worked stool; Mr. Algernon Master, silver gilt salt cellars; Lady Sherbourne, antique silver box; Mr. Maurice Moses, silver gilt spoon; Mrs. Mackay, china figures; Mrs. Master, Minton china; teachers and pupils at Ampney school, looking-glass; Ampney choir, the *Christian Year;* Misses B. and M. Sumner, silver box; Mrs. and Miss Hankey, oriental vase; Miss Springlin, glove box; Mrs. Holme Sumner, silver box; Mr. Gerald Duncombe, china looking-glass; Mr. Cecil Sapte, cream jug; Miss E. Ryder, letter weight; Lady Marjoribanks (of Lady Kirk), salt cellars; Miss E. and Evelyn Strachey, leather and silver letter case; Hon. W. Hood, oxydized silver card dish; servants at Boston House and Hotham, old silver sugar basin; the Misses Holland, silver bell; Mr. G. Mosson, Madonna painted plate; Mr. Daubeny, *Hymns Ancient and Modern;* Miss Daubeny, letter case; Mr and Mrs. Mildred candlesticks; Lady Catherine Barker, Dresden cups; Mr. H. Gifford, gold pencil case; Mrs. W. H. Cooper, picture and frame; Rev. H. S. Holland, picture and frame; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Butler, Dresden basket; Miss Alice Gifford, silver inkstand; Rev. R. Dunn, dispatch box; Mr. William Radway, ivory pencil case; Mr. Smith, case of eau de Cologne; Hon. H. Boscawen, blotting book, the Earl of Roden, gold and pearl pin; Hon. Ashton Curzon, fan; Messrs. A. and C. de Murrietta, travelling clock; Earl and Countess Shrewsbury, amethyst pendant; Madame Murrietta, Chantilly lace parasol; Colonel and Mrs. Keith Fraser, silver kettle-drum biscuit box; Hon. T. Fitzwilliam and Hon. C. Fitzwilliam, barometer; Mr. H. Lane Fox, water jug and glasses; Captain G. Stirling, candlesticks; Mr. A. Sumner, silver clock; Lord F. Fitzmaurice, silver and gold snake ring; Lady Gifford, claret decanters and silver candlesticks; Captain H. Candy, silver coffee pot; Hon. Mrs. Candy, gilt candlesticks; Mr. and Mrs. W. Candy, silver gilt tea service; Mr. and Mrs. Pulleine, old silver tea service; Viscount Nevill, claret jug; Hon. A. Byng, claret jugs; Mrs. Jesser Cooke, ormolu inkstand; Lord Langford, blotting book and envelope case; Mrs. Richardson, horse-shoe pin; Hon. Mrs. A. Cadogan, ormolu paper knife and tray; Lord Edward Somerset, salt cellars; Mr. Leopold Rothschild, silver gilt basket; Mrs. Seymour Cockran, cruet stand; Mr. Richard Marsh, pocket-book; Hon. Evelyn Boscawen, silver plate and butter dish; Mr. and Lady Maria Hood, salt cellars; Countess of Westmoreland and Lady E. Kingscote, silver candlesticks; Lady Blanche Somerset, china tea set; Colonel and Mrs. Clitheroe, silver knives and carriage; Mrs. O'Brien, plate silver spoons, forks, waiter, etc.; Hon. and Rev. and Mrs. J. Gifford, letter weight almanac; Mr. John Stacey, ormolu photograph frame; Lady Fitzhardinge, Dresden vases; Lady Cowell, Brussels lace fan; Rev. William Stacey, ormolu clock; the Misses Milligan, silver gilt chatelaine; Lord Gifford, biscuit box, fruit and pickle stand; Sir Henry and Lady Tufton, flower vase; Hon. Edward Gifford, gold thimble; Hon. Edward Maurice, Ellen and Edith Gifford, candlesticks; Hon. Mrs. Holland, envelope case; Mr. John Stacey, inkstand and paper case; Mr. William Stacey, Dresden china; Hon. Jane Gifford, inkstand and tea tray; the Rev. J. and Miss Sapte, match box and stamp case; Viscount Valentia, barometer and compass; the servants at Ampney Park, blotting book; Mr. Hill, Dresden clock; Mr and Mrs. W. Cripps, Derby figures; Hon. F. Ponsonby, white china; Rev. J. Stackhouse, table; Colonel Kingscote, C. B., screen; Mrs. Collett and Miss Cannings, cross and frame; Mrs. Marjoribanks, ormolu candlesticks; Mr. Trinder, easel; Mr. and Mrs. Cator, old silver tankard; Miss Elsie Master, sachet; Mr. Godfrey Webb, silver scent bottle; Mr. Harry Master, sugar tongs; Lord Edward Somerset, egg boiler; Mr. H. Poole, driving rug; Mrs. Hanning Lee, photograph frame; Hon. Charles Berkeley, fur; Mrs. Smith, yellow china vase; Miss Van Notten Pole, ice pail; Mr. Power, letter box; Lord Fitzhardinge, case of cut-glass bottles; Mrs. O'Brien, pearl ring; Lord Fitzhardinge, dressing case; Mrs. Dansey, pearl necklace and diamond pendant, locket and Dresden bell; Lady Gifford, lace and scent bottle; Lady Fitzhardinge, pearl snake; Colonel and Mrs. Clitheroe, diamond and emerald ring, and pearl earrings; Sir Dudley and Lady Majoribanks, diamond star and bracelet; Mr. and Mrs. Majoribanks, gold necklace, pearl and diamond locket and earrings; Colonel and Hon. Mrs. Trotter, diamond and turquoise ring; Colonel and Hon. Mrs. A. D. Pennant, travelling bag; Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Spier, gold bracelet; Mr. and Hon. Mrs. T. Kingscote, travelling clock; Hon. Elspeth Gifford, old silver watch; Hon. Mrs. Fox Strangeways, silver chatelaine; Miss Majoribanks, coral, pearl, and diamond pendant; Miss E. Majoribanks, enamel pendant; Miss L. Majoribanks, gold bracelet; Earl and Countess of Dchester, gold bracelet; Mr. and Lady Fanny Majoribanks, pearl and diamond locket; Mrs. Grassti, turquoise bracelet; Lady Louisa Tighe, gold locket and diamond cross; Hon. Mrs. C. Berkeley, silver necklace; Mr. Horace Farquhar, pearl and diamond earrings; Miss Howley, pearl and diamond ring; Miss Leslie,

old silver cross; Marchioness of Hastings, ruby and diamond studs; Colonel and Mrs. Salisbury Ewart, lapis and pearl locket; Mrs. E. Arkwright, wooden and silver jug; Mrs. Hutton, salad bowl; Mr. E. Hartrop, Bohemia glass; Captain Williams-Buckley, Indian shawl; Duchess of Beaufort, brass jardinieres; Colonel Bateson, breakfast set; Captain C. Duncombe, silver sauce bowls; Captain Hon. R. Talbot, Indian necklace; Captain C. Needham, gold pencil case and pen; Captain C. Thorold, silver kettle; Captain Walter Duncombe, desk; Captain Fellowes, marble clock; Captain Hon. C. Byng, pearl and lapis bracelet and emerald and diamond studs; Mr. Venning, opal studs; Mr. J. Dunbar, silver breakfast dish; Hon. H. Boscawen, lamp; Mr. J. T. Spier, ormolu barometer; Viscount Helmsley and Lord Rosemore, silver tea-pot, cream jug, and sugar basin; Viscount Grimston, wooden and silver tankards; Hon. B. Fitzpatrick, ormolu clock; Viscount Reidhaven, glass ormolu and candlesticks; Mr. Hill Trevor, silver inkstand; Lord A. Butler and Marquis of Ormonde, writing set; Marquis of Waterford, old shagreen tea caddy, with silver cases; Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Biddulph, lamp; Lord Beaumont, inkstand; Captain A. C. Duncombe, letter box; Mr. T. Jex, claret decanters; Viscount Dupplin, silver tankards; Lady Peyton, paper knife; Mrs. E. Wilson Patten, silver pepper pots; Mrs. Owen Williams, silver seal; Marquis of Worcester and Lady A. Somerset, Dresden clock.

A SHORT CHAPTER FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

1. Now there dwelt in a certain city two men, and the name of the one was Loring, and the name of the other was Charley.

2. Now Loring gave himself out to be an exceeding great man, and deceived the people many years. Howbeit Charley respected him not.

3. And Loring wrote many lies for many years, and sent them abroad unto the people, and the people read them, and some believed, but many doubted.

4. In those days arose Charley and said: "Go to, let us build a paper which will envelope Loring, and make him even as Zebah and as Zalumnah." And he did so. Is not this the *Chronicle* of 'Frisco?

5. And the *Chronicle* grew, and waxed exceeding great. Howbeit Charley followed not the straight path, but turned aside, and lied even as others. And the people believed him not.

6. But Loring was exceeding wrath, and took council with him in his bed, and he said:

7. "Is not this lewd fellow a serpent in the way, an adder in the path? How, then, shall he prosper in his falsehood, and find favor in the evil deeds that he doeth?"

8. But Loring knew that his heart was not right in him, and he was sore afraid.

9. But in those days Charley waxed fat and arrogant, and he forgot his humility; wherefore the people laughed him to scorn, and Loring was exceeding glad.

10. But for all this their anger was not turned away from Loring, and they would not hearken to his voice, nor would they hearken to the voice of Charley, nor would they read his lies, for they said: "Go to. Let us not hearken to these vain fellows. Are they not bums, both of them? And they laughed them to scorn.

11. Then arose Charley, and said: "Give ear and hearken all ye people. Lo! this day do I give you a map of this country, that ye may know where ye abide, ye, your wives, and your little ones, that ye may see that I, Charley, am the newspaper man of 'Frisco, and that there is none beside me.

12. Howbeit the people laughed at him and said: "Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of De Young. Know we not that ye are as stubble, and Loring is as chaff, and ye shall both burn together, and none shall quench you."

13. Then was Charley exceeding wrath, and he swore a mighty oath before the Judge in 'Frisco, and said: "I am mightier than Loring."

14. Then arose Loring and swore an oath, and he said: "Charley hath forsworn himself, and is a debtor. Judge therefore between me and him all ye people of 'Frisco.

15. Now the rest of the acts of Loring and Charley, and all that they did, and the wars that they warred, and the lies that they told, are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Beats of 'Frisco?

DIABLEMENT RISQUEE, MAIS DIABLEMENT BELLE.

Some twenty years ago, Gavarni, in one of his inimitable sketches, presented a very pretty face, with straggling curls over the brow and a luxuriance of interwoven ringlets wantoning about the entire head, with underneath it the above inscription. We said at the time, "How very pretty, but who dare wear it." To-day it is the mode, and it was but the first bold, pretty face that was necessary to conquer the prejudice in favor of straight bands or plaited *nappes*. The same thing might be said of the sauciest, prettiest, most coquettish little hat or lady's chapeau, which we saw last Wednesday in the window of the White House. First of all, it was of that indescribable color which is all the fashion now-a-days, that color which is not sea-weed, nor bottle-green, nor dark crysophrase, nor lichen, nor that strange green which is sometimes seen near the horizon at sunset, but that nameless green so much the rage. And the shape! A little more raised on one side than the other, a kind of mocking tilt to the brim, a feather, a buckle to hold it, and only a head wanting to match it. It was indeed *diablement risquée mais diablement belle.*

WITH A FAN.

A fan, *mon amie*, just, you know,
A thing of fluff and feather;
A toy to balance to and fro
In warm or lazy weather.

A sceptre swayed o'er friends and foes
In that sweet realm of passion,
Where flounces, frills, and furbelows,
And fr.s are all the fashion.

A "trifle light as air;" in short
(To span my verse's chasm
With just one obvious pun), a sort
Of fanciful phantasm.

And yet there is a meaning, too,
Not all imagination,
In my bestowing upon you
This symbol of flirtation.

Perhaps, when under other moons—
Forgetting past romances—
Your pulses thrill to other times,
Your eyes meet other glances—

Then this same fan that hides your face
And veils both yawns and blushes,
May whisper by love's special grace
Of summer calms and hushes.

And still through jest and *badinage*,
Vague wh'm and wild vagary,
It may endure an airy *gage*
Of something not so airy.

But should you change (as all girls do),
And these frail bonds be riven,
The fan may point its moral, too,
Light gift to light soul given.

And if the memory of to-day
Should ruffle then one feather,
Why, raise the fan and brush away
The past and me together.

—*Barton Grey.*

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING.

That there has been a sufficient fall of snow at Sacramento to cover out of sight the rotten shingles and dilapidated roofs around the Capitol. That the proposed bill to repeal so much of the Postal Act as prohibits weekly papers from passing through the mails free of postage is a bill that ought to go right through. That in the Protocol in the *Virginius* matter signed by Admiral Polo and Secretary Fish, the Spaniard got the better of the Yankee. That the Spanish Commandante at Santiago de Cuba has no occasion to feel seriously alarmed for the safety of his head, seeing that he is to be tried by his own government for offences of which that government secretly approves. That Boruck, of the horse paper, is the great American Danton of the latter half of the 19th century. That the Democrats seem to have carried Texas. That Dr. Stone's show and huckster's shop at Agricultural Hall for the benefit of the Lord, has not been a success on account of the unpropitious weather. That the Doctor thinks it rather small of the Lord to send such weather at such a time. That Booth is sure of the long term. That he always was sure of it. That every one who had any "savey" knew from the first that he couldn't fail of it. That Judge Wallace can have the short term if he wants it. That he don't want it, and won't have it on any terms. That he don't hanker after it, but might accept it if it was ready done up in a satin-paper box like a chunk of wedding-cake, tied with a white ribbon, and presented to him on a silver salver. That Casserly's resignation was a *coup d'etat* to consolidate the Democracy, and that it failed to consolidate worth a dime. That his resignation was not the real *coup*, but followed upon the failure of the real *coup*. That he resigned because he had the gout. That he resigned because he was afraid of Col. Mullan, Volney E. Howard, and an investigation. That he resigned in order to be elected to the long term. That he resigned at the suggestion of Archbishop Alemany, because the atmosphere of Washington was prejudicial to his spiritual welfare. That Fish gained a great and vital point when Polo agreed to "salute the U. S. flag," though it may still be regarded as doubtful whether such salute will bring the dead to life, or indemnify the survivors who were dependent upon them. That Senator Jim Stewart, of Nevada, has erected the "most palatial" residence in Washington. That the money that built the palatial residence (with a rotunda and a ball-room) was the result of the self-denying economy of the Sage Brush Senator in saving up his pay and mileage, and of his total abstinence from cigars and drinks "during long years of labor, and nights devoid of ease." That said money was left the Senator by a rich aunt, who went up in a balloon and never came down. That it was left him by a rich uncle, who went down in a diving bell and never came up. That the funds that erected said palatial residence, with a rotunda, etc., were the proceeds of the famous Emma Mine Swindle, in which an American Minister and an American Senator were implicated. That a blarsted Britisher named Paffard, who took a small amount of stock in said mine, knows all about it, and is anxious to tell. That the straight out Republicans are willing to support any Democrat to beat Booth. That the Railroad Hydra has lost one-half of its hundred heads. That it hasn't lost nary a head, and is lying low in the swamp back of Rabe's Tannery, waiting the opportune moment for advancing on the Capitol and capturing the situation. That ex-Governor Downey is on his way up from Los Angeles with a big bag of twenty dollar pieces, to take a hand in the Senatorial fight. That if he does go in seriously, he will make it very hot for Booth. That the loss of the *Ville du Havre* was due to the lack of discipline on board, and that nearly all might have been saved had the crew obeyed orders. That the Spanish in Havana are raging over the Protocol, and swear the *Virginius* shan't be given up, nor the American flag saluted. That 101 of the *Virginius* prisoners still breathe the breath of life, only 57 having been executed. That the remainining 101 ought to be shot like the

rest. That the U. S. Government ought to demand peremptorily that the 101 be forthwith given up to said Government. That if such demand were made they would be given up. That they wouldn't. That as between the essays in the *Saturday Review* and the editorials of the *Call*, the latter are superior as models of classical English and sagacious thought. That the election of Estee to the position of Speaker of the Assembly is proof demonstrative that the majority of that body do not think the place too great to be filled by a small man. That Estee was only joking when he made believe he wanted to go to the U. S. Senate. That he wasn't joking at all, but was blank fool enough to think he had a show. That only 26 persons met at Grace Church on Wednesday to unite with the Episcopal Churches of the world in the prayer for the success of missions, though the two parishes of St. Peter's and Trinity had turned out—26 praying people out of two whole parishes. That the praying business is pretty nearly unsuspected except by old women and young children. That it would be edifying to test the efficacy of special supplications by a praying match, according to the plan suggested by Professor Tyndal, so as to compel the Lord to show his hand. That as things look just now (Friday) at Sacramento, Booth may be beaten after all. That the return of Beck and Graves to the Democratic fold looks ominous. That the Democrats may go into caucus, and if they should, they will be pretty sure to nominate a Democrat for the long term. That if they *do* make such a nomination, Booth is gone up, and the Hydra will roar with delight and exultation in his lair back of Rabel's Tannery. That in pardoning Mary McCauley, the "Hoodlum Queen," out of State Prison, Governor Booth has shown that gallant and tender consideration for the gentler sex which has always been one of his most engaging characteristics. That the Governor is a Swedenborgian in theory, while in practice he belongs to the school of the heathen philosopher who formed the ductile mind and inspired the elegant tastes of the amiable Heliogabalus. That it's a big shame that San Francisco is the only great city in the U. S. that has not a public market. That Charley Peters has an idea in his head on the subject of markets superior to any other idea on that subject ever before conceived by the human mind. That Charley is backed up by capital, by George, and will carry out his idea. That Charley can't lease his magnificent projected wine cellar for $25,000 in advance, and never will be able, by jingo, to carry his grand scheme into existence. That Charley can and will lease said cellar, by blank, and can and will carry out his magnificent, beneficent, etc., project, by blank. That the present License Collector has occupied that office about long enough, and that it is time for a change, unless the present incumbent is considered to have a life-lease of the place. That ten years is a pretty long term for one man to feast continuously upon the loaves and fishes. That E. S. Tibbey, for instance, would make an efficient and faithful collector, and that he deserves the appointment. That said Tibbey is indorsed by a host of our best and foremost citizens of all shades of political opinion. That the *Call* is (in its editorial department) the ablest paper in California. That the *Chronicle* is the most high-toned, refined, and erudite. That the *Alta* is the most sprightly. That the *News Letter* is the most pious sheet now published anywhere on the outer crust of this planet, and ought to be prayerfully read by all godly-minded persons.

FERVENT IN BUSINESS.

We have before us a small folio sheet, entitled "*The Daily Messenger*, published in the interest of the Bazaar and Promenade Concert of the First Congregational Church." The "First Congregational Church" is the Rev. Dr. Stone's Church. The *Messenger* has four pages of advertisements—we presume paid for. On the third page it is announced that the Bazaar and Concert are "in aid of" the church; also, that the prominent features of the affair will be a number of stands or shops, "at which articles will be sold as low as can be bought in the city," and that "a fine and carefully selected stock of goods will be offered for sale." Among the articles so offered are jewelry, silverware, perfumery, soaps, fancy groceries, candy and toys. Here we find the Church starting into quite a variety of branches of business in opposition to those legitimately employed in it. As the Church probably *begs* its stock in trade, it can of course undersell the regular dealer, and take the bread out of the mouths of the poor devils who have laid in a stock of holiday goods which, if not disposed of this season, will prove nearly a dead loss. But it seems the Church can't be sustained by legitimate means. The pious won't put their hands into their pockets for contributions or pay high enough figures for pews and pew rents to make up the pastor's salary and other expenses, wherefore the public must be fleeced. Because the saints won't come down, the sinners must bleed. To prevent religion from going into bankruptcy an appeal must be had to the world, the flesh, and the devil. If he who scourged the money changers out of the temple were to visit Agricultural Hall when this "Bazaar and Promenade Concert," in the interest of the Kingdom of Righteousness is in full blast, we suspect that the Rev. Doctor's shoulders would be made to smart. We omitted to mention that "a cigar stand" is announced among the pleasant features of the Fair. With the addition of a bar, everything would be complete.

Since the death of Sir Edwin Landseer several of his most celebrated pictures, including "Dignity and Impudence" and "Diogenes and Alexander," have been placed in the National Gallery.

THE PARSON'S SOLILOQUY.

Death in the cup! Death in the cup!
See how they drink the poison up;
While we of the joys of heaven tell,
And brandish that ancient bug-bear—Hell.

O foolish fools! to believe that we
Through the unknown future can clearly see,
Or that we have faith in the word we preach,
Or trust in the mouldy trash we teach.

We talk for money—it must be done;
The bread of life must be somehow won;
And while fools listen and pay to hear
We heed not the few who jibe and sneer.

We lie for a living, and do it well,
With our joys of heaven, and pangs of hell;
So may lying flourish, and sin prevail,
Lest by truth and goodness the parson fail.

T. A. H.

THE AUSTRALIAN LINE.

From a very interesting London Letter we make the following extracts:

"John Bull is, as Napoleon I. said, essentially a 'shop-keeper,' and it is due to John to say that he knows how to keep shop well. To lose the present trade of Australia, or any part thereof, came straight home to the first shop-keeper in the world, and he was fairly aroused. Australia, without New Zealand or the Isles of the Pacific, supplies 22 per cent. of his imports, and takes 19 per cent. of his exports. It ranks next to India, and is twice as valuable for shop-keeping purposes, as all the Canadas. He was too shrewd a shop-keeper not to see that this line would largely control the future of the South Pacific. He therefore fought it, tooth and nail. He would have had no line at all, by way of San Francisco, if he could have prevented it, but he could not. The Colonies, especially New South Wales and New Zealand, were too determined to operate a steam line to the many points up the Pacific to be shut off, even by the jealousy of the Old Country. The next best thing, therefore, John could do was to keep control of the line himself. But there was and is just one obstacle to this being done—the mails have to be got across the American Continent. The representative of New Zealand, having made the trip by way of America, said and still says that the United States Government will have something to say upon a matter which so closely concerns their material interests. This trade belongs by right of position to America, and she has only to say and determine it shall be hers in order to gain it, or, at any rate, a large share of it. That word is as good as said already. President Grant, in his last annual address to Congress, called official attention to it. Postmaster Cresswell and the Secretary of the Navy did the same, and the Senate's Committee upon Post Roads recommended attention to it in a practical form. Burnside & Co. claimed the contract because their tender was the lowest, and because New Zealand had already decided in their favor; but Sydney would hear none of it. It was nothing to Sydney's agent that questions of honor and good faith were involved. It was nothing to him that he was invariably told on 'Change that he was morally bound to give the contract to the Americans. The usual answer was more emphatic than polite, and could not be translated literally here. It is sufficient to say that it amounted to about this: That he would rather resign his office than give the contract to the d—d Yankees. As against this rude gentleman, it ought to be remembered that when Sydney first started a line to California, it came from the irrepressible Mr. Hall, with no previous arrangement as to the transmission of mails or passengers, and without the funds usually required to send a steamer to sea; yet the line was hailed with courtesy and almost with enthusiasm. Every necessary was supplied, and there are Californians who have to mourn their consequent loss. The Government transmitted the mails with the utmost celerity, and special advantages were given the passengers, until Mr. Hall's bankruptcy enabled him to pay only five cents on the dollar. The London press took up the matter strongly, especially the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Disraeli's organ, the *Standard*, came out with a double-leaded leading article, dealing very seriously with the question, and pointing out the great interests involved in the South Pacific trade. Indeed, the matter is viewed with great interest throughout London.

Meanwhile, it may be easily shown that it would be profitable to establish an American line, from a direct money view, irrespective of the great future interests involved. To carry the three or four postal cars full of mails that will be required to go each way every twenty-eight days, will entail a loss of $100,000 per annum to the United States Government. Then, as we at present do a trade with Australia of $5,000,000, it may fairly be reckoned that, at the high rate charged both ways, the postage would amount to $100,000 per annum. Our steam line to Hawaii has hitherto cost us $75,000, and has been given up because that price was insufficient. The new line would of course perform that service, which is worth $100,000. The postage with New Caledonia, Fiji and other Islands of the Pacific would not be less than $50,000 per annum. Thus by establishing an American line we would at once save $350,000 per annum, which with the contributions the Colonies are ready

to give, would be amply sufficient for a really efficient service. This is entirely irrespective of the great trade advantages that are the main objects of all steam lines. I ought to have mentioned earlier that Melbourne, so soon as she learned of Sydney's mistake, telegraphed the readiness of herself and of all the other Colonies except Sydney, to join with the American tenderers to make the line a success. Let us use our own advantages. It would be folly to lose the game by playing weak cards whilst you have strong trumps in your hand. Here is a list, compiled from the Blue Book of 1872, which shows the British subsidies to steam lines:

Line to India, China and Japan, touching at numerous places in the Mediterranean and Red Seas	£450,000
Line to West Indies and Eastern Coast of South America	172,914
Line on Western side of South America	18,215
" to Brazil	33,500
" " Australia and New Zealand	130,000
" " Cape of Good Hope	30,000
" " Zanzibar	26,000
" " Aden to Zanzibar	10,000
Cunard line to the United States	70,000
Inman line to the United States	35,000
Allen line to Canada	52,000
Distributing lines in the Indian Ocean	170,000
Minor services	250,000
Amount paid annually in pounds sterling	£1,452,664

These subsidies show plainly enough by what means "Britannia rules the waves." This letter might be lengthened by lessons drawn from the results obtained by England through these subsidized lines. COMMERCE.

NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand has abandoned the system of levying duties by the "cubic foot" measurement in favor of "ad valorum duties," which the Hon. Mr. Vogel, the Treasurer, thinks will be "*more convenient!*" which we can readily imagine when we reflect upon the immense labor which would devolve upon an importer who, having received a dozen cases of assorted merchandise, in order to ascertain the actual cost of each article, set to work to ascertain the cubic contents of the various articles, including flutes, fiddles, fiddle-strings, umbrellas, shirts, ladies' slippers, ploughman's boots, a lady's dress, a chignon, a gentleman's hat, a lady's bonnet, tobacco pipes, pen-knives, a bottle of oil, a box of pomatum, a tub, a broom, a brush for the teeth, the hair, or to scrub, bags, baskets, a suit of clothes, chinaware, furs, hardware, etc., etc. The scale of duties under the new law is 10, 12½ and 15 per cent. respectively, with 10 per cent. added for freight and charges. The ad valorum mode certainly appears to be more equitable than that of measurement, by which all coarse goods would pay a higher rate than the fine: for instance, a miner's boot would measure double the measurement of a gent's French calf-skin, as would a suit of coarse clothes, compared with a fine, and very many articles consumed by the poorer classes would pay double the rate the same articles of fine quality would pay. The new tariff will, we think, increase, or create a demand for many articles of American manufacture, which our merchants will not be slow to discover.

A new version of "Old Uncle Ned" has become popular in the Boston suburbs. It runs something as follows:—"Then pull up the wicket and the stake, And put by the mallet and ball; For no more croquet 'll be played this year—It's getting to late in the Fall."

A lady of the shoddy aristocracy found, on returning from a walk, some visiting-cards on her table. She called a servant in great haste, saying, "John, John, take these and run quick! Them ladies is forgot their tickets."

The near-sighted hen that ate saw-dust supposing it to be cornmeal, then went and laid a nest full of bureau knobs, sat on them three weeks, and hatched out a complete set of parlor furniture, was a pretty fair hen.

There is a woman down East so large round the waist that her husband cannot hug her all at once; but when he takes one hug, he makes a chalk mark so as to know where to commence the next time going round.

THE ANGEL OF PAIN.

BY SAXE HOLM.

Angel of Pain, I think thy face
Will be, in all the heavenly place,
The sweetest face that I shall see,
And swiftest face to smile on me.
All other angels faint and tire;
Joy wearies, and forsakes desire;
Hope falters, face to face with Fate,
And dies because it cannot wait;
And Love cuts short each loving day,
Because fond hearts cannot obey
That subtlest law which measures bliss
By what it is content to miss.
But thou, O loving, faithful Pain—
Hated, reproached, rejected, slain—
Dost only closer cling and bless
In sweeter, stronger steadfastness.
Dear, patient angel, to thine own
Thou comest, and art never known
Till late, in some lone twilight place
The light of thy transfigured face
Sudden shines out, and, speechless, they
Know they have walked with Christ all day.

"THE BLACK INTERNATIONALS."

[FROM OUR PIOUS LONDON CORRESPONDENT.]

"The 'Ultramontane' and Superior Clergy" of the Church of Rome seem to forget that this is the nineteenth century, and to be forcibly shutting their eyes to the logic of facts. It is all very well to denounce "heretics" and call "atheist" and "infidel," but of a truth heretics have had *very little* to do with the present state of affairs in Europe. They were Catholics who opened the game in France. They are Catholics now who have been compelled to emancipate themselves from priestly rule in Catholic Italy, Catholic Spain, Catholic Austria, etc., etc. It ought never to be forgotten that the first Protestant had been a Catholic, and was driven to change his faith by the selfish corruption and rascality of the degraded higher clergy of his church. Depend on it, the opposition to the Church of Rome is not the result of a dislike to the religion, but to its ambitious scheming priesthood; not to the "inferior clergy," but to the benighted clerical fossils at the headquarters of all tyranny—Rome. All priests have a like tendency, and as they have not been sufficiently exposed and play more of the sneak game, we feel much more inimical to the *Protestant* than the Catholic priests. God save us from all priests; they have ever been an unmitigated curse to the human family. At the present moment his Holiness the Pope, and his merry men, the Jesuits—"the Black Internationals"—are trying to galvanize obsolete and dead ideas into life. As a rule, people believe what they are taught to believe and never ask a question. This state may have had its advantages, but if it is on its last legs, "the Church" is alone to blame in the education matter, and highly likely to prevent or delay the Home Government movement—the greatest want the country has. Had Ireland her own native government, the scheming "superior clergy" of that country would have been handed, long since, over to the tender mercies of the Catholic laity, whose duty it is to keep these gentry in their proper place. Instead of doing this, the incompetent English Government—having their own little motive in view—have been playing false with the Black Internationals—all promises and no performances—who now have declared against the Government, and for home rule! There is no love for or belief in home rule amongst these dodgers. The *poor* Catholic priests and curates of Ireland, uncorrupted by ambition, power or wealth, are honest as the sun, and in every respect sincere, so are doubtless a very few of the first class. The difficulty of the question has been enhanced, and the Protestant and Catholic utensils will be set to throwing dirt—calling "idolater" and "heretic!" Heaven help the people who inherit the incubus of an established religion and a wealthy priesthood. I shudder when I reflect what Europe would be to-day, had the laity never wrested any concessions from the priesthood. The priest and the tyrant are as substance and shadow. We have always urged the necessity of a Protestant reformation, and we feel sure that that will come yet, but through the Catholics, the majority, and not through the Protestants, the minority, or from within. The people are compelled to *protest* against "hypocrisy, equivocation and unreasoning dogmatism." In fact the people are compelled to become Protestants, and all that are honest in the Catholic priesthood are disposed to follow them. What else can they do? Almighty God has planted in the breast of most men a respect for truth and a reverence for all things truly sacred. At the present moment "the Black Internationals" are at work, "hammer and tongs" to destroy all that is dear to the men of this age. In Spain they are striving to upset the Republic; in France to do the same, and introduce as king a utensil of their own; in Italy to break it up for other utensils of the Bomba stripe; in Germany and Austria the same game is being played, and in Ireland, firebrand Cullen, solely for the interests of "Mother Church," has taken a start in the same direction.

A young lady in conversing with a gentleman, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yes—part of the time," responded the lady.

Mr. Stephen Lock was recently married to Miss Lucy Cheek. This was a decided case of *lock-jaw*.

A PAGE FOR THE CURIOUS.

IN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

We trust, remarks the *Echo* (November 8th), that in future those who, suspecting that some article of food or drink has been adulterated, want to get it analyzed, will be very careful to remember that there is all the difference in the world between a "quantitative" and a "qualitative" analysis. The former tells the truth, the latter does not. Truth, however, is dear, costing $25; whereas falsehood only costs $2.50. In spite, therefore, of its manifest drawbacks, the "qualitative" analysis will, we fear, continue to be patronized by people of small means; while the "quantitative" will remain a luxury which the rich only can indulge in. A Mr. Butler stated at the Shoreditch Vestry that he had lately, as an experiment, made a loaf adulterated with alum to a large extent, viz., a drach of alum to a 2 lb loaf. It was submitted for analysis to the local authority, and the certificate returned "not adulterated." It was then sent to Professor Gardner, of the Polytechnic, who, after analyzing it, wrote: "I have examined this piece of bread left with me; it is perfectly free from alum." Hereupon Mr. Butler wrote to tell the Professor that in this bread "perfectly free from alum," a drachm of alum had been purposely put. Ah! said the Professor, I should have found that out if you had asked for a quantitative analysis, price £5, but you only had a qualitative analysis, price 10s. 6d.; and the consequence was that although I found a trace of alum, it was of so slight and feeble a character that I did not think it worth while to mention it.

A correspondent of a Bombay contemporary lately saw two children laid to sleep under a bamboo pipe communicating with a mountain stream, from which a thin jet of water played continuously upon the crown of their heads, without touching any part of their bodies, which were warmly wrapped up. The infants lay on their side, perfectly free, as though in a state of stupor, their faces cold, and their wrists pulseless, and were thus kept asleep for several hours. It is but fair to state that their mothers adopt this method of keeping them quiet under the idea that it strengthens their brains, and makes them healthy and hardy.

About Hydrophobia.---In his late work on the "Influence of the Mind Upon the Body," Dr. Luke supports the hypothesis that hydrophobic symptoms are often developed without previous inoculation. In illustration, he relates a notable instance of a physician of Lyons, who, having assisted in the dissection of several victims of the disorder, imagined that he himself had become inoculated. On attempting to drink, he was seized with spasm of the pharynx, and in this condition roamed about the streets for three days. At length his friends succeeded in convincing him of the groundlessness of his apprehensions, and he at once recovered.

Diamonds in New South Wales.---There have lately been large finds of diamonds in the district of Bingara, N. S. W. The following are given as the get of the Croydon Company, operating at Doctor's Creek. On July 29, from six loads of washdirt, 41; on July 29, from five loads of washdirt, 42; on July 30, from four-and-a-half loads of washdirt, 143; on August 1, from six loads of washdirt, 88; on August 2, a new prospect four feet square, 22; on August 4, from six loads of washdirt, 163; on August 5, from six loads washdirt, 89; on August 6, from the refuse dirt, tubs, machine, etc., 41: total, 619.

Another Literary Savage.---The editor of *All the Year Round* has captured another literary savage. More than twenty years ago there was published in *Household Words* a story of Australian adventure, entitled "Two-Handed Dick, the Stockman." Very recently this same story, exact in every particular, was offered for publication in *All the Year Round*, and, we regret to say, the offender has been traced to the Ellesmere Club, in Manchester, England.

Startling Query.—A venerable German Chief Rabbi has called the attention of the *Univers Israelite* to the fact that the Emperor of Germany never mentions in all his pious manifestations the name of the founder of the Christian faith, but only speaks of "God" and of "the Lord." Is there, then, any truth in the assertion that the Hohenzollerns are of Jewish origin?

Among the treasures to be found in the Khedive Museum (says the *Art Journal*), is a necklace worn by Queen Aah-hept, mother of King Ashmes, the founder of the 18th dynasty, who was not only coeval with Abram and Sarai, but the identical Pharaoh, who was "plagued with great plagues" because of Sarai, Abram's wife.

A Russian Christmas tale, entitled "Two Nights in a Haunted House in Russia," by Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, written in commemoration of the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia with the Duke of Edinburgh, will be published at Christmas. The book is dedicated to Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess.

The Chinese Curing Diptheria in Australia.---It is alleged by the Buangor correspondent of the Ararat *Advertiser* (Australia), that a Chinese doctor named Ah Sue has successfully treated eleven cases of diptheria in that district, and the attention of the Government has been called to the matter.

Some interesting discoveries have been lately made at Pompeii. A shop, supposed to be a tanner's, has been excavated, and a number of tools used in the manipulation of leather found. It is somewhat singular that these tools bear a strong resemblance to those used at the present day.

The following are the correct dimensions, etc., of the great Egyptian Pyramid of Cheops: Length of side of base, 763 feet; perpendicular hight, 480 feet; number of steps, 203. It took 100,000 men 20 years to built it. It covers over 13 acres.

IS ANY ONE LOOKING FOR ME

AN AUTUMN SONG.

The swallow is going, no longer he'll stay,
The bright leaves are falling, and soon will decay,
The heavy clouds gather o'er moorland and shore,
And whisper that winter is nearing the door;
But I feel like a bird that soon, soon will be free,
Oh, tell me! is any one looking for me?

All Nature seems weary, or hushed, or half dead,
Now the sun o'er the mountains scarce raises his head,
The very birds sing as if singing were vain,
And they grieved to be chanting so dismal a strain;
But a rosy light gathers o'er all things I see,
As I whisper, "Is ony one looking for me?"

Will one heart grow lighter for my drawing near?
Will grave eyes shine brighter when I shall appear?
Will one friendly voice have a happier ring?
Shall I know by its music the pleasure I bring?
Ah! tell me, ye mountains, ye meadows, and sea!
Will one heart be glad when it's looking for me?

THE COMIC PAPERS.

Punch.—DESPERATE!—Medical Man (gingerly): I think—perhaps—you might—drop a line, and have your wife up. Patient: O, doctor, you're always for such extreme measures!——NOMINAL NONSENSE.—The Russians, according to the Moscow *Gazette*, have laid the first stone of a fortress to be erected under the name of Petro Alexandrovsk, and to harbor a garrison of Cossacks on the Oxus. It may reassure some persons interested in the Eastern Question to consider that the Oxus is very far from flowing, as they might surmise it from its name to do, into the Bos-phorus.——COMPARATIVELY WELL OFF.—You hear people saying, "I've half a mind." Lucky folks to possess even so much as this! Many of us seem to have none at all.——"EQUALITY."—Customer: Aw—I wish to be measured 'couple 'pair o' boots (removes one). Tradesman: Well, sir, fact is, I'm just going in to my luncheon. If you'd call in about half an hour. (*Tableau*).

Fun.—WHY NOT!—We learn from the American papers that Stokes, who shot the great Erie Railway swindler, has got off with four years' imprisonment. We wonder the American nation did not raise a statue to him, considering that he wiped out a Fisk.——FREEDOM OF LICENCE!—A new paper is announced under the title of the *Free Speaker*. It will probably be more free than welcome, if, as seems likely, it is to be merely another exponent of the Yankee rowdyism with which the press has been of late afflicted, and which could only be suppressed by the publication of a *Truth Teller*.——A LINGERING DEATH.—Fitz Jones (referring to his Indian experience): Oh, yes, we have, or used to have, some terrible affairs out there—aw. Katy: Oh! yes. Fitz Jones: Pore servant of mine got killed there, literally eaten up by a tiger—and the pore fellow died twenty-four hours afterwards. (And Fitz Jones still wonders why Katy laughed).

Judy.—The Ministerial ship has experienced another severe shock: unable to battle with the advancing wave of Conservatism, its Hull has now given way. The Liberal crew in charge stuck manfully to her until the wave swept them overboard, when, to their dismay, they found out the mistake they had made in clinging to a Reed. They ought, instead, to have made a *rush* to support the Constitutional ironclad of the Conservatives by voting for Peace.——TRUE ENJOYMENT.—Wise Boy: Oh, you're a girl, you are, and only like going to a party just to dance. I don't care about that a bit; and I shouldn't go at all if I wasn't sure to get a lot of things to eat that'll make me ill, and then the doctor will come, and I'll have another holiday!

Figaro.—Deputy Atkins, the chairman of the Improvement Committee, informed the Court of Common Council that he is taking active measures for unveiling the statue of the Prince Consort at the west end of the Viaduct. We shall be happy to lend Deputy Atkins a small boy who will unveil the statue in four minutes and forty-nine seconds.——The *Garden* points out the difference between the edible kinds of mushrooms and the poisonous sorts. This is very useful information; every one ought to know how to distinguish between those things that are good to eat and those that are suitable for giving to the poor.

Hornet.—"Save me from my friends," says Mr. Gladstone, "and especially from Bright."——We congratulate Colonel Fraser, of the Life Guards, and his officers upon the result of the examination before Justice Knox; but what were those gentlemen doing at such a place as the Argyle Rooms when sober?——An unknown quantity—a ton of coals.

The English plenipotentiary at the Suez Canal Conference has proposed that the dues shall be raised to a maximum of 13fr., or about $2 50, per ton, the net tonnage to be ascertained by the English method of measurement.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

M. Gimbert, who has been long engaged in collecting evidence concerning the Australian tree "Eucalyptus globulus," the growth of which is surprisingly rapid, attaining besides gigantic dimensions, has addressed an interesting communication to the Academy of Sciences. This plant, it now appears, possesses an extraordinary power of destroying miasmatic influence in fever-stricken districts. It has the singular property of absorbing ten times its weight of water from the soil, and of emitting antiseptic camphorous effluvia. When sown in marshy ground it will dry it up in a very short time. The English were the first to try it at the Cape, and within two or three years they completely changed the climatic condition of the unhealthy parts of the colony. A few years later its plantation was undertaken on a large scale in various parts of Algeria. At Pardock, twenty miles from Algiers, a farm situated on the banks of the Hamyze was noted for its extremely pestilential air. In the spring of 1867 about 13,000 of the eucalyptus were planted there. In July of the same year—the time when the fever season used to set in—not a single case occurred; yet the trees were not more than 9 feet high. Since then a complete immunity from fever has been maintained. In the neighborhood of Constantine the farm of Ben Machydlin was equally in bad repute. It was covered with marshes both in winter and summer. In five years the whole ground was dried up by 14,000 of these trees, and farmers and children enjoy excellent health. At the factory of the Gue de Constantine, in three years a plantation of eucalyptus has transformed 12 acres of marshy soil into a magnificent park, whence fever has completely disappeared. In the island of Cuba this and all other paludal diseases are fast disappearing from all the unhealthy districts where this tree has been introduced. A station-house at one of the ends of a railway viaduct in the Department of the Var was so pestilential that the officials could not be kept there longer than a year. Forty of these trees were planted, and it is now as healthy as any other place on the line.

The Navies of Europe.---According to a list published by the Cologne *Gazette*, which it professes to have derived from authentic sources, England possesses a war navy of 38 vessels, of 28,000 horse power, and 595 guns. Its home fleet consists of 14 large plated vessels, four plated batteries, and five plated gunboats, of more than 30,000 horse power, and carry 102 guns. The war navy of Russia counts 15 plated frigates and 4 cupola vessels, of 12,000 horse power and 154 guns. The home squadron includes 10 turreted ships and 3 plated batteries, with 2,710 horse power and 94 guns. Germany has a war navy composed of 3 plated frigates of 2,900 horse power, and 55 guns (not including five plated frigates and 1 plated corvette of 5,709 horse power and 48 guns), now in course of construction. The German Coastguard fleet consists of 2 turreted ships of 600 horse power and 7 guns. The war navy of France is composed of 16 plated frigates and 12 plated corvettes of 17,200 horse power in all, and carrying 316 guns. The French home squadron contains 14 turreted vessels, 16 plated batteries, and 6 rams, of 9,320 horse power, and carrying 268 guns. Austria has a war navy of 7 plated frigates and 4 casemated ships of 8,150 horse power, bearing 182 guns. There is no Austrian home squadron. The Italian war navy consists of 12 plated frigates, 2 plated corvettes, and 1 ram, of 9,100 horse power and having 168 guns. Turkey has a war navy of considerable strength, composed of 15 large plated war vessels, 2 of which have 9 inch plates, of 8,550 horse power, in all, and carrying 116 guns of the heaviest calibre. Spain has 7 plated frigates of 5,900 horse power, and 145 guns, while in her coast fleet there are turreted 3 ships of 1,800 horse power and carrying 9 guns. Finally, the Netherlands dispose of a Coastguard fleet of 22 vessels of various kinds, of 8,850 horse power, and 114 guns.

Tobacco Poisoning.---A fatal case of poisoning by tobacco is reported in the *British Medical Journal*. It occurred in the person of a boy of the *Implacable*. He had been frequently punished for chewing tobacco, and had often presented himself at the sick bay complaining of debility, giddiness, and faintness, which were traced to the poisonous influence of tobacco. On two occasions he had swallowed pieces of tobacco to prevent detection. On the night of his death he went to his hammock, telling his messmates that he felt sick. About ten minutes afterwards, the occupant of the next hammock heard him breathing stentorously, and immediately tried to awake him. Finding he could not, he was conveyed to the sick bay, and at once seen by a medical officer, who found him moribund. The pupils were insensible to the influence of light, and the pulse, which was scarcely perceptible, in three minutes ceased to beat. On *post mortem* examination of the body, two small pieces of tobacco were found in the stomach.

The statistics of 1870 show an increasing tendency to suicide throughout America. The percentage was 3.06 per 100,000. In 1860 it was 3.02, and in 1850 2.01. As usual, the male sex greatly predominates---more than three-fourths being men. Suicide is rare among women who have reached maturity, the majority of the cases being confined to the romantic period of girlhood. Men, on the contrary, resort to it in numbers increasing with age. Ten suicides occur among the whites to one among the blacks; the cheerful, contented disposition of the latter shows where lies the exciting cause of suicide. The rate is higher in the bustling communities of the North than in the more quiet South. But the German and French minds, of all others, appear to be particularly prone to suicide. These nationalities stand nearly as three to one as compared with the Irish, and four to one compared with the native American.

Horse Meat appears to have acquired a permanent footing in the popular Austrian bill of fare. Statistics of the consumption of this convenient substitute for beef are carefully kept and published in the Vienna papers. According to the *New Free Press* the slaughter of horses for food in July last amounted to 203, in August to 184, and in September to 221. In the entire quarter no less than 608 horses were converted into food. The price at which horse meat is sold is certainly not exorbitant. The "four-quarters" are quoted at from 12 to 14 kreutzers per lb., the "hind-quarters" at from 14 to 16, the ribs and loins at from 16 to 18. Fat sells at from 18 to 26 florins the cwt., and bones at 1 florin and 20 kreutzers.

An Extraordinary Story of Perversion.—The *Times of India* tells an extraordinary story of perversion:—Mr. R. G. Melville, of the Civil Service, has caused much scandal by turning Mahommedan, and marrying a native girl. He has already a Christian wife; his Mahommedan one is only fourteen years of age. The Government, it seems, cannot remove him from the service on account of his change of religion, neither can he be prosecuted for bigamy. His Christian wife can, however, obtain a divorce, and the Government can keep him unemployed, thus reducing him to the three hundred a year which a member of the Civil Service is said to be "good for" dead or alive.

Indecency of Ladies' Fashions.—A Mr. Thompson, of Oxford street, London, was indicted at the Middlesex Sessions at the instance of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for selling certain indecent photographs. The Judge said it appeared to him that, with one exception, there was not a photograph amongst them that could not be found in every shop and on every drawing-room table in the kingdom. He was lately present at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, where there was a portrait of a lady of high rank, and well known in London society, who had more of her person exposed than could be found in any of the pictures before him.

At the banquet given in the evening by the municipality of Turin, Italy, at the unveiling of the statue of Cavour, to 500 guests, the British Minister, Sir Augustus Paget, assured the Italians of the sympathy of England with the Italian cause, and its high admiration of the great statesman who insured its success. Sir Augustus went on (says a telegram to the *Times*) with a touching allusion to his predecessor, Sir James Hudson, the old friend of Cavour, who had always admired, loved, and supported him throughout his glorious career. Sir Augustus concluded by a cry of "Vive l'Italie!" which roused a loud response of "Viva Inghilterra!" The enthusiasm raised by the British Minister's speech was immense.

Prevailing Vices of Modern Society.—A correspondent states that Canon Miller when recently preaching at Greenwich, England, denounced most strongly what he regarded as the prevailing vices of modern society, and said a theater was next door to a brothel. Modern novels he regarded as more vicious than those of former days. The old novels were coarse, but those of recent date were more insiduous, as they were founded upon adultery, bigamy, elopements and the like.

The Last Excuse of a Milk Adulterator.—An Exeter, England, dairyman was brought up before the magistrates the other day, charged with selling milk as pure which was liberally mixed with water. As the milk was there, and the lactometer not to be suppressed, it was useless to deny the presence of 50 per cent. of water, but the dairyman accounted for it by stating that there was a heavy dew on the grass the cows had cropped just before being milked. The magistrates, however, were unbelieving to the amount of 20s and costs.

From a circular issued by the Silk Association of America we learn that the imports of Raw Silk at New York and San Francisco during the first nine months of the last seven years were as follows:—1866, 1,973 packages, value $1,442,685; 1867, 2,792 packages, value $1,890,346; 1868, 3,859 packages, value $1,763 308; 1869, 3,608 packages, value $1,884,357; 1870, 8,509 packages, value $4,723,651; 1871, 7,978 packages, value $5,469,003; 1872, 6,397 packages, value $3,944,188.

Wholesale Infanticide in New South Wales.—Infanticide must be carried to a fearful extent in Sydney. At a meeting, for the purpose of establishing a Foundling Hospital, a lady stated that she knew of 15 or 16 cases in which young women had come to Sydney for the birth of their children, and had lodged with a certain women who nursed them, and dosed their children with laudanum till they died. The murderess got away to California.

The notorious yacht Deerhound has arrived at Plymouth, England, after a most tempestuous voyage across the Bay of Biscay. Her captain, Colonel Travers, states that although during his absence in Spain he fell into hostile hands and suffered two months' imprisonment, he succeeded in accomplishing his mission, 25,000 stand of arms which he took out with him being now all safe in Carlist possession.

The failure is announced of Messrs. Oldham Brothers & Co., of Cannon street, London, wine merchants—a firm of about five years' standing—with liabilities of £30,000, assets unascertained. Advices from Lima state the suspension of two firms—Messrs. Ramos, Roel & Co., with liabilities for £70,000; and Messrs. Bianchi Brothers & Co., with liabilities for £500,000 or £600,000.

After four years labor, Holman Hunt has finished his great picture of the "Shadow of Death."

THE TIMES.

Let the upright look to their feet and the honest man hide his head,
For politics swarm in the street and honor affrighted has fled.

The chink of the dollar is heard as the votes are purchased and sold,
And the heart of the people is stirred with a bribe of silver and gold.

The ape-like mouth of the 'Mick' mutters prayers to the golden calf,
And he chuckles with glee at his trick—selling votes for 'two-and-a-half.'

Monopolies sputter and foam and companies riot and tear,
Lobbyists mutter and moan—alternately hope and despair.

Bribery stalks in the street unmasked and unchallenged by law;
The thief and the rogue and the cheat need cover their face no more.

The Will of the nation is dead, for Will is the servant of Gain;
The garments of Mammon are red with the blood of the Truth that is slain.

The high places are crowded with men whose whole care is to feather their nest;
The sword of the knave is the pen, and the fool in the toga is dressed.

There cometh a rumor of war and the heart of the people is glad;
Peace hastily closeth the door and the face of the nation is sad.

For the prospect of plunder is gone, and a good chance is thrown away;
What matters it, right or wrong, if the spilling of blood but pay?

Redemption is bought with gold, and lots near the throne are leased;
All gilt are the oars of the fold that the dazzled flock may be fleeced.

But balm is in Gilead yet, one form is still holy and pure,
For the *News Letter*, God's own pet, is found without blemish or flaw. T. A. H.

SUNBEAMS.

A good instance of epigrammatic quotation is recorded of Hamilton Reynolds, well known as possessing an exceptionally great acquaintance with Shakespeare's works. He was present at Gore House one evening, among a number of distinguished men, and as the Countess of Blessington saw him at the door on his departure, she said, "I understand, Mr. Reynolds, that you enjoy the reputation of being able to give a Shakespearian quotation most suitable to every occasion. Come, what have you to say now?" "Madame," replied Reynolds, without a moment's hesitation, "I take my leave 'Under the shade of melancholy boughs.'" He bowed profoundly as he spoke, and departed.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

By one decisive argument,
Giles gained his lovely Kate's consent,
To fix the bridal day.
"Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?
I shall not change my mind," she said;
"But then," said Giles, "I may."

A Jealous Phantom.—A gentleman in Syracuse, blest with a very jealous wife, gave her a lesson and himself a hearty laugh by a very simple yet ingenious device. While his wife was away calling, he cut from a paper a couple of figures represented in the act of kissing. He put the paper in such a position that the light would reflect a life-size shadow upon the curtain of the widow that she would see on arriving, and waited the results. He heard footsteps, than they paused, and were followed by a mad rush into the house, where the little affair explained itself, and the story ended.

The Climate of England.—A native of New South Wales, who had enjoyed threescore years in the sunny clime of Australia, had occasion to visit the old country on business. He took up his abode at Manchester, where he stayed about eleven months, but rarely seeing the sun. He then in November proceeded to London, whence he forwarded to his family in Australia the following rhyme:—

Dirty days has September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May,
The rain it poureth every day.

All the rest have thirty-one
Without one blessed gleam of sun,
And if any of them had two-and-thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

An eccentric traveller lately astonished the ostler at an Aberdeen inn by addressing him as follows:—"My lad, extricate my quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him a sufficient supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illuminate the oriental horizon, I will reward you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

"Why return you so soon
To a life full of woes,
Poor flower of one moon?"
Said the Bush to the Rose.

"I come not without good,"
Said the Rose, dewy wet;
"A sweet odor I leave,
And I take no regret."

Vulgar: "It is a long lane that has no turning." *Refined:* That rustic pathway is indubitably longitudinal that hath no circumlocution. *Vulgar:* "Love me, love my dog." *Refined:* Evince an amatory disposition towards myself; let your deportment to my quadruped be also affectionate.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The wise and courteous journals of this city have taken upon themselves somewhat to uphold the bully, McShane, because the guest with whom he kicked up such a rumpus cut his hair according to the fashion of another country, and spoke English with the liquid accents of the Motherland. Facetious reporters quite forget that the New England twang, the western burr, or the southern drawl would sound quite as oddly in Pall Mallas the final g, or the rules of syntax, in Montgomery street. That Mr. Murphy's only ostensible belongings were a high-sounding middle name and a carpet sack, was scarcely sufficient reason for Mr. McShane to attempt his guest's life for three dollars. Three dollars! His empty portmanteau was worth that, or his umbrella, or his handkerchief, if he wore fine linen. Even had he appeared in a state of absolute nudity, and not carrying a penny's worth with him, the brutish landlord was not justified in firing at him with bad aim in an open thoroughfare, where peaceful and unsuspecting citizens were passing by. We suggest to Mr. McShane a change of occupation. The highway would perhaps suit him, where accuracy of aim is not necessary, the touch of cold steel being all sufficient. A man who considers three dollars a sufficient financial basis upon which to take a life, could speedily accumulate a fortune, according to his own ideas. A peanut stand might be more in his line—he being accustomed to provender—where he could dock a few nuts in every quart, and make three dollars by the operation every month or so. Or he might take to church begging, which is profitable enough, but he would have to put by his pistol and his bullying, and assume a sanctimonious whine, which is essentially different from a bull-dog's snarl. At all events, we advise him to abandon the keeping of a first-class hotel, where sometimes ladies and gentlemen stop, who are in the habit of settling their bills otherwise than at the mouth of an irate Irishman's pistol, and who do not care to subject themselves to the vagaries of a would-be murderer. Bully McShane's minor offence, of belaboring his guest with an umbrella, is so overshadowed by the attempt to take his life that it has been overlooked, but it was scarcely more justifiable. As Mr. Murphy paid his bill five minutes after, he can scarcely have been so total a stranger or so complete a "bilk" as Mr. McShane and his clerk represent him to be. In conclusion, if justice fails to deal with the memento flourisher as he deserves, we hope the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" will set him up in a shooting gallery, with a huge wooden target to fire at, and a loud-sounding pop-gun to fire with.

Next to dear little children we love nice little boys. There is an innate tenderness and love of truth about most of the breed that are sufficient proofs of divine origin. We have chiefly to do with this tenderness at present, of which the following is a favorable instance: On Monday last a boy of the Lincoln School struck another a severe blow in the back with his fist—*in play*—the result of which blow was an instantaneous paralysis of the lower limbs of the boy who was struck. [That reads very much like an example of syntax.] This is the sort of boy who employs his leisure time in worrying cats, dismembering flies, setting dogs to fight, and other pretty amusements. We believe that every boy is at heart and in practice a bully. He certainly is at heart; and, as for practice, the boy who can't bully a school will bully his little sister, and he who can't bully his sister will bully the cat or the dog. The boys of San Francisco are particularly nice. Their language is as cultivated as that of a miner's camp; their manners as refined as those of a Pacific-street hoodlum, and their aspect towards their parents as respectful as that of a South Sea Islander. There used to be a time when boys had some ambition to be thought little gentlemen, but now the more dissipated and rough and rude the boy is, the more is he respected and admired by the other members of the hopeful gang to which he belongs. There can be no doubt that the whole fault lies with the parents, who mistake carelessness for leniency, and only wake up to their dismal mistake when their sons, whom they may possibly love, but whom they treated as if they hated, furnish an item in the newspapers under the heading of Police News. The gradation is easy and simple enough. A spoilt child becomes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, mean and bullying. Your bully is always rough and brutal, as well as an exceeding coward, and unless your rough, cowardly, hoodlumish bully comes to a bad end, it's a miracle, and no thanks to the parents.

It is perhaps the inherent wickedness of the Town Crier that moves him when a young lady of exceptional deportment and peculiarly shy demeanor is missing, to be possessed of a racking curiosity as to the tenants of private foundling hospitals and other strange abiding places which it is not his modest custom to mention. It is the world's loss that the *T. C.* is not a detective in the line of missing young women, for he is usually on the right scent. He has a peculiar distrust of those young persons who go through the world with downcast eyelids and Madonna faces, gentle of voice and ready of blush. He prefers the rollicking, bustling, jolly, outspoken girl. She is rarely missing. If she is, her noise betrays her whereabouts. Her silent friend, on the contrary, seeks the darkness and retires to private hospitals to have her respectability tinkered up like cracked China. The flaw remains, but is almost invisible, unless, indeed, as was recently the case, the ambitious morning journals undertake to advertise the concern for the benefit of young men who are in a quandary. This knowledge, however, of privacy, utter seclusion and perfect safety of the place introduce a strange jangle and unpleasant discord in the chime of wedding bells, as in the recent Oakland case.

Our sentiments towards Renegade Duggan have entirely changed. We now consider him a sharp, shrewd, wily rascal, who has tricked the people in downright good style, and as such we thoroughly respect him. The way in which he dusted the eyes of the Anti-Catholic Association is worthy of a California street stock-broker, and that glorious sell at Platt's Hall, a joke worthy of Boss Tweed A Roman Catholic priest he was, and is, and never intended to be any other. The way in which he has led the long-eared proselytizers through thick and thin is something delicious. How the wily priest must have laughed at the way the bait took! The tender lamb who had strayed from the right fold and wanted to get back again, was naked and hungry, and the simple-hearted shepherd fed and clothed him. The lamb was introduced to the ewes, and had sheep-eyes innumerable thrown at him. But, alas! the little lamb has thrown off its fleece and turned out to be a fox, and a very cunning fox at that. There is grief and mourning in the Flock of the Simple, sack-cloth and ashes have been ordered, and the shepherd hides his diminished head—all except his ears—and is going to be more careful in future. Duggan is no more to be known as the Renegade, but as Duggan the Fleecer, for as a piece of successful fooling and Jesuitical deception the whole business, from beginning to end, stands unequaled. The camp of the enemy has been spied out and has been discovered to be very, very weak. Our earnest, silly brethren, who would have compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, thought they had caught a beauty, but lo! and behold, like Paddy's flea, when they put their finger upon him he wasn't there. Special services are to be held at St. Mary's, when Duggan the Fleecer is to be received with open arms by Bishop Alemany, whilst the choir chaunts to Gregorian music, these words:

"Black sheep, black sheep, have you any wool?"

To which Duggan, laying his finger beside his glowing nose, will answer:

"Yes, father; yes father, three bags full,
One that the public kindly helped me to fill,
And two from the pockets of duped Hemphill!"

It has come to the ears of the Town Crier this week, that Monsieur Jacques Laidli and Señor Alvino Caulfieldo, two extremely fashionable residents of this city, are to settle a difference that has arisen between them, by resorting to the only gentleman's mode: that of a duel. The terms of the duel are somewhat peculiar, the weapons selected being ten-inch Parrott guns, and the distance between the principals five miles. M. Laidli having won the choice of positions, has decided on Goat Island, while Snr. Caulfieldo has chosen an elevated position on the Bernal Heights. As far as we can ascertain from rumors at the Union Club, the breach between the above gentlemen arose from a contested point in musical matters, M. Laidli declaring that no opera had ever been written with a part for a Fortissimo Crescendo Falsetto obligato, Snr. Caulfieldo asserting that he had filled such a position in Bombay. Should you therefore hear an exchange of shots some clear morning, you will immediately know that the issue of this singular and remarkable combat has been decided. *Court Journal* and *Musical Times* please copy.

Trust a woman for a strong expression of feeling where another woman is concerned. The *Town Crier* while at the Art Reception overheard among criticisms of pictures and paintings, this, on an elderly maiden, who was giggling to such an extent as to seriously endanger her unity—her holding together, we mean. "Gushing old Fossil!" said some one behind us. We turned expecting to see some other unhappy sister of uncertain age, but imagine our surprise when we found the gentle critic to be a little girl, who possibly might have seen seventeen summers. Good heavens! and had she already got to "*gushing old Fossil?*" Saints protect us from a woman's tongue, indeed, if it is dipped in gall to this extent before they are much more then half through their teens. Could she have taken it in with her mother's milk? But how if she were brought up by hand and a feeding bottle? *Gushing old Fossil* eh! Gracious goodness what's the world coming to?

We acknowledge to one weakness common to humanity: a liking for rich people. Our solicitude for their health, their comfort, and their welfare, is something quite extraordinary. Our usual regard for truth compels us to state that in consequence our sympathies have been chiefly extended to convicts and rascals. There was a time when all went well with them; when hanging was *en règle*, if poor men strained the hemp—the rich escaped with imprisonment. Later, when hanging and imprisonment both went out, many of our warmest friends were rescued through the insanity dodge. Alas! emotional insanity is played out, and conviction has become popular. What resource is now left our moneyed friends in limbo? Hark, from the Tombs, from Auburn, from Sing Sing, from Blackwell's, an echo answereth: "The Hospital!"

Michael Scanlon, the father of ten children, has been sent to Stockton as insane, the principal evidence in favor of his noncomposity being the testimony of two witnesses, who swore to having seen Scanlon threaten to assault his wife with a carving-knife. This is a very difficult case, and the decision of insanity is one that does not exactly please us, for, ready as we are to admit that being the father of ten children is enough to send any poor devil mad ten times over, still on the other hand there is the fact of his having threatened his wife with a carving-knife, and this assuredly can only be taken as evidence of sanity and civilization. However, he's gone to Stockton, and assaults with carving-knives, and pokers, and chairs, may all in future come under the Insanity Dodge.

It troubled us for some time to find a cause for the unceasing efforts of the *Chronicle* to dislodge the *Figaro* from Tom Maguire's two theaters; but at twenty-three minutes to four yesterday afternoon we struck it. Although the old of an ink-cocktail. The rapid decline of the dead-alive paper's influence and circulation has, of course been apparent to its proprietors for even a longer time than to the public and feeling in their heart of hearts—which is their pocket—that their day was past and over, and that not even advertisements of catarrh bestialities and assignations could save it from returning to its original form of advertisement-programme, rant, strive and labor to get the *Figaro* out of the way so that there may be but one Richmond in the field. Is there not something in the fable book about "the dog returning to its vomit?"

The medical faculty has decided that nineteen children out of every twenty sick with scarlatina can be saved if properly taken care of. What a merciful dispensation of Providence it is, that implanted in every mother's heart there lies implicit confidence in the doctor! So, after all, we see our salvation clear, for in every case of scarlatina the man of prescriptions and fees will be called in, and as recovery depends upon the "being properly taken care of," thank God and the doctors, the plague of children will be somewhat shaved. Doctors and decimation, or coddling and cure. In the name of Suffering Humanity, then call in the doctors!

"It was not that I loved her overmuch Waved an adieu—I did not discern it;
That made our parting bitter; 'Twas that she borrowed my umbrella,
It was not for the softness of her touch, and
Or her eyes' glitter [hand My old friend's lost—she did not return
'Twas not that when we parted her small it."

Merit has at length received its reward. Wm. Mestayer and Senator Roach have each been presented with a gold badge for their factotum services to the San Francisco Stock Board. The proud recipients intend to wear them around their necks—tag fashion. Mestayer on the strength of his will write a new society play, and Roach intends using his as a lever to lift him to the Governor's chair. On Mestayer's badge is the inscription "To an old stager," and on Roach's, the legend runs "For a good little boy."

Apprehensive parents are informed that the curious of the rising generation may visit the rooms of the Art Association with impunity. Samson and Delilah may be a little *piquante* for the eyes of Miss Prude, but Mezzara's chisel has despoiled of the superfluities of the plaster casts as effectually as the Jewish Giant was shorn of his strength by the willing shears of treacherous Delilah. What greater sacrifice can be offered at the shrine of modesty than that of neutralizing even Apollo Belvidere?

The Chronicle has issued a notice to the effect that Benjamin F. Napthaly is not employed as a reporter for that paper, although he has misrepresented himself as such. Charley has gone back on "little Benjamin," evidently. And yet we think there must be a mistake somewhere, for cheeky and low as Benny is, he cannot have got so far down as to claim a connection with the assignation sheet, when he was lucky enough some time ago to break it.

On Thursday, a notice appeared in the dailies to the effect that an owner was wanted for a fine silk umbrella, then at the Police Station, taken on the preceding day from a disreputable character. Before eleven o'clock on Thursday morning three thousand seven hundred and forty-one men, thirteen hundred and eleven women, fifty-five boys and girls, and fourteen Chinese had applied for it.

The Church of the Flying Trapeze, which is Trinity, is beginning to look up. Of late the houses at this place of amusement have been small and not paying, but now that the orchestra and chorus are fully organized a run of the present company may be expected until Christmas. The general holy howl commences to-morrow morning.

An Angelic Creature.—A gentleman at the last masked ball in New York, meeting a lady whose husband he knew to be exceedingly jealous, exclaimed, "Good heavens, madame, you here! I thought your husband kept you under lock and key." "So he does," replied the angelic creature; "but he's in bed with the typhus fever now, and I take the advantage of it to have a little fun."

The following tender missive was picked up in a ladies' sitting-room at a railroad depot:—"Dear Charles, do you love me as much as you did at a quarter to twelve last night? Say you do, dearest, and it will give me spirit to go down and tackle those cold beans left over from yesterday."

A New Hampshire editor, who has been keeping a record of big beets, announces at last that "the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets, whether the original beet, the beet that beat the beet, or the beet that beat the beet that beat the beet.

During an address by Mr. ——, a few days ago, a gentleman in the audience arose partly to his feet, and seemed to be much excited by, and interested in, the subject on which Mr. —— was hoeing forth. The gentleman alluded to, however, had been sitting on a wasp, and the wasp had just noticed it.

Recently a bearded woman was on exhibition in a tent in Paris. A curious lady went to see her, and to satisfy herself it was real beard, pulled it. On retiring, she said to a little girl who was selling tickets at the entrance, "Is the bearded lady your mamma?" She replied, "Oh, no, it is my papa."

THE LADIES' PROTEST.

"Moi qui n'ai pas l'habitude de regarder les statues à de certains endroits, je trouvais, comme les autres, la feuille de vigne, découpée par les ciseaux de M. le chargé des beaux-arts, la chose la plus ridicule du monde. Il parait que j'avais tort, et que la feuille de vigne est une institution des plus méritoires. * * * * * Ces gens-là ne savent aussi de la romance de Rodrigue que le couplet de la couleuvre.—S'il y a quelque nudité dans un tableau ou dans un livre, ils-y-vont droit comme le porc à la fange, et ne s'inquiètent pas de fleurs epanouies ni des beaux fruits dores qui pendent de toutes parts."

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

Against the shameful barbarous mutilation,
Of Gods and demi-Gods of glorious station,
We do protest with grief and indignation.

Shorn by the Trustees of their fair proportions,
Wronged by the chisel's pitiless distortions,
They tell their voiceless pain by strange cortortions.

Heroes and demi-Gods renowned in story!
Famed in old wars and love, and crowned with glory,
How dare they fling such foul dishonor o'er ye?

Ye stand, as conscious of your degradation,
Pallid as ghosts, in deep humiliation,
Disqualified for love or propagation.

Against this vandal act, we lift our voices;
In "Beauty unadorned," man's heart rejoices;
And "Nature uncurtailed," true woman's choice is.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes to us as follows:—The "Ristori" is the name of the newest dressing gown in the fashionable shops. It is a combination of white and blue Cashmere; in shape strongly resembling the somewhat oddly arranged robes worn by the great tragedienne in the sleeping scene in Lady Macbeth. I hope ladies won't take a fancy to the queer head-dress she adopted for her marvellous performance. The trousseau of the Grande Duchesse Marie of Russia is the subject of conversation among dress lovers. The articles ordered for her in England and Ireland are to be seen in duplicate in most of the first rate shops. A very curious and beautiful material for reception dresses is already called the "Grand Duchess." The pattern I saw was white silk, which looked at a little distance as though it was in alternate stripes of silk and silver. Close to, the stripes vanished, and the material appeared like a woven mixture of silk and silver. I am told that two dresses of it were ordered for her Imperial Highness, one in pink and one in white. The "Marie" sash is another article of the trousseau, at least so the milliners say. It is more a set of trimmings than a sash, and is curious, if not pretty. Silk mounted on stiff muslin is the foundation, and this is thickly covered with bead trimming and edged with a kind of bead gimp. There are three sash ends more than a quarter of a yard in width to loop up the tunic, finished off with a heavy bead fringe. From the back of the dress there is a piece about three inches wide to go straight from the neck to the bottom of the basque; and for the shoulders there are epaulettes so exactly like an old-fashion military epaulette as to be very comical. I should fancy the little figure of the Russian Princess would look terribly overloaded with such ornaments; but fashion, not suitability, rules the female world just now. Felt hats are to be very much worn this Winter. I have seen some very pretty new shapes, especially in children's hats. The little girls of H. R. H. the Princess of Wales were wearing very pretty hats of white felt when I caught a glimpse of them the other day. The brims turned down in front and up at the side, and they were very simply trimmed with blue ribbons and white feathers. Their dresses were remarkably plain, of some blue material, in two shades, with white buttons; indeed, the elegant simplicity of her children's toilettes always seems to me an evidence of the good taste of her Royal Highness. A very novel bonnet—and, at the same time, very handsome—was prepared for her Royal Highness before the Court mourning. It was composed of blue silk, and had a soft crown, at the side of which was a large cluster of white flowers, with two or three pale pink China asters mixed with them. The front was composed of a straight stiff rim, with a quilling of lace above and below. Round this rim was a band of darker blue, thickly embroidered with beads of the same color, and from the back of the bonnet to the shoulders hung a square lappet to match finished off with a feather fringe, a small plume of feathers was placed at the back of the right side, the ends curling down over the lappet, and mixing with the trailing spray from the flowers. The bonnet had no strings. A curious dress from Paris has an ornament of gimp coming over one shoulder, either right or left according to taste, and finished with a large ornament and three tassels. Anything uglier could not be imagined; it has the effect of dragging from the shoulder, though, I suspect the dressmakers cunningly prevent that. The fashion of wearing gems mounted in black velvet as necklaces and bracelets is becoming very general, especially among blondes, on whose fair skins the black shows so well. Diamonds alone look best, but I have seen colored stones mounted in the same way. Single diamonds hung on invisible wires are worn as earrings, though I do not think the effect so good as of a graceful pattern in gold as a setting.

AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY.

Mr. Editor:—As a holy divine, as a pious clergyman, as a devout parson, as a holy vessel of the Lord, as a consecrated heart-stirring instrument of Jehovah, as a sweet-scented, Sunday soul-saving seeker of sinners, I deem it my Christian duty, admitting of no denial, to enter a solemn and dignified protest against the wicked, impious and insidious innovations which are being introduced into the average orthodox sermon by the popular preachers of the day. It is with feelings of rage, shame and indignation, mingled with a gentle solicitude for my salary, that I feel called upon, as a man of God, to thus publicly protest against the unseemly levity and disrespect with which our holy religion, with all its sacred concomitants, is treated every Sabbath by a wealth and fashion-worshiping clergy. I sorrow for the good old days when a wierd glamor of hallowed mystery hung about our saintly forms; when the cloak of religion enveloped us in its ample folds, hiding the errors and deformities of our sanctified persons from the vulgar gaze of the common herd. In those blissfull and never-to-be-forgotten days, we eat it fat; we had all the white meat on the turkey; our toast was buttered on both sides; we prayed in secret, over our cold duck and New England rum. In those happy days, we retired to the sacred seclusion of our library, lighted a cheerful fire, solaced our inner man and braced the nerves of our corporeal being with a quart of mulled port, closed th shutters, drew down the heavy silk curtains, stuffed a half-finished sermon in the key-hole of the door, and then wrestled manfully with the spirit of evil in combating the bewitching glances and fond endearments of some pious devotee, who, with mistaken feelings in her religious zeal, had compounded the worship of the Deity with love for her spiritual adviser.

Dear happy days, forever flown,
We ne'er shall see their like again,
When, like a monarch on his throne,
The parson swayed the minds of men.

Those love-feasts of the soul are o'er,
I miss the place wherein I sat
And did sweet consolation pour,
Like the soft purring of a cat.

But these are degenerate times. Look at the preacher of to-day; he has reached the low level of a fashionable fop, with a gilded exterior covering a soulless anatomy; an article of trade and traffic, a being of many words and few ideas. But what hurts me is, that the vain and conceited egotist is spoiling our business. Instead of sticking to the legitimate drama of the judgment days, and thundering hell and damnation from his consecrated stage, and flashing on the affrighted gaze of his astonished hearers sheets of flame, blue fire and brimstone, with a blissful heaven in the far-off back-ground for favored souls who love their Jesus, he prates of politics like Kipp, or starts a trading-post like Hemphill, or opens a fair like Stone, or turns renegade like Duggan; or, like Platt, the latest importation, at Grace Church, he tells his congregation to treat religion as an article of trade, to look at it with a financial eye, to take it as a pecuniary investment that will pay untold ducats; or, like Cox, howling around everywhere, trading himself off for anything he can get; and so on to the end of the chapter. Against all this I enter my solemn protest. I raise my warning voice. Brethren, beware! Stop while you are on praying ground. Don't lift the thin veil of sancity from our rotten institution! Don't raise the ample folds of our religious cloak, and permit the gaze of the great unwashed to rest on the mouldering skeleton within! Don't strip off the romance from religion, and lay bare the improbable foundation of our stupendous fiction. Have some respect, my brethren, for time-honored usages; don't cast adrift the fast anchored hopes of millions. If they have hooked on to a myth, don't tell them so; they will never know the difference. Don't make religion common; don't peddle it about the streets in conjunction with old rope, oysters, brooms, nails, soap-fat and saw-dust. Don't auction it off in a frescoed Cathedral from a velvet-lined pulpit, like the caller in a stock board. Keep your egg whole; don't burst the shell, they will never know how rotten it is inside. Stick to your first love; promise to satisfy the longing desire of the sentimental with a bower of bliss; bait the cupidity of the cunning worldling with streets of gold and a sapphire throne; sing hell and damnation at the belligerent till they are struck with awe; give them the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible; make them swallow it, and the good things of this world are ours once more—fat goose, cold duck, bright eyes, and our salaries secured. We'll be happy yet. 'Tis well. Amen.

Yours, hopefully,
THE PARSON.

THE OAKS, December, 1873.

Here is the experience of the wife of the owner of the wee dog that was losht: "Katarina, my peloved Sehnsucht, I likes to know who gief you de privelege dat you shall go ant spent me fife pence for to buy dat ploo ribbon vot you got died around your vater-falls? You vant to prate me oop in pieceses, eh? My peloved Sehnsucht Katarina, light of my eye, I pet you one krentzer dem tings don't never happens agin in dis family, because I scalp you town so flat as you can't stant, al'nt it, my peloved Sehnsucht Katarina?"

"What do you call that?" indignantly asked a customer at a cheap restaurant, pointing out an object that he had discovered in his plate of hash. "Wristband, with a sleeve-button attached, sir," said the waiter briskly. "Well, do you consider that a proper thing for a man to find in his hash?" asked the customer in wrath. "Good heavens, sir!" cried the waiter, "would you expect to find a ten-dollar silk umbrella in a fifteen-cent plate of hash?"

DEMON KISSES.

Together they stand on the height, while the sun in his glory is setting,
She tender and fair and lissom, he swarthy and tall and strong,
Living but for the time that is, all that was, all that may be forgetting,
Hearing no sound but their own low tones and the nightingale's evening song.

But the face of her lover is shadowed though red with the glare of the sun,
And his form begins to tremble, as if from excess of pain,
And she sees in his deep black eyes the light she has often feared would come,
And she feels the increasing strength of his touch, and the beat of each swelling vein.

A moment her heart in her bosom leaped, and her sweet face grew deadly pale;
She knew that her demon lover too long had delayed to depart;
She knew the great love that he bore her could now be of no avail;
The evil spell held him bound in chains, and his clutch held the strings of her heart.

Then lifting her lips to his lowering face, she, kissing him tenderly, said:
"Mine is the fault, you have stayed so long, but sorrowful you will be
When the wicked charm that enfolds you now, with the morrow's light has fled,
And you know that the form you have loved so well you never again shall see."

"I feel no sorrow, I am but glad to die by the strength of your arm;
You feel no pity, you do not know you are sending me down to death.
Ah! cruelest of lovers, what fearful strength there lies in the fatal charm:
One more pressure of lip to lip, my love, though I die by your scorching breath."

* * * * * * * *

He cannot hear her, he sees her not; what matter her cries to him?
The madness of hell is upon him as he crushes her close to his breast,
And his lips are wet with the blood of her heart, as he rends her limb from limb,
But the deed he does, though he know it not, shall never allow him rest.

T. A. H.

A NEW CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

The "Oakland Monthly Review" is its name. Its scope is sufficiently comprehensive, for it is "Devoted to Literature, Science, Art, Politics, and the Agricultural, Mining, Mechanical, and Educational Interests of the Pacific Coast." The first number is before us in a rather consumptive looking shape, suggestive of a brief career and an early death. It comprises some fifty pages of reading matter, embracing specimens of the good, bad, and indifferent. There are articles on "The Farmer's Grange—Its Purpose and Objects," "Our Centennial Celebration," "The Jury System," "The Influence of Character on Republics," "Talking Machines," "Utah and the Mormons," "The Slaves of the Sea," "Poets of the Pacific," together with several original poems, and a highly melodramatic, sensational story entitled "A Threat from the scaffold." The editorial department, consisting of "Jottings" and "Current Events," is unequal, as if the product of several pens. Most of the articles are short, and with no pretensions to literary elegance. There is one poem, "A Prayer For Rain," by Frank Soulé, which is above the average fugitive verse. We would like to quote it entire, but have only space for a single stanza:

> "God! give us rain! to Thee our hearts are crying!
> This supplication breathes in mournful words
> To Thee! the earth in drouth and ruin lying,
> From dust and blight pleads for the starving herds.
> The feeble pulses of the springs are dying;
> In thirst, and doubt, and dread, men, beasts and birds
> Are uttering one common prayer for "rain!"
> God of the tempests! shall they plead in vain?"

Most of the articles are short; some of them flippant, or crude, resembling in style newspaper, rather than magazine writing. Upon the whole, we do not think that Mr. Carmany need regard the *Oakland Review* as a very dangerous rival of the *Overland*. The only story in this number has originality and strength, but is a perilous incursion into the realm of the supernatural; and the writer does not sustain himself to the hight of the argument. It is, nevertheless, much above the average of "Short California Stories," and savors strongly of the soil. The description of the "hanging day" and its incidents is particularly good. The names of the writers of the articles are not given—except in the case of two of the poems; but the publisher announces that Frank Soulé, James F. Bowman, Wm. H. Rhodes, Daniel O'Connell, and William Bausman are among the contributors to the present number. The literary deficiencies of the initial number of the *Review* are sufficiently conspicuous; but we note the fact that it has some eighteen pages of wholesome looking advertisements. That ought to console the publishers for any shortcomings in other directions. Probably it does.

An old lady from Maine called recently at the Boston Conservatory, to enter her granddaughter as a pupil, saying she had timed her in Thalberg's "Sweet Home," to two minutes and fifty seconds.

EXTRAORDINARY HAUL OF FISH.

An esteemed correspondent, says the *Clonmel Chronicle*, sends us the following account of the visit of an extraordinary shoal of fish to Waterford Harbor, and its results. The "take" of herrings and turbot exceeded anything ever heard of upon that coast:—"During the past few days the harbor of Waterford has been literally alive with fish, and large numbers, not alone of hardy fishermen, but of the peasantry from miles around, have been kept busily engaged in their capture. The shoal of herrings was such as to baffle description. The fish were actually wedged together into one compact mass, and so dense was the living mass that the men could not let out more than half their nets lest the immense weight of fish would break them. The farmers around came with their carts to reap an unexpected harvest, and there was not an available boat or net in Dungarvan, Youghal, or Cork, which was not employed, while baskets, creels, and even cradles were used by many in drawing in the inexhaustible supply. The first Dungarvan fisherman to hear the news, put off at once and arrived shortly after the shoal entered the harbor. In two days he sent his poor wife and family a cheque for £9. The news of his good fortune soon spread, although the local men tried to keep it as secret as possible, and ere long the harbor was crowded with fishing crafts of every description. Two buyers came over from England or Scotland, and bought all they could manage to barrel and cure, thus serving greatly to increase the value of the take. A lighter full of herrings was sent to Ross and the cargo sold by auction. About fifteen boat-loads were brought up to Waterford, and gave much employment in packing the fish and sending it off by steamer; for sixty years old inhabitants say such a quantity of herrings never visited this coast, or fish in as prime condition. There followed in the wake of the shoal a large quantity of turbot, hake, and dogfish; numbers of the herrings were marked with their bite. Four baskets of turbot were received at the railway yesterday for the Dublin market, each weighing half a hundredweight, representing a value of £40. The herrings have now moved off to the Wexford side of the river."

HEROISM OF YOUNG LADIES.

The following cases of remarkable courage have just been brought before the English Royal Humane Society. The first case was that of Miss Olivia Georgiana E. Maude. She saved the life of a girl named Adele Greaven, who sank while bathing at Sea Point, Monkstown, under the following circumstances: Miss Maude and her sister, who had themselves been bathing, were dressed and sitting on the rocks watching the other bathers, when their attention was aroused by an alarming outcry—a girl had disappeared in deep water. No assistance was at hand, no boat or ropes, and even the usual attendants were absent or otherwise engaged. The child soon rose to the surface, but, unable to swim, sank again. She rose a second time, and the bystanders and bathing women, thoroughly alarmed and crying for assistance, were shocked at perceiving that the child's bathing dress had got over her face and head, and that her arms were entangled in it. At this moment Miss Maude leaped into the deep water, dressed as she was, without even taking time to remove her watch, caught the child as she was disappearing the third time, and took her safely to shore. The other case was that of Miss Mary Kerridge, who saved a lad of fifteen named Stewart, who sank while bathing at a town called Wentworth, in New South Wales. The boy, it appears, had gone with a companion to bathe in the river Darling, and was carried by a strong current into deep water. Neither he nor his companion could swim, and he cried loudly for help. Miss Kerridge was about a hundred yards off, and, hearing the boy's cries, ran as fast as she could to the spot, plunged into the river with all her clothes on, and caught the lad as he rose the third time. After considerable difficulty, owing to the rapidity of the current, having only one hand at liberty, and her efforts being impeded by the weight of her clothes, she ultimately succeeded in placing the lad in safety. The Royal Humane Society bestowed medals for saving life, with suitable testimonials, on each of the young ladies.—*Glasgow Mail.*

A FRUGAL BANQUET.

A Masonic Banquet recently took place at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, which deserves notice. After the usual lodge work was done, the members of the "Great City" Lodge of Freemasons adjourned to their banquet room, where, instead of the accustomed sumptuous dinner, there was spread a frugal meal of bread and cheese and ale. The Worshipful Master presided, and all the officers and visitors partook of the repast; and, when the cloth had been removed, the president explained to the visitors that the lodge had determined to give up one banquet (which cost between £50 and £60), and to give the amount thus saved to the charity fund of the lodge. Most of the visitors spoke, and expressed themselves as highly delighted with the novel banquet, and the members were so gratified at the unexpected success of the experiment that it was proposed to give up four out of six of the monthly banquets, and so increase the charitable fund to the extent of about £200. The proposal was well received, and after the usual toasts had been duly honored the list went round for individual subscriptions to the Masonic Benevolent Institution, when about £30 was subscribed and more promised.

WATER LILIES.

[BY F. W. BOURDILLON.]

There are water lilies lying
Large and lustrous to desire,
With the snow for whiteness vying.
Holding each a heart of fire:
Lilies with large leaves for shadow,
Where the sunbeams flash and quiver,
Where thro' many a copse and meadow
Steals along the silent river.

Like a fairest, sweetest maiden
Lies each lily in its brightness,
All her heart with love's fire laden,
All her soul of purest whiteness;
Furled and folded all her petals
Round she raps her heart to cover,
'Till on her the strong sun settles,
And her whole heart hails her lover.

THE HOLLY BUSH AND CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

It is pleasant to note the happy, eager faces that throng our streets at this season. It is quite a study to observe the serious, matronly air of the good housewife who takes time by the forelock, and makes her purchases in due season. It is a glorious treat to walk through the long aisles of the White House and see the piles of silks, laces, shawls, and miscellaneous goods of the best quality, so temptingly spread and officered over by so many gentlemanly, obliging attendants. The very windows are a study, and crowds of gazers are attracted to them morning, noon, and night. It is like an Aladdin's palace. One day, one sees behind the immense plate-glass windows the richest silks from the looms of Lyons, another department is devoted to the more sober home garments, a third glows with exquisite Parisian srticles in ormolu, crystal, bronze, and Sevres porcelaine, not to mention the numberless *necessaries* in Russia and Morocco leather; and the next day, presto, all is changed, and fresh luxuries are spread to view. Everything that everybody wants for a Christmas present is to be found at the White House—and then the price. The facilities that a large capital, unlimited credit and great knowledge of business give are brought to bear for the benefit of the public. What is the consequence? The newest, most beautiful, most artistic goods, of the most enduring quality, are offered at prices that tempt the most careful buyers, and put aside any possibility of competition. The great merit of this establishment is, that nothing is wanting, from a child's pocket handkerchief to the most costly robe that fashion can desire, and whether it is the child that wants the simple purchase, or the millonaire who desires the purple and fine linen, the same courteous demeanor supplies the one and robes the other.

ECONOMY IN THE USE OF BESSEMER STEEL.

Mr. Thomas Brassey, in an address delivered at a meeting of the Social Science Association at Norwich, 1873, states upon the authority of Mr. Bessemer, that the average quantity of coal required to make one ton of pig iron is about two tons. Two tons of coal to convert one ton of pig iron into iron railway bars. To produce one ton of steel rails by the old process of making steel at Shefficld, a total consumption of 10 tons, 8 cwt. of coal is required; and the conversion of iron bars into blistered steel occupies from 18 to 20 days. To make Bessemer steel from pig iron into steel rails consumes 1 ton, 5 cwt. of coal. But to form a correct estimate of the economy in the employment of steel instead of iron for railways, we must compare the life of each; for instance, at the London and Northwestern Station, at Crewe, the iron rails are so rapidly worn that they require to be reversed in four months, each rail being completely worn out in eight months. Bessemer rails used at this station, after being in constant use for seven years, were removed in consequence of re-building the station, one side of the rail only having been used, and this not quite worn out—showing the duration of the Bessemer rail to be fourteen years, against eight months for the iron rail, and consumption of 1 ton, 5 cwt. of coal in the steel, against 20 tons of coal in the iron. The employment of steel rails is important not only in the saving of fuel, but in the labor required constantly to lay and relay the iron rails, as well as in the interruption to travel, an important item when the traffic is heavy.—*Practical Magazine.*

Latest News from Dr. Livingstone.—CAPE COAST CASTLE, Oct. 9th. The Grandy expedition has passed safely through this district, where their passage had been disputed, under an escort from the King of St. Salvador. It was reported among the natives at St. Salvador that Dr. Livingstone was in the interior about thirty or forty miles from that place. Diamonds of fine water have been discovered near a place called Sooka, ninety-five miles up the Kongo river.

Two New York 'bus drivers, taking a drink on the company's money, discussed a visit one of them had paid to Wood's Museum. "Jim," said one, "I see a mummy there 3,000 years old." "Hold hard, brother," replied his friend, "drop a few years, it's only 1873 now."

A PIONEER STORY.

California seems to be an inexhaustible mine of gold, adventure, and ridicule. The virtues and the vices, the thoughts and speculations of the brain appear more buoyant here with precious metals; more so than in any other part of the world. A time will come when every hill and hollow and mountain pass will evoke the memories of deeds of splendor,—of deeds of shame; where every mine, every institution, every family and home will be coupled with the name of some reckless adventurer of the past, whose chief merit was—luck. Let us record here another of those lawless adventures, where the ridicule palliates the crime, and the daring seems to consecrate and protect the man from a just recrimination of our judgment.

Nomina sunt odiosa. In the good old pioneering times of our State, I came to a certain insignificant mining town to see a friend on business. The country all round was rough, but very productive in ore. The character of its inhabitants was certainly in keeping with the place. A set of more desperate, bearded, gambling, and swearing miners would have been difficult to find on our coast. Very soon, my friend personally introduced me to all the notabilities of the place, and told the numberless adventures of each one's experience in California. How many men one had shot in his life; how many times another had made a fortune and been flat broke; in how many lawsuits a third had been engaged about land claims; in fine, in what precarious and uncertain a state their lives, purses, and homes were day and night. The most conspicuous person at the time in the place was a certain trapper, Brown, who had, indeed, come across the plains in search for gold, but soon abandoned the groveling rat-like scraping, as he called it, and had taken to his old friend, an unerring rifle once more. This supplied him with a scanty, but sufficient subsistence, and on account of his capital jokes, he was a welcome guest in every saloon. Moreover, seeing he was over six feet and always well armed, spoke little, and had cut short several differences of opinion by cutting his adversary's throat, he was in the tranquil enjoyment of a well earned respect from his fellow-citizens.

As we were one evening inspecting the thronged gambling halls in the Eldorado of the place, where the play happened to be more than usually high and exciting, the Herculean form of Brown appeared in the rooms.

"Hallo! Captain," said one. "Come to the table," said another.

The trapper, in the meantime, loosened a gigantic powder horn from his side, and in a loud, gruff voice said:

"I have not got a d—d cent. It's no use, we must all together travel now to hell, I guess."

With that he threw the horn into the roaring flames of the fire-place. A scene of utmost confusion ensued. With the most infernal swearing and cursing, all leaving places and money, rushed frantic out of the doors, leaped through windows, tore down the the sail-cloth where there was no wood, to escape with life or at least from imminent danger. Outside the disorder increased. Brown's name, the cry of "water," "you bet," "there she goes," volleys of true California miner's oaths, made up the most diabolic, harmonious discord you ever heard in your life. In course of time a few buckets of water were thrown by the bravest of the brave on the fire, and as no explosion ensued, we all slowly advanced on our former positions. The horn was found to be empty. The trapper disappeared in the confusion, and with him a good round sum from the tables. The mystery was solved.

The Healing Properties of Cabbage Leaves.—The therapeutical value of cabbage leaves, which has long been recognized in household medicine, is discussed at considerable length by Dr. Blanc in the *Revue de la Thérapeutique*, and the conclusions to which he comes, concisely stated, are as follows: The cabbage leaf excites and augments suppuration of the secretion of ulcers, ulcerations, vesicles, and pustules. It has the same action on the integuments affected by an erysipelatous or furunculous inflammation. This property does not consist in any principle which the leaf yields for absorption, but rather in an affinity which the leaf has for the vitiated secretions. The leaf exercises this affinity on open ulcers, or on ulcers covered by a thick or thin scab or crust; it exercises it on the thickened epidermis or where it is converted into thickened rind-like membranes; in simple or confluent variola, throughout mortified tissues, through the integuments, whether inflamed or non-inflamed, but removes tumors capable of absorption. When the tegumentary affection is wide-spread or general, the action of the leaves on the parts where they are applied benefits the whole disease. The matter in the parts not covered by leaves is absorbed, and at once directed under the leaves, to be immediately excreted at that part. Treatment, by the leaves, of a suppurative affection prevents re-absorption and consequent pyæmia. The cure obtained by this means is more complete and certain than by any other, because it is brought about only when the cause and products of disease are eliminated from the system. The cure of an ulcer by the leaves, however wide-spread and long-standing it may be, is without danger, and reapse is very rare. The cicatrices obtained by the leaves are remarkable for their small degree of deformity. Small-pox, measles, and scarlatina, treated by applications of the leaves, have few or no sequelæ; *e.g.*, phthisis is not to be feared.

Horne Took, being asked by George III whether he played cards, replied, "I cannot, your Majesty, tell a king from a knave."

MARGARET.

" The lilies blossom in thy face,
Margaret, fair Margaret;
Thine eyes are truth's abiding-place.
Within their quiet deeps I trace
A world of gentleness and grace
Margaret, rare Margaret!

" Lift up to me thy tender eyes,
Margaret, sweet Margaret—
Across thy cheek the rose-flush flies;
I wait to catch thy low replies
To my wild importunities,
Margaret, dear Margaret!

" Be kind, and do not bid me go,
Margaret, shy Margaret,"
I plead, and lo! across the snow
Of her pure cheeks red roses flow,
I catch my answer, whispered low,
Margaret, my Margaret!

MATRIMONIAL.

In London, there is a most extraordinary paper published, called "*The Matrimonial News.*" Its success has taken persons unacquainted with human nature, or possessed of unreflecting minds, with perfect surprise. That people have married, or wished to do so since the days of Adam and Eve, is as true as it is that their Maker destined they should. What wonder, then, that a paper conducted with the highest honor, and offering undoubted guarantees of integrity, and whose mission was that of bringing bona fide marrying people together, with a view to their future happiness, should prove a marked success. In other times the lads and lasses used to hie themselves to the village fair, to the dance on the green, or to other outdoor trysting places, in order to get mated. The times now, however, are too active, busy, pushing, for young people to come together in that way. How many amongst us there are whose life is so busy that he has had neither opportunity nor time to meet just the kind of wife he would like to take for better or for worse for the remainder of his days. This is the cause, doubtless, of the many divorces amongst us. People marry in haste, with too little opportunity of knowing each other, and then what wonder is it that they repent at leisure? It may seem too unpoetical to receive introductions through an experienced lady who is not one of your personal acquaintances. But why should it? Being experienced, she does her work with good judgment and discretion. Having no more interest in you than in the hundreds of her other customers, she causes no unpleasant newsmongering. And as for the lack of the poetry, that is neither here nor there. This is a wonderfully practical age, and if one succeeds in getting a good wife, he can dispense with the poetry which, by the by, too often only attends the obtaining of a bad one. These, it may be assumed, are the common sense views which have influenced John Bull. Whether they are or not, it is certain that he, after considerable hesitation and inquiry, has taken kindly to his *Matrimonial News*. You will see it in all the news shops, and hear of its being in the hand of every news boy. It sells for three times as much as the great dailies, and obtains wonderfully high prices for its advertisements. Thousands of marriages are made annually by its means, by parties who would never otherwise have met. Clergymen advertise for wives in it very frequently; also, occasionally, a nobleman; the ladies are of course numerous, and always good looking. What are the times coming to?

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.
That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star!
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired apocalypse!

A friend of Landseer, who knew him well, and had watched his mode of working, says: "It has been said that he was a very rapid painter, and in a sense this is true. The actual laying on of the color upon canvas was done with marvellous rapidity; but then he had previously spent a considerable amount of time in putting together his idea of what he meant to do, and he would scrape the paint off his canvas, and begin again half a dozen times over, till he got it to please him. His studio was like a glazier's shop on this account. He kept a great heap of pieces of glass beside his easel, in order to efface work he did not like. Thus, the final painting was swift; but the preparation for it was often slow and laborious."

A young New Yorker, spending a month with his uncle in New Jersey, wrote thus to his mother: "The peach trees here are too slippery for me to climb; uncle won't let me sail boats in the milk-pails; there's no bird's nests that I can see · Sallie Law spilt molasses on my best pants; a smaller boy than I am, who plays with me, wears a gold chain, and I want to go home."

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The famine in the northwestern part of Iowa seems to be a more serious matter than the eastern public has hitherto supposed. The people in half a dozen counties have been reduced to the direst extremities, and a number have actually starved, while the prospects for the winter are very gloomy. The country being new, even for the West, there is but a small accumulation of wealth, and the crops on which the farmers relied were destroyed in June by the grasshoppers. There is no wood, and the sufferers being too poor to buy coal, grass is almost the only fuel they have. The rest of Iowa is moving for their relief, and eastern people may have a chance to contribute.

There is now being constructed at Cronstadt a submarine vessel of enormous dimensions. In it two thousand tons of iron and steel have been employed. It is propelled by two powerful air engines, will be armed with a formidable ram, and will carry all the means for fixing to the hulls of vessels large cylinders of powder, which it can afterwards explode by electricity. Two glass eyes will enable the crew to find their way about, and they may choose their course at what depth they please below water.

"About the third of May last," said Bradlaugh in a recent lecture, "I was conversing with a number of Spanish gentlemen in Spain on the situation in Cuba, when one, a leading statesman, said: I am in favor of seeing the Cubans gain their independence; I am in favor of their establishing a republic; I sympathize with them in their struggles, and am with them in everything but one thing, and that is when they say, "Death to Spain"—for I am a Spaniard." That statesman's name is Emilio Castelar.

The trial trip of the splendid new screw-steamer *Pomerania*, the latest addition to the Hamburg-America fleet, took place recently. During the return sail on the Firth, dinner was served on board—Mr. J. T. Caird, builder of the steamer, presiding. In proposing the success of the *Pomerania*, Mr. Caird stated the remarkable fact that within the last twenty years his firm had built 49 similar steamers for the Germans, at a cost of upwards of £5,000,000.—*Glasgow Herald*.

It is believed at Berlin that a further financial crash is still to come. Of the legion of new joint-stock companies which have sprung up since the war, the greater part will be swept away either by their own act or else by stern necessity. The more solvent are said to be preparing for voluntary dissolution. Several banking companies are known to be buying up their own shares, so as to be able to wind up at a trifling loss.

A new gun-boat, built by the Messrs. Armstrong, of Elswick, for the Dutch Government, and armed with Major Moncrieff's new gun, mounted on the hydropneumatic principle, will be sent in a few days from the Tyne to the Thames. This is the first practical application of Major Moncrieff's invention afloat, which may be regarded as destined to work an entire revolution in the construction and armament of ships of war.

The Board of Trade Surveyors are still continuing their investigations into the seaworthiness of ships in the port of Aberdeen. Altogether thirteen vessels have been prevented from going to sea until surveyed. In the list are five belonging to one owner. In several cases the repair would cost more than the vessel is worth, and in consequence they will be broken up. One vessel has been officially condemned.

The Paris Figaro thinks that its readers must sometimes be bored with politics, and so has determined to give them a holiday every Monday, the number for that day being filled with literary snd artistic gossip, and those amusing Parisian stories and *on dits* for which that journal is so renowned.

The Liverpool people have their little peculiarities too. A local print of a recent date gives two consecutive items, one of which explains the dodge of playing idiot on a tramway car to avoid the payment of the fare, and the other item chronicles the theft of a crape from a poor man's door-knob.

A society has been formed in Belgium for collecting all waste paper, and sell it for the benefit of the Pope. The society has appealed to the possessors of all "bad books, such as the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Volney, and other detestable authors," to hand them over as waste paper.

A monument to the memory of Fanny Fern has recently been placed in Mount Auburn Cemetery. It is a Roman cross, draped with interlacing fern leaves, carved with remarkable fidelity to nature. It was erected by Robert Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*.

It has been determined that the request of Sir Garnet Wolseley for two battalions, at the seat of the Ashantee War, shall be immediately complied with. A third will be in readiness in case its services should be required.

During last winter, 425 bird-cages for sparrows were made and securely fastened to trees in the public grounds at Washington. The birds have increased rapidly, and seem to be perfectly acclimated.

Oregon has a surplus of four million bushels wheat, this season, and is selling it at $1 per bushel, gold. This is pretty well for a population of 100,000.

The Brandon Iron Works and 1,000 acres of land, which cost $104,000, are offered for $50,000, and other property will be taken in exchange.

Harriet Beecher Stowe failed to draw an audience recently, at Lawrence, Massachusetts.

THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE VULGATE.]

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt stored in each plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides,—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce *rodent*
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The Rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the Damsel, crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs, who drew,
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw,
Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth.

Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realm ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious Rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo, here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the Priest who linked
In Hymen's golden band the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly Rat that robbed the palace that Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that *kilt*
The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

—*Bombaugh's Gleanings.*

A very curious and barbarous custom has, we hear, been revived in the native part of Shanghai city. In the event of any public calamity, a man will come forward, and offer himself to the authorities as a sort of scapegoat or sacrifice for the rest of the people; that is, he will solemnly pray to the gods for their intervention in the matter which causes the distress, pledging his oath that if his petition is not granted within a specified time he will suffer himself to be burned alive. Now such is the anxiety prevailing among the natives on account of the prolonged drought, that not one only, but several persons have presented a petition to the Che-hien that they may be allowed to undergo this fearful ordeal; expressing a willingness, individually, to offer themselves as a sacrifice to Heaven if the prayers they propose to put up for rain are not answered within the space of three days. The Che-hien however has rejected all the applications, and although we hear that one has been accepted and carried out in the instance of one man, a priest, we believe and trust there is no foundation to the rumor.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Now that the blessed rain has come, and our crossings are in that delightful state of muddiness which is inseparable from the full enjoyment of a San Francisco winter, the ladies do hold up their skirts when wading from one side of the street to another, and give the attentive observer an opportunity of criticising the pedal extremities of our womankind. From a series of diligent observations from various street corners, and while respectfully following certain specimens of the gentler sex up the hills, the *Town Crier* is enabled to make these remarks, which he pledges his sacred word of honor are written in a true spirit of Christian fairness and brotherly love: First, That those who show most boot and stocking have, strangely enough, very generally, and almost without exception, poor feet and ankles. Secondly, That, pretty as many feet exhibited on the crossings of San Francisco are, they do not compare favorably in smallness or shape with those of the Eastern women. Thirdly, That the German importation of large feet is at times distressingly apparent; distressingly so from an æsthetic point of view. Fourthly, That the stouter and shorter the lady, the smaller and plumper are her feet, and, *vice versa*, that the taller and thinner the divinity, the longer and flatter her tootsies. Fifthly, That a frightfully large proportion of otherwise pretty girls walk with their toes turned very badly inwards, and so look like ambling cows. Sixthly, That, although colored stockings are said to be fashionable, they are very little worn here. Seventhly, That nothing looks better than a well fitting gaiter and a clean white stocking. Eighthly, That a gaiter with a large empty space around the top, and stocking all in rucks, invariably and without exception belong to females of hard visage and bony construction. Ninthly, That pretty as the feet of the Eastern women are, they in nowise compare to San Franciscans in the matter of continuations. Tenthly and lastly, That whilst the *Town Crier* awards all praise to the careful way in which the display of ankle is limited, he must confess that on Wednesday afternoon his long watch was rewarded by an exhibition which enabled him distinctly and clearly, for the full space of one minute and thirty-two seconds, to accurately determine the color and material of a certain lady's *garter!* But alas! alas! this is the only instance we have to record.

The Chronicle, on Sunday, entertained its readers with what it was pleased to term an account of the origin and derivation of the names of all the States in the Union, thirty-one of which it sets down, but by no means accounts for. It asserts that Alabama comes from a Greek word signifying "the land of rest," though what Greek word that may be, seems as much a matter of perplexity to the *Chronicle's* philologist as it probably would prove to the rest of the world if they should endeavor to prove its derivation on his hypothesis. If the classical scholar of the *Chronicle* must air his learning, we think he would have done better to follow the commonly-received interpretation, and derive the name from two Greek words, signifying "the peaceful valley," and which possesses at least the recommendation of possibility. On the origin of such names as Pennsylvania and Virginia, he is glib enough, though he rather startles us by asserting that "*Georgia* is named in honor of *Charles II.*" He sinks into his profoundest bathos, however, when he reaches Nevada, the origin of which name, we are gravely informed, is *unknown*. Possibly it may be so to our Clay-street philologist, though we venture to say that it is sufficiently familiar to every school-boy who has got so far in his Latin grammar as to have learned that *nivis* is the genitive case of *nix*, and means "of snow" or "snowy." Did our erudite etymologist never hear of the Sierra Nevada, and connect the words, as far as his limited powers of combination would admit, with the snow-crowned summits of that serrated ridge? For the rest he follows Hoyle's rule, more applicable to whist than philology, and "when in doubt plays—not a trump, but—an Indian name." On the whole, we consider it quite on a par with the rest of the scholarly articles with which the sheet abounds, and are convinced that the essay on philology, trashy and weak, need not be ashamed of its surroundings.

The audience at the Church of the Holy Humbug, which is Stone's, is being regaled with a series of Sunday lectures on 'The Family.' The subject is without doubt spicy and entertaining, and such sentimental lecture-titles as 'Seeking a Partner,' and 'Marriage' are well calculated to draw big houses, and thereby fill the collection-plate, which, after all, is the main consideration. Whether, however, these clap-trap plasters for drawing cash from the pimple of piety are in place in the temple of the unknown God whose high priest this oily soul-saver pretends to be, rests with the conscience of the dupes who throng round the altar-horns to be plastered. The reverend heil-averter commenced with 'Seeking a Partner'—a sleeping partner it is presumed—last Sunday; and next Sunday, in due order, good, sound advice on the 'Way to treat the Baby' will be given. On that occasion the apostolic devil-dodger will discuss several important questions, such as: Whether sitting on baby's stomach is a good cure for colic; whether holding baby's head up the chimney till he has his cry out be commendable, and so forth. Among other things found by parson Stone objectionable in married people are short skirts and low-necked dresses. Now towards these very two things is the soul of the *T. C.* filled with loving-kindness. If a lady have pretty ankles and a neck not scraggy by all means let her show them, and the *T. C.* will admire them as he would a pretty face, but not with that prurient itching which the pastor of the Church of the Holy Humbug seems to have experienced. Unto the pure all thing are pure, and *vice versa*; and this accounts for the *T. C.* being able to look at a lady's neck or feet without unholy desires, and for the uncomfortable effect which they have on the right reverend doctor.

Economical Jimmy Denman is a little hard on the teachers these gift-making times. He has just slipped out of his desk whereon some natty little presents have lain, yet he forbids the like enjoyment to those he leaves behind him. What is to become of the liquorice-stick which the warm-hearted and mouthed scholar has sucked to fragile thinness; of the confectioner's cake whose sugar is nibbled off by deft teeth until the floury residue looks like a mouse's stamping ground; of the yellow and white lamp-mat which has lain undisturbed upon the back parlor mantel-shelf since the year 1; of the vile cologne purchased with money nipped from mamma's pocket; of the dollar store ornaments surreptitiously and carefully selected from among the household treasures, what is to become of all these treasures that are annually deposited on the teacher's desk with a triumphant look, and a firm conviction that the last thrashing has been administered? Such luxuries are a teacher's perquisites, sanctioned by precedent and justified by long usage. We fully comprehend the magnitude of the offense of accepting them and quite justify the action of the grave and learned body on such a subject. All the same we can't help putting in a spoke for the teachers who by the passage of this rule will be deprived of putting the sucked liquorice, nibbled cake, stale perfume, and dusty lamp-mats on their list of Christmas presents. It is bad enough to keep them out of their salaries as they are doing, but to keep them out of these chaste testimonials of childrens' affection is the acme of meanness.

The language of the law is proverbially ponderous and dignified; and the language of lawyers, though not always a model of decorum out of Court, and sometimes a little fiery when addressed to a jury, is supposed to assume a certain grave formality when deliberately reduced to writing and embodied in a printed brief. Yesterday, while lounging in a lawyer's office, we saw one of these documents, entitled "In the 15th District Court," etc., lying on the table, and as the names both of the plaintiff and defendant were familiar to us, we glanced over the "argument," when our attention was speedily arrested by the following passage: "There has been nothing in the case, or in my brief, to justify or call for a departure from the usual courtesy of gentlemen by plaintiff's counsel: and yet he accuses me of departing from our understanding," etc. "Whether these charges proceed from the gentleman's overweening vanity leading him to an assumption not only of all the learning but of all the honesty of the profession; from an inherent weakness which prevents him from understanding a plain argument; from an indulgence in flights of fancy at the expense of truth; from a dishonest attempt to misrepresent; or a malignant desire to villify; from a soured disposition; from pure cussedness; or from vicious conglomeration of all these elements, I will not stop to inquire. It will be apparent before I close this brief." It would seem as if the code of amenities recognized by the members of "the ancient and honorable profession" had undergone some changes during the present generation.

The Town Crier in a philanthropic and kindly spirit, would like to give a few words of advice to that young man who hid himself in the safe of the Mayor's office on the occasion of the small-pox patient's visit. We would first remind you that small-pox is *extremely*, EXCESSIVELY contagious, and that being within forty feet of a person suffering from the loathsome disease, is sufficient in most cases to insure infection. The devil of it is, that you can't tell for sometimes a week or two whether or no the germs of the disease have been received. That you may be able to know if you are stricken or not, we append one or two of the most marked preliminary symptoms of infection. If after drinking tea, you feel a buzzing and singing in your head, accompanied by a flushed face, you are stricken. If after eating a hearty dinner, you feel an odd sensation in the region of the upper button of your pants, you are stricken. If when walking rapidly up a hill, you feel your heart suddenly begin to thump like mad, you are stricken. If when waking early in the morning, you find an unusual difficulty in opening your eyes, you are stricken. In fact, my young friend, the *Town Crier* will not be surprised at any moment to hear of your death from that terribly loathsome and frightfully contagious disease of small-pox, for were you not in the same room with him for several moments? Did he not bend over you with that hideous face for some time! Why, good Lord, he might have touched you with his horrid fingers! You're a gone coon, sure!

Our be-pigtailed brethren are becoming rapidly civilized. One of them has just found out that vitriol is useful as a gentle corrective. Some chaste denizen of Spofford Alley refused to go to one of the country towns, whereupon Ah Lun (let his name be immortalized), instead of whacking her with his pig-tail, after the fashion of the ordinary cruel barbarian, adopted the more educated and modernized plan of trying to fizzle her up with sulphuric acid. Every one knows the wonderful effects of vitriol; how it sears, and scars, and burns whatever flesh it touches, ten times worse than red-hot iron. We call the Chinese an imitative people, and so they are, but they're a go-head people, too, and this exploit of Ah Lun's places the Celestial villain and brute quite on a par with the American. Indeed, the hoodlum beast will find, unless he looks closely to his reputation, that he will be surpassed even in fiendish, cowardly cruelty to women.

We are pleased to record that our worthy Coroner has some opportunity of wearing the flesh off his bones, the suicide season being quite lively. We are quite in hopes that the present damp and somewhat depressing weather will continue, as it has the effect of doing away with quite a number of the dead weights of society. We patiently await the breaking out of the suicidal mania among the Senatorial candidates. We presume Shafter has bought his razor.

A howling parson in petticoats! A ranting, roaring, raving female Methodist revivalist. Such is the latest social deformity. What will this generation give us next! We remember entertaining a certain sympathy for Adam Bede's Dinah, notwithstanding her sanctified trapesing and her sermonizing, but we remember our inexpressible relief when we learned on the last page that the Conference had forbidden the women preaching. We do not disapprove of a little religion, of small quantity and in mild doses, dispensed by one of those namby-pamby white-fingered drones, who are fit for absolutely nothing else in nature, and for whom this niche has opportunely been provided. But we are aghast, and our souls recoil before this awful creature with the iron-clad larynx, who speaks four times a day without experiencing the slightest uneasiness, and who hurls eternal damnations at the heads of a suffering congregation with the rapidity and force of Fourth of July torpedoes. We have always had an idea—our religious ideas being somewhat limited—that if we wanted the Lamb, we would seek him, and we hate to have him slung at us, so to speak, by a woman whose husband, it is our melancholy conviction, died as deaf as a post, done to death by religion, given him in a voice like a railroad whistle. If there were ever any little Van Cotts, which we very much doubt, they were stunned into untimely sleep by their mamma singing "I'm Going Home to Jesus," with forty-horse power!

Some of the Alta's editorials are extremely funny. The hap-hazard application of Latin quotations, selected indiscriminately from the appendix of Webster's unabridged, is droll enough: but a new reading of Shakespeare, in which the old lady has recently indulged, caps the climax. Speaking of Bazaine's sentence, we are told that he (Bazaine) might use the words of Wolsey: "Had I served my God as faithfully as I have the King, he would not leave me thus helpless in my old age." Can it be possible that the following is meant:

> "Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my King, He would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to my enemies."

This, to follow the fashion of an "Editorial Note," is "an *addendum* which, although not exactly *pro rege, lege et grege*, is still sufficiently *res angusta domi* to be accepted as a *Nemo me impune lacessit*, or a *quod erat demonstrandum, jam satis lucus a non lucendo.*" Most decidedly, we should say.

The Rev. Dr. Van De Mark pertinently asks "Why don't God kill the devil?" Although we do not exactly understand the model parson's villainous intentions towards his best friend, we are not unwilling to hazard a few guesses. Perhaps the Lord doesn't want such men as Van De Mark & Co. loafing around Heaven, and as matter is indestructible, however vile, he needs the devil to provide such refuse with lodgings after San Francisco shall have done with them. Perhaps the devil has some say about it and don't want to be killed. Perhaps they are not so much on the shoot up in Heaven as among the earth-worms. Perhaps, like the earth-worms, they shoot with bad aim. Perhaps the devil is needed to run an emotional insane asylum. Perhaps it is his business to furnish fastidious parsons with attractive pages. Perhaps his demise would throw the parsons out of work. Perhaps it would empty the jails and penitentiaries, and play the deuce with the contractors. Perhaps the devil is not a bad fellow, after all. Perhaps the heavenly hosts are not anxious to provoke another war, for though Lucifer lost the first, he has studied since, and is famous now for his tactics. Perhaps the Lord is not particularly anxious to oblige Van De Mark, anyhow. If all these answers fall wide of the mark, we are reluctantly compelled to give the parson's conundrum up.

It is refreshing to learn that a gospel grinder is capable of doing something besides a weekly promulgation of the ancient dogmas of Christianity to a sleepy congregation. A local paper informs us that a sacrilegious cracksman busted into the Episcopal Church at Marysville, a few nights since, destroyed the parson's sermons, appropriated several little church trinkets, and stole a gallon demijohn of communion wine. Now, most parsons would have immediately started a subscription paper to raise an indemnity, but this parson, whose name, we believe, was Davis, girded up his loins and started after the thief. Visiting various haunts of iniquity, he finally found an old bummer drunk with the blood of the saints, and searched him forthwith. Finding a book-mark presented him by a female admirer, inscribed "Love one another" on one side, and "Holiness to the Lord" on the other, in neat bead-work, he seized the scoundrel by the collar saying, "The Lord hath verily delivered thee into my hand," and dragged him to the calaboose. The *News Letter* here nominates this parson Detective in Chief, vice Finnegass, gone to glory.

Mr. Thomas Curtin desires that his thoroughly reformed daughter be liberated from incarceration in the Magdalen Asylum, it being his opinion that she will be of more service to the community outside the doors of that purifying establishment. We most heartily concur. Medicos, philosophers, scientists, statisticians, and all the honorable gentlemen who devote their lives to the study of such subjects give it as their opinion that a certain number of such creatures is necessary for the comfort and well being of the more respectable portion of humanity. The somewhat notorious Hannah being qualified and adapted may as well begin at once, lest the delay cause the breaking in of one more who may be scarcely so well fitted by nature and inclination.

The Parisians are going to get up a Baby Show in imitation of English "manners."

THE PAST.

Looking back through countless ages, down the trodden path of time,
Down the dim historic vista, for its dimness more sublime.

Giant forms and misty shadows rear themselves above the sea
Of lesser spirits, lying prostrate, waiting for the great To Be.

Though the forms have lost their substance, yet the shadows are the same,
Though they lie beneath the ages, yet the world still holds their fame.

For they stand above their fellows, let the cause be what it will;
They have left their mark behind them, and their deeds live with us still.

They are many when we view them as they stand in great array,
They are few when we compare them to the many passed away

To that bourne whence none returneth, to that dreadful sea of doubt,
Which we think we know, but know not, for our knowledge is without

The one seal of confirmation, so long waited for in vain,
From the lips of one returning, for none else can Death explain.

As they lived and looked while living, men and women seem to stand;
Speaking as they spoke while breathing, ere they felt Death's heavy hand.

Many were the woes they suffered, many were the joys they knew;
Good and bad together hustled pass in crowds before our view.

Here is one of sad demeanour—'tis a woman, wondrous fair,

With a form of god-like beauty shrouded in her yellow hair.

In her face we see her Maker, for she was the first but one
Of those who, made in God's own image, crowned the work he had begun.

In her eyes there is the awful shudd'ring look of one who hears
Curses from the lips of loved ones, as the cause of many tears;

And she says: "Spare me my children! I but sinned as many sin;
I was nothing more than human; coming first I must begin

That which was foredoomed to follow in the bitter time to come.
Spare me your reproaches, loved ones, add not to great sorrow's sum.

T. A. H.

OUR SACRAMENTO CORRESPONDENCE.

At the commencement of the legislative session we engaged a person, recommended to us by the President of the Young Men's Christian Association, as "a god-fearing young man, zealous in every good work," and endorsed by the proprietors of the *Chronicle* as "thoroughly capable and reliable, and a live, enterprising affidavit-maker," to go to the capital to keep the *Letter* posted in regard to the progress and fluctuations of the Senatorial struggle. We fitted out our pious and "thoroughly capable and reliable" envoy with two new shirts and some other articles of dry goods of which he seemed to be in urgent need, also advancing him two twenties on account. Yesterday we heard from him for the first time through a communication in hieroglyphics or an unknown tongue, or possibly in some symbolic alphabet, which as nearly as the typographical resources of the *News Letter* office can produce it, is as follows:

"G'LEAGLEOTELL, SCKRAMENTO, Cembery 18 nor 19 (not sher ich) '73.

S'ole felleritzerum place upphere you'd better 'blieve. Every sonnuvergun of 'em from ole Stanford 'n Booth downterry Chrkonikly'porter dead drunk 'ler time. 'Mafflikted 'norful 'dache 'tseemssif 't'd split open 'tzy meansgars keep uppere, cussum! und sell'm twoforaff. Badder baceoiways causesmedache. Nummore tday; lettrammorrer thwholestry 'fthesentyorial fight 'nanutshell. S'ole felsend s'more cash, Well'n Forgoriteway 'ndon't bmeanfra 20 don't looksbigsanelefant uppere. Yrs tooroolooly, JULESIUS WRGGE.

Having put this precious screed into the hands of an expert, who can read illegible writing and decipher cryptograms, we received the following as the interpretation of the riddle:

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL, SACRAMENTO,
December 18th (or 19th, not sure which), 1873.

Say, old fellow, its a rum place up here, you had better believe. Every son of a gun of them, from old Stanford and Booth down to the *Chronicle* reporter, is dead drunk all the time. I am afflicted by an awful headache. It seems as if it would split open. It's the mean cigars they keep here, curse them! And sell them two for a half dollar. Bad tobacco always causes me a headache. No more to-day, but expect a long letter to-morrow, with the whole story of the Senatorial fight in a nut-shell. Say, old fellow, send me some more cash by Wells & Fargo, right away, and don't be mean, for a twenty dollar piece doesn't look as big up here as an elephant. Yours truly, JULIUS WRAGGE.

Our counsel learned in the law advises us that we have our legal remedy against the President of the Y. M. C. A. and the De Youngs for our outlay on the scamp they recommended, and if they decline to settle the matter, we shall bring suit at once.

O. I. C. U., and we might add, clearly and distinctly, is the watchword of those who have purchased a pair of Muller's magnificent pebble spectacles.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

FATHER DUGGAN'S LECTURE.

Dear News Letter:—I am quite surprised at the silence of the local religions press in regard to the masterly effort of Father Duggan, in his recent lecture delivered at Platt's Hall. In consideration of the lofty eminence occupied in Protestant religious circles by the learned and distinguished clergyman, Mr. Hemphill, who trotted out this strange renegade biped of the chameleon genus, and held him up to the anxious gaze of an inquiring public, and also in consideration of the silence of the *Alta*, *Call*, *Chronicle*, *Bulletin*, and other infidel journals of the day, in regard to the scathing rebuke administered to the Catholic Church, from a Protestant stand-point, by his reverence, Father Duggan, I, as a God-fearing citizen, and a man hankering after religion, deem it my solemn duty, as the pious correspondent of the evangelical *News Letter*, to give to the world a synopsis of the Rev. apostate's soul-stirring address, delivered under the supervision of his eminent Presbyterian tutor. The immense building was filled to overflowing with the wealth, fashion, and piety of our commonwealth. The lofty hall was appropriately decorated with emblems of piety and symbols of religion. The genius of American liberty was painted in glowing colors on an immense banner, which ornamented one end of the hall; it represented a delicate female figure, seated on an illustrated Bible, struggling desperately with legions of snakes, with Jesuits' heads, who were trying to strangle free thought, paralyze the brain, and prevent the march of mental freedom. At the rear of the rostrum, and facing the audience, was a monster drawing of the morning sun, rising from out the steeple of a Presbyterian church, while in the background was painted in flaming colors a gorgeous hell, with the Church of Rome, St. Peter, the Pope, cardinals, priests and laymen, all going at railroad speed, on the down grade to perdition; underneath were these words: "The World is ours." The Rev. renegade was led on to the speaker's stand by an aged female dressed in bottle green, who towed him along by a string from a broken lyre. His reverence was attired in the sober habiliments of a demure Quaker, in a color known as dun brown. He was received by the audience in dead silence, the highest compliment ever paid by the American people. So death-like was the stillness in the vast hall, you could hear a ten-pin drop. As a prelude to his address, the Rev. gent repeated the Lord's prayer, with his eyes directed to a mouse-hole in the ceiling. He then sung with soul-stirring pathos that sacred hymn by Dr. Watts:

> "While the lamp holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return."

"Yes, friends and brethren, you behold before you to-night the vilest sinner that ever disgraced the Catholic, or any other church. I have wintered and summered with the villains that infest the Vatican; I've committed murder, arson, robbery, rape, adultery, theft, perjury, and with longing desire, and, in a figurative sense, I've been through the entire list in the long calendar of crime, and all for the glory of God and for coin for Mother Church. I've strangled my passions in public, and given full vent to their fury in private, when none dared to cry out. How often have I laughed in my sleeve when conferring absolution on some poor girl for her hard-earned twenty-five cents. I've sat by the bed-side of many a dying old woman, and frightened her in her last moments into giving all she possessed to Mother Church, thus robbing her children of their inheritance. Romanism, my friends, is a gigantic secret organization for the enslaving of the entire human race; it is controlled and directed by learned, able and unscrupulous men; it is bolstered up, propagated, held sacred and worshiped by an army of ignorant, zealous, fanatical and devoted women, any and all of whom would rob the grave for the church. Well do the rulers of this despotic system of religion know that money is power, hence the standing rule in the church is to get money; no matter how, but get money. Through coin the satellites of Rome reach social position and political eminence, and each good Catholic keeps his eye steadfastly fixed on the grand end, aim and object of the Romish Church, which is to subvert free Governments, overturn Republics, and establish absolutism with the Pope as the great head center of the world, and the United States as his local habitation. But I've seen the error of my ways. I toiled for the Catholic religion for years, and never got a cent. I became disgusted and quit. I've been white-washed with a Protestant brush, and feel perfectly clean; I've bathed in the dew distilled from a Presbyterian condensor, and am pure as a snow-drop. I've gazed through the lens of an Evangelical spy-glass, and have seen my new Redeemer. (Loud cheers, and cries of 'Bully for Duggan.') My friends, from my adhesive qualities, as shown by my antecedents, you will be enabled to judge of how long I will stay by my new faith. (Cries of "he's a brick," "stick to it, old beeswax," "your a stickest," "a blister," "a poor man's plaster," "a leech," and many other classical remarks from the delighted audience.) My object, my Christian friends, in uniting myself with the Protestant religion, is that it is more fully recognized in politics than the Catholic, and with the aid of our worthy Bishop Kip, I am in hopes to be enabled to get appointed on the Police." At this stage of the play, the gentleman who had charge of the hall came in and stated that the time for which we had paid in advance for gas had expired, and immediately put out the lights, and darkness shrouded the universal world.

Yours gloomily,

THE OAKS, December, 1873. THE PARSON.

FOLK LORE AND FASHION.

A sleeping beauty in the wood,
Now slumbering on her mossy bed,
Would half a yard of chignon, good,
Have piled aloft upon her head.

On beauty's crown a hair-rick towers;
A thing of grace, O Christian friends!
Adorned with artificial flowers,
And sprigs and shreds and ribbons' ends.

Forms of the smaller *fauna*, some,
Would in her top-knot find a lair;
The little birds and dormice come,
And build and nestle in her hair. —*Punch.*

THE CALIFORNIA IDIOT.

A call has gone forth for California's champion idiot. The New York *Graphic* has been visited with another *original idea*. It thinks the illustrated journals have rather overdone the business of supplying an admiring public with pictures of distinguished statesmen, soldiers, parsons, and other eminent scamps. The fools have been shamefully ignored, while the knaves have been honored. It is true that the portrait galleries of the picture papers have included some imbeciles, but they were not published in that character. On the contrary they were presented to the public as leading orators, reformers, preachers, etc. The New York *Graphic* now proposes that the idiots shall no longer be neglected. It thinks that "when a single photographer can advertise for sale the portraits of 'six hundred living American statesmen,' it is time that the no less numerous and hardly less important idiots of the country should be properly honored." We agree with our New York contemporary that a large harvest can be reaped in this field, and that there is scarcely a town in the United States that cannot boast at least one fool who is its perpetual butt, and whose portrait in the character of the champion idiot of the locality would be recognized by all his friends as a deserved tribute. The *Graphic* accordingly announces its intention of commencing the publication of portraits, accompanied by brief biographical sketches, "of the leading idiots of every township in the country." It proposes to furnish the counterfeit presentment of every representative idiot in the whole nation, from Maine to California—a truly gigantic undertaking. In furtherance of this great purpose, it solicits general co-operation by forwarding photographs and sketches to adorn the Idiot Gallery. We are requested to attend to the California idiots, and shall proceed to do so as soon as we have considered their several claims. But we are determined that our glorious State shall not be meanly represented. Our pre-eminence in mines, and vines, and sparkling wines, in mammoth squashes and giant pines, in our Italian sky without a cloud throughout the circle of the revolving year, in our perennial strawberry and pea, must be maintained at the same high pitch in the superior quality of our idiots. We are jealous of the honor of our State, and are resolved to turn a deaf ear to the applications of any second-class idiots like Emperor Norton, or Jacob Deeth, or the chief editor of the *Call*, for the distinction of representing the capacity of our soil and climate in the production of idiots. We shall be happy to receive portraits and sketches of really first class Pacific Coast idiots to be forwarded to New York. Applications should be in all cases accompanied by credentials establishing the claim of the applicant to be considered the champion idiot of his locality.

N. B.—Only a limited number of parsons will be accepted, inasmuch as if all of that class who are decidedly idiotic were to be admitted into the Gallery, there would be but little room left for other callings. We publish the *Graphic's* call entire in another part of our present issue.

N. B. No. 2.—Moral Reformers, Women's Rights men, the street-preaching members of the Young Men's Christian Association, and other lunatics in whom the knave predominates over the bore, need not attempt to smuggle themselves into the Gallery under the false pretence that they are mere harmless idiots. We shall be on the look out for all such designing impostors.

The idea of spiders traveling in a balloon is novel, yet the fact is well attested. Some men were recently crossing Seneca lake in a boat, when their attention was attracted by a small wake in the water, and on approaching they saw some spiders walking upon its surface. Each was attached by a single thread to a web of considerable size, which was floating in the air some thirty feet above the water. At the first signal of danger the spiders began to ascend, one staying upon the surface until the rest had risen some distance, when he, too, let go his hold, and rapidly wound up his slender coil. At the same time the balloon rose rapidly, and the last spider was only reached with an oar by a man standing up in the boat. The others reached the trail balloon in safety and soon floated out of sight. It is reasonable to suppose that, when out of danger, one spider let himself down until he obtained a footing, and thus held the balloon at a proper distance while his comrades descended. All this exhibits high intelligence, or something closely resembling it, for which we have no name. We lose ourselves in conjectures as to whether this was a party traveling for pleasure, a party emigrating across the lake, or a party out fishing for the flies and mosquitoes which are always seen in swarms from fifteen to twenty feet above the water. As the fact was well authenticated, we offer it to Mr. Darwin for a note for the second edition of his last work.

SUNBEAMS.

During Mrs. Livermore's lecture at Springfield, the other night, she spoke with considerable severity of tight-lacing, and, when she had closed her remarks relating to corsets, according to a local report, "a young lady in the gallery, with great difficulty and much perseverance, burst her corset strings, and drawing them forth, knotted them together, and tossing them to some young gentlemen near by, remarked, 'Here, boys, you can have this to play cat s-cradle with.'"

THE MODERN MAIDEN.

I fear thee, modern maiden,
With thy lean and lengthy shape,
For I know thy slim proportions
Are of wire and of tape;
Yet surely there is something,
A—so to speak—*per se*,
But what that something is, remains
A mystery to me.

A city youth disposed to be facetious at the expense of a countryman, asked him why sheep stayed white when they eat so much green grass. The countryman said he did not know, and asked the city-bred which was the best side to milk a cow. The city-bred, in return, said he did not know, and asked the countryman which was the best side. He got for a reply, "outside," and did not ask any more questions.

From a very ancient tombstone in Scotland:

John Carnagie lies here;
Descended from Adam and Eve;
If any can boast of a pedigree higher,
He will willingly give them leave.

There was a man in Connecticut who fell from the roof of a five-story building to the sidewalk; but as he struck on the thick sole of his rubber boots, he bounded back within a quarter of an inch of the roof, and so continued to bounce, the distance decreasing by only a quarter of an inch at each journey. He subsisted on hash enclosed in rubber balls, which he managed to catch on the bound, and at the end of a month was stopped and restored to his family.

A simple epitaph:

Sally Thomas is here and that's enough,
The candle is out, also the snuff,
Her soul's with God, you need not fear,
And what remains is interred here.

Plain Explanations of Obscure Proverbs.—"The more the merrier." Multitudinous assemblages are the most provocative of cachinatory hilarity. "Birds of a feather flock together." Habitants of æther, similarly plumed, gregariously assemble. "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Emergence from the culinary utensil into the devouring element. "Too many cooks spoil the broth." A superfluity of artists deteriorates the mock turtle.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
You must be still the same;
Your work, not toil, your pleasures pure;
Your love a steady flame;
Your drink not mad'ning, but to cheer,
So shall your bliss not pall,
For little loads enjoy too much;
But great ones not at all.

As an illustration of animal instinct, a correspondent notes that on one occasion, while he was waiting at an inn door, he noticed some pigeons feeding on the oats which had fallen from the nose-bag of a horse in the yard; when, however, the supply was exhausted, a large "pouter" would fly up and flap his wings in the horse's face, thus causing him to upset his food by a shake of the head; when the supply was again exhausted the stratagem was repeated.

"Attend your church," the parson cries.
To church each fair one goes;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

Simple Conundrum.—A professor of one of the Philadelphia medical colleges habitually put this simple conundrum to a class whenever he can find a class to put it to: "If monobomanthraynnone is obtained by oxidation of trybomanthracent, what would result from the union of bihthanline with dilute dichlor, or dibromthracene disulyhuric acid?"

Accuracy is desirable. But the Indiana editor who quoted a familiar camp-meeting hymn as follows:

"Ten thousand thousand (10,000,000) are their tongues,
But all their joys are one (1),"

carried his love of accuracy to excess.

Advertisement from a London paper: "A nobleman and his wife, keeping a most comfortable establishment near town, would receive two American or English ladies or gentlemen to introduce into the best society. High references asked. Terms according to requirements. Private sitting-room, carriages, etc. Address Lady———."

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE CONDITION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

At the inaugural banquet of the new Lord Mayor of London, given at the Guildhall on the 9th ult., Mr. Gladstone, in replying for Her Majesty's Ministers, referred to the remark of the Lord Mayor in proposing the toast—that if the right honorable gentleman had any Cabinet secrets to disclose, the company would be pleased to hear them. He laid it down as one of the well-understood duties of a Minister addressing an assembly in Guildhall on the Lord Mayor's day to study not how much, but how little he can tell. In accordance with this principle, Mr. Gladstone said nothing as to the intentions of Ministers for the future. After congratulating the company on the generally amicable relations existing between Great Britain and foreign powers, he referred to the affairs at Ashantee, by saying that "even the deplorable incidents that have lately occurred there would not be without their use if they should serve to impress upon the minds of the people of England a great caution and a great circumspection with regard to the primary steps in contracting new and ill-defined political relations—relations which, once they have been established, are found to entail consequences and to impose duties that were never dreamed of at the first moment of their creation, and that may undoubtedly be attended with much of temporary embarrassment and inconvenience." Turning to domestic topics, Mr. Gladstone ridiculed the statements made in certain newspapers as to the condition of the country, a condition that has been said to be simply deplorable. "Is it not," said the right honorable gentleman, "a most extraordinary circumstance that all this mischief should have been done without our knowing it! Because, although I see constant statements of this kind, I have never been so fortunate or unfortunate—as the case may be—to meet the man who could give chapter and verse of the particulars of the ruin and destruction he described. What is the sense of the condition of the country? When we say all the interests of the country are assailed, I say the aggregate of the country is made up of these separate interests; and if all these interests are assailed, the country in the aggregate must be in a very miserable condition. How is this general condition of the country to be ascertained? I say if you test it in moral respects, so far as its moral condition depends on its public policy, it has not retrograded. Whether Parliament may in every instance have been wise in every measure it has adopted I will not undertake to say; but I will undertake to say that at no period has the policy of Parliament been inspired by loftier or by wider aims than during the years to which these disparaging references are made." After characterizing the statements referred to as vague and random allegations, "I want to know," he asked, "where are these signs of ruin in the material condition of the country? No doubt it has been constantly asserted; no doubt it has been pertinaciously prophesied, from the day when I was a child to the day when I am passing to old age. Almost all of those changes, with regard to which our prophets have indulged in these dismal vaticinations, have been adopted by the nation's will in an intelligent Parliament, and by a people that knew what it wanted, and how to carry its end. And where are we now? I ask you, was there ever a time when the institutions of the country stood firmer and more deeply rooted in the popular affections? I ask you, was there ever a time when the classes that make up a great and civilized community were more firmly united together in the bonds of good understanding? I am almost ashamed to descend from these considerations and to ask you again if there ever was a time when the trade of the country—when the revenue of the country had exhibited a more extraordinary buoyancy and elasticity than during the recent years during which we have lived! I will venture to say as the result of the observation for which at least I have had abundant opportunities, that not only have we witnessed a development in which our industry and commerce have experienced an extraordinary extension, but that extension has been attended with this peculiar feature, that along with it there has been a constant confirmation of the basis on which it stands. While it has become wider and larger, it has also become more firm and more solid. In years gone by the disturbance of some particular country, the loss of some particular market, the casual occurence of a bad harvest was enough at once to throw us into distress and to derange the balance of the public income and expenditure—to produce, in fact a paralysis of our trade. But now, on the contrary, so largely have we established our relations with the whole human race, and with the wants of the whole human race, that a particular failure can no longer have that effect. So comprehensive are the relations in which we stand to all the world, and such has been the remarkable uniformity of the progress of our industry and enterprise, that they have not only produced a very secondary, and in some respects even questionable advantage, of increasing the number of our rich men, but it has produced effects which will forever be memorable in the history of this country, in enlarging the resources of the poor man, and in enabling the laborer of this country—to whatever class he belongs—to find a more abundant subsistence for his wife and children in relieving the conditions, necessarily too often severe, of his existence, and in attaching him more firmly than he has ever been attached before, to the laws and institutions under which he lives."

There is one thing as requisite to housekeeping as a pantry or a table, and that is a set of good table cutlery, with an excellent carving knife as the completion. For such articles there is no such place in San Francisco as the store of M. Price, the Premium Cutler, 415 Kearny street. Fancy what a jolly present you could choose from his magnificent stock of household cutlery to make to your wife.

THE MODERN FOUR VOLUME NOVEL.

[*Contributed by Captain R. Espinasse.*]

VOL. I.

Moonlight evening, shady grove;
Two young people much in love;
Heroine—with great wealth endowed;
Hero—handsome, poor, and proud.
Truth eternal; hearts united;
Vows of changeless passion plighted.
Kisses, quarrels, sighs, caresses;
Maiden yields one of her tresses.
Obstacles to be surmounted;
Ugly rival, old and stale,
Overhears the tender tale.

VOL. II.

Morning in the east looks ruddy;
Scene—Young lady's father's study.
Hero with his hat in hand
Fumbles with its rim and band.
Angry parent storms, abuses,
And at once consent refuses;
Maiden faints beneath the blow;
Mother intercedes—no go;
Shrieks, hysterics, protestations,
Exit lover, midst the din,
And ugly rival enters in.

VOL. III.

Time—A moonlight night once more;
Scene—Outside the lady's door;
Lover with half broken heart
Swears he'd rather die than part;
Garden, flowers, umbrageous shade;
Manly accents; serenade;
Chamber window opens wide;
Descent of—expectant bride;
Willing priest will soon unite;
Tears, rope ladder, alarm! flight!
Gallant steeds; too late; night's screen;
Triumphal marriage of Beauty's Queen;
Old man's rage disowns forever!
Ugly rival gets scarlatina.

VOL. IV.

Old man sickly; sends for child;
All forgiven and reconciled;
Young man making money fast;
Old man's blessing—dies at last;
Youthful couple prove probate,
Get the money, live in state;
Family mansion, jewels, plate;
Mother's wishes crowned with joy;
Doctors, nurses—little boy.
Time proceeds; more ties endear,
Olive branches year by year;
Blessings on the good attend;
General gladness—moral end.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

A Vienna paper relates an amusing incident which occurred to a great lady just recovered from a long and severe illness. Seated in her boudoir, she was looking over the cards of condolence that had been left for her while ill. Among the names of counts, barons, and other aristocratic sympathizers emblazoned with coronets and coats of arms she came across a simple card with the plain inscription, "Hermann Berger." In vain the lady asked who Hermann Berger was. None of her servants could give her any other information than that the individual was a remarkably handsome young man. The lady's curiosity became excited, and she gave orders to admit the person if he should call again. The order was punctually obeyed, and on the next day she received a really charming young man, dressed in exquisite style, who evidently appeared greatly embarrassed at the honor of a *tête-à-tête* with the still charming, though somewhat faded beauty. "I can hardly find words," said the lady, with a blush, "to thank you for the sympathy which you have manifested for a stranger." "I beg your pardon, gracious lady," stammered the dandy, "but I am the agent for Messrs. A. B., the undertakers."

A Present to the Sultan.—Two stuffed Russian bears presented to the Sultan have been placed, one on each side of the entrance to the grand saloon of Dolma Bagtche palace at Constantinople. They were sent, not by the Czar, as has been stated, but by his brother the Grand Duke Nicholas, as *souvenirs* of his visit to Constantinople. When, in his interview with the Sultan, the converse it on turning on bear-hunting, his Imperial Highness promised his Majesty the first specimen his next season's chase should afford him. One of these was killed by the Grand Duke's own hand, as an inscription states. It is a magnificent jet-black beast of towering height, and stands erect, clutching the trunk of a tree, the branches of which are tastefully made to serve for a candelabrum. The other bear, which is a brown one, holds a plate between his paws. The Grand Duke has intimated his intention of presenting the Sultan also with some fine trotting horses.

Wages in America.—The wages which emigrants to the United States of America have an opportunity of earning, vary in the different states and territories. In 18, it ranges from $20 to $30 a month, without board, for the season; the highest rate is in Utah territory, the lowest in South Carolina; in the former it is as high as $88 22, in the latter as low as $14; in 10 divisions it ranges from $20 to $30 per month, as above. These remarks apply to agricultural labor. In only nine states it attains to $30 and upwards; in five it is less than $15 upon the above specified conditions. The rate of wages of blacksmiths is stated upon an average to be, per day, $3 to $4; bricklayers, $3 to $5; carpenters, $3 to $4; masons, $4 to $8. In all the Southern States the rate of wages is low.

A New Pavement.—A new pavement has been prepared, and is said to have given great satisfaction where it has been tried. It is called the Indestructible Block Pavement. This pavement is said to have been tried in New York and New Jersey, and is proposed to be introduced in St. Louis. The paving blocks are composed of lime-stone ground and heated to 200 degrees and mixed with pure asphalt, after which the blocks are subjected to a pressure of fifty tons. It is claimed that the pavement is more enduring than granite, is noiseless, and does not cause any dust. The blocks are 12 inches in length, five inches broad and five deep. The cost is $10 per square.

Tunnel Between Scotland and Ireland.---An Irish correspondent says: —"Mr. Scott, the engineer who has been five years elaborating a plan for making a submarine railway to run through a tunnel constructed between Ireland and Scotland, has at last propounded his scheme. He says he has overcome all the difficulties of drainage and ventilation which have been hitherto considered insurmountable, and all that is now wanted is capital. Mr. Scott proposes to construct his tunnel from Cushendun or Cushendall to the Mull of Cantyre in Argyll-shire, about the third of the distance from Dover to Calais, where the French Government proposes to make a tunnel somewhat similar to that proposed for Scotland and Ireland."—*Belfast News Letter.*

France.---Marshal McMahon, in opening the Assembly on November 5th, pointed out that the present Government lacked two essential conditions of which the Assembly could not longer leave it destitute without danger; it had neither sufficient vitality nor authority, and whoever the holder of the power might be, that power could do nothing durable if its right to govern was daily called into question. He then asked them to consider these dangers, and to give to society a strong and durable executive power, which would be solicitous for its future and able to defend it with energy.

President Grant's Joke about Ireland.---President Grant is not a jocular man; but once in a while he indulges in a little story, and tells it well. Referring recently to the difference in wages in Europe and America, he related the incident of a free-trade orator who was complaining of the cost of clothing in this country and its cheapness abroad. "Why, my friend," said the orator, "you can buy as much for a shilling in Ireland as you can for fifty cents in the United States." "True enough, your honor," said an Irishman in the crowd; "but the difficulty in Ireland is to get the shilling."

A project is on foot to give London one great floating swimming-bath on the Thames, for the use of the public. This has been undertaken by a company, with Admiral Elliot at its head. The capital needed is £100,000, at £2 shares, and nearly the whole has, it is said, been subscribed for. The Thames conservators have agreed to allow the Company the use of one of the landing stages of the Thames Embankment of Charing-Cross as a site, and here the public will have, before long, a bath 360 feet long by 40 feet broad. Something like a bath!

Russia.---Advices from St. Petersburg state that the Shah of Persia has offered assistance to Russia in a Spring campaign against the Turcomans, and in seizing the capital of Khorassan. It is rumored that the Russian troops are returning from Tashkend to Khiva, to prevent further Turcoman outrages. It is not likely that the Shah's offer will be accepted. It is probably only advanced to show that a good feeling exists between the two countries.

Orange Drumming Parties paraded the streets of Portadown, Ireland, on Nov. 7th. While some men tried to force their way through a Catholic district the police had to charge with the bayonet repeatedly, and were stoned by the crowd. In keeping the people back the sub-inspector and several policeman were severely hurt, and several men stabbed by the police.

A Holy War.---News from St. Petersburg states that many of the priests of Bokhara are agitating in the Central Asiatic Khanates in order to incite a holy war against Russia. A large number of Tartars in South Russia are escaping to Turkish territory in order to avoid the military conscription.

The American Manufacturer says that about 7,000 acres of timber land is cleared each week day in the United States. Of the annual crop $75,000,000 worth goes for fuel and twice as much for fencing. The locomotives in North America consume no fewer than 700,000 cords, or 100 acres a year.

A company has been formed in France to utalize the power of the ocean tides on the coast by proper machinery. The first experiment is to be made at St. Malo, were the tide rises nearly eighty feet, and overflows many square miles of flats.

A suggestion is thrown out to utilize tame elephants and domesticated buffaloes for African exploration. As beasts of burden upon which the *tsetse* fly could have no effect they are held to be unequaled.

Jute is principally manufactured at Dundee, Scotland, where there are 50 mills, ranging from four to eight stories high. The largest mill employs 5,000 hands, and works up into fabrics 999,000 lbs. of raw jute per week.

A block of properties was sold in Melbourne last month for £77,532. The original purchaser of the land obtained it in the early days of the colony for about £150.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler, of the American Legation at St. Petersburg, is writing a work on Central Asia, which will appear in England in May.

The Japanese are largely adopting European attire. Wide-awakes, Glengarry bonnets, and Inverness capes appear to be in the ascendant.

The Morning Post of a recent date says: "On Saturday there died at Parsonstown, Ireland, at the advanced age of 108 years, Mr. William Key. The deceased gentleman was nursed during his illness by his wife, aged 101 years. They had been wedded 75 years."

AN EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT IN KINGSTOWN HARBOR.

An exciting scene was witnessed in Kingstown Harbor early on the morning of November 10th. About 1 A.M., a large merchant vessel was seen running for the harbor under full sail. As she approached, it was observed that she was on fire, and to the surprise of the lookers-on, there appeared to be no effort made to shorten sail as she neared the harbor, going through the sea like a witch with her lee gunwale under water. It was not known by those on shore how terrible was the race which was being run for life, or how great was the peril which every moment brought nearer. Notwithstanding the heavy gale and the wide spread of canvas on her spars, none of them gave way, though they whipped like fishing-rods under the heavy and surging pressure to which they were subjected. The moon, which had not long risen, clearly revealed the ship in all her weird grandeur as she rushed through the heavy sea, volumes of smoke and spray spreading over her. On opening the harbor she rounded up grandly as the smoke drifted to leeward. On she came, and still no effort appeared to be making to take in the canvas. Now a new terror presented itself. As the burning ship was dashing into the midst of the crowds of weather-bound vessels in the harbor, it was evident that collision and fire were imminent. When about half a cable's length inside the east pier, the burning ship let go her two anchors, and as she rapidly wore to the strain her canvas was taken aback, and she began to draw her anchors and drift to the south-westward. Nothing could exceed the consternation amongst the wind-bound vessels. Destruction seemed to be inevitable to any craft coming in the way of the drifting ship. She first touched a fine schooner, deeply laden, and after a fearful crash the ill-fated vessel gave a few heavy lurches and sank, the crew escaping by jumping into the bowsprit rigging of the burning ship, which still continued her course, till she came into collision with the schooner *Pilot*. In a few moments this also was reduced to a mastless wreck. The anchors of the ship still dragged, and as she rose and fell in the seaway she carried away the moorings of the trawler *Echo*. This little vessel when cast loose went rapidly leeward, and in a few moments was broken into atoms by the powerful seas breaking on the barriers beneath the Coastguard station to the westward of the harbor. The three collisions which the burning ship experienced had the effect of checking her wild course, and fortunately she came up to her anchors a little to the northeast of the Royal Irish Yacht Club House. She proved to be the *Nuggget*, Capt. J. Morris, an iron ship of 1,521 tons, bound from Calcutta to Liverpool, with a cargo of cotton, jute and saltpetre, which had now been burning four days. When it was known that she had saltpetre on board, and that an explosion was dreaded, the alarm became very great. At an early hour messengers were sent for the fire brigade, and within a half-hour two engines and a large detachment of men were on the jetty. There were no means of shipping the engines so as to bring water to bear on the burning cargo, and prevent the flames reaching the jute and saltpetre. No time was to be lost, and the conclusion was come to that there was nothing to prevent a further and greater disaster but to "scuttle" the ship at once by any means that could be procured. The only means within reach were the two six-pounders of the cruiser *Queen Victoria*, which were shotted and fired at the *Nuggget* so as to hit her "between wind and water," with the desired result. Captain Morris stated that he made a fair passage till the Channel was reached; here fell in with dirty weather, and the ship labored rather heavily. Between five and six o'clock on Sunday afternoon, while the ship was beating between Holyhead and the Isle of Man, a strong gale from the southward then blowing, the steward saw smoke issuing from the after-cabin. Captain Morris was alarmed, and the entire ship's company at once set to work to combat the fire. But they had to fight two elements, for the storm had increased, and notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts the fire appeared to be gaining. Owing to the vast quantities of smoke generated by the cargo, it was impossible to approach that part of the ship. The crew worked manfully, but it was wasted exertion. It was feared that the fire, burning duly but swiftly through the cargo, would reach the saltpetre, in which case an overwhelming explosion was certain to occur. The captain, therefore, after consultation with his chief officers, determined to run for Kingstown Harbor. Unluckily, neither the captain nor any of the crew, except the steward, had ever been in that port before, and were ignorant of its moorings or the disposition of the shipping. The cargo in value was estimated at $250,000. The loss sustained to the ship and the general property she had on board, irrespective of her lading, may be put down at $125,000 more. This is a total loss of $375,000, independent of the damage she inflicted, and for which her owners may be liable.

More Enterprise.---The *Daily Graphic* of New York, having exhausted its balloon in every sense of the term, has struck a new vein of entertainment for its readers, in the shape of a critical, musical, and categorical libretto of Verdi's new opera, *Aida*. Two pages of its broad sheet, of the number for November 26th, are taken up with the music of all the gems from the opera. First of all comes the announcement of the production of the opera at the Academy of Music, with the cast of characters, then the argument, after which the airs, interspersed with notices of the action, and critiques on their quality or excellence. The whole forms a complete guide to the opera, and consequently valuable to its visitors. In addition to which, it is a live idea in journalism, and such as we would expect from the enterprising editors of the New York *Daily Graphic*.

WON AND LOST.

WON.

She is fair and she is tender,
She is all the world to me:
Eyes so soft and form so slender,
None so beautiful as she.

I have won her! I have won her!
She is mine—shall ever be;
Nothing now can part me from her,
Mine through all eternity.

All her face glowed warm with blushes,
When I whispered low my love,
In the hot and silent hushes
Of the moonlit poplar grove.

Then her glorious face upraising,
With the love-light in her eyes,
With expression past all praising,
Lowly, firmly she replies:

"I will never, never leave you,
Though the years may come and go;
Though all doubt I will believe you,
I am yours through weal and woe.

My great love shall not be shaken,
Though *your* love should change to hate;
Though I live and die forsaken,
With no other will I mate.

When your heart is weak with sorrow,
Then shall mine be doubly strong;
Where you go my love shall follow—
Yours forever, right or wrong."

San Francisco, December 16th, 1873.

LOST.

Lost—and my heart is sad;
Day and night are as one;
Darkness covers my head,
I am utterly alone.

Gods! have ye ears to hear,
Or have ye hearts to feel?
Know ye not what I bear?
See ye not when I kneel?

Help her in this distress—
Not for myself I pray—
Make but *her* sorrow less,
Take but *her* grief away.

Deaf are ye all, I fear,
Or ye have hearts of steel,
Or all in vain my prayer,
For ye are all unreal.

Then from the blackest hell,
Devils shall hear me:
Though I my soul should sell,
Her smile would cheer me.

If I can give her peace,
Why should I waver?
Though my own pain increase,
Thus will I save her.

Home, honor, self-respect,
All these I proffer,
And, as I might expect,
Hell takes the offer.

T. A. H.

A war dance of the Kossos in one of the streets of Cape Coast Castle is thus described: Upon landing, to-day, they came up to the Government House, creating quite a sensation by performing a war dance through the streets, and when Sir Garnet Wolseley went down to inspect them, they, in their joy, performed a series of war dances. These were very singular, and would have been highly picturesque if performed in native costume, but the flannel shirts and trowsers entirely spoiled the effect. They had three performers on tom-toms of different sizes, and for some time the rest stood round in a circle and raised a sort of chorus. Then one man advanced into the middle, and danced for some time by himself; then with his sword he appeared to defy all comers. A game followed, which somewhat resembled our "bait the bear." Others advanced and lightly touched or threatened him with their swords. After enduring this for a few moments, he sprang into a state of extreme activity, and now stooping, now leaping, but always keeping his sword playing round him in a manner which showed both strength of wrist and admirable swordmanship, he drew all the others into the ring of lookers-on. Then he performed a wild sword-dance of triumph, at the close of which they all flocked round him, and, dancing round and round, sang a song, apparently in praise of his dexterity.

Jonah's Whale.—Jonah's whale has been the cause of a very lively incident in the Academy of Sciences of Brussels, which has greatly exercised the political press of Belgium. M. von Beneden, the eminent zoologist, had pointed out in the course of an address to the Academy that the tradition which describes the dolphin as bringing to the shore human bodies with which it meets is very ancient and widely spread, and that it bore a resemblance to "the *fable* of Jonah." This inadvertent intimation on the part of the eminent zoologist, that he doubted whether a human body swallowed by a whale would be in a good condition three days afterwards, has raised a theological storm. Two professors of the Catholic University of Louvain demanded in a violent letter that the Academy should formally censure M. von Beneden, and the Academy having, with one dissentient, refused to do so, the two professors of Louvain have sent in their resignation. The debate has excited great interest and very various comment.

Killed by a Spider Bite.—A few days ago, while Mr. Vallier, chief of the Quapaw Indians, was going about his farm, he was bitten on the toe by a large tarantula. He immediately started for his house, but a short distance, and by the time he had reached it the pain from the bite was so severe that he was unable to sit up, and threw himself across his bed. The insect had crawled up his clothing, and soon after he lay down it gave him a second bite in the region of the small of his back. This, with the other bite, charged his system with the poison almost as quickly as if by electricity. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but before it reached him he was too near gone for it to do any good; and in the most intense agony he lingered until about ten o'clock that night, when death relieved his sufferings.

NEW BOOKS FROM A. ROMAN & CO.

SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

We have read with a great deal of pleasure many of the poems in this volume. They show originality, and possess a power to stir the reader's blood like the sound of a trumpet. Take for instance, "The Amber Whale"—the opening stanzas:

"Though it lash the shallows that line the beach,
Afar from the great sea deeps,
There is never a storm whose might can reach
Where the vast leviathan sleeps.
Like a mighty thought in a giant mind
In the clear cold depths he swims;
Whilst above him the prettiest forms of his kind
With a dash o'er the surface skims.

There is peace in power: the men who speak
With the loudest tongues do least;
And the surest sign of a mind that is weak
Is its want of the power to rest.
It is only the lighter water that flies
From the sea on a windy day:
And the deep blue ocean never replies
To the *sibilant* voice of the spray."

It is a queer story told by a harpooner to while the time away as they lie becalmed in the Indian Ocean:

"And every day like its brother—just morning and noon and night,
Nothing to break the sameness; water and wind and sun
Motionless, gentle, and blazing—never a change in one.
Every day like its brother; and when the noonday eight bells came,
'Twas like yesterday; and we seemed to know that to-morrow would be the same."

The tale goes on to say that after long sailing and weary watchings, "the mast-head men made every face turn pale with the cry that we all had dreamt about—'Blows! The Amber Whale!'" The pursuit is very exciting; they wound him, and in his rage he destroys the captain's boat.

"Then we knew that the captain's boat was doomed; but the crew were no whit afraid—
They were brave New England whalemen—and we saw the harpooner
Stood up to send in his irons as soon as the whales came near—a shock, and a stifled cry
Was all that we heard; then we looked to see if the crew were afloat
But nothing was there but a dull red patch, and the boards of a shattered boat!"

He rushes through the sea, dragging the mate's boat after him, "as if he thought he could tire his enemies out."

"With his head right dead to windward; then as straight and swift he sped
As a hungry shark for a swimming prey; and bending over his head
Like a mighty plume, went his bloody spout.

But even the strength of an Amber Whale must break before human will.
By little and little his power had failed as he spouted his blood away,
Till at midnight the rising moon shone down on the great fish as he lay
Just moving his flukes; but at length he stopped, and raising his square, black head
As high as the top-mast cross-trees, swung round and fell over—dead!"

The poems are all in simple, narrative style; but strong and graphic.

We have also received another volume of The International Scientific Series, THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY, by Herbert Spencer. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE STONE AGE: PAST AND PRESENT. By E. B. Tylor.

THEORY OF A NERVOUS ETHER. By Dr. Richardson, F. R. S., No. 2 of the "Half Hour Recreations in Popular Science." Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

TEMPERANCE DRAMAS. By George M. Baker. Lea & Shepard, Boston, publishers.

THE WATER WITCH; OR, THE SKIMMER OF THE SEAS. A tale by J. Fennimore Cooper. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MONEY-MAKER; OR, THE VICTORY OF THE BASILISK. By Oliver Optic. Published by Lea & Shepard, Boston.

We have the faith of the boys, who only question if a book be by their favorite author, Oliver, to be certain that it is worth reading.

GILES' MINORITY; OR, SCENES AT THE RED HOUSE. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. Author of many favorite juveniles' books. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL. By Susan Coolidge. Author of "What Katy Did." Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

A prominent badge of American citizenship appears to be a soiled shirt front with gold studs.

A genius is popularly supposed to be one who can do anything except make a living.

A NEW CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

We have before us a new book, a genuine Californian production, rich with the flavor of the soil, that is destined to create a sensation that will quite cast Joaquin Miller into the shade—at least in the judgment of the Society of Pioneers and all old '49ers. It is entitled "Songs of the Sand Hills, by Walking Hiller." It is published by A. L. Bancroft & Co. in a dainty little volume of faultless typography and generally attractive appearance. A few extracts will give an idea of the new poet's quality:

A pioneer of forty-nine,
As good as ere came here to mine,
Or pack around a train
O'er mountain side with pick and pan;
Indeed he was as good a man
As ever crossed the plain.
He came as others came, to mine for gold;
As other pioneers, the way to mold.

After giving a description of the pioneer's life in the early days of California, our poet brings us to the closing scene on earth:

He lived as did all pioneers,
Until now getting up in years,
Had money made enough.
But as with all first comers here,
His time was shortened in this sphere,
By life so hard and rough.
Then sickened from hard usage, now so tried,
And passed away that pioneer, and died.
* * * * *
He stood and looked with full intent
To see and find what Peter meant
By telling him to go;
Says, "You're the man so little knew
On earth before the cock it crew;
When you were down below,
Your Master did deny, and cursed and swore
You never knew the man your burden bore."

Our pioneer next proceeds to give the Saint some account of the work *he* had done in California, and thus contrasts it with Peter's career:

You were engaged in catching fish,
And nothing ere had done to wish,
Nor aught but fish in hauled.
And now you're stationed here so long,
And nothing done but that same song.

After some further discussion, in which the Californian has rather the best of it, Peter caves in, and the poem closes with this stanza:

We might as well at once comply,
And looking round and something sly,
Says, Pioneer, come in.
And all who left in forty-nine,
And all who of that time and line,
And all of that first kin;
First generation to that place and shore,
This gate is open, shall be evermore.

We are awaiting with anxiety to see what sort of a reception the new "Californian poet" will meet at the hands of the London critics who were so profuse in their praises of the Singer of the Sierras.

GAS.

A company has been formed in England to manufacture gas by a simple and efficient mode, known as "Skoine's patent," which, it is claimed, will effect a saving of *one half* the coal now consumed, while the process of purification being simplified, labor wages are proportionately decreased, and the wear and tear of plant diminished; and notwithstanding the great increase in the quantity, and improvement in the quality of the gas produced, the amount of coke is fully equal to that produced by the ordinary process. By the ordinary process, one ton of Pelan Main coal produces only 10,000 cubic feet of 13-candle gas, whereas over 20,000 cubic feet of 17-candle gas are obtained from the same coal under this system. One ton of coal produces 15½ cwt. of coke. The cost to manufacture gas in London, with the present high price of coal, is 2s. 4d. per 1,000 cubic feet, which cost, by the new process, will be reduced at least 1s. per 1,000 cubic feet. The ordinary gas supplied to the metropolis contains, besides ammonia, from 20 to 30 grains of sulphur per 100 cubic feet; by the new process the gas is practically freed from this impurity, 2½ to 3 grains being the maximum per 100 cubic feet. Thus, one ton of say Sydney coal, costing in San Francisco from $10 to $12, will produced 20,000 cubic feet of gas, of an aggregate illuminating power equal to 340,000 wax candles. The number of cubic feet burned during the consumption of a wax candle, ascertained, will determine the relative value of gas and wax candles.

Isaiah an Irishman.—We think there is internal evidence enough to demonstrate to the satisfaction of any candid reader that *Isaiah* was an Irishman. Take a single example (Isaiah xxxvii, 36): "And when they arose early in the morning they were all dead corpses." We have often heard of ghosts, but have always been most afraid of live ghosts—we should like to see some *live* corpses. Oh, Paddy!

A pine-apple from Mexico, weighing as much as twenty-four pounds, shown at was a recent meeting of the Paris Acclimatization Society.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

If women only knew how detestable they appear unto men with their faces plastered and whitened, their eyeads touched up and their eyebrows put into shape, we have still faith enough left in their common-sense to believe that they would discontinue a practice at once horrible and barbaric. We speak of Indians as savages who wear rings through their noses and paint their faces. And yet American, and particularly San Francisean women, daub and plaster their faces and wear rings in their ears in most successful imitation of the "poor, degraded savages." If the foolish creatures who paint and powder would only stay at a distance, the cheat might never be discovered; but, unfortunately, the exigencies of life will not always allow this, and a nearer approach of or to the supposed beauty means something like the following disillusion: You see a lady—say a stranger—at one end of the drawing-room in which you are, a lady who strikes you as being particularly pretty and attractive. To say nothing of her glorious figure, the beauty of her complexion completely charms you. It is a perfect combination of pearly-white and rosy-carmine. The forehead is of alabaster, and the neck is a tower of marble. The eyebrows are of a Junoesque curve, and the long, black eyelashes sweep down over eyes that have a depth in them, deep and fascinating as a dark, swift flowing river. You are introduced, and powers of healthy awakening!—this is what you find: The first glance will show you that the majestic eyebrows are simply heavy pencil lines. The eyelashes are unmistakably dyed, for there is some of the black stuff still on the lids. The whole face is covered with a crust of something that looks like melted wax. Powder has been laid on with no stinting hand, for there are recesses of it in the hollows of the ears and the corners of the nose. Neck and shoulders look as though they had been through a flour-mill, but underneath and through the white dust there peep out patches of yellowy skin and unseemly and half-covered moles. The lips have some beastly pigment on them, and she dare not talk lest the make-up should be injured, and so sits like a ghastly skeleton from an anatomical museum. If she open her lips it is instantly evident that the powder puff is more used than the tooth-brush—for your painted woman is always a dirty woman; and if you dance with her you will in all probability discover that the seeming luxuriance of her hair means pads, and all her figure means the same. For God's sake, women, be natural! This is an age of frauds, many and great, but the painted, plastered, daubed, and made-up woman is the most horrible, damnable, and idiotic. Can you imagine for one moment the bare possibility of your husband loving you when he wakes every morning to find a faded, cracked, gray face beside him, in place of the lovely one of last night, and all your beauty at the bottom of the wash-basin!

Impressed with the solemnity and "sanctimoniousness" of the occasion, the *Town Crier* sat down about half-past 10 on Thursday evening to write something that should at once be pretty and appropriate. Being determined to make his solitude as pleasant as possible, he drew the cork from a bottle of Scotch Napa soda, lit a cigar, poked the fire, dipped pen in the ink, and commenced. *Note.*—The asterisks do not so much mean breaks in the train of thought as the time occupied in certain futile efforts which the *T. C.* made to make the glass ring by moistening the rim with his lips. Let us call what follows A REVERIE. And this, then, is Christmas Day, the day of all days in the year, when we should open the casket of memory, shake the dust of forgetfulness from its contents, and think only good thoughts "and of all familiar faces." * * * Our heart glows with feelings of Peace on Earth and Good Will towards Men. Every man, in fact, for on this day we are determined to let nothing harshly hurt the soft, white wings of the gentle Angel of Peace now present. * * * It is with feelings of deep contrition for things undone which should have been undone, and for things undone which should have been undone *vice versa*, we mean, that we look down the Vista of the fled months and think of what might have been undone and which was not done. A spirit of deep contrition * * * which, while painful for the moment, has no doubt a saltatory, that is salutary influence on mankind in general and self in particular. * * * Be that as may be, can't be helped, what's done can't be undone, to-bed, to-bed. No, must finish article first. Salutary influences crowd * * * Salutary influences crowd thick, very thick, in fact streamy thick bout me, and although any one wouldn't think so, never member passing quieter Christmas. * * * Chrism' comes but once a year, good will on earth and leave nothing undone. Train up child in way he should go and when he's old he'll keep Chrism'. * * * If he don't, pull his nose, he's no gen'leman. Every gen'man skeeps Schismas. I skeeps Schrams, you skeeps Schelsmims, they skeeps Schrsmrchrs. * * * I'schlike old Kims don't think this ezt way sped Kmis Chrmrs. N'ver mind). He's jolly good fe'ler. G awiil on men, what's done p'ce on e'rth. * * * Wsh vdody smry Krismsschrs Happ newyrwshlisk * * CkeNrrsmsrrarschrms * * *——!

We recommend the adoption of buttermilk in the celebration of masses, in lieu of wine. The latter gets the priests into such bad habits that nothing but that primitive beverage would be advisable. It is a little rough on the gospel that its teachers should be subject to such wicked influences, but it is an undeniable fact, that while the "ministers" are yielding to the seductive wiles of the cards of their flock, the "priests" have gone on a series of roaring drunks. From the hights of conscious innocence and unswerving integrity we contemplate these things with yearning sorrow. We only await a rousing murder among the white neck-cloths to finish their list of iniquities.

Sunday.---The *Town Crier* reads his Bible, and takes memoranda: Proverbs xxxi, v. 6 and 7.—"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." *Mem.*—Go well with Cutter's whisky advertisement. Stop. Was it not once neatly paraphrased by one Bobbie Burns? Let's see, how does it go?

Gi'e him strong drink
Until he wink,
That, sinking in despair,
And liquor guid,
To fire his bluid,
That's press't wi' grief and care.

There let him bouse,
And deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets
His woes and debts
Nor minds his sorrows more.

Proverbs xxiii, v. 29.—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." Romans xii, v. 11.—"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord." *Mem.*—Good pious headings for *Biz* column. Proverbs xiii, v. 4.—"Labor not to be rich." *Mem.*—Pitch into stockbrokers and business people generally. Proverbs v, 16. v.—"Let thy fountains be dispersed abroad, and rivers of waters in the streets." *Mem.*—Spring Valley Water Works. Proverbs x, v. 23.—"It is as sport to a fool to do mischief." *Mem.*—Attack the boodlums. Ephesians iv, v. 29.—"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth." *Mem.*—Query: *Chronicle* or *Call? N'importe;* will come in somewhere. Ephesians iii, v. 2.—"Beware of dogs." *Mem.*—See Supervisors. Job xix, v. 2.—"How long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words." *Mem.*—Good for you, old Job; will keep that "*break me in pieces with words*" for a convenient occasion. Job xxx, v. 29.—"I am a brother to dragons." *Mem.*—Good idea for the Chinese advertisement. Job xxxi, v. 40.—"Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley. The words of Job are ended." *Mem.*—Bad for the farming interests.

It is always delightful to give pleasure. It is our welcome task to inform the Y. M. C. A. that the California is once more available as a place of amusement. Tragedy and tears have gone to San Jose, trailing skirts hang in the property room, and the female form frisks around the boards obscured by four inches of dry goods. Bonfanti sinks into insignificance for briefness of skirt, and the Rigl's were as tame doves for recklessness compared with the new divinities. The most limber of these young women threatened on two occasions to become No. 11, but her corset lace stayed the untimely severance, and her great toes are still intimate acquaintances off the stage. The delights of this charming entertainment are enhanced by the calcium man's exactitude of aim, his performance bringing down the gallery with every change of the light. The coryphees boast the usual assortment. You pay your money, you take your choice. Long legs, short legs, thick and thin, round and flat, bandy and straight, knock-kneed and vice versa, tapering and uncompromisingly uniform, spindles and barrels—forty pairs of them, all for a dollar. Take it for all in all, the *Naiad Queen* offers more leg and less *tulle* attraction than any previous exhibition of its kind, for it is the first time that the ocular proof has furnished us with the exact length of the female nether limb. Medical students cordially invited to accompany the Y. M. C. A. to give a scientific turn to the affair.

Why will the Chronicle and Call continue to exchange the nasty snarl as to the extent of their respective circulations? In the first place, it is a matter of the supremest indifference to all sensible people, to whose disinterested minds the whole is a patent catch-penny job, got up to fill space when news is scarce and advertisements are lacking. In the next place, it is utterly impossible for any one to determine which, if either, is the greater liar. The elaborate statements, supported by affidavits, and padded up with the most irrefragable proofs, are ruthlessly demolished by the opponent the following morning, and demonstrated by as seemingly convincing arguments to be a tissue of lies. The inevitable result, after a week of such discussion, is to leave people under the impression that both these enterprising journals have as proprietors masters in the art of bunkum, blow, and balderdash, qualities which they can no more divest themselves of and exchange for honesty, truthfulness and intelligence, than the Ethiopian can change his spots, the leopard lie down with the lamb, or the hop-toad whistle "Home, sweet home," with no other accompaniment than the sough of the Summer winds through a three-acre grove of tomatoes.

Bohemian Xmas High Jinks---DEC. 27TH, 1873.—Beloved Brother: You are hereby notified that all members in good standing of the 1st Bohemian Club, Sacramento street, San Francisco, are requested to assemble at the Tabernacle, on Saturday evening, December 27th, 1873, at eight o'clock, for the purpose of discussing the life, character, and literary productions of that eminent Bohemian, Doctor Watts. Copies of his *recent* works will be furnished to members of the flock on application to the Clerk. Spiritual comfort will be distributed at 9 P. M. Music appropriate to the occasion will be furnished by the Choir in connection with Schmidt's and Schlott's brass band. Owing to the large membership of the congregation and the limited number of pews, the public is cordially invited NOT to attend. Seat free. No collection.

J. G. EASTMAN,
Sire and Acting Shepherd.

December 20th, 1873.

Horticulture, says an exchange, is to be taught in the public schools of Cincinnati. As Cincinnati lives by pork alone, a more profitable study would be hogriculture; that village has shown a singular apathy to pigological pursuits, except in the restricted sense of chasing ring-tailed shriekers through the public streets.

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me;
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies:
I am potassium to thine oxygen.
I would that I, my Mary, were an acid,
A living acid—thou an alkali
Endowed with human sense, that brought together,
We both might coalesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. O that thou
Wert carbon, and myself were hydrogen:
We would unite to form oleiant gas,
Or common coal, or naphtha. Would to heaven
That I were phosphorus, and thou wert lime,
And we of lime composed a phosphuret;
I'd be content to be sulphuric acid,
So that thou might be soda; in that case
We should be Glauber's salt. Were thou magnesia
Instead, we'd form that's named from Epsom.
Couldst thou potassa be, I aqua fortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of potash—otherwise saltpetre.
And thus our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together until death
Should decompose the fleshly tertium quid,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
And mine is Johnson: wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?
We will. The day, the happy day is nigh,
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

—*North British Advertiser.*

RELIGION IN EUROPE.

A great "revival" is certainly taking place; all the old bones of "saints," all the "relics" are being dressed up and varnished. Whether this will pay or not remains to be seen. "The Holy Father" and the members of "The Black International" have put on forty prayers to the square inch, and are, hammer and tongs, beseeching the Lord to relieve us mortals from the whole world to the present state of piety, faith and humility enjoyed by Spain. Don Carlos has had a holy bestowed upon him for his own use, who is to rob him for him early, and to curse his enemies, from the longest hair on their heads to the largest toe-nail on their feet, but even with all this the laity or in other words the devil is getting the better of the clergy or God's right-hand dodgers. All over the world the clergy are fighting "the good fight," and if this don't win the cause, life, "as certain they say," like troopers. The Duc de Chambord is now coming out—under the patronage of the Holy Father—in the miracle department, as might be expected.

"At his touch
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,"

that he cures daily hundreds, it is said, of people afflicted with all manner of maladies. Crowds of cripples and blind beggars are being sent by the clergy from all parts of France "to be healed." There is a great rush, as "revival" is the cry; and as a "blood sacrifice" has ever been the great characteristic of "religion," the blessed clergy are longing for bloodshed and vengeance! Let France and Spain look to it: the tyrant and the priest are by nature allies.

Toasts in the "Good Old Times."—The following story gives a good idea of the drinking style of the last century. This was what our grandfathers took for humor. Two young English noblemen were paying a visit to Lord Pannure, at Brocket Castle. One day he wrote a letter to Pat Clarke, a tenant of his, to come and dine with him, and at the same time he ordered him to bring a sum of money. Pat knew well what was the order that something was to be done. After dinner Lord Pannure gave the first toast, which was, "All hats in the fire, or £2 on the table." Four hats were immediately in the fire. One of the English noblemen gave the next toast, "All coats in the fire, or £50 on the table." Four coats were committed to the flames. The other English nobleman gave the next toast, "All boots in the fire, or £100 on the table." The whole of the boots were committed to the flames. Pannure's next toast was as follows, which was, "Two fore-teeth in the fire, or £900 on the table," when Pat, who had pocketed his teeth out, threw them in the fire. The English noblemen were astonished. He had, as was unknown to them, had Pannure's worst enemy at a round table, and with £900 in his pocket. Lord Pannure thought much of his tenant after that.

A traveler asked once in a hotel: "Who is the master of this house?" "I am," answered the landlord, "seeing that my wife is dead these last three weeks."

ART NOTES.

The formation of the proposed School of Design is now the main topic among the members of the Art Association. The subject will, we are persuaded, be thoroughly ventilated before action is taken, and we beg, therefore, to make a few remarks thereon. In the first place, we suppose that the School is to be for the higher grades of aspirants; not for Tom, Dick, or Harry, nor for every school-girl whose friends think she is a prodigy. Really, the matter should be conducted with great care, or the gallery will be crowded with conceited, artistic duffers and frauds, to the exclusion of the genuinely earnest students. We should suggest that each person applying for the privileges of this course of study send in a probationary drawing, and that when passed by a competent committee, the he-male or she-male aspirant be required to make a drawing *in the gallery*, subject to the supervison of one or more members of an examining committee *of artists*; this last simply to make sure that he or she *was* the draughts-man or draughts-woman of the first probationary drawing. The conscience (!) of the committee being satisfied, then let he or she be duly enrolled as student. We can safely leave the matter of professorships and of the dues required from students to the Art Association, the financial affairs of which, as well as most other affairs connected with the well-being of the body, having been carefully and faithfully carried out. We suggest that for the present no "life" school is required, as there are not probably twelve people in the city who could make a reasonably satisfactory drawing from the living model. Should this latter school be established, the most rigid rules would have to be enforced. Our ideas on these subjects have not been formed here. Not quite.

The sale of Mr. John Woolf's collection of foreign pictures was well attended, but the average prices realized will not clear the importer by a long shot, and we are sorry for it, as the result must be detrimental to Art, and simply lead to the importation of worthless rubbish. The principal buyers were Messrs. J. B. Haggin, E. J. Baldwin, H. W. Booth, L. L. Robinson, J. C. Duncan, and W. L. Marple. The latter, himself an artist of standing and a man of really good judgment, secured eight or ten fine works. Mr. Haggin paid the largest price for any one work, obtaining the charming picture "Men were Deceivers Ever," by Holyoake of London, for $740. We are confident that it is worth twice that sum to-morrow in London, as it is, apart from its real merit, a capital picture to engrave or "chromo." Had we been the artist, it would never have come to San Francisco for sale in this way. Nearly the same remarks apply to "The Catechism," purchased by Mr. Duncan, which would make one of those prints bound to be popular.

In the gallery of Messrs. Morris, Schwab & Co., on Post street, Hill exhibits two charming pastoral "bits," "Leda and the Swan," and "The Rural Post-office," a young girl placing a letter in a tree hollow for her lover to find. Virgil Williams has in the same place a "Roman Washerwoman," full of good color and drawing. Scott Tidball exhibits a masterly crayon-finished portrait of a lady. Deakin shows marked progress in two works, the first exhibited in the above-named gallery, and the second at Nile's establishment on Kearny street.

It is not generally understood that a large number of works at the Art Association Gallery are for sale, and that they range from $20 to $15,000, so that everybody's pocket can be accommodated. *Au reste*, just please remember that when you buy a good picture you have something which does not deteriorate worth a cent, and may increase in value tenfold.

Devil Fish in a Bottle.---A Southern paper says an Arizona miner fishing recently drew up on the wharf an ordinary-sized black liquor bottle. He was not frightened at the bottle, but he was wonderfully perplexed as to what had "bitten," and how and by whom the bottle had been attached to his line about a foot above the hook. The miner called out, and several other persons near him ran to see the wonderful catch. An examination showed that there was a devil fish inside the bottle, and that one of its arms extended out of the neck, and was firmly entwined around the line. The devil fish had probably crawled into the bottle when young, and finding it a nice comfortable residence, he had committed the indiscretion of remaining there until he had grown so large that he could not get out. He had grown to nearly the size of his glass house, and in fact was rather cramped for room.

Gentlemen of the sporting fraternity are invited to come forward and tip the *Chronicle*, or woe be unto them. The stereotype and the subscription list having used up all their thunder, a raking of Chief Cockrill is the next thing in order. War upon the green tables is the watchword, and whisky the inspiration. It is an unpardonable crime in the new Chief that he didn't shut up his shop when he went into office; but who could tell that a parcel of Cyprians would choose to transfer their trade to him? Do these gentle creatures drink whisky? And how did the *Chronicle* know? Oh, naughty Cyprians, drop the alcohol, and get into the respectable habit of backbiting, slandering, defaming and libeling. Go for any one that don't pay you. Set on the hounds when they don't come down. Once more, gentlemen of the green tables, the *Chronicle's* coffer is yawning.

An Indiana poet has been sent to the penitentiary for three years for what a western paper calls "plagiarizing a horse."

PALAVER VERSUS PLUCK.

[BEING A BALLAD OF THE TIMES.]

There was a great commotion
In the Caribbean Seas,
And a speck of war was visible
Among the Antilles.

For a proud Castilian man-of-war
A Yankee ship had taken,
While the Yankee stars and stripes were
Flying at her main.

And they put the crew in irons,
And they claimed her as a prize,
For a cruising fillibuster,
And a pirate in disguise.

And they ran to Santiago,
And while yet their blood was hot,
They tried the crew as rebels,
And condemned them to be shot.

Then they led them to the slaughter house,
That stood outside the town,
And they stood them up against the wall
And coolly shot them down.

Whilst the rabble roared and shouted
When the bloody deed was done,
As if for some great victory which
Their chivalry had won.

Now over all the Continent
The cruel tidings sped,
And over all the Continent
A thrill of horror spread.

And a cry of indignation
Rose from Florida to Maine;
And a call for speedy vengeance
On the bloody hands of Spain.

So the brawling agitators
Of the platform and the press,
Denounced the horrid outrage.
And demanded swift redress.

And the Cabinet was summoned,
And they talked the matter over,
As to whether the *Virginius* was
A trader or a rover.

And swiftly to the navy yards
Went orders to complete
The ships that were repairing,
And to hurry up the fleet.

Meanwhile, the modest captain
Of a British sloop-of-war,
Who had heard about the trouble,
Came and anchored in the bar.

And he sent a modest message,
To the rulers of the place,
To request them to postpone the
Executions for a space.

Back they sent a haughty answer
To the modest man's request,
Intimating to the Briton that
They knew their business best.

And he sent another message
Which was somewhat in this strain:
"*I will lay your town in ashes*
If another man be slain."

And the bold Hidalgos wilted
When they saw him sailing down
With his guns all trained and loaded
Bearing on their crazy town.

And if they stopped the slaughter,
We may thank the British tar,
And the timely intervention
Of the British man-of-war.

San Francisco, Dec. 27th, 1873. S. B.

THE OVERLAND FOR JANUARY.

The holiday number of our California Mag comes to us resplendent in dress, with covers in cream-color and gold, and lettering in carmine and blue. The variety and quality of the contents are worthy of these dainty externals. There is a characteristic sketch by Prentice Mulford; two short stories, one, "It happened in Forty-Six," by Mrs. Neal—an excellent one; some good poetry. The gem being, as usual, Miss Coolbrith's contribution; another of Power's admirable papers on the California Indians, and half a dozen articles on miscellaneous subjects of much interest. Joaquin Miller contributes another of his humoristic articles; his subject being this time, "The River Rhine," which he declares "far below the Sacramento in majesty and importance, while it does not at all approach the Columbia in strength, length, breadth, or natural scenery of its banks." He avers that he has never seen this famous river when it was "blue," and adds that to him "it always looked like a vast stream of lager beer." Perhaps the readiest article of this number is the one entitled, "Poetical Self-Mutilation," in which the writer undertakes to maintain the preposterous doctrine that a poet has no right to make alterations (supposed by him to be improvements) in new editions of his works. The article seems to have been carefully and industriously prepared, and successfully establishes the deficiencies of the writer in logic and fine taste. The editorial work is in the main well done, and the editor's contribution, "Summering in the Sierra," is quite readable.

A friend, writing from London, says: "My daughter, wishing to have her photograph taken, went to a 'studio' on Regent street, and was very much amused by the patronizing air and tone of the 'artist,' who, having placed her in an attitude that pleased him, retired to the instrument, and in the most encouraging manner possible, said, raising his index finger: 'Now, Miss, please look a little sly, fold hup your 'ed and helevate your h-eyel rows.' Such is life. After this we think the *hartists* on Montgomery street may tremble."

A minister, who preached very long and very drowsy sermons, asked one member of his congregation, what ought he to preach about next Sunday. The person quickly answered: "About five minutes."

THE IDIOT AS AN ART SUBJECT.

AN IMPORTANT NEW FEATURE IN THE NEW YORK DAILY GRAPHIC.

From the beginning of illustrated journalism, statesmen and soldiers and criminals have been honored by the publication of their portraits. No fault can be found with this practice, but it does seem as though injustice had been done in the total neglect with which another important class of the community have been treated. The fools, as such, have been entirely ignored. Of course, the portraits of many eminent idiots have appeared, but their portraits were published, not in their character as idiots, but because they happened to be classed among statesman, orators, or reformers. Now, we propose that this class shall no longer be neglected. When a single photographer can advertise for sale the portraits of "six hundred living American statesmen," it is time that the no less numerous and hardly less important idiots of the country should be properly honored. Every town and village in the United States has at least one fool, who is its perpetual butt, and whose portrait in the character of the champion idiot of the place would be recognized as a truthful and deserved tribute. Confident that by so doing we shall meet a manifest public want, we propose to publish portraits, accompanied by brief biographical sketches, of the leading idiots of every township in the country. This is unquestionably a gigantic undertaking, but it is one full of interest to the whole nation. *The Daily Graphic* is not published merely for the people of the City of New York, but for the entire country, and our proposed gallery of idiots will interest every man and woman from Maine to California. In this enterprise we solicit the co-operation of our readers in sending us photographs and sketches fitted to adorn the new gallery. No second-rate idiots need apply, but all who can establish their claim to be beyond question the leaders of that important class in their respective towns, may rest assured that they will receive due attention from *The Daily Graphic*. Contributors to the gallery must be careful to write upon each photograph or sketch the name and residence of the person it represents, so that no idiot will be credited to any undeserved locality, and there will be no danger of confounding the idiots with the statesmen and other prominent persons whose portraits are naturally looked for in the illustrated journal of the day.

PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY.

The Commercial Herald of Thursday morning, which devotes a paragraph to the universally unpopular retrenchments on the Pacific Mail Co.'s dock, observes "that the economy that has been instituted is of the kind that killed the Irishman's horse, which died just when it had learned to live upon nothing." The fast decreasing favor in which this corporation is held justifies the assertion. When Eldridge and Irwin were agents, the company had a prestige which it has lost day by day since their discharge. Later: Captain Cox, one of the most popular of men, under whom men loved to work, and upon whom all men looked with regard, was discharged after nineteen years of faithful service. After his discharge the penny wise and pound foolish policy of the company gave to one man the work of two, and Mr. William Waddell, hitherto Chief Engineer, became Superintendent of the dock in conjunction with his former duties. With his record, all Californians are tolerably familiar. His heroic conduct at the burning of the *Golden Gate*, together with his management of the *Colorado* on her first trip to China, are well known. More recently the Pacific Mail Company are indebted to his skill, patience, and indomitable energy for the saving of the *Costa Rica*, which would otherwise have added one more to their long list of disasters. He, too, has been discharged upon a day's notice, after a faithful serving of close on twenty years. We have no word to say against the gentlemen whom the new Directors have seen fit to employ, but in consideration of the fact that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company receives a subsidy of a million dollars from the Government, a much-taxed public is entitled to efficient officers. Changes have come so thick and fast that we have scarce had time to become acquainted with any one's qualifications, but the gentlemen we have named were all tried and popular. The company can scarcely expect to find the like in men who are willing to accept the responsibilities and duties of several positions for less than the pay of one. The Pacific Mail Co. has been for many years the only steamship company which floated the American flag. Its present picayunish policy is shaking the confidence of its patrons; is materially raising its insurance rates, and is helping its English Pacific rivals to prosperity and power. Good men, good work, and good pay will restore to it its pristine success and glory. Irresponsible men, indifferent work, and poor pay will soon reduce it to the level of a second-class struggling company.

It is quite consoling in these times, when the marriage business suffers such a depression, to learn that a journal is to be established devoted especially to the bringing about of that estimable sacrament. In our tender years marriage seemed to us even as the mating of doves, but with advancing time it came to us more in the light of cat claws. Even cat claws are useful in their way, but go better in pairs. Our cordial wishes are with the new journal, and we particularly commend to their care Oleomargarine Reese and the dilapidated Emperor.

PARODY ON THE "RAVEN."

The following travestie is not to be judged solely by its intrinsic merit, for it is the work of a young lady who has not yet entered her teens, and is for this reason entitled to kindly perusal:

PARODY.

Once upon a cold day dreary,
While I sat, so worn and weary,
Watching my scant breakfast cooking;
('Twas smelt fish, and nothing more);
While the fishes were a frying,
Suddenly I heard a sighing,
As of some one faintly crying;
Crying near my chamber door;
'Tis some beggar child, I muttered,
Crying near my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more.

Then unto my fishes turning,
Just in time to save from burning,
Soon I heard again the crying
Somewhat louder than before;
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore;"
Let my cooking cease a moment;
Let me this strange noise explore;
'Tis a child, and nothing more.

Open here I flung the door,
When, before I could count four,
In there stepped a little "Chenoir;"
"Chenoir" long, lean, and sore;
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not a moment stopped or stayed he;
Not a single utt'rance made he,
But sat down upon the floor;
Just before my chamber door;
Sat and cried, and nothing more.

Then this bony child beguiling,
My sad fancy into smiling,
By its counte-nance and the strangeness
Of the queue its small head bore:
"Child, thy head is shorn and shaven;
You belong then to the Craven
Race, who, sore with bondage laden,
Wander from the Eastern shore;
Tell me, what thy heathen, outlandish
name is,
On the far off Eastern shore!"
Quoth the heathen, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly
Creature to hear speak so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning,
Little revelancy bore;
Still we cannot help agreeing
That as yet no human being
Ever has been blessed with seeing
Chinaman inside his door:
Chinaman upon the time-worn
Rug before his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the heathen, still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat
In front of rug and child and door;
Then I sat engaged in guessing,
(But no syllable expressing
To the child whose almond eyes
Now burnt into my bosom's core),
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Lean, and bony child and sore
Meant in screeching "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!
Prophet still, if child or devil!
Whether tempter sent or whether
Tempest tossed thee on this shore,
Much abused yet all undaunted,
On this golden land enchanted,
By your brother heathens haunted,
Tell me, tell me, I implore!
Will the Chinese e'er stop coming?"
Quoth the heathen, "Nevermore."

M. T.

PEOPLE WE ALL RECOGNIZE.

He was a very tall and heavy man, but he stooped slightly, which somewhat detracted from his massive appearance. He was, at first glance, well dressed, but there was a *je ne sais quoi* about him which induced a more careful scrutiny. His brown coat was well brushed, but a trifle threadbare. His iron-gray pants had straddled somehow up his legs, and displayed above each shoe more than a trace of wrinkled stocking. The shoes themselves were scrupulously polished, for, after all, bootblacks *have* human hearts, and possibly some one of them sympathized with his evident desire to be respectable. His shirt-collar was fresh and clean, though somewhat frayed at the edges. We reflected that possibly the laundryman was more confiding than the furnishing store. He got on a Third-street car, and informed every one in a loud tone ostensibly addressed to the conductor that he was going down to see Mr. Stanford. He was a voluble talker, and evidently on the best terms with the leading politicians at Sacramento. He was an the act of electrifying the audience with his views on Casserly's resignation when that tiresome conductor asked for his fare. The eminent politician dismissed him with an impatient wave of the hand. The obtrusive conductor persisted, the eloquence of the distinguished stranger waxed warmer. Quoth the man of the passe-board, with the air of one who makes a virtue of necessity, "Well, poor devil, I'll let him ride, as it's Christmas times." We looked around with startled horror to note the effect of the insolence on this eminent public man. We noticed only an expression of satisfaction on his classic features. We turned from him with a sigh. Our faith in human nature was shaken.

Kroughkaigh is the way they spell a popular game in Western Missouri.

THE CALIFORNIA BUTTER CO.'S BUTTER.

The shipment East of three car-loads of Chicago butter is one of the signs of the times. Sixty thousand pounds of Eastern butter returned from whence it came, is significant of the progress made and making by the dairies of California, and this is soon to be followed by more of a like sort. Doubtless the successful working of the new California Butter Company has had something to do with this return shipment over the Central Pacific Railway. This patent butter is sweet and clean, and will *not* turn rancid as other butter, but will keep perfectly good for a year or more. Consequently it commands a preference over all butter made at the East and brought here in tubs and firkins. That made and sold here is of good quality, and the buyer as well as consumer gets actual tare no loss of 5@10c. per cent. on false tares and soakage, as is the case with all Eastern packed firkin butter. This Eastern swindle in false tares, soakage, etc., has long worked to the injury of consumers buying butter packed in Ohio and Illinois, and consequently a decided preference is given to the California product. As before stated, the demand for this new butter greatly exceeds the capacity of the Sansome street factory. They now make and sell per day some 1,600 pounds of choice roll butter. Orders come from the interior, up and down the Coast in fact, letters of inquiry and commendation are daily received at the office, showing most conclusively the high estimation placed upon its product. A depot for its sale is established in the California Market, where all interested can obtain supplies at 35c. per pound, or 70c. per roll. For oyster stews, chicken pie, and all nice pastry, it can be highly recommended as superior to all other butter. This none will dispute, as every good cook and pastry maker will testify.

A Fact for Cutlers.---A German scientific journal says: "It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it for half an hour in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid, then lightly wipe it off, and, after a few hours, set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of a whet-stone, by corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that nothing further than a good polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are frequently improved by it, although the cause of such improvement remains unexplained.

Bloodless Operations seem to be the novelty of the day, though it has been shown that the application of the principle is not new. The simple bandage has already been superseded by elastic pressure, and improvements will probably be soon proposed. In Paris, surgeons try to economize the vital fluid in operations; and we hear of an ingenious surgeon removing voluminous tumors of the face, and resecting the upper maxilla by the galvanic knife to avoid hemorrhage. But the value of these cases is somewhat lessened by the fact that the main trunks supplying the face are tied before the operation.

A Remarkable Congregation.---Among the various Christian congregations throughout Glasgow, one of the most remarkable is that which meets for divine worship where the gentleman who usually officiates is a mute, and the whole of the persons who attend his ministrations, about thirty in number, are also deaf and dumb. It is almost needless to say that among such a class of worshipers there is no external manifestation of praise. The service commences with devotional exercise, and afterwards a short discourse from some passage of Scripture, the words indicated by the finger-alphabet, which seems to be thoroughly understood by all present.

A Paper Church.---The use of paper as a substitute for wood in the construction of railway carriages has long been known, but the use to which this material can be put seems now to be without limit. The *Journal of the Society of Arts* says there is a paper church actually existing near Bergen, Switzerland, which is capable of containing about 1,000 people. It is circular within and octagonal without. The relieves outside and the statues inside the roof, the ceiling, are all of *papier-maché*, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of egg.—*Builder.*

The following is the translation of an advertisement in the *Paris Journal*: "M. A. Lecuve, 48 bis rue Basse du Rempart, begs the lady in black who does not like draughts in omnibuses to kindly send him his purse, which she found in his pocket on the 1st July, and to keep the money it contained as a reward for her address."

A New Explosive.---Ozobenzin is the name given by two French scientists to a new explosive substance. It is produced by acting upon benzin, boiling at 81 degrees cent., with concentrated ozone. It detonates violently when struck or when simply heated. It is unstable in the air; water decomposes and dissolves it.

A COMMON-SENSE EXPLANATION.

At this blessed season of the year, when the resurrection of the sun is looked forward to by all Nature, it is worth while to recall the means by which mankind were enabled to recognize the approach of that period. Any clear night we can at this time see the dog star *sirius*, as the night of the 24th—25th of December draws near, coming closer and closer to the meridian at 12 P. M. At "low twelve" on that night he "stands" at the upper meridian, at the moment that the sun passes the lower meridian; and, having reached his most southern declination, begins to "ascend into heaven." No wonder therefore that "When they saw the star, Math. ii. 10, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." We do so to-day although rich in Yankee clocks and two-bit almanacs. Following the Egyptian plan, the astronomers of Alexandria began their new year at the resurrection of the new year's sun-god from the Winter solstice, where for three days he had been "buried" beneath the earth and wrapped in a "winding sheet"—of snow!

A SCRAP OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

At the Banquet recently given to Professor Tyndall, Dr. Draper gave the following among other bits of American history: "At the time of the American Revolution, there resided in the town of Rumford, New Hampshire, one Benjamin Thompson, who occupied himself in teaching school. He embraced, as we Americans would say, the wrong side of the question on that occasion—he sided with the King's Government. He went to England, became a man of mark, and was knighted. Then he went on the Continent, again distinguished himself by his scientific attainments, again was lifted, and this time, in memory of his American home, was called Count *Rumford*. On his return to London, Count Rumford founded the Royal Institution, and thus to a native American the world owes that establishment which has been glorified by Humphrey Davy, and James Young, and Michael Farraday, and the lustre of which is now so conspicuously maintained by Tyndall."

Alas, how easily things go wrong,
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

The other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found, sure enough, where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting on it. "Madame," said he, "you are sitting on my hat." The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said in the blandest manner: "O, I beg pardon! I am sure I thought it was my husband's."

An Irish lady in the west of Ireland said to her cook and housemaid combined, before the company, referring to the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie, "Why, Kate, did you do this? you are quite an artist. How did you do it?" "Indade, it was meself that did it," replied Kate. "Isn't it purty, mam? I did it with your false teeth."

A Compliment to the Ladies.—A minister a short time ago held forth to his female auditors in the following manner: "Be not proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might *spread the sooner*."

A Kansas City tombstone pays the following beautiful tribute to innocence:

"With a yell and whoop
He died of the croup."

The Same but Different.—A facetious senior asked a freshman to tell him the difference between a fac-simile and a sick family; but the laugh was on the senior, for the freshman instantly replied, "No difference. A sick family is a family that is sick, and fac-similie means the same."

A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That's none of my business," said the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," said he, "is none of your business."

NOT ALONE.

BY H. A. ABRAHAM.

Not alone, however dreary,
Sad and cruel seems my fate,
Angels yet may hover near me,
Spirits from the heavenly gate;
And the cry which rose in sorrow
From my heart, "I am alone,"
Shall be stifled, if the morrow
Give me wisdom to atone.

"Not alone," the flowers tell me;
"Not alone," the birds declare,
As with music they o'erwhelm me,
Warbling in the perfumed air.
Forest, mountain, glade and river,
Studded firmament above,
Whisper to my soul, "Ah! never
Doubt thy Heavenly Father's love!"

Thus no more I'll sadly ponder
On my short-lived earthly wrongs,
But with faith, and love, and wonder,
Seek that which to Heaven belongs.
Man's oppression cannot hurt me;
Jesus' love arrests my fear;
Not alone, though men desert me;
"Not alone," for God is near.

DEATH IN A PAPER CHASE.

[A "Paper Chase" is a pastime in which bits of paper are flung to the wind by the runner of the pack (of boys), and are followed by others of the school over field and hedge and ditch and stream, until the paper-scatterer is run down—in short, a miniature steeplechase with racing costume.]

We cannot recall to our recollection a sadder case than that of the little Rossall schoiar, whose death was plainly attributable to physical overwork in one of those athletic games now so popular, unfortunately, in school and university life; and the question which at once occurs is, whether it be not our duty, on medical grounds no less than those of humanity, to protest against a system by which parents have their children hardened at the cost of having a percentage of them killed in the process. Rossall is, we believe, a large and excellent school; its head-master has the character, and no doubt deservedly, of being an amiable, accomplished, and popular man. However much we may sympathize with the school authorities in the sorrow they must feel, we cannot avoid stigmatizing the system, or rather lack of it, at this and other public schools, as cruel and deserving of severe reprobation. The facts are simple and sad enough. A young and delicate, but healthy boy, on a wet, cold November day, divested of all clothing except the lightest, starts on a chase which would have taxed the powers of the most robust; he is urged on by that fiercest of stimuli, school opinion, to run at high speed. Fairly broken down and exhausted, wet and shivering, he drags himself homeward, and lies down and dies within reach of shelter of the school—perishes of cold and exhaustion in the playground, within sight of the firelight, and within hearing, it may be, of the merry voices of his schoolfellows. It strikes us as astonishing that a roll-call on the return of the boys was not made, which would have disclosed his absence, and that no search was instituted immediately he was missed; his discovery then might have saved his life. As to the inquest that has been held, we may dismiss it by saying nothing seems to have resulted from the imperfect and perfunctory character of the Coroner's inquiry beyond the stereotyped and very unsatisfactory verdict of "Accidental death." The death, in our opinion, was clearly attributable to preventive causes; and it is in order that the lessons to be derived from such a melancholy occurrence may not be circumscribed within the limits of the school itself, but be laid to heart by the authorities of every large school, that we dwell upon them. Accidental or not, the disastrous effects of a vicious and defective system pursued in many public schools cry aloud for attention. We are training our youth mentally in grooves that give a "veneering" of education for competitive examinations, leaving them to seek in self-culture the qualities necessary to fit them to take part in the battle of life with any chance of distinction and success; and, physically, we are too often adapting them all alike, regardless of differences of strength and capabilities, to exercises which cannot be undertaken without risk to life and health in the cases of young, delicate, and immature lads. It should be the business of some one to see that boys do not engage in exercises for which they are unfit. Something should be done to put a stop to the stupid and dangerous practice of allowing boys to adopt the light racing costume commonly worn on these occasions, regardless of wet and inclement weather, and the ponds and ditches they may encounter in their chase. A certain number of bigger boys should be responsible for the attention of the smaller ones to some details. And, lastly, there should be an inflexible system of roll-call instituted at sufficiently short intervals in every large school to guard against boys getting exhausted by long abstention from food, and to detect the absentees with facility and rapidity. We do not advocate coddling, and we do not forget the frankness, the self-reliance, and promptitude which are the products of a public-school life; but it is too much to expect parents to purchase these qualities at the expense of their boys' lungs and hearts, and at the risk of rheumatic fevers, and it may be as in the present instance, of death from cold and exhaustion.—*Lancet.*

FUEL.

Fuel, was the subject of a lecture delivered recently before the operative classes of Leeds, by C. W. Sieman, F. R. S., etc., on behalf of the British Association. Mr. Sieman arranged his subject under five principal heads, as follows: 1. What is fuel? 2. Whence derived? 3. How should fuel be used? 4. The coal question of the day. 5. Wherein consists the fuel of the sun? To do justice to the lecture we should quote it entire. This we cannot do, but will endeavor to extract a *little* of the pith, and leave our readers to seek the rest in *Engineering* and other scientific papers.

Mr. Sieman defined "fuel" to be any substance which is capable of entering into combination with another substance, and in so doing gives rise to the phenomenon of heat. "The only metallic substances that have resisted the intense oxidizing action that must have prevailed at one period of the earth's creation, are the so called precious metals, gold, platinum, iridium, and to some extent also silver and copper. Excepting these, coal alone presents itself as a carbon and hydrogen in an unoxidized condition." "Water is the result of combustion; to separate the two substances would take precisely the same amount of heat as was originally produced in their combustion." "The mechanical energy set free in the combustion of one pound of pure carbon is the same as would be required to raise 11,000,000 pounds weight, one foot high, or as would sustain the work which we call a horse power during five hours and thirty-three minutes—the *theoretical* limit of work due to one pound of carbonaceous matter."

"By the solar rays, an amount of heat is imparted to our earth that would evaporate yearly a layer of water fourteen feet deep. A considerable portion of this heat is expended in evaporating sea water, producing steam or water, which falls back upon the entire surface of both land and sea, in the form of rain. The portion which falls upon the elevated land flows back towards the sea in the form of rivers, and its weight may be utilized to give motion to machinery." Another result of solar energy are the winds, which afford a source of power, but are "uncertain."

In illustration of how fuel *should* be used, Mr. Sieman exhibited diagrams of two steam cylinders, and explained the feasibility of saving two-thirds of the fuel used in working an ordinary high pressure engine: "An ordinary non-expansive non-condensing engine requires commonly a consumption of from ten to twelve pounds of coal per horse power per hour, whereas a good expansive and condensing engine accomplishes the same amount of work with two pounds of coal per hour." In 1863, the Board of Mechanical Engineers, at a general meeting in Liverpool, instigated a careful inquiry into the consumption of the best engines in the Atlantic steam service; result showed that in no case did it fall below 4½ lbs. per indicated horse power per hour. At their annual meeting last year, Mr Bramwell produced a table, showing that the average consumption of good engines did not exceed 2½ lbs. per horse power per hour. Mr. E. A. Cowper has proved a consumption not exceeding 1½ lbs. per hour. The theoretical perfection would be attained with ½ lb. of ordinary steam coal, a perfection which can never be reached, but may be approached.

"The wastefulness of domestic consumption is self-evident." The fireplace of Capt. Galton was described by diagrams, and combines efficiency with simplicity, comfort with economy. The smelting, or metallurgical furnace, consumes 40,000,000 out of the 120,000,000 of fuel produced. Here is great room for improvement. "The actual fuel consumed in heating a ton of iron up to the welding point, or melting a ton of steel, is more in excess of the theoretical quantity required than is the case with regard to steam power and to domestic consumption. One ton of coal should bring 39 tons of iron up to welding point. In ordinary reheating furnaces one ton of coal produces only one-twenty-third part of the maximum effect. The Sheffield pot-steel melting furnaces utilizes one-seventieth part only of the theoretical heat due."

Mr. Sieman referred to the attention he has devoted to the furnace during this past twenty-seven years, and described the furnace he now employs for steel. The mines of England and Wales, in 1863, produced 83,500,000 tons; in 1872, 123,000,000 of tons, an average annual increase of 4,000,000 of tons. In 1872 the cost of production increased eight shillings a ton; 13,000,000 of tons were exported in 1872.

"Could we make up our minds to consume our coal in a careful and judicious manner, according to our present lights, we should be able to reduce our consumption by 50,000,000 tons! In looking through the statistical returns of the progressive increase of population, of steam power employed, and of the production of iron, steel, etc., I find our necessities increase at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, whereas our coal consumption increases only four per cent.; the balance, of six per cent., is met by our intellectual progress. Considering the enormous margin for improvement, we should not be satisfied with this progress, but should bring our intellectual progress up to our industrial progress."

From Berlin comes an item of postal news that may prove the first step towards the realization of uniform postage rates throughout the world. It is officially announced that "on and after December 1, the postage of post-cards to any part of the United States of America, *via* Bremen, Hamburg, or Stettin, will be one groschen; or, in South German money, its nearest equivalent—four kreuzer." Elihu Burritt's dream of an ocean penny postage thus becomes a fact for Germany, the groschen being equal to only a fraction over the English penny.

MRS. MATTHEW'S BABY.

We've got a baby at our place,
The tiniest little creature,
Each limb a paragon of grace,
A model every feature.

I ne'er in all my born days
Did meet with such another;
And then it has such winning ways,
And isn't a bit of bother.

It is the gentlest, sweetest mite
That ever was created;
No pencil could portray it right,
No tongue could overrate it.

Don't think, because I'm its mamma,
I prize the mite unduly,
Because its sober, staid papa,
Thinks it a treasure, truly.

The way he's got to handle it,
Would make a Turk admire him;
He'll kiss, caress, and dandle it,
As if it ne'er could tire him.

And every neighbor who drops in
Is eloquent in praise of it;
The very sternest it can win,
Just by the looks and ways of it.

Why, even Mrs. Martha Gunn,
For all she is so spiteful,
Has been to see the little one,
And owns it is delightful.

And yet whene'er I get a dress,
A cloak, a hat, or bonnet,
She's certain sure to call express,
And passed her strictures on it.

But, baby—well, what could she say,
Or what could any other?
She could not take the fact away
That I am baby's mother.

And as for baby, darling pet!
What woman could resist it?
Why, not a man has seen it yet
That has not seized and kissed it.

Ah! 'tis a babe of babes the pink,
And not a bit of bother;
In all the world I do not think
There can be such another.

Some mothers may think theirs as sweet,
And sweet to them they may be,
But sure I am they can't compete
With our unequaled baby.

—*Ladies' Own Miscellany (Edinburgh).*

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes to us as follows:—Bonnets are decidedly going back a whole generation in shape and style, and the drawn bonnets of some thirty years ago are coming into fashion again. They are larger than they have been for some seasons, and bid fair to become once more what they are defined in dictionaries, "coverings for the head." Drawn bonnets of dark colored satin or velvet are lined with some bright colored silk, and strings and curtains are again seen on the very newest. Felt hats are made in all colors for this Winter. To be in fashion they must match the dress in color, and have an enormous rosette at the side. In dark colors, such as prune, brown, or peacock green, felt hats look very well; but the various shades of light brown, red, and blue, which are everywhere to be see, are anything but becoming. Very dressy young ladies wear the Tyrolese hat, looped up with a cord and button, which button may be as bright and shiney as possible. Some ladies are using some very brilliant paste for the purpose—indeed, paste in all shapes is very fashionable now. I saw a black velvet dress, prepared for a lady of rank, looped up with round paste buttons nearly as large as a florin. The effect was very good, for the paste was well set, and exceedingly clear and pure. There were a good many of them, and each button was worth about £1. The dress was in the new style for velvets, viz.—the long tunic skirt all in one piece, and slightly looped up to form a small pouf. A very ugly style of sleeveless jacket is shown as "prepared for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales." It is velvet, with a very small full basque at the back, and enormous fronts coming down over the hips at each side, and trimmed with very heavy lace. It has a large pocket on each front, and a very heavy collar. The whole is ornamented with heavy oxydized buttons, and is certainly a departure from the usual good taste of her Royal Highness, if really selected by her. Crinolines are growing in size every month, though they are called by all sorts of new names. We shall soon reach the very largest circumference inflicted on us by the Empress Eugenie in the first five years of her reign. What with dress improvers, trains, and flounces, it is no easy matter for ladies to move now in a crowded ball room. The Griselda sash—whether so called in compliment to Miss Braddon's play or Mrs. Rousby's beauty—is rather an odd arrangement of silk or ribbon to support the pouf of a ball dress. It is fastened on the hips with a curious arrangement of folds, that looks like half a bee-hive, and ties across the back in a knot with long broad ends, the light material of the skirt being so arranged as to look as though pulled up through it. Indian scarfs, the ends embroidered with silk and gold, are very fashionable for sashes, and very handsome imitations of them are got up by the milliners. They look particularly well over black dresses. Bodices are worn much higher than they were two or three seasons ago. It is proper now to have the shoulders quite covered, and a high frill standing up all round the top of the dress, thus leaving only the front of the neck exposed. Feathers are entering largely into the trimming of ball dresses for this Winter. A curiosity in this way is a costume completely dotted over with humming-birds, which seem to lie lightly on little puffings of tulle all over the skirt. How they are fastened on and how they keep on is a mystery known only to the makers, I suspect. A somewhat startling innovation in the style of bridesmaides' dresses was seen at a West-End wedding the other day. The bridesmaids all appeared in satin hats to match the trimming of their dresses. They also wore large bows of broad ribbon on the left shoulder. The bride's veil was rather curiously draped, crossing the bodice in front, and being fastened on the left shoulder with a diamond brooch.—*Glasgow Mail.*

LOST RINGS.

There is something mysterious in the difficulty which is experienced in finding the owners of valuable rings which have been advertised as found. Such articles when advertised as lost appear to be seldom recovered, and when announced as found are as seldom claimed. In the first case it is easy to imagine that valuable property of this character may have fallen into the hands of thieves who have hastened to get rid of the proof of their crime. But when a ring is advertised as found, it is not easy to understand what prevents the rightful owner from claiming his property. Two recent cases at the London police courts afford curious evidence of the difficulties which a finder has in restoring lost property. At the Mansion House a gentleman who had found a valuable diamond ring was summoned for detaining it from an alleged owner. He declared he was quite ready to give it up, but there were two claimants, neither of whom had given a correct description of the ring in question. Alderman Ellis, to whom the ring, carefully concealed from public observation, was handed, heard the description given by the rival claimants, and decided that neither of them was entitled, and returned it to the defendant. At the Southwark County Court a more curious case was recently tried. A shoeblack picked up a ring and wore it for several days, and ultimately sold it to a companion for ninepence. The latter, on taking it to a pawnbroker in the neighborhood for the purpose of raising a trifling sum, was much surprised at finding himself given into custody. The pawnbroker had at once seen that the article offered to pawn was a valuable diamond ring, worth from twenty to thirty pounds. The boy was brought before a police magistrate, but discharged when the facts of the case were stated; the ring, however, was ordered to remain for three months in the care of the police. Every effort was made to discover the owner, and advertisements were inserted in the different papers, but no claim was made. The boy, therefore, applied at the expiration of the appointed time for the restoration of the ring. The police, however, experienced some difficulty in the matter, as the pawnbroker also set up a claim to the property. It was decided by the judge that the finder of an article had a good claim against all the world with the exception of the rightful owner, and the plaintiff received the ring. These two cases which have happened within so short a time show that although there is generally no lack of claimants for a valuable ring, they unfortunately happen not to be the rightful owners. It is impossible to conjecture why the original proprietors do not appear, except on the supposition that the rings which have been found belong either to murdered persons or to persons who have since their loss left the country. Herodotus tells an amusing story of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, whose good fortune was so persistent that it alarmed his friends. In order to appease the supposed envy of the gods, he was recommended to throw a valuable ring into the sea. It was soon afterwards brought to him in the belly of a fish. The King of Egypt, who had intended to form an alliance with Polycrates, thereupon refused to have any intercourse with one so evidently destined to undergo some great misfortune. In these practical days the example of Polycrates is not likely to be imitated. It can hardly be supposed that the Shah of Persia, overwhelmed by the splendor of his reception in Europe, has sought to appease the fickle goddess Fortune by the sacrifice of a few diamonds. But the discovery of these unowned rings may perhaps be explained by the fact that the Shah is reported to have lost some of his jewelry, which has not as yet been recovered.

CURIOUS WILLS.

In another batch of "curious wills," a contemporary has published two that exhibit conjugal affection in a very interesting light. One is the will of a late M. P., who, with regard to a lady this wife, then, and now, a leader of the *beau monde*, wrote: -"The unspeakable interest with which I constantly regard Lady ——'s future fate induces me to advise her earnestly to unite herself again with some one who may deserve to enjoy the blessing of her society during the many years of her probable survival after my life. I am grateful to Providence for the great happiness I enjoy in her singular affection, and I pray and confidently hope that she may long continue to possess the same esteem and friendship of those who are intimate with her and can appreciate her admirable qualities and the respect of all with whom in any relation of life she is connected." The wish in this case has been very happily fulfilled; we know nothing of the opposite case recorded, in which a Mrs. Van Hanrigh in 1868 bequeathed all her property to her husband, adding: -"It is also my earnest wish that my darling husband should marry, ere long, a nice, pretty girl, who is a good housekeeper, and, above all, to be careful that she has a good temper." Mrs. Van Hanrigh must have been a most unselfish person. It is not always that wills betray more concern for the happiness of the living than for the power of the testator, and probably most men, if they do not express the sentiment in their wills, feel as did that miserable Greek brigand, who, when about to be executed in Athens for complicity in the Marathon massacre, wrote: "I indulge the sweet hope that my wife will not marry again."—*Echo.*

An association for the establishment of a national inebriate asylum, to be chartered by Congress, is receiving considerable attention.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

REOPENING THE LITTLE CHAPEL AT THE OAKS.

Dear News Letter:—Permit me, in a manner becoming a faithful disciple and firm adherent of the progressive doctrine enunciated in the sacred columns of that truly religious journal, the evangelical *News Letter*, to embrace this happy opportunity, and popular manner, of tendering my fervent thanks to the presiding genius of our church, for that dozen of fine old reserve whisky, which, with pious forethought and a keen sense of the appropriateness of the gift, you sent me on Christmas morn, to be used in the Little Chapel at The Oaks in commemorating the birth of our Lord. The ceremony of reopening the Little Chapel and dedicating it to the service of God, was imposing in the extreme, and the services were impressive to the last degree. We took a drink all round from a bottle labeled *Cal. Mail Bag*, and then proceeded to call the roll. There were present the Blonde Sister, Pet Lamb, Deacon Scott, and the Parson; two seats were vacant, the Azure-Eyed Girl and the Judge having died during the year. Being unable to put in an appearance, in consequence of having shuffled off their mortal coils, the absent ones sent in their proxies through the mediumship of Charles H. Foster. An enchanting sacred melody was then rendered with exquisite sensibility by the Blonde Sister, the consoling words of which ran as follows:

From o'er the silent river's flow,
Sweet words come back to greet us,
Which say, when here, our cake's all dough,
Kind friends in Heaven will meet us.

A fervent invocation was then addressed to the throne of grace by Deacon Scott, after which the spiritual telegrams, which we had received, through the politeness of Mr. Foster, were read. The Azure-Eyed Girl stated, in her communication, that she was extremely unhappy; that she had committed a fatal error in backsliding from the *News Letter* church, and leaving the sacred temple of the *Mail Bag*. She said that upon crossing the River Styx, and being called upon by the great ticket-taker of the universe for her pass, it was discovered on presentation to be bogus, it having been issued by a Protestant clergyman by the name of Stone. The august superintendent of the heavenly highway stated to her in effect that he had no sympathy with her, as she had been lured away by the evanescent fame and ephemeral glory surrounding a fashionable church of the nether world, and that she only added one more to the long list of deluded legions that had been seduced away from the clear open pathway of Common Sense, by listening to the cant and incoherent ravings of the Protestant clergy. He then immediately switched her off on a gloomy side-track, and started her with fearful velocity on a frightful down-grade, which led to the realm she now occupied. The climate of this, she said, was excessively warm and uncomfortable. The air was hot and sultry. The horizon was lit up by a lurid glare that burned into her aching eyeballs. Incessant zephyrs came sweeping over the burning plains charged with ashes, and loaded with the intolerable odor of brimstone; in fact, that she was going it bare, without any hair, and howling through hell bald-headed. The Judge attributed his present wretched condition to the intrigues of the Church of Rome. He said that in an evil hour he listened to a Jesuit Father, and wandered away from the protecting fold of the *News Letter* church, and turned his back on the sacred fane of the *Mail Bag*, and sought the high road to glory through the narrow gates of the "Vatican."

The wily priest had pledged his word,
And by Pope Pio Nono swore,
That he should be a heavenly bird,
And through cerulean ether soar,
On wings that woo the ambrosial gale,
With plumage like a peacock's tail.

He only discovered the cheat when his money was all gone and his soul landed on the shadowy side of Styx. Since then he had been prowling around in the dim uncertain realm of a shadowy Nowhere, seeking for the ghost of a bottle of "Cockrill's Eye-opener," to enable him to see through the fog surrounding the Catholic religion, and to pierce the impenetrable dogma of the Pope's infallibility. The unfortunate condition of our two absent friends, who had crossed the Jordan, cast a shade of melancholy over the devotees of the Little Chapel. Deacon Scott murmured in plaintive tones, "Poor Azure-Eyed, how she must mourn the loss of her switch!" while the Pet Lamb sighed out, "Dear old Judge, how he must suffer for a drink in that hot, dusty place!" Upon this we all mounted high stools, to be nearer heaven, and offered up a fervent thanksgiving that some one else was damned instead of ourselves. The Parson then proceeded to deliver a graceful ode, composed for the occasion, eulogizing our happy land, and all that in it is.

SACRED ODE.

What land is that where preachers tell
The sinner he shall land in hell,
Unless the trash he has to sell
Is bought each Sunday morning?

This blessed land, where, we are told,
God hides behind a bag of gold,
And we can buy, and have, and hold,
A room in Heaven by paying.

'Tis this, the soil on which we stand,
And yield our substance on demand
To Superstition's hungry band,
Around our altar's fawning.

Like Baalam's, many a modern ass
Still brays and bellows to the mass,
But, thanks to Science, there's a class
Who ken the game he's playing.

Yours, in deep mourning, THE PARSON.

THE OAKS, December, 1873.

LOST HOURS.

I ween the vigil that I keep
Is a sad and solemn thing,
Where the chill November breezes sweep,
And the ferns lie whithering.
For I pass the years in long review,
The years I have trifled past,
The years when life was bright and new;
Ah, what have they brought at last!
And I cry, as I look at my drooping flowers,
My baffled hopes, and my failing powers,
"Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

What a harvest might have been garner'd in,
When the golden grain was wasted!
What a nectar of life it was mine to win,
When the draught was barely tasted!
What happy memories might have shone,
Had lofty never stain'd them!
What noble hights to rest upon,
If a steadier foot had gained them!
And I cry, as I sit 'mid my faded flowers,
"Rashness and weakness have fatal dowers.
Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

Too late for battle, too late for fame,
Comes the vision of better life;
With eyes that are smarting with tears of shame,
I gaze at the world's hot strife.
The patient love cannot pardon now,
Or the proud believing cheer;
Where the white cross gleams and the violets grow
Lie the love that made life so dear.
Kind Nature renews her perish'd flowers.
But Death knows nothing of sun or showers.
"Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Harbison have just finished their breakfast. Mr. Harbison had pushed back, and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Harbison sat at the table, holding the infant Harbison, and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped, "Ephraim!" Mr. Harbison, who was on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and getting on his feet inquired what was the matter. "O, Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Arunethea," said the astonished Mr Harbison, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby—" she gasped. Mr. Harbison turned pale, and commenced to swear. "Baby has—. O, O, O, Ephraim! Baby has, baby has got a tooth!" "No!" screamed Mr. Harbison, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin, and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Harbison, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "Oh, Oh, it can't be," protested Mr. Harbison, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here, and see for yourself," said Mrs. Harbison. "Open its 'ittle mousy wousy for her own muzzer. That's a toody woody; that's a blessed 'ittle lump o' sugar." Thus conjured the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the author of its being to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most indubitable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, and declared with much feeling and vehemence that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Harbison a hearty smack on the mouth, and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed trembling forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door. In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Mrs. H. at a speed that indicated she had been ejected from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. H. and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. H. held its head, and tried to still the throbbings of her heart, and Mr. H. danced up and down and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was. It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that its strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Harbison got out the necessary material, and Mr. Harbison at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many person, unfolding to them the event of the morning, and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.—*Danbury News.*

Emigration from Ireland.—The Irish Registrar-General has published his return of the number of emigrants—natives of Ireland—who left Irish ports during the first ten months of the years 1872 and 1873. The number of emigrants in 1872 was 42,054 males and 29,556 females—in all, 71,610; the number in 1873 was 48,798 males and 36,489 females—in all, 85,287. The total emigration from Ireland since the 1st of May, 1851—the date at which the collection of these returns at the several Irish ports commenced—to the 31st of October, 1873, was 2,247,883 persons.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Being a stranger in a strange land, and without incumbrances—Mrs. *Town* being, thank God, a literary fiction—the *Town Crier* was rather disposed on New Year's eve to view his exile in a dismal light, and make himself miserable with thoughts of some people who think a good deal more of him and about him than he deserves. This feeling lasted for nearly a minute and a half, when, becoming fully sensible of the absurdity of wilting to sentiment, he lit a pipe and shaped out these few thoughts on Insensibility: Insensibility in its meaning of an absence of susceptibility to emotion is meant. It's all very pretty, of course, to talk of fine feelings and a gentle sensitive nature, but your man of fine feelings is generally a trouble to himself and an uncomfortable companion. He can't do this and he can't do that, because he hasn't the heart to, or because his feelings won't allow him. In reverencing customs he is a sort of harmless maniac and keeps Christmas, New Year's, and the birthday of every relative, male and female, back to his grandmother, as religiously as McFlick O'Donohue keeps the 17th of March. If on either or all of these days he happens to be from home, he passes the hours in regretful longings for the dear ones whom he supposes are victims to equally anxious longings for him. All these regrets and longings are worse than useless; they're dangerous, for they interfere with digestion. The only way in this great stony-hearted To-day is to work for and think only of yourself, and if any stupid tenderness comes up and sticks in your throat, nip it out or crush it down, before it has time to become a lump. This sort of talk may sound hard, but common sense always does sound hard. Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost is the motto of the day, and on the whole it's a very safe and very healthy motto to abide by. Sensitiveness, if indulged in, means, nine cases out of ten, the development of a namby-pamby, goody-goodiness that absorbs the grey matter of the brain as a sponge does moisture. The injunction 'Be a man' now-a-days means: Be selfish and tolerably honest; pay damned little attention to anything like family ties; if sensitiveness and kindly emotion still trouble you, smoke and drink until they entirely disappear; if you get letters from home, which you know contain sad news, don't open them; pack old customs, loved when you were boys, into the limbo of things forgotten; let your pleasures minister entirely to your own gratification; religion, of course, is convenient and optional; in fine, the sooner and more effectually you kill every gentle and tender and softening influence, and drive away your guardian angel, and get hardened and impenetrable and insensible and thoroughly animal, the sooner and more effectually will you become A Man of the Day!

Facilis descensus Averni: the road to the bottomless depths of humbug is well greased. Drawn hither by the familiar odor of dead and decaying Common Sense—poor Common Sense, killed as much by rough usage as shameful neglect, and left unburied by her murderers—Charles Vulture Foster came swooping down on the poor city, heavy in his flight from overmuch feeding on the fat things of the Foolish, his maw clogged with the blood (money) of the Simple, with "diamonds flashing like the eyes of a basilisk" (*Chronicle* idiot), with "bows to the ladies given with the grace of a Chesterfield, and the voice of an angel" (*Chronicle* idiot again), with his keen black eye reveling in the city's shame, and "*sharper*" nose sniffing the odorous promise of a rich feast on the dead, decaying and unburied body of Common Sense aforementioned. The news of the good luck that has attended the King Vulture spread far and wide, and now over the city there broods and hovers his reeking mate. Madame Debarse, the vailed prophetess from Turkey, has come amongst us, and is going to find out how thin the covering is between the city's Simplicity and the city's Complete Idiocy. *Gott in himmel*, the covering is only a sheet—the *News Letter* to wit—and though the *Town Crier* tries hard to keep the covering on, he fears the last thread will be torn off before long. He *could* keep the saving-cloth in place did the people but help him, but no, all, even those who would be considered great amongst us and who sit in the high seats of the market place, work hand to claw and shoulder to beak with all the carrion crows who have built their filthy nests here, and all the vultures who are—God be thanked!—but ugly birds of passage, to transform the emblem of San Francisco from a well clothed and well armed Amazon into a naked and gibbering idiot, feeding vultures and carrion crows—which are Spiritualists and Free Lovers—with her life blood—which is United States gold coin!

Give the Devil his Due. The first reports of the row between the Talking Machine man and Belligerent McShane were evidently base Faber-ications. After a minute inspection of the Professor's late rooms at the hotel, we consider that charge demanded by Mr. McShane for damages done, ought to have been about trebled. The misinformed Press has, as a rule, made the *amende honorable* on this occasion, but has pretty universally attributed the phenomena of sooted walls, blackened gildings and ruined hangings to some diabolically chemical experiments instituted by Faber. We understand that they simply arise from *the fumes of a lamp and glue-pot;* the Professor not wishing to make the secret workings of his damaged chatter-box too common, concluded to fix it himself. Hence the trouble. The Professor's powers of invention were hardly shown to advantage when he attributed the coaly appearance of a once handsome parlor and bedroom to a flue which didn't go fluently.

Jimmy McGinn has given twenty-five dollars to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum. Even the fatherless and motherless circumcised die, and some one must bury them. Jimmy McGinn is an undertaker, and Jimmy McGinn has given $25 to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

Our dear brother, Van De Mark, hath reached the Sublimity of Cheek, and occupieth one of the three niches in the brazen Temple of Humbug, the other two of which are filled by Foster, the spiritualist brick, and the *Town Crier*. Van De Mark, the Annointed, has been accused of turning the annointing oil rancid, and has gone East to say why he should not be called "Van De Mark, the Evil Smelling." There can be but little doubt, from what we have heard of the matter, that Van De Mark's share of the Holy Oil does smell very badly. To quote, as well as we remember, the famous speech of Mordecai to the prophetess Sarah: "Behold now, he hath soured on us; evil are the ways of his little game, and corrupt are the twangings of his cordiac cord. His path is like unto a snake fence; his soul is filled with egg-nog, and many and oft have been his deflections from the law of the what-should-be's. His eyes wander up and down the fair sheep of his flock; he hath shorn the fleece of the tender lambs and filled the wool of the ewes with sinful burrs! Therefore may he be smitten with baldness such as no Magnolia Balm can cure, and may donkeys dance quadrilles over the grave of his grandmother! Selah." This beautiful passage of the Holy Writ applies exactly to Van De Mark. And now comes in the beauty of the thing. Fearing lest the sprouts of piety that had come into existence during his ministerial dispensations might wither and die away if deprived of their accustomed spiritual sustenance during his absence—an absence for such a cause—he, the pure shepherd and saintly gardener, has actually *left a bundle of his sermons, to be read whilst he is away! Jupiter impudens!* Lest the sprouts of piety, reared by his tender hands, might die, verily he hath left much holy manure in his sermons to bring them to perfect cabbages. Good God, where *is* the night-cart?

There is to be found in the editorial sanctum of certain journals, a melancholy-looking creature, in every one of whose attenuated countenance is written "hack." He had halcyon days for a time, but the new Weekly and the Chief of Police hubbub have set him to work again, and at various times the dapper young penholders who figure in the front office put a head in his den to cry out: "Cramming in the Public Schools," signed, "Mother;" "Decline and fall of the *Bulletin*," signed, "Old Subscriber;" "The Fire Department Wrangle," signed, "Exempt;" "The new Weekly," signed, "Plow;" "The latest Railroad Movement," signed, "One who Knows," etc. We are waiting to hear from "Parent," on "The Educational Leak;" from "Magdalen," on "Hoodlums out after Dark;" from "Taxpayer," on "The Condition of the Streets;" and from "Conductor," on the unholy war waged against this hapless race. What are to be the rights of a conductor, if he can't give the ladies a little innocent squeeze when he puts them aboard, or have a little fun by dumping outgoing passengers in a nice thick mud-puddle, or listen with pleased interest to the diversity of remarks occasioned by stopping the car directly on the crossing on a sloppy day? What interest would there be in conducting a car if the fat women, with several large bundles, and sundry small children, could catch his eye at the right moment, or if he couldn't shake his head with a diabolical smile when some one wanted him to stop his car on the up grade. The life of a conductor would be as a dead sea apple without these little relaxations, which drive the melancholy man in the sanctum to the construction of another letter from the people, signed, "Growler."

The readers of the Chronicle will learn from that charming article, "Adolphus Fitzboodle," that we are nursing in our midst a rising genius who will add one to the already famous list of California humorists. A reference to this charming column will discover his wit to be caustic as that of Swift, keen as that of Jerrold, cheerful as that of Dickens, satiric as that of Thackeray, irresistible as that of Mark Twain, characteristic as that of Harte. The ingenuity with which Mr. Fitzboodle becomes Saxpoodle or Sitzdoodle, is something remarkable in its way, and his dialogue betrays the accomplished knights of the carpet. We are tempted to inquire still farther into the social life of the gallant Mr. Fitz Noodle, if we may take our turn at the name, and inquire what he got in his stocking? Was it a French poodle, or a Mick Hoodle-um?

With a poignant rush of recollections, we notice the arrest of two would be candy burglars. Our admiration of these gentlemen may scarcely meet the approval of the law, but is there not something charmingly fresh about these natures who have so little outgrown the traditions of their childhood that a sweet tooth is still a prominent weakness and feature? How many times their unsavory hands must have rifled the family jam jar of its sweets, or the pantry shelf of its goodies. There is something really quite sad in contemplating the longing eyes with which they gazed upon the rolls of barley-sugar and yellow piles of molasses taffey and the inexorable law which deprived them of the privilege of helping themselves. Sympathizing parents are invited to send all the Christmas candies left over to lighten the hours of these unhappy jail-birds. Contributions will possibly be thankfully received by Dr. Lucky.

It has been told the Town Crier that a sketch entitled "The Story of a Hat" appeared in the *Post* a few evenings ago, purporting to be an original story, as the scene was laid in San Francisco, and the sketch thoroughly localized. It has also been told the *Town Crier* that the same story appeared that morning in the *Courrier de San Francisco*, headed "Histoire d'un Chapeau," the scene being laid in France. Now, the question arises, is there any one connected with the *Post* who does translate from the French, and who would be sufficiently mean to pass off as his own, the work of some one else's brain? If so, then the sooner such a literary savage, prig and scoundrel is driven out of the place, the better. The *Town Crier* has no mercy for the prig who is guilty of such fraud and piracy.

ELEGY.

Beneath the ancient Mission's holy shades,
Wrapt in eternal sleep, repose the dead,
Midst blooming wreaths, luxuriant pampa's blades,
There by friends' hands, with tears of fondness laid.

The evening zephyr's gently whispering flight,
Seemed to bewail the 'parted spirits' lot,
Chasing away wild fancy's ghosts of night,
Bring with hushed breath soft harmony to thought.

And yet this silent earth and mouldering clay—
Now deaf to passion's cry—to all charms blind,
Once lived beneath the sparkling light of day,
The happy home of an immortal mind.

How many infant, helpless forms, scarce born,
Struggled awhile for the life-giving breath?
A mother's hands, with deep despair forlorn,
Here laid them in the chilling lap of death.

How many graceful, strong and youthful forms,
In search of gold, in varied perils brave,
Abandoned home, crossed oceans' foaming storms,
To find an early, lonely, unknown grave.

How many who, their longed-for wealth had found,
Whose smiling fortune never knew a cloud,
Midst visions fair, with distant home dreams bound,
Exchanged their gold for one poor mortal's shroud.

How many cheeks that blushed with maiden fears,
Or hearts where husbands placed their loving trust;
Young wives who, dying, kissed their child with tears,
Here now lay silent, breathless, senseless dust.

How many dreams of power, fame and pelf,
And frantic schemes of dazzling wealth untold,
Or souls replete with human thoughts of self,
Could this dull clay to patient eye unfold.

How many minds, with highest genius filled,
Or hearts which, at the sight of sorrow, bled,
Or souls that, to God's holy warnings thrilled,
Here, all confused, rest mingled with the dead.

In vain we search in richly chiseled sounds,
In marble shrines from distant countries brought;
Amongst the trodden, poor, forsaken mounds,
Some faithful record of man's living thought.

Love, genius, passion, glory's dreams and fears,
That rivaled once the wildest tempest's blast
With that long tale of human woes end here—
They came, fought, hurried, lived, and now are past.

San Francisco, Dec. 3, 1873. R. W. L.

New Agricultural Machine.—The *English Mechanic* says, Messrs. McDonne and Lenchan, of Dublin, have invented a machine that performs the operations of rolling, sowing, and harrowing simultaneously. The roller is of wrought iron, riveted on cast-iron wheels, forming a cylinder six feet in length by three feet in diameter. Immediately above the roller is a sowing apparatus, by which the seed is rapidly delivered, a star wheel of four points keeping the conductors in constant motion. As the seed is strewn a harrow of four rows of oblique teeth set in a central axis turns up the earth over the seed. The harrow is kept in motion by an endless chain or belt which passes round the extreme end of the large cylinder, and fits the groove of a small wheel at the corresponding end of the harrow. Every time the large roller turns over the circular harrow turns nearly five times, causing the teeth to tear up the soil about twenty times at each of the revolutions. Meantime the seed-conductor and distributor rises and falls twelve times during each of these revolutions, and there is a contrivance by which the quantity required to be sown can be regulated. A lever is also connected with the supports of the harrow, and rests upon a fulcrum placed at a suitable part of the frame of the machine. By means of this lever the harrow portion of the machine can be raised off the ground and the roller only used; and the distributor or sower may be worked simultaneously by means of the chain-band, which can be closed and the flow of seed stopped. The machines can be easily made to suit either the purposes of sowing corn or grass for pasturage.

Tichborniana.—The name of Roger Tichborne will be handed down to posterity by other means than by the fame of the great trial which is now going on. The returns from the local registrars in England show that nearly 100 children have by their parents been named Roger Tichborne.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Third-Class Passengers.—The revolution which is quietly going on in other railways with regard to the passenger traffic is strikingly shown in the report of the English North-Eastern. The number of first-class passengers carried last half-year was 559,673, while in the corresponding half of last year the number was 588,666, being a decrease of 28,993; while the fares from this class were slightly higher, being £89,733, against £86,235, the explanation being that the first-class passengers of last half-year traveled longer distances than in the previous year. Second-class passengers have fallen off in number from 1,544,024 to 878,843, and the receipts from £115,476 to £71,821, being a reduction in numbers of 665,181, or nearly 50 per cent., and in receipts of £43,655. Passengers of the third-class have availed themselves to an extraordinary extent of the facilities afforded by running third class with every train. Not only have the occupants of second-class transferred themselves to the third, but the working or usual third-class passengers have increased to an extent which can only be explained by the great increase in the prosperity of the country. The number of third-class passengers carried last half-year was 9,738,415, as compared with 7,361,200, being an increase of 2,397,225, and the receipts from them have advanced from £297,631 to £408,452, being an increase of £110,821. Considerably more than one-third of the gross increase in the traffic receipts of the company were derived from the third-class passengers.

English Political Pensions.—The finance accounts for the financial year 1873 show all the four political pensions of $10,000 payable—namely, to Sir G. Grey, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Walpole. Two second-class pensions of $6,000 are payable to Mr. Charles Villiers and Mr. Headlam, but both are reduced in amount in consequence of the former gentleman being in receipt of an annuity charged on the Chancery fee fund, and the latter having other official emoluments. A third-class pension of $6,000 is payable to Lord Clarence Paget, late First Secretary of the Admiralty. Two fourth-class pensions of $5,000 are payable to Admiral Hamilton and Mr. Romaine, late Second Secretaries of the Admiralty; but the former is suspended, while Mr. Romaine is in receipt of salary in India as Judge-Advocate-General. The pension granted to a Lord Chancellor is placed among pensions for judicial services; pensions of $25,000 are payable to Lord St. Leonards, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Cairns, and Lord Hatherley.

When Emerson was in England, twenty years ago, he saw everything else in the *Times'* establishment, but the editorship was a mystery; "the editor's room and who was in it I did not see." Says a recent correspondent: "All the world knows now who edits the great paper. The same hand has been at the helm for more than thirty years. It was in 1839 that its then editor, Mr. Barnes, picked out a young fellow of twenty-one who seemed to have the stuff in him for a good assistant. Two years later Mr. Barnes died, and Mr. Delane, after only two years' training in journalism, and at just the age when Pitt became Prime-Minister of England, was made editor of the *Times*. Few men during the thirty-two years that have since passed have had heavier responsibilities laid on them; few have borne their burden more steadily."

A Human Tornado.—It is difficult to describe, says a correspondent, writing from the gold coast, the human tornado which raged for half an hour over half a mile of African bush. The enemy were on all sides, and the firing incessant. The air was all flame and smoke, and filled with various sounds—the booming of guns, the whizzing of rockets, the cracking of Sniders, shouts, groans, laughter, the whistling of slugs, the Houssas chanting verses from the Koran, English cheering, and then, as the village began to burn, the roaring of flames, explosions of powder, and the blazing of ruins. The enemy fought in silence; they offered a steady resistence, but were surprised and discomfited, and had not a yell left in them. Their loss cannot be even approximately estimated, but must have been severe.

The sensation in criminal life at New York, last month, was the escape of the condemned murderer, William Sharkey, from the Tombs in woman's attire. Maggie Jourdan, Sharkey's mistress, had conveyed to him during her frequent visits to the prison articles of her clothing, until, a complete costume having been provided, Maggie stood sentinel at the cell door-way, one day, while her lover dressed himself, and then Mrs. "Wes" Allen, another accomplice, slipped in, and giving Sharkey her entrance ticket, the latter marched out rustling in a silk dress, leaving the two devoted women behind to face the baffled keepers. At last accounts, Sharkey had not been caught, but the two women are under arrest for their audacity.

Mungo Wool.—The origin of the term "mungo wool," in trade, is thus explained by a correspondent of a German paper, in answer to inquiries: It occurred many years ago to an intelligent inhabitant of Yorkshire that it would be possible to restore old rags to the condition of wool. He communicated his idea to a capitalist, who said, "That will not go." The inventor replied, in the Yorkshire dialect, "That mun go;" *Anglice*, that must go. "Very well," said the capitalist, "we will make a trial of your scheme, and the produce of our industry shall be called 'mungo.'"

In the speech made at a banquet given and presided over by the Lord Provost of Cambridge, Mr. Disraeli, among other topics, touched upon the monetary crisis, which he ascribed to the locking-up of fifty millions of gold by the Germans; and he pointed out the danger to be apprehended from the depreciation of the French silver currency when that of Germany, displaced by the new gold coinage, was poured in upon France.

THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY'S FOLLY.

There is something really awful in the stupidity with which the Pacific Mail Company is butting its head for its own destruction. Of all the steamers which daily sail out of the port of New York to cross the Atlantic, there is not one that floats the American flag. American ships have actually been driven from off the line by the power of English and other foreign rivals. The Pacific Mail Company is subjecting itself to the same risk by the latest freak of its Directors. It has been decided by that honorable body to make this city a way port at which the China ships will touch and discharge their San Francisco freight, after which they will proceed to Panama. It is announced that the freight will be delivered at New York within sixty days from Yokohama. As the Japanese port is from seven to ten days distant from Hongkong, merchants may count upon from sixty-seven to seventy days for the trip, during which the cargo will be handled five or six separate times: At Hongkong when the ship is loaded; in Panama Bay when the freight is lowered into lighters; in Panama when placed on the cars; and then taken off them once more in loading the ship at Aspinwall, and, lastly, discharging in New York, each time subjecting the freight to much damage. The public generally are scarcely interested in the quarrel between the steamship and railroad companies, but inasmuch as the former is subsidized to the extent of a million dollars, only half of which is given because of unfulfilled conditions, they are entitled to ask what is to become of the mails, for people will scarcely be willing to wait sixty or seventy days for letters which they have been in the habit of receiving inside of forty-two days. The English company, with their staunch iron vessels and anticipated rate of speed, will deliver the freight in thirty days, at which the other company will be lagging for twice the time, and the Pacific Mail Company, with all its glorious opportunities, its years of reputation and prosperity, will be obliged to knock under completely to a foreign rival. The stock of the new organization is largely held by the rich merchants of China, who will, of course, transfer all their patronage to its ships, whilst American merchants, for the sake of the starry banner, will scarcely submit to American delay. Take it for all in all, the Pacific Mail Company has made several huge mis-steps in its retrenchment policy, in the discharge of its time-tried officers, however efficient the new, in its flourish of cheap trumpets, and its reams of cheap puffs, and more than all, in this untimely transfer of its freight at a juncture when the iron vessels of its rival are looming portentously up on the breast of the broad Pacific.

FATALITY IN THE ATLANTIC STEAMERS.

The Ville du Havre, the transatlantic steamer whose loss so recently startled all the world, is the fourteenth large Atlantic liner totally lost, with great sacrifice of life, since the Cunard vessels began to run in 1840. The first great disaster of this class was that which occurred to the *Governor Fenner*, bound from Liverpool to New York, which was run down off Holyhead on February 19th, 1841, when 122 persons perished. The *President*, as far as is known, foundered in the following month. In August, 1848, the *Ocean Monarch* was burned off Great Orme's Head, a few hours after leaving Liverpool, and 178 lives were sacrificed. On Christmas Eve, 1852, the *St. George*, from Liverpool to New York, was burned at sea, with about 50 persons. The *George Canning*, coming out from Hamburg, was lost, with 96 lives, on New Year's Day, 1855. The *Pacific*, which was the first steamer to cross the Atlantic in less than ten days, disappeared with 186 passengers and crew in 1856, being supposed to have struck on an iceberg. The *Austria* was burned in mid-ocean with 471 souls on board on September 13, 1858; and the *Indian* was lost off Newfoundland, with 27 lives, on November 21st, 1852. The *Hungarian*, with 205 persons, went down near the coast of Nova Scotia, in February, 1860; and 240 lives were lost in the wreck of the *Anglo Saxon* off Cape Race, on April 27th, 1863. The *City of Boston* was probably wrecked on an iceberg, in February, 1870, with several hundred victims, not one of whom has been heard of since. Twenty-four perished in the wreck of the *Germania* off La Rochelle in December, 1872. The collision between the *North Fleet* and the *Murillo*, in January, caused a loss of 350 lives, and about 560 were sacrificed in the wreck of the *Atlantic*, on April 1. The statement that the *Ville du Havre* was "the largest vessel ever built, with the exception of the *Great Eastern*," is manifestly erroneous; for while her tonnage measurement was 5,100, that of the *Warrior* is 6,170; that of the *Agincourt* 6,621, and some of the more modern vessels of the fleet are still larger.

A line of downright morality in the columns of the Family paper is as unexpected and rare as the discovery of a new star in the heavens, and it affords us the most unmitigated satisfaction to direct the attention of our readers to such treasure trove. The Family paper suggests the modification of the ballet dresses in the spectacular play of "The Nude Queen," in deference to the feelings of blushing womankind. At first reading, we thought if the *Chronicle* noticed the affair, that the young woman must have appeared utterly *au naturel*, but a wicked young friend, who goes to these naughty places, informed us that Miss Betty Danseuse does sport almost a quarter of a yard of satin—in fact, enough to make a jockey cap,—which tribute to decency reconciles us to living a little longer in this bad, bad world. At first, we feared if wickedness had come to such a pass as to merit the unqualified censure of the *Chronicle*, that it would be necessary for us to make a speedy exit; but that mite of satin saves us to an admiring generation.

GOOD-BY TO THE OLD YEAR.

We speak it very tenderly,
With half a sob and half a sigh—
"Old Year, good-by! Old Year, good-by!"
For what it brought, and what it takes,
We love it, and for loved ones' sakes;
Prized for its hours of happiness,
Nor for its sacred sorrows less;
For all it gave through toil and strife
Of new significance to life—
New breadths, new depths, new hights sublime,
And haply, kingship over Time!
Accept our thanks, Old Year, for these,
And for all precious memories
Of love, of grief, of joy, of pain,
Whose ministry was not in vain.

ART NOTES.

The last quarterly meeting of the Art Association was certainly the most important in the history of the society. No less than *ninety one* fresh members were elected. Following is the list of life members added to the list on that occasion: Mrs. H. H. Toland, Miss Rosie Crane, Rev. W. H. Platt, Col. E. E. Eyre, Messrs. B Howard Cott, Edward Cahill, Jas. R. Keene, Isaac Glazier, W. C. Talbot, Coll Deane, Rafael Weill, Henry Barroilhet, A. J. Pope, James Frechorn, John O. Hanscom, John W. Coleman, and Henry Janin. Next came the contributing members, duly elected as follows: Mrs. Judge Pratt, Misses Jennie T. Tucker and Lizzie Bromley, Father J. F. Harrington, Drs. R. B. Cole, A. B. Stout, and E. J. Fraser, Messrs. D. L. McDonald, F. L. Castle, David Cahn, F. P. McLenman, C. L. Low, Clem Miller, J. B. L. Brandt, E. Chevassus, W. W. Olmstead, C. H. McCarrie, E. W. Hendricks, A. Gensoul, F. Russ, Louis Franconi, Scott Tidball, J. Cook, S. P. Blumenberg, Arthur Nahl, J. S. Hutchinson, F. J. Thibaut, J. H. Mahony, J. L. Fields, G. F. Sharp, J. H. Sayre, F. A. Hyde, J. A. Robinson, J. W. Raper, J. Mullen, Sol. A. Sharp, O. Lawton, G. H. Fryer, J. V. Wachtel, F. S. Butler, D. L. Beck, C. Cazicia, S. Buzzi, Oscar Kunath, J. H. Culver, H. C. Nichols, Eder Jorgensen, G. Abbot, C. Brocch, J. F. White, L. R. Townsend, A. Syser, A. W. Moore, H. P. Carlton, F. S. Newlands, C. Otto, F. A. Frank, W. Babcock, W. Hammond Hall, C. Sajons, J. A. Crawford, W. Fletcher, Jr., E. G. Waite, W. Page, J. Barrington, H. Burrer, W. Brooks, L. Altschul, C. Scudder, E. Sutherland, H. M. Rosekrans, J. E. McElrath, C. Townsend, H. K. Moore, and G. H. Sanderson. This list, as will be seen, embraces not merely ladies and gentleman belonging to our "upper ten" in social standing, but includes a large number of our most cultivated people.

Next came the report of the Committee on School of design. After some preliminary skirmishing the report recommended for the present the establishment of three courses of study: The Human Figure, Landscape and Oil Painting, Figures and Landscape. The Committee next recommended the immediate appointment of a general director, who should "supervise the drawings of the students generally, and illustrate with a blackboard the principles of composition, light and shade, and perspective. The Director may secure such assistance as he may think necessary, with the advice and consent of the Committee. The salaries of the Director and assistants shall be fixed by the Committee. * * * * Every applicant shall submit to the Committee a drawing, which, if adjudged sufficiently meritorious, shall entitle the candidate to the privileges of the school. All candidates for admission shall be fourteen years of age or upwards. Exceptional cases must be decided upon by the Committee. Applications for admission must be presented, and drawings sent in to the Committee, at least one week prior to the commencement of the session. There shall be two sessions yearly, the first commencing the first Monday in February, and the second commencing the first Monday in August, each continuing four months. * * * * Professional artists and amateurs shall have the use of the rooms three evenings a week, subject to special regulations by the Committee. Tuition shall be fixed at twelve dollars per month, or forty-eight dollars per session, for all classes except the class in Oil Painting, which shall be fifteen dollars per month, or sixty dollars per session. Provision may be made for honory privileges in rare and exceptional cases, at the discretion of the Committee and on the advice of the Director. At the close of each session there shall be held at the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association an exhibition of the drawings and paintings, open without charge to the members of the Association and invited guests. In order to stimulate an honest rivalry among the students, the Committee may award such prizes as they consider appropriate, to be determined hereafter.

The above report—which we have curtailed considerably—having been adopted, the salary of the Director was fixed at $3,000 per annum, and Mr. Virgil Williams was unanimously elected to that position. No better choice could possibly have been made. Mr. Williams is an artist of first-class standing, an educated and genial gentleman, and a man of most equable temperament—the latter a most important point in this case, where he will have as many inflated, conceited and stupid pupils as he will humble and teachable ones to deal with. He is a native Massachusettsian, and when quite young—he is a young man still—studied under D. Huntington, in New York. He went to Rome in '52, drawing there at the Villa Medici from the antique, and at the English Academy from the life. Altogether he spent ten years of severe study in the Eternal City. From thence he came to California, remaining here until '66, when he went to Boston. For two years he taught a class of design in the Technological Institute of that city, and subsequently a class at Harvard College. Ill-health induced him once more to turn his face westward, and he returned here in '71, since which time his works have been constantly before our public.

At the meeting above mentioned, Mrs. M. E. Keeney was unanimously elected an honorary life member, in acknowledgment of services rendered to the Society, and Mr. J. Ross Martin, the Assistant Secretary, was voted $100—a well-merited tribute to a most indefatigable and conscientious officer. Our art community has made an acquisition in the person of Mr. Wilhelm Fredericks we believe an excellent portrait painter. S. M. Brookes has lately completed some very "fruity" pieces, and is deservedly successful in planting them, the solid fruits returning to his pocket. Marple has completed a charmingly grey little marine "bit" —"North Point"—with shipping, etc. In the Post-street Gallery, Bloomer has an excellent full view of the Yosemite Valley; Deakin, three finished works—a "Forest Scene," "Scene near Lake Tahoe," and "Mountain Gorge;" and Mrs. J. S. Crocker a fruit piece, pineapple, vase, etc., a very natural and pleasing painting. Two copies —one after Gerome, "Arab Alone in the Desert," and a copy by Gianoli of the celebrated "Spring Time" picture—deserve note. This establishment is becoming celebrated for the excellence of its exhibits, and there is always something fresh to be seen there.

The Boston *Herald* copies this portion of the *News Letter's* "Art Notes," describing a painting by Thomas. Hill; a compliment from a journal well-up in art matters: "Hill has, or had, three little gems in Schwab's store window the day before Christmas—one being sold yesterday; those emerald-shaded haunts, with placid pools reflecting the transparent foliage, and dim perspective reaching far away in aisles of cool, reticulated leafy branches, more natural in their consummate art than the work of any other American painter."

An American Kissing Match.—The Toledo *Commercial* gives the following as the kissing reception of President Grant:—Our reporter took special pains to keep a record of the "time," and at the end of a half hour after the kissing commenced the total stood—

	Number of Persons Kissed.		
	Babies.	Little Girls.	Ladies.
President	15	35	20
General Sherman	34	27	28
General Sheridan	17	11	63
General Custer	13	43	67

Of course the young ladies had their preferences, and many of them succeeded in executing a very shrewd flank movement by passing through once and kissing their favorite, then dodging out of the ranks and passing round again. Some elderly ladies tried to enter for the sport, but they did not succeed. The disgraceful effort was discovered at once.

As once my dazzled eyes I set
Where Julia's neck and bodice met,
She asked what I was seeking:
"There—that!" said I, "is that *Nankeen?*—
The lining of your waist I mean."
"No *sir!*" said she, "that's *Pekin!*"

A good story is going the round of the English papers about Archbishop Whately. He was once accosted at the table of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland by an aid-de-camp, with the question, "What is the difference, your Grace, between an archbishop and a donkey?" His Grace owned he did not know. "The archbishop has a cross on his breast and the donkey on his back." "Yes, yes; oh! I see; very good. And," added his Grace, "what is the difference between an aid-de-camp and a donkey?" "I do not see any," was the unsuspecting reply. "Neither do I," said the Archbishop.

Why I love you, why I love you?
That's a puzzler, little wife;
It's a question I have never
Thought upon in all my life.

I can't give a single reason,
Though I know the fact full well,
That I love you very dearly.
Why I love you I cannot tell.

He went after molasses; got drunk and brought home the jug filled with whisky. She took it up, smelt of it, set it back, and then squared herself, arms akimbo and eyes flashing, she exclaimed: "Whar's them molasses?" The old man smiled and winked pleasantly, and waived his left hand propitiatingly, replying: "Them's they!" He is now convalescent, but the jug is hopelessly deranged.

All coolie ships have been ordered out of Chinese waters. Chinese junks cruise off Macao to intercept coolie junks.

PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY MATTERS.

From a New York telegram, dated December 30th, we learn that Rufus Hatch, Vice-President and Managing Director of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, has made a great reduction in the rates of freight and passage from New York to San Francisco. Steerage passage is now only $50 in currency, and cabin passage from $100 to $110, or, for both ways, $200.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has refused to renew its combination contract with the Union Pacific Railroad Company, whereby freight rates between New York and San Francisco have been enhanced. The managers of the steamer company also announce their intention to dispatch a vessel weekly from New York, and to take freight through to San Francisco at 1½ cents per pound. They say, too, the China line will be through from Hongkong to Panama, via Yokohama and San Francisco, without change; thus connecting with the Atlantic steamers via the Isthmus. Four of the new iron steamers are in commission, two more will be ready within a fortnight, and in the course of four months they expect to place two 5,000-ton iron ships on the China line, making eight in all, and furnishing unequaled facilities for the transaction of all business offered.

The entire mercantile community of San Francisco are chagrined and disgusted at this policy. Having severed all connection with the trans-continental railroad companies, the P. M. Co. now seeks to declare war against them, regardless of the fact that this city is converted into a sort of shuttlecock, to be driven to and fro between the rampant battledores. Its present Directors seem to have quite forgotten that the Pacific Mail Company is the creature of San Francisco, owes its existence and prosperity to this maritime queen of the Pacific, and that the subsidy granted it by Congress was bestowed solely in consideration of the service it rendered to our commercial interests. Now, we are placidly informed that the semi-monthly service to China and Japan is to be discontinued; that San Francisco is hereafter to be only a port of call—a way-station for landing the mails—and that the steamers from China and Japan will proceed directly to Panama after touching at this port. It is claimed by the Company that Government declines to pay subsidy for the semi-monthly service because it is not performed in iron steamers, as per contract; but that it will be renewed as soon as the iron ships, now in an advanced stage of construction, shall be ready to take place on the China and Japan line. But it may be permitted us to inquire, why break up the regular connections which have existed for so long a time, when it is proposed to renew them within a few months?

Why permit its business to fall into the hands of others, when the splendid new iron propellers, *City of Yeddo* and *City of Pekin*, of 6,000 tons each, will be ready for duty on the line early in Spring. That the business is remunerative cannot be denied. It is sufficiently so to induce an English unsubsidized company to enter the lists with such steamers as the *Vasco de Gama* and her consorts. Surely the Pacific Mail Company would consult its best interests by continuing the semi-monthly service, even were it done with a margin of loss. But this is far from being the only point of controversy. Through the agency of the regular steamer trade between this city and ports in China and Japan, San Francisco has signally enlarged the field of her interior commercial relations, and it will be a sad derangement of her business to cease her semi-monthly intercourse with the Orient; but it is even more staggering under the assurance that hereafter it will only be a port of call between New York on one side, and Hongkong and Yokohama on the other. The trip from Hongkong to Panama, by way of San Francisco, and immediately back again, is the longest ever projected for any steamship, and we venture to assert that it cannot be performed with safety. The boilers will not stand the test of such unremitted strain; no fire bars can stand it; platinum would give out, and even asbestos would crumble to pieces.

If this is the policy the company has mapped out for its guidance, the merchants of San Francisco will soon devise some means for self-protection. In its efforts to choke off the railroad companies, it is strangling itself, and may finally conclude by throwing its business into the hands of foreign rivals who are not blinded by animosities.

A Compromise with a Cloud.—The important question of smoking in railway carriages might be satisfactorily settled if an Act of Parliament were passed as early as possible next session, compelling every railway traveler who indulges in a cigar or a pipe to consume his own smoke.—*Punch.*

At a weekly meeting a straight-laced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows who stood in need of assistance from the congregation. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another sober brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

Delicacies of the Season.—Lady (to Jeames, who has brought up a note): "Did you ask the young person to take a seat?" Jeames: "Beg pard'n m'lady, she'd bevidently been eatin' o' onions; so I as'd her to be s' good as to wait outside!"

The Colony of Victoria has a population of over 730,000 inhabitants.

THE CALIFORNIA BUTTER COMPANY.

The California Butter Company continues prosperous beyond the most sanguine expectations of its interested friends. The butter is an excellent and genuine article. Over 20,000 pounds have now been distributed to numerous and eager purchasers. New orders are pouring in, and nothing is heard from any quarter but praise of the new article. The company now keeps constantly on hand a reserve of one ton of prime butter. In a short time they expect to have a steady and constant reserve of from five to ten tons for shipping and all other demands. The company is working entirely under the new patent which is the only process that works well on a large scale in this peculiar climate. Professor Alfred Paraf gives all the necessary time to the general working of the affairs of the company. We were requested by Mr. Vernon Seaman to publish certain cards representing one side of the controversy now in progress between the whole company and the new. But in the interests of peace and harmony, we have suppressed them. So far as we are in possession of the facts of the case, Mr. Paraf stands fully exonerated from the insinuations brought against him, and he is unqualifiedly endorsed by Mr. George MacKenzie, President of the Oleomargarine Company of New York, and General Agent of the Transatlantic Steamship Company, No. 58 Broadway, New York City. So far as the *News Letter* is concerned, we wish to have nothing to do with family disputes; and we trust that the domestic feud in the company may soon be amicably adjusted.

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE INDUCTION COIL.

In the Philosophical rooms of the St. Ignatius College the first experiments will be made with the fine new induction coil introduced. Only those who produce invitation cards will be admitted. The apparatus was manufactured expressly for the College by the inventors, E. S. Ritchie & Sons, of Boston, Massachusetts. It contains 156 feet of thick silk-insulated copper wire in the primary coil, and 151,056 feet of fine silk-covered wire in the secondary (amounting to over 28⅝ miles), round an electro-magnetic core of twelve pounds of small soft iron bars, carefully annealed, with 350 square feet of metallic foil, insulated by oiled silk, in its condenser. It is capable of giving torrents of electricity of high tension, and throwing thick sparks, over eighteen inches long, in air. The apparatus can be worked by hand, or automatically at will. It possesses arrangements to commutate the poles of the battery, to connect or disconnect various portions of the condenser, to introduce different *interrupters* or break-pieces, for the production of various effects, and is altogether the best ever made by its renowned inventor, and one of the most powerful now in existence either in America or in Europe.

MORE PACIFIC MAIL.

A rumor has reached us that the Pacific Mail Co. is scarcely so good a paying institution under the new management as the Directors fondly hoped. Under the old regime, old employees were fully acquainted with the capacities of each ship, and loaded accordingly. It is whispered that under the new, freight was received for some time at eight dollars per ton to Hongkong. When it began to come in unexpectedly fast, merchants were charged sixteen dollars per ton to Yokohama, six days less steaming. Furthermore, the sixteen dollar freight could not find accommodation, and still occupies the wharf. Our merchants, who have been used to something different, will scarcely appreciate this two-priced movement, still less the receiving of freight for which there is no room, and which is subject to incalculable damage during the waiting time.

Some boys dropped an anvil weighing two hundred pounds out of a fourth story window on the head of a negro who was passing, and he had them arrested. He said he was willing to let the boys have fun, but when they jammed a gemman's hat down over his eyes and spoiled it in that way, the law must take its course.

The Enjoyment of Remembering.—It is often debated which is the most enjoyment—the anticipation of a pleasure or its realization; but the power of recalling pleasing events, mellowed and hallowed by the lapse of time, is far more potent than either.

The establishment of a "Free Dormitory for Women," by some of the young men of New York, under the auspices of the Church of the Strangers, redeems them from the charge of coldness towards the gentler sex.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing new red stripped stockings on his only heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the neat reply.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

Emperor William is much better.—Bazaine has left Versailles for Saint Marguerite.—Several vessels were driven ashore near Key West, during the storm, but reliable particulars are unobtainable.—Special dispatches from Cartagena announce that Fort San Juan, one of the strongest defences of the city, has been breached. An accidental explosion in the Ferra battery, on Thursday, killed twenty officers and men of the besieging force.—All is quiet at Santiago. The officers of the *Kansas* report that they were well treated ashore, soldiers and sailors being careful to observe the salute. There are two regiments at Santiago, one of Cubans and another of volunteers. The former appear friendly and conciliatory, the latter insolent and opposed to every concession.—Bazaine has continuous headaches, paroxysms of feverishness and cold sweats.—Lady Caroline Guest, of England, has an annual income of $1,500,000 from her coal mines in Wales.—Mr. Arch has been welcomed home very cordially in Buford, his native village.—The Rothschilds, twelve in number, are worth about $1,000,000,000, as a firm, including their individual fortunes.—The late Mr. Thomas Baring, the London banker, in his will left a year's salary to every clerk in the firm of Baring Brothers & Co.—The Comte de Waldeck sent a bouquet to the ex-Empress Eugenie on her birthday, with a note saying that his age was 100 years.—M. de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, has addressed a letter to Earl Granville on the feasibility of connecting the Russian railway system with the Anglo-Indian lines.—Baroness Burdett-Coutts intends still further endearing herself to the poor of Dublin and Belfast by erecting compartment houses, to be paid for in installments.—The death of M. Breton de los Herreros, the celebrated poet and dramatist, aged 77 years, is announced at Madrid. He was perpetual Secretary of the Spanish Academy.—The Grand Duchess of Russia, the bride of the Duke of Edinburgh, is to receive an elegant present from certain British naval and marine officers, who have subscribed $5,000 for its purchase.—Society is to have another sensation this season. In the latter part of January, Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, will arrive in this country, where he will remain about a year. He is a brother-in-law of Queen Victoria, a General in the German army, and will be the first sovereign prince who has ever visited this country.—It is said the people who went down in the *Ville du Havre* were worth $20,000,000.—The English co-operative stores have so far realized a little over 29 per cent on the money invested in them.—A hundred years ago it only took 1,200 lamps to light Paris. Now it requires nearly 10,000.—An English jury valued a cur, from a lady's head at 75 cents. It was burned off by a barber, who used a curling-iron which was too hot.—A dispatch from the city of Mexico says the first Methodist church has been opened there.—Godfrey Kunkle, a German baker, was murdered on Tuesday morning, in his bake-house, on the Frankfort road, near Philadelphia, by a German employee, who then attempted to kill Mrs. Kunkle. He was arrested in the neighborhood in a saloon.—A special from Berlin says there is a panic on the Bourse of that city.—The loss by the burning of Lloyd's *Weekly Newspaper* office is estimated at $100,000.—Jean Antoine Galignani, senior editor of Galignani's *Messenger*, is dead.—There is a complete rupture between President Castelar and Salmeron, President of the Cortes. There is some excitement in Madrid, but the success of the Government in the Cortes is considered certain.

"FAIRLY PLAYED OUT"—GOD BE PRAISED.

The English are a very great people, and wonderfully loyal, particularly when the object of their worship is a German! The corporation of London—the embodiment of all loyalty—finding that it could not get her Majesty (who is heartily tired of the business) or any "white man" belonging to the royal family to spare the time necessary to the ceremony or farce of unveiling the statue erected at the Holborn Viaduct, to the memory of that defunct Saint, "Albert the Good," has been for many months in a "very painful" state of mind as to how this performance could be *effectuated*. There was the "memorial" with a very dirty winding sheet flapping about, and not a soul could be found to remove it! In this dilemma the combined wisdom of the Corporation hit on the plan of *giving a dejeuner at the Guild Hall* to the Prince of Wales if he would kindly come down and gracefully remove the rag! It is said that the medals awarded to the troops after the Indian mutiny are soon to be distributed, and the prize money divided amongst the *survivors*.

The mineral resources of California are not yet played out. It is to be noted as a remarkable fact that the returns from the mines, during the past year, amounted to *seventy million dollars* worth of ores, being twenty million beyond the yield expected.

Consolation.—Housemaid: "I'm sorry to hear you've lost your uncle, Mary." Mary: "Yes, it was quite sudden. But—ain't it a real comfort as I got that black dress, instead of the green one you wanted me to buy."

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of the 27th ultimo, publishes the following interesting facts as to the status of our city:

"After getting about 120,000 inhabitants, San Francisco suddenly stood still. Speculation ran riot from the Bay to the Sandhills. Visitors like Horace Greeley did not like its winds and fogs, but presaged its isolated omnipotence on the Pacific. Mr. Greeley said that in 1900 it will be the second city in size and importance in America. Last year 40,000 persons were added to the population of California. San Francisco, half-way out of the Union, is improving, despite the panic. The *Bulletin* thinks that the new census, which will be published at the opening of the new year, will probably show a population of about 200,000 in the city. There are also about 35,000 suburban population, whose relations with the city are about as close as those of Brooklyn and Jersey City with New York. There is also a strong drift of population now to the coast. It does not lessen the value of this element that so large a part of it goes to escape the oppression of an Eastern Winter. People who go there for such a purpose find the reason such a controling one that a large proportion finally settle down there. We have in our minds several instances where people of wealth went there for climate alone, and finding it just what they wanted, are now settling themselves down in their own homes.

Whoever contrasts the San Francisco of eighteen months ago with the city as it appears to-day, cannot fail to be impressed with the great difference in the business outlook. Less than two years ago there were many hundreds of houses to rent. The people were not there to occupy them. Bills were plastered on dwellings in nearly every street. Real estate was dull; citizens who had been carrying large amounts could not unload except at a great sacrifice. There were signs some months ago that the tide was turning. But the "young flood" has been slower than many predicted. It has come at last. Not only are good dwellings taken up by tenants, but there is a demand for more houses than can be supplied.

Already there are extensive projects set on foot for the coming season. Capitalists are busy with plans for one of the largest hotels in the Union, to be erected on Market street. One of the Lelands, of Eastern hotel fame, has been there for some days supervising the plans of the architect, and making such suggestions as a long experience have shown to be desirable. We hear, also, of new manufacturing enterprises which will assume definite shape with the coming season. The year is drawing to a close, with no clouds in the horizon. There is no panic—not so much as a financial ripple. Money is abundant for all the ordinary demands of business. There is no seesawing of a paper currency, and nobody is just now clamoring for that kind of currency to make better times. The record of financial storms at the East for the last three months has furnished a great many useful hints to the class of men who wanted to change suddenly the entire financial basis of business on that side of the country.

The San Francisco of ten years hence, with its more than three hundred thousand people, its immense hotels and market houses, its well-paved streets and improved water-front, will be in striking contrast with the San Francisco of to-day.

The Grand Central Hotel, of Oakland, conducted by that world-renowned caterer, J. C. Olmstead, is one of the most prominent among the new hotels which adorn the coast."

A Curious Story, if True.—In a certain parish in Banffshire, a few Sundays ago, the following melodrama was performed in church. The service had gone on in the usual routine manner till the sermon, part of which had been delivered, when suddenly it appeared somewhat disjointed. A stammering began, the leaves of the MS. were turned and returned, an attempt was made to connect the disjointed sermon, but in vain, when the minister made some inaudible remark about "unwell." One of the elders—a smart, active young man, with more wit in his little finger than his brethren in office appear to have in their whole system—at once (we could believe) suspecting the cause of so sudden a stoppage, mounted the pulpit stair. A whisper from the minister, and the elder was out of the church. In the meantime another but more sedate elder, along with the minister's daughter, mounted the pulpit steps, but in no way seemed to assuage the troubled state of the rev. gentleman's mind. In an incredibly short space of time the active young elder appeared in church, carrying in one hand a tumbler of water, and in the other a handkerchief, underneath which might have been seen a piece of paper, which, from its color, appeared to have frequently done duty before. Mounting the stair, while the minister was sitting, the water was handed in over the pulpit. The other arm was laid on the side cushion of the pulpit while the water was tasted. In the handkerchief, a little gripped up, the missing link of the sermon was eyed by the parson and eagerly seized. The Bible was taken down from the desk to the minister's knees, the leaves of the discourse were re-adjusted, the missing link put into its place, and the sermon was finished without further interruption. The adroitness and dexterity with which the young elder managed to blind the eyes of at least 300 people was enough to excite the envy of the Wizard of the North, or Vanek himself.

Far Western papers, as a rule, spare neither age nor sex when a joke is wanted. For instance, a Carson City journal says—"Our county clerk can boast of a wife with the biggest foot and longest nose of any female in the territory."

SLAIN.

Here in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died—
Message or wish, maybe—
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled!—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child—
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Trues to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Margarite."

Ah, it beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died;—but no;
Death will not have it so.

AN ARIZONA EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT OF MARRIAGE.

The editor of the Prescott Arizona Miner, in a late issue, makes the following quaintly interesting announcement: "Being a firm believer in the axiom that 'it is never too late to do good,' we hereby announce to old and new patrons and readers of the *Miner*, that we, the editor have mustered sufficient courage to pop the question to one of Arizona's purest and best daughters, who has, for some unaccountable reason, said 'Yes' to our proposal, and agreed to become Mrs. Marion. Wedding to take place at the residence of Mr and Mrs. Ed. W. Wells, in Prescott, on the 16th instant. Reception at the residence of the parties of the first and second part, in the evening of the same day, to which after trying ceremony friends from here, there, and everywhere are cordially invited to come and not stay too long. As some people may have a desire to know the name of the lady who has condescended to become the better half of a poor Arizona editor, we will honor her and gratify the laudable desire by printing it in capitals, Miss FLORA E. BANGHART, Chino Valley, in this county and Territory. And now for a few remarks of a personal nature: Over ten years of our life have been passed in Arizona, seven of which have been devoted to the service of patrons and readers of the *Miner*. During these ten years we have prospected, mined, risked our life among Indians, suffered hardships innumerable, sewed on many a button, flopped many a flapjack, and on several occasions gone to bed on Mother Earth, tired, hungry, and a little alarmed about the permanency of our scalp. During all these long years we were not strictly happy; no, indeed. That something which the God of Nature has planted in every man's breast needed its counterpart, a partner, a woman, if you please, 'God's best gift to man.' Quartz claims, placer claims, auxiliary claims had we in abundance. But all these did not satisfy us. Now, however, we have at last struck a 'claim' to Miss Flora, and said claim is not for sale. With her we hope to glide down life's rugged pathway in a pleasant way. With her, and with but little else, we propose to take a new departure, to commence anew the battle of life, to earn an honest livelihood out of the *Miner*, to which we must hereafter, if possible, devote more exercising toil and thought; to labor for the advancement and prosperity of Arizona; and last, but not least, to trim our sails for a voyage over the River of Time, to that land beyond the grave where transplanted souls live in happiness forever and ever."

The Nose against the Cue.—M. Izar has familiarized the public with his method of hitting the billiard ball about with his finger and thumb, but now we have to record another, more curious but less agreeable, method of playing the game. An American named Jefferson—no relation to either the statesman or the actor—professes to use his nose instead of a cue; and has actually played a game of 500 up in this way, and won it, and that, too, against the veteran Dufton. His *modus operandi* is very simple. Dufton plays a break with the cue in the usual way, and as soon as he leaves off Jefferson bends over the table, taps the ball with his nose, and rolls it into a pocket or canons it on to the other ball. Like Izar, he places the striking ball, after hazard or canon, in any position he chooses; and thus, with his red on the spot, he succeeded in scoring no fewer than 66, in which break there were 19 spot strokes. Of course this is not billiards; but it is a remarkable application of ill-applied energy.

An American editor says:—We acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Fordham for a dish of very superior soup. We marked it "inside matter," and gave it an early insertion. Our contributors can always send such articles without fear of their being crowded out or laid over until next week.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, OAKLAND, CAL.

We would heartily recommend the above house to any visitors to California who can appreciate the comforts and luxuries of a pleasant home, especially as here they can be enjoyed at a very reasonable rate. This magnificent hotel is situated in the pleasantest part of Oakland, within two blocks of the principal thoroughfare, Broadway. It occupies the entire block on Twelfth street, between Webster and Harrison, having a frontage on the first mentioned street of 300 feet, with a depth of 100. It is built in the newest style of Franco-Italian architecture, combining all the solid comforts of the French fashion with the elegance and taste of an Italian villa. It is four stories in hight from the sidewalk, besides a cupola, and is quite the most imposing building to be seen at Oakland, though that flourishing young city can already boast several structures which might be placed in any thoroughfare in the world without suffering by comparison. The interior arrangements are such as we might expect from the magnificent façade. There are 240 rooms, sumptuously furnished throughout, and provided with all the requirements of modern luxury. The principal dining room is a really fine apartment, 100 feet in length; nor does the *cuisine* there discussed belie its appearance. There are also two other dining rooms—a ladies' ordinary, and a room for the meals of nurses and children. The parlors are probably the finest in California: two rooms, 32 feet by 22 each, communicating by folding doors, and fitted and furnished in exquisite taste. A pleasant phase of life in this hotel, and one greatly conducive to society and mutual enjoyment, consists in a dance given occasionally, when the hotel supplies the music, and these magnificent apartments are prepared for the accommodation of the guests; the spacious corridor, running the entire length of the hotel (300 feet) furnishing a cool and pleasant promenade in the intervals of the dances. One of these corridors traverses the entire length at each landing, and is furnished at either end with closets containing hose and all the usual appliances in case of fire. The various suites of rooms, most of which we had an opportunity of inspecting, are furnished in a taste that would tempt an anchorite, and the luxurious carpeting (a noticeable feature in this hotel) insures quiet by deadening every footfall. Descending to the ground floor, we find the usual appliances of a first rate hotel. An elevator, which is also accessible by a private door for ladies, a billiard room, containing four of Collender's best patent cushioned tables, a saloon and wine room, a reading and smoking room, bathing and hairdressing rooms, *et hoc genus omne*. Decidedly, however, the greatest treat the visitor to Oakland will enjoy is the view from the cupola, which is easily accessible by the elevator. There you see the beautifully kept roads and streets of Oakland, winding off like broad ribbons among their dark fringes of live oak. The picturesque villa residences and the busy marts seem all brought together and spread at your feet. The distant hills shut in a glorious panorama of sea and sky and lake and plain. Turning your eye outward, you see San Francisco laid out, as in a map, and further on the bold outlines of the Golden Gate, and the restless waves of the mighty ocean beyond. Looking inland, you have before you at a glance all the points of interest for which the vicinity of Oakland is remarkable, the State University, the distant White Sulphur Springs, and the picturesque San Leandro road winding out of sight between its green borders. Decidedly no stranger in Oakland should miss this sight, and if they further indulge their love of the beautiful by taking one of the fine carriages which are to be obtained at the hotel and enjoying a few drives over the roads around Oakland (some of the best in the world), we predict they will always look back to their sojourn at the OAKLAND GRAND CENTRAL as one of the pleasantest epochs of their lives. It is very easily to be reached, as regular street cars pass the door; and carriages can always be had at the Broadway stopping place of the train, which is but two or three minutes' walk from the hotel. For all practical purposes of business Oakland is San Francisco, for the short time spent in crossing the bay is only an agreeable interlude, while for pleasantness of situation, and even moderation in charges, no house in San Francisco can compete with the Grand Central. Our friends throughout the various countries of the world to which the *News Letter* penetrates would do well to visit this beautiful spot, which combines, as in a focus, all the advantages of luxury, picturesque scenery, and salubrity. A great inducement to invalids and others offered by this hotel consists in the facilities for bathing; as not only is there a magnificent bathing palace attached to the establishment, but the greater number of apartments are furnished with a fine bath-room *en suite*, a convenience which every one will appreciate. The city of Oakland is worth a visit from everyone who can compass it, and in Oakland no spot more worthy of interest and attention than the Grand Central Hotel.

A wealthy Englishman wishing to be the author of a book, wrote to Dumas, the famous French novelist, to know if he would agree to write a book for a certain sum of money, which the Englishman was to pay him on condition that Dumas would let the book be printed as the work of the Englishman. Dumas replied—"The Scripture saith, 'Thou shalt not yoke the horse and the ass together.'" Whereupon the Englishman wrote to know what Dumas meant by calling him a horse? Dumas fairly owned himself beaten by the man who had not the brains to write a book, but still sufficient wit to beat the famous author.

A church in Boston was the scene of an amateur theatrical performance the other night—the vestry made a beautiful green-room.

DOG JACK—ONLY A DOG.

Only a dog? Yes, only a dog;
But show me the man, I say,
That I love as well as the dear old dog
That has loved me many a day.

Only a dog, but his doggish love
Is stronger than that of man, [him up
And he clings to the hand that has brought
As only a brute dog can.

You see he knows that we speak of him,
But pretending not to hear,
He gets excited about a rat, [here.
Though he knows there are no rats

His love is not greater if I am rich,
Nor less when I am poor,
If I were hated by all the world
He'd love me but the more.

He never barks the little curs—
For my dog has a deal of pride—
But marches on with a stately step,
In a manner dignified.

You say he is only a soulless dog,
I am glad to hear it said, [souls
For I would not give for a thousand
One hair of my dog Jack's head.

San Francisco, Jun. 10, 1874.

T. A. H.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received "The Childhood of the World," a charming little book, written avowedly for the young, but containing within its ninety pages more philosophy than is often found in the same space. We wish we could afford two or three columns to quotations, but the laws of the *News Letter* are like those of the Medes and Persians. A few extracts, however, can be allowed:

"See now, in the first step he had to take, man is unlike the brutes. Wherever God has placed the brute he has given it the covering best fitted for the place in which it lives, and has supplied its proper food close at hand. But God has placed man here naked, and left him to seek for himself the food and clothing best suited to that part of the world in which he lives. * * * Man has not the piercing eye of the eagle, but he has the power of making instruments which not only bring into view stars, whose light has taken 1,000 years to reach the earth, but which also tell us what metals are in the sun and other stars. Man has not the swiftness of the deer, but he has the power of making steam engines to carry him 60 miles in an hour. Man has not the strength of the horse, but he has put machines together which can do the work of 100 horses."

In the chapter "On Fire," the author tells us that "in the northern seas of Europe, the sailors find a bird so fat and greasy that all they have to do is to draw a wick through its body, and on lighting it the bird burns away as a candle does." In another chapter, speaking of the love for the beautiful which is inherent in the human breast, it is said, "No herds of cows ever leave off feeding to admire a sunset; and you never saw a horse or a monkey with face lit up with delight at the sight of a rainbow." In the chapter on "Man's awe of the Unknown," we have the following:

"To this day we have not, nor does it seem likely we ever can have, any clear idea about the soul. We have a vague notion that at death it leaves the body as a sort of filmy thing or shadow or vapor. English, Chinese, and Indians alike will keep some door or window open through which the departing soul may leave, and it is a German saying that a door should not be slammed lest a soul be pinched in it."

In the chapter on sacred books we are given some quotations from very old books of the Brahmins and Buddhists, from which we select a few lines, which leaves us in doubt whether Solomon were not a plagiarist of the first water:

"Conquer anger by mildness, evil by good, falsehood by truth. He is the more noble warrior who subdues himself than he who in battle conquers thousands."

Feats of Strength by an Arab Slave.—Some of Simba's feats of strength bordered on the marvelous. Taught by the young kinsmen of Amer the use of the long, sharp sword of the Arabs, and being apt, he had acquired a terrible proficiency with it. He had often walked up alongside of a full-grown goat, and had with one well dealt blow halved the animal from head to tail. Many of his negro admirers verily believed he could perform the same feat upon an ass, so extraordinary was his strength, but he had never attempted it, as the experiment was too costly for his means. He had once carried a three-year-old bullock on his back half way around the plantation of his master, Amer. He had often taken one of the large white donkeys of Muscat by the ears and by a sudden movement of his right foot, had prostrated the animal on his back; and once, upon an extraordinary occasion, had actually carried twelve men on his back and shoulders and chest around his master's house, to the intense wonder of a large crowd of spectators. He could toss an ordinary man ten feet high into the air, and catch him as easily as an ordinary man would catch a small child. But manifold were the stories related with awe of the feats of strength performed by the brave lion-hearted Simba, chief overseer of Amer bin Osman's caravan. By measurement he stood six feet and five inches in his bare feet, and from shoulder to shoulder he measured thirty-two inches.—"*My Kalulu*," *by Henry M. Stanley* (*Sampson Low*).

The adage "Who breaks pays" receives in these panicky times a new rendition, "Who pays is 'broke.'"

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

A general disarrangement of things of the most inconvenient and perplexing character has disturbed the *Town Crier's* peace of mind and body for the entire week, and it was only about ten minutes ago that he arrived at the solution of the mystery. First, the general disarrangement and then the solution. On Monday night, when endeavoring to open the street door of our modest abode, imagine our horror to find that some rascal had removed the key-hole! There was nothing left but to ring the bell and make the most of the frightful consequences, *i. e.*, Mrs. *Town's* condolements. On Tuesday morning, whilst frantically endeavoring to attract the attention of a street car conductor by whirling around our umbrella, a big dog, mistaking a piece of pure pacific signaling for a proceeding of an agressive nature, flew madly at the umbrella, and in less time than we take to write it, reduced it to a handle, an uncertain number of broken ribs, and some elaborately fringed silk. On Wednesday noon, while lunching, a half-masticated piece of cast-iron nail, found in the hash, came just between our two best teeth. A tearful *cr-r-r-unch*, and we stood the wreck of a once happy man, minus two strongly developed molars. On Thursday afternoon, whilst being shaved, a beast of a barber—may his dreams be as those of Pilate's wife!—with one slip of his razor, left our upper lip shorn of half its mustache. And the wretch, adding insult to injury, declared that "no ones shall notice her." We had just dropped a spoonful of soup into our waistcoat pocket yesterday at dinner, when the following paragraph in last Sunday's *Call*, which we happened to have taken up, explained the whole matter, and prevented another suicide: "The week of prayer throughout the Christian world begins to-day. Services will be held every evening at Dr. Scott's (Presbyterian) Church, on Post street." Here, then, was the explanation of the whole misery. God had so much to do to pay attention to the prayers of the Christian world, that the special little Providence which watches over the *Town Crier*, feeling that the boss wouldn't notice it, played shirk on his beat, went on a bust, and left his charge to take care of himself as best he might. Hurry up with the prayers; there's good people!

There is an affection of the upper story known among the "boys" as the "big head." Two of the dailies have suffered considerably from it of late, but we are pleased to state that under a forcible check system, the inflation has gone down to a remarkable extent. In the *Chronicle* it first broke out in a series of affidavits, with the names attached thereto of citizens who have figured under more reputable circumstances. Since the award of the printing to the *Examiner*, *Call*, etc., the plucky little sheet utterly collapsed. It has learned perhaps that it is as well to keep its fingers off the characters and life passages of citizens who sit in power. There comes a day of reckoning. In the meantime, every drop of printer's ink used by the successful rivals will be as a well of agony to the indomitable sheet whose heralds proclaim ever, "Pluck!" "Enterprise!" "Energy!" "Victory!" With the *Bulletin* it has been a case of pompous advice, a trouble somewhat chronic with that delectable fossil, which cannot conceive that it has outlived its usefulness. It is beyond the stretch of the *Bulletin's* imagination to contemplate calmly the fact that the Supervisors have actually given fifty additional policemen to the city, wholly regardless of the *Bulletin's* opposition to such a course. This journal was quite carried away with the idea that it could run the city, and now that it finds that it can't, it stands with its companion in misery, bellowing, like the bulls of Bashan, over the decaying power of the press. We don't find it so, but then we don't attempt to butt our obstinate heads against a stone wall. When we conceive a measure to be for the public weal we calmly suggest it, and the public forthwith picks up the cry like a pack of hounds. We first called attention to the water question, the public opened its eyes, and, per consequence, Mayor Otis is revolving the plan in his head. We first assailed the gas monopoly, and, still more wonderful, a Supervisor opened his eys. If matters continue as we hope and expect, we shall be willing to see the name of Lynch written upon every gas lamp which a wise city may erect.

Don't talk about the Thomas cat on amorous ways intent, with night whoop and howl dismal and weird as the song of a widowed vampire. Preach not of the gentle youth who essayeth an air on the trombone, with variations erratic and terrible as the fearsome wriggling of a night-mare's tail. Make no mention of him, the earless and nerveless artisan, who, with well-hardened, triangulated and much serrated steel, would properly positionate and sharpen the dental arrangement of that incisive instrument, a saw. Tell me not of those musicians with whom the simple process of tuning meaneth the production of such a series of agonizing wails and woful toothings as even a Ujjian, on his wedding-day, would shiver at. Evidence not the misery of an aged hand-organ, tuneless and wheezy as a bull-frog in a galloping consumption. Speak no speak of her, the budding Miss, who, ere bright Phœbus hath fully shaved, openeth the piano and trolleth the simple lay her teacher taught her, which is but the tinkling of notes limited to six and the audible repetition of consecutive numbers five, with the ceaseless monotony of drunks on New Year's Day. Until! Until what? Until ye shall tear your hair, beat your breast, bury your head in the neck of your companion, and cry for the Crack of Doom when Williamson singeth in the first act of the *Nude Queen!* The best of all is that Williamson *does* imagine he's singing!

Last Sunday there was a Praise Service at the Unsavorysalt-ist Church, which is Van De Mark's caboose. The Praise Service was one of peace; gentle peace, too, and it was evident that the spirit of the martyr Van was present in full influence. A programme had been prepared by a Chief Ruler, which, somehow or other, Signor Hawkinswhiski, who is *primo tenore* there, failed to carry out in detail. Directly the hiatus occurred, up bobbed the programmer, and washed to know why the music he had declared proper and fit was omitted. Signor Hawete, with that imperturbability of character for which the Italians are so noted, referred the explanation to a more convenient season. The programmer moved that Signor Hawete did there and then resign, but nobody would second the motion. He then moved his own resignation as Chief Ruler, which resignation was accepted. Then the service of the Lord went on. This as an exhibition of that love which is "first pure then peaceable, and always ready to be treated," is worthy of note. "Behold how pleasant a thing it is to see the righteous break bread together without any quarreling as to the crust!" Truly the ways of the Lord are past finding out, and the ways of those who follow him, at times, damnably queer. The sainted Willy —Billy *goat*, we mean—whose place will be at the left hand in good season, has gone to Reading, Penn., boy and all, leaving the Mother of Gracchi here to settle the question of Wells or Van De Mark, and leaving, too, such an odor of Holy Oil of Annointing turned rancid, that the internal economy of every member of his flock has become completely disordered. Ah, my beloved brethren, how true it is that,

Wash or bespatter a buck as you will,
The stench of the Bill-goat will hang round him still.

For several days past, we have missed the biographical sketches which erstwhile adorned the columns of the dailies. Lest this department of current literature should drop into disuse, we feel inclined to continue it. The interesting subject of these sketches was born of his mother, and an inspection of his eye teeth leads us to surmise that he was weaned. It is recorded that he refused to cut his teeth on an ivory rattle, because a rubber one was cheaper, and the first utterances of his baby lips were "Pacific Mail Co." and "Retrenchment." He early evinced a fondness for the American flag, and his paternal relative was accustomed to invest ten cents in the star-spangled on the fourth day of every July. Such reckless extravagance grieved the economical child, who felt that he could get one for five cents of a half starved wretch around the corner, who made an odd penny by dealing in holiday bunting. Great capital has been made out of his affect on for the flag, which he planted on several occasions, but no record has been made of the time when he gracelessly threw off on it. The truth should not be spoken at all times. The world stands in silent admiration of the masterly retrenchment stroke, by which a lot of useless lumber in the shape of old and faithful employees has been removed, and the minimum of wages upon which it has been made possible for a workman to live. It is confidently expected that a number of Eastern panic sufferers will be ready to take the place of the present employees when they shall have given in. It has not yet been estimated what it has cost to insert these interesting sketches, but this is entirely at the disposal of the Pacific Mail Co.—free of charge. We have not yet begun to retrench.

Secure in the disguise of respectability, the *Town Crier* attended the Calico Ball on Thursday evening and Friday morning. With but a passing mention of the gentleman who carried the general laxity of costume to the extent of an evening coat, a vest waistcoat and mauve trowsers, he hastens on to immortalize a certain young lady. Her apparel was gorgeous, her features of that iconoclastic order so familiar to the visitors of the Art Association, her manners free as those of the sweet mountain cockatoo, and her speech classical in its simplicity. She had been dancing with a partner who evidently pleased her, and wishing in her generosity to share that pleasure, she introduced him to another lady in the following manner: "Miss Jones, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Waltzer, a bully dancer, you bet. Why, he whizzed me around the room so that my feet never touched ground, except when he quit his hold to take a new *grib*." As a specimen of Californian fashionable dialect, we think this rather rich.

The Druggists' Clerk, who has been in abeyance some time, comes to the surface again. When last heard of, he had just come into an immense fortune. This time he has finished a baby with opium, who had commenced to cut the thread of its existence by swallowing a tin whistle. Some people never know when to be thankful. Why is this young man to be impugned for carelessness and inattention when he has just rendered true indignant parents a lasting favor? A child who turns naturally from pap to a diet of tin whistles is an expensive article in a poor family. They can only give it a square meal once a year—Christmas. If a child can comfortably swallow and digest one whistle at three years of age, what, according to geometrical progression, would be his capacity at fifteen? At twenty-one, indeed, he might be a dividend paying institution. They could work him for a tin mine.

A scene of a somewhat laughable nature took place a few Sundays ago in one of the churches in Dundee. In baptizing an infant the minister got hold of the wrong name, and immediately on pronouncing that by which he believed it was intended the child should be called, the mother started up in the church, and exclaimed that the child had not got its proper name. We understand that a wish was expressed to the pastor that he should rectify the error by rebaptizing the child, but this he declined to do.

BEFORE THE SPHINX.

Thou mystic monster, neither man nor brute,
That calmly crouchest, motionless, sublime,
Can nothing move thee, thou eternal mute?
Speak, if thou can'st, thou conqueror of Time!

Thy human face impassable is sadly marred
By blows of years that have crept slowly by
And stabbed thee one by one, and left thee scarred
By force of numbers, yet thou wilt not die.

Sun-gilt by day, silvered by moon at night,
With fast-locked lips that seem to smile disdain,
Thou lookest ever onward in thy might
Across the arid, ever-silent plain.

Prone from the rock thy Grecian sister fell,
Her riddle answered by Jocasta's son;
Had she been wise as thou all had been well,
Rich in her silence, she had questioned none.

But though thou wilt not lower thy proud head,
The grave comes up to clutch thee in its grasp;
With sad eyes blinded in a sandy bed,
Those lips shall open in one dying gasp.

San Francisco, Jan. 10, 1874. T. A. H.

PUBLIC DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES, NOV. 1, 1873.

INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD.		
Five per cent. Bonds	$489,272,300	
Six per cent. Bonds	1,234,098,050	$1,723,370,350
INTEREST PAYABLE IN CURRENCY.		
Six per cent. Pacific R. R. Bonds	64,623,512	
Four per cent. Certificates	678,000	
Three per cent. Naval Pension Fund	14,000,000	179,301,512
Bonds and Notes, bearing no interest	14,226,290	
United States Notes " "	361,031,948	
Fractional Currency " "	47,876,150	
Gold Certificates of Deposit "	27,569,880	
Currency Certificates "	8,875,000	499,579,268
Aggregate Debt		$2,262,251,130
Coin and Currency in Treasury		95,500,737
Present Debt		$2,166,750,393

An Instructive New Toy.—The *Journal* of the Franklin Institute, for November, has an article by Professor Dolbear, describing a new philosophical toy, called the Opeidoscope, which is thus described: "Take a tube of any material, from one to two inches in diameter, and anywhere from two inches to a foot or more in length. Over one end paste a piece of tissue paper, or a thin piece of rubber, or gold beaters' skin. In the center of the membrane, with a drop of mucilage, fasten a bit of looking-glass not more than an eighth of an inch square, with the reflecting side outward. When dry take it to the sunshine and with the open end of the tube at the mouth, hold the other end so that the beam of reflected light will fall upon the white wall or sheet of paper held in the hand. Now speak, or sing, or toot in it. The regular movement of the beam of light with the persistence o vision presents very beautiful and regular patterns, that differ for each different pitch and intensity, but are quite uniform for giving conditions. If a tune like Auld Lang Syne is tooted in it, care being taken to give the sounds the same intensity, a series of curves will appear, one for each sound and alike for a given sound, whether reached by ascension or descension, so that it would be possible to indicate the tune by the curves; in other words, it is a true phonautograph." The toy is simple enough, but from simple contrivances important philosophical discoveries have oftentimes had their origin.

Administration of Arsenic to Phthisical Sufferers.—*L'Union Medicale* sums up Dr. Jaccoud's experience of the above, as related in the recent publication of his clinical lectures. "Arsenic powerfully ameliorates the nutritive process in chronic pulmonary phthisis. It abates nervous excitement, and possesses a marked antifebrile action, which can combat efficaciously the evening intermittent attack. Dr. Jaccoud exclusively prescribes granules of arsenious acid, containing one milligramme each of the subtance (1-16 gr.) They are taken at the beginning of the two principal meals. Dr. Jaccoud begins with two granules daily, and every eight days the dose is increased, until it attains from eight to ten a day, which is the maximum dose. This maximum dose is kept on as long as there is no production of acute symptoms, with pseudo-continued fever."

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The Peter's Pence Fund.---It is well known that of late years His Holiness Pope Pius has been very largely supported by the contributions of "the faithful" throughout the world, which have been collected under the ancient and historic name of St. Peter's Pence. The *Unita Cattolica* gives the following statistics of the annual receipts, which, we believe, have never before been published together. In 1861 the "Pence" amounted to 14,184,000 francs; in 1862 to 9,192,000; in 1863 to 7,047,000; in 1864 to 5,832,000; in 1865 to 6,445,000; in 1866 to 5,925,000; in 1867 to 11,312,000; in 1868 to 11,000,000; thus giving a total of 71,161,000 francs in eight years. The exact sums collected in the last four or five years are not given, but the same authority states that they are greatly in excess of previous years, and reckons that the total of "Peter's Pence" collected up to the present time cannot fall much short of 100,000,000 francs. The great falling-off in the years 1863-66 is accounted for by the same authority and by Catholic opinion on the ground of the general belief then prevailing that, after all, the temporal possessions of His Holiness were safe, and that consequently he had less urgent need of external subsidies.

Miss Susan Caroline Godsey, known as "The Sleeping Beauty," died at the residence of her mother, in Obion County, Tenn., on the 27th ult. She had attained the age of thirty-one years, and, as was alleged, had been in her sleeping condition for twenty-four years. The Nashville *Union* of the 4th says: "Her case has excited great interest, and gave rise to much investigation and discussion among scientific men. The true nature of her affliction, however, was never understood. She was brought to Nashville in the fall of 1857 for the ostensible purpose of procuring medical aid, but was really in charge of an agent, who contemplated making an exhibition of her. She said she had no consciousness of ever having dreamed, and that it was no pleasure for her to live afflicted as she was. She was very sensitive, and appeared mortified to think that she was being exhibited. Her affliction was inaugurated by a spell of chills. The Sleeping Beauty is said to have been a truly beautiful woman—not so emaciated as one would think—and of shapely form.

"Buzfuz" Redivivus.---A very offensive mode of cross-examination has recently come into fashion in the English criminal courts. A witness, already on his oath, gives certain evidence: he is immediately asked whether he swears that, and answers that he does. But this by no means satisfies the cross-examining barrister. "You really meant to swear that," etc., "Remember you are on your oath," and similar suggestions that the witness is perjuring himself, are uttered in order to induce the jury to believe his evidence untrustworthy. This is hardly fair to one who may be endeavoring to speak the truth, while a hard swearer will be by no means checked by such unauthoritative additions to the oath previously administered to him. This custom is singularly offensive to those who have proper regard for an oath's sanctity, and ridiculously inoperative in the case of those who are not so influenced.

The London Globe states that the deaths of horses occasioned by asphalte paving has increased from 25 to 30 per cent. In very dry and very wet weather the pavement is unexceptionable, but when the streets are "greasy" the horses are very liable to fall. On other pavements a horse has a chance to recover himself, but if he slips on asphalte it is impossible to hold him up. In some cities where this kind of pavement is used the danger is reduced by simple means. The streets are never allowed to become greasy. There is an arrangement by which jets of water can be turned on in a moment, and spirted over the surface, and as asphalte itself gives off no dust, so the streets need never be muddy, and a clear stream of water runs in the gutter along the curb. It might be worth while to consider whether this improvement is possible before the pavement is entirely condemned.

Dr. Kenealy's (of Tichborne fame) speech was, to say the least of it, not remarkable for good taste. The way in which he abused those who gave evidence against his client is unparalleled in the annals of law courts. A summary tells us that on one occasion the Lord Chief Justice remarked that he "could not express the pain he felt at the sweeping accusations made against every one connected with the case." Mr. Justice Mellor and Mr. Justice Lush also expressed themselves shocked to hear repeated "charges against Mr. Gosford," which each in turn had declared to be "without foundation." Toward the close of Thursday's proceedings the Lord Chief Justice again complained that "everybody was made the object of some fearful imputation," and his Lordship added, "Do forgive me, Dr. Kenealy, for saying that I don't think the world is quite so black as you paint it."

At the last meeting of the British Philological Society great interest was excited by a paper on Etruscan Numerals, which stated that the long sought key to the Etruscan language had at last been discovered. Two dice had been found in a tomb, with their six faces marked with words instead of pips. These words were identical with the first six digits in the Altaic branch of the Turanian family of speech. Guided by this clue it was easy to prove that the grammar and vocabulary of the 2,000 Etruscan inscriptions were also Altaic. The words denoting kindred, the pronouns, the conjugations, and the declensions, corresponded closely to those of the Tartar tribes of Siberia.

It is stated that Landseer's unexhibited paintings and sketches will shortly be offered for sale. Some idea of their number and importance may be gathered from the fact that the framing will cost about $5,000.

A new way of playing a tune by heart was demonstrated lately at one of the London medical societies. Dr. Vivian Poore placed a patient on his back on a table in the middle of the room, set an upright rod on his chest, and on the top of this balanced a guitar. The audience were delighted to find the sound of the heart rendered audible by this use of the sonorous instrument. Medical diagnosis received an immense aid when the French physician Laennec utilized the principle of the trumpet in his stethoscope. It will be interesting to note the development of the guitar into one of the doctor's armamentaria, and to watch for the time when the medical man will become a compromise between the troubadour and the physician. Many a drug-sick patient would welcome the day when a rondo on the guitar might accompany a doctor's visit rather than a fresh prescription.

Rarotonga Newspaper.---The *Flying Bird* (Temanuerer) is the title of the first newspaper ever published in the Hervey Group, South Pacific. It is entirely in the native language, comprising four small folio pages. It is self-supporting. At first it was issued monthly but now quarterly, on account of the multifarious duties of the editor, the Rev. J. Chalmers. About one-half the contents are furnished by the natives; the rest being from the pen of their missionary. It contains shipping intelligence, an epitome of the news of the world, racy leaders on social matters affecting the islanders, and one article in elucidation of Holy Writ. The *Flying Bird* is printed by natives of the Rarotonga mission press. It has been in existence three years, and is well adapted to stimulate the native intellect.

Extract from Agassiz's Geological Sketches.---"First, born among the continents, though so much later in culture and civilization than some of more recent birth, America, so far as her physical history is concerned, has been falsely denominated the New World. Hers was the first dry land lifted out of the waters; hers the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth besides, and while Europe was represented only by islands, rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched, an unbroken rim of land, from Nova Scotia to the Far West."

The practice of wearing armor is supposed to have gone out of fashion in modern warfare. A Captain Burton of the British Army makes a statement on this point which will surprise many. He says "during the last Franco-Prussian war several of my friends escaped severe wounds by wearing in action a strip of hard leather, with a rib or angle to the fore. It must be large enough to cover heart, lungs, and stomach pit, and it should be sewn inside the blouse or tunic; of course the looser the better."

The German Navy.---Five new vessels are to be added to the German navy this year—the three armored frigates *Kaiser*, *Deutschland*, and *Borussia*, the armored corvette *Hansa*, and the unarmored corvette *Louise*. The ironclad fleet will consist of six frigates—three of the first-class, and one corvette mounting in all eighty-six guns, twelve of which are 450-pounders, and twenty-six 600-pounders. Provision will be made for 6,100 seamen and officers.

Another Diamond Discovery.---Mr. R. J. du Preez, of Olivenfontein, advertises in the Dutch language, that he has discovered between Philip's Town and Sterkfontein, what he believes to be a rich diamond mine, and notifies to the Government and public that he is prepared to point out the locality if a reward to himself and a share to the proprietor of the farm is guaranteed in the event of his discovery being genuine.—*Coast Argus*, 15*th Nov.*

New Use for Pills.---A new use for patent pills has been discovered. A farmer living in a Kansas village was abruptly visited by robbers not long ago, and having a gun and powder, but no shot, loaded with a box of fever pills, and blazed away. The result was as satisfactory as though the rascals had swallowed the pills. One of them was killed outright, and another dangerously wounded.

A Brummagem Cat Show.---A cat show is about to be held at Birmingham, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Lyttelton, Lady Mildred Hope, Mr. P. H. Muntz, M. P., and other distinguished persons. It is stated (the Birmingham *News* says) that some extraordinary animals are expected to attend.

Few are aware how large a proportion of our gold bullion is obtained from the silver yield of the Comstock Lode. Last year the amount so obtained was over five millions of dollars in fine gold, and but for the assistance rendered in this manner, our gold supplies would have fallen short.

During the three days of intense fog with which London has been visited, business was greatly interrupted, and the beasts at the Christmas Cattle Show suffered so much from the fog that several had to be killed.

At a conference at the Mansion House, Eng., held on the 4th ult., it was decided that the time had not yet arrived for a special appeal to the public for subscriptions to afford relief in the famine districts of Bengal.

A subscription is being raised at Havre for the relief of the survivors of the *Ville du Havre*. Marshal MacMahon has sent 5,000 francs, and a large sum was derived from a performance at the Grand Theater.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has started a newspaper in his dominions. Another native paper has appeared in Calcutta, at the rate of one pice, and is called the *Cheap News*.

[From the San Francisco News Letter of Jan. 6th.]

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"My lady all of silk and gay array,
Upon the Sabbath of Autumn."—Hartley Burr.

Our labors in this new field of usefulness [illegible] we consider a blessed duty. [illegible] Our readers will remember [illegible] Our [illegible] Our [illegible] Our

At Corinthian Hall, the Hindoo sage, Sokia Muni, preached to a Buddhist audience. His subject was "The Nivana of Burnouf." He said: "Rest is the greatest blessing that Brahm can bestow upon his creatures. Rest is happiness; a sedate and real happiness, without excitement or reaction. *Nivana* is this supreme inward peace. By those who do not understand it, it is called annihilation. But this is an error, for *nivana* still implies consciousness. The idea of *nivana* as interpreted by the most authoritative sages, must be confined to one period of history, during which scholastic refinement vainly and impiously sought to define the conditions of the infinite. There are certain inevitable limits to human thought, and the first thing for a true thinker is to ascertain those limits. Having recognized them he will become modest and humble. He will not deny the existence of a God because he cannot conceive of a First Cause—of a being without another being to create him. He will realize that the finite cannot conceive the infinite any more than you can pour the ocean into a teacup.

"Cans't thou the Inconceivable conceive?
I trow that thou cans't not.
Cans't thou the clear Incredible believe?
Or put the sea in a pint-pot?"

Nivana is the uncreated, the ineffable, the immortal; the place of repose and bliss, where embodiments cease; the other shore, beyond the power of death, where men become thoughtful, guileless, and free from all perturbing desires. There the passions are tranquilized; selfish desires are tamed, and there come the active experiences of living virtues and powers that triumph over selfishness and the senses. *Nivana* is endless; the eye cannot see it, nor the mind fully conceive it. It is every way glorious. In *nivana* there is neither earth nor water, fire nor air, small nor great, good nor evil. Consciousness is extinguished, but invisible spiritual life remains.

TO THE PUBLIC.

28 Brunswick Street, Liverpool, England,
Temporary office, 315 California street, San Francisco, Dec. 1st, 1873.

Having retired to-day from the firms of Messrs. Robert Rodgers & Co., of Liverpool, and Messrs. Rodgers, Meyer & Co., of San Francisco (California), and Portland (Oregon), we shall henceforward, in conjunction with Mr. Bernhard Von Ammon, continue to carry on business in Liverpool and San Francisco, California, as Commission and Shipping Merchants, under the style, at both places, of Rodgers, Caspari & Co. The interests of our houses in Liverpool and San Francisco will be identical. Mr. Harold Holderness will have a share in our business, and will sign our firm per procuration. Soliciting a continuance of your valued support,

Your obedient servants,
Robert Rodgers,
Otto Caspari.

Bankers: The Liverpool Commercial Bank (Limited), Liverpool. The London and San Francisco Bank (Limited), San Francisco. London Office, 22 Old Broad street, E. C.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

The production of the precious metals on the Pacific Coast for the past year has exceeded in value any of its predecessors by millions of dollars. See Valentine's report for Wells Fargo & Co. The wheat crop has exceeded in value its predecessors by millions of dollars. See Friedlander's circular. The wool clip has been unexampled in amount. See Grisar & Co.'s annual letter. The White House receipts for the past year were double those of any other year, and so it is that one prosperity begets another. The greater development of the mines creates immigration and entices capital. That increased wealth, human and metallic, causes our grain, our wool, and our wine to increase, whereby riches accumulate and very naturally the happy possessors go to the White House for their supplies, whether domestic, ornamental, rich, useful, or of fantasy. Whether for morning dress or evening dress, whether for the night or for the day, for fine weather or for wet weather, for cold weather or for hot weather, for the sadness of mourning or the joy of the wedding, for birth or for death, all is to be found at the White House.

In re disjecta membra, in the case of scattered limbs, which is now going on at the California Theater, it is very funny to individualize the ballet as each passes in front of the lime light. They all seem to be afflicted with over-much *patella*, which, we believe, is the correct term for knee-cap, and immobility of shoulder joint. The way in which one tall girl flops about her hands, fin-fashion, is the best thing in the play. And as for Miss Sophie Remelsberg, can we credit the report that her next costume is to be limited to that article of attire which the Trustees of the Art Association made such wholesale use of recently! *Nous verrons.* We shall see, we we shall see, although, by the bye, what we don't see now isn't so very much!

PARTING.

Why must we meet thus, after many years?
As we once parted we must part again;
Yours was the choice, dark though our doom appears.
As you once made it, so it must remain.

Can I forgive you? Well, you know I can,
Though you had met to curse me, not to bless;
O, woman, learn to know the love of man
Surpasses yours at each an hour as this.

Let those who urged you in their selfish greed
To mate with one whom you can never love
Bear my just hatred, but in thought and deed
My love for you must ever steadfast prove.

O, my lost darling, let me feel your breath
About my lips as in the golden time;
There was no shame, there was no bitter death
I would have shrunk from, but to call you mine.

And this I told you, but you heard me not;
You wished for riches—he was rich, I poor;
Now, though you love me, I have love forgot,
I—I have conquered—we can meet no more.

AN EVIL AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

However deplorable, from a humanitarian point of view, the famine with which British India is at present threatened, and the death from starvation of millions of our fellow creatures cannot be otherwise than shocking to our feelings, we may have the grim consolation of being assured that this event is merely one of the necessary and inevitable checks provided in the system of Nature to prevent over-population. As long as the human race has existed on this planet, the three checks of war, famine and pestilence, have operated towards this end whenever needed, and despite any amount of philanthropy, they will operate in this way for all time. On the principle that "Prevention is better than cure," the population of many countries is kept below redundancy by means of infanticide, and other little social arrangements. China and France are both striking examples of this in different ways. It must be admitted, however, that to "marry and bring up a family" would seem to be most natural for every man and woman, and most conducive to happiness. We have also read somewhere of a divine injunction to "increase and multiply and replenish the earth." Unfortunately the command is an impracticable one, and by the vast majority of mankind cannot be obeyed, the area of this globe of ours being limited, and the food supply more limited still. It requires but a slight reference to figures to make good this statement. The English-speaking races, wherever they are settled, are doubling their numbers within the space of fifty years, and there is in no part of the world to be found any people who, apart from outside circumstances, are incapable, physically speaking, of doubling every hundred years. Taking, then, the present population of the earth at one thousand millions, the doubling process every hundred years would give us in the year 2874 the startling total of *ten hundred and twenty-four thousand millions.*' With this rate of increase, it is probable that before the year of grace in question, all classes of society would have become pretty well accustomed to the taste of human flesh, and *sirloin* would be a more appropriate name for a dinner dish than it is at present. It seems reasonable to believe that in course of time the world must become over-peopled, for a hundred, or even a thousand, years is a remarkably brief period in its history, and the tendency of civilization, on the whole, is undoubtedly to foster the increase of population, and to diminish the action of the checks we have referred to. No doubt, if this over-population occurs, there will be a remedy provided by Nature, but the cure will be a somewhat violent one, and quite as disagreeable to think of as the Indian famine. The moral of this is, that too many men and women is as much a thing to be deprecated as too many birds of prey, too many rats, too many weeds, or too many newspapers, and however barbarous the idea may seem, it is nevertheless a just one, that the wholesale destruction of human life, now and then, should be looked upon not so much with regret as with resignation to a necessary action of Nature in the Economy of the Universe.

Mrs. Osgood, a Boston poetess, says:—

"Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas! we 'ship a sea,'
Sometimes we 'see a ship.'"

Muscular Christianity is not appreciated in Kansas. A Methodist minister trounced three big fellows who disturbed the congregation and the society raised his salary only fifty dollars. We submit that it is a sheer waste of force to hammer the pulpit of a church that won't pay more than fifty dollars for three lickings.

THE GREEDY GRANGERS.

The "Grangers" are coming to the front with the manifest intention of ruling the roost. The Grangers evidently mean to have things their own way. Henceforth the Government—both National and State—is to be run upon agrarian and communistic principles. All monopolists, aristocrats and bloated bondholders—in short, all the possessors of capital—are to be persecuted and harrassed by adverse legislation, and the Grangers are to boss the job. The time seems to have come predicted by Macaulay, when he said, "As to the case of the United States, I appeal to the twentieth century." The masses have come to understand the power of a needy majority to oppress a wealthy minority under "free institutions," and they mean to use it. They perceive that they can control legislation, and make it an instrument of spoliation and robbery. They perceive this, and it has become plain enough that they have prepared an organized attack upon the rights of property. The political power they wield is sufficient to give them influence with politicians and Legislatures. All this comes naturally and legitimately of universal suffrage. If a hungry man can vote himself a dinner, or a landless man a farm, or a beggar a fortune, at the expense of the rich and prosperous, won't he be likely to do it? That was what Macaulay meant by his appeal to the twentieth century. The Grangers are going to work practically and systematically before the present Legislature at Sacramento. Their demands for new and special legislation are not obtrusively conspicuous for their modesty. They insist upon such a scale of taxation as will compel the large land-owners to sell out their ranches at any price they can get, or give them away. They want a system of irrigation which will give the farmers plenty of water and cost them nothing. They want an abolition of the duty on burlaps and gunny sacks. They want railroad freights reduced to such an extent as will enable them to send their grain to market at the expense of the monopolists. They demand that San Francisco shall be made a free port. They want the rate of interest reduced so that the farmers can get all the money they want at five per cent. per annum, without security. Finally, they demand that the State University shall "extend its usefulness" by transforming itself into an institution for training young blacksmiths, carpenters, farmers and shoemakers to a high state of efficiency in their several avocations. Such are a few of the preliminary demands of the modest Grangers. But this is only the beginning of the campaign. By-and-bye they will frankly show their hands. Meantime the men of property had better prepare to emigrate to some less favored clime, where the great blessing of universal suffrage is unknown, and the howl of the Granger has not been heard.

GONE!

As, one by one, the Californians of the earlier era pass away to the silent land, a feeling of sadness comes o'er us. We begin to realize that we, too, must soon vacate the place we now fill, and that younger men will assume our duties, and perform them perhaps better than we have ever done, so that no one shall miss us. What a blow it is to complacency and egotism, to the conceit of superior powers, to the silliness of self-admiration to see that no man, however great or useful, leaves a vacant place that some one cannot be found to fill. But these are trite reflections. Let us come to the melancholy fact which it is our duty to record. On Thursday evening, at 6 o'clock, Colonel John Middleton, an old and distinguished citizen of San Francisco, died at the Grand Hotel. On the night of the 22d of December, Colonel Middleton had a paralytic shock, which came without warning or premonition, and left him speechless and without the power to move a muscle. In this sad condition he remained until the hour of his death, all the resources of medical skill having failed to afford any relief. Col. Middleton was a representative Californian, a man full of energy and enterprise, and abounding in ready resources. He was born in Philadelphia, and came to San Francisco in 1849, when he set up his tent upon a sand-hill near the present site of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Office. In 1852 he built the Union Hotel, on the corner of Kearny and Merchant streets. This was the first hotel of any pretensions erected in San Francisco. Colonel Middleton has filled many positions of honor and trust, and in every instance with ability an efficiency. He was a member of the first Board of Aldermen of San Francisco; he was subsequently a member of the State Legislature, in which capacity he evinced great zeal for the public welfare, and more than ordinary aptitude for the practical business of legislation. He was an active member of the Society of California Pioneers, and also of the Masonic Order. Taken all in all, he was a man of the best type produced under the influences of our American institutions—a man whose life and character furnish an argument in favor of the political system under which he was developed. His funeral will take place to-morrow at 2 P. M., from Calvary Church.

A little boy was recently presented with a toy trumpet, to which he became greatly attached. One night, when he was about to be put in his "little bed," and was ready to say his prayers, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother, saying, "Here gran'ma, you blow while I pray."

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

Capt. Surmont, late of the *Ville du Havre*, has been transferred to the command of the *Ville de Paris*, another vessel of the French Transatlantic Company.——The London *Standard* has intelligence from the Gold Coast that the British forces will enter Ashantee territory on the 15th of this month.——Arrived at London, ships *River Lune* and *Undaunted*, from San Francisco. At Queenstown, ship *British Empire* and bark *Florence*, from San Francisco.——Carlotta Bettini, the Italian revolutionist, has just died at the age of sixty-one.——Rachel, the French actress is said never to have received a higher salary than $7,200 per annum.——M. Guizot is said to have recently declined the post of Ambassador to London, on account of the literary tasks he has in hand.——The disarming the militia of Madrid is going on quietly.——Joaquin Miller called at the London *Times'* office to have a chat, and grew highly indignant when they sent him to the basement to chat with the engineer.——There has been a notable mortality among members of the Canadian Senate. Blake of Ontario, Leslie of Quebec, Steeves of New Brunswick, and Locke of Nova Scotia have died within a few days.——A meeting is to be held in London on the 15th inst., to express sympathy with the German Government in its contest with the Catholic Church.——The Duchess of Aosta—the wife of Amadeus, late of Spain—is very ill. When she left Madrid in haste, she was, in traveling across Spain, exposed to the cold January weather, and the seeds of consumption were sown, which, it is feared, will prove fatal to her.——The Bank of England rate is now four per cent.——Kaiser Wilhelm is rapidly improving in health.——Another powder magazine exploded in Cartagena on Wednesday.——The Province of Valencia has been declared in a state of siege.——The Spanish Generals Hidalgo and Repoli have been placed under arrest.——Castelar has received overtures from Figueras, Salmeron and Pioy Marzal, asking him to co-operate with them in reorganizing the Government.——A *Herald* special from Key West says Manuel Quesada has arrived. He believes the prospects of Cuba brighter than ever, and declares that nothing short of independence will be accepted.——Señor Ruiz, Spanish Minister of the Interior, has issued a circular to the provincial authorities. It is stated that the principal object of the Government is to re-establish order, and show its compatibility with the Republic and Liberty. To secure this object it will employ the most energetic measures.——Arrived, at Liverpool on Wednesday, ship *Glad Tidings*, from San Francisco.

JAW.

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

W. A. Piper is a well-known capitalist of this city. Piper is supposed to be worth about a million and a half of dollars. He was fined on Tuesday last in the sum of $5, by Judge Dwinelle, for not being on hand in time as a juryman. Piper remonstrated, protested, and pleaded with the inexorable Judge, but all in vain. He had to pay that five dollars, and that made him unhappy. Feeling unhappy, he also felt billious and combative. He spoiled for a fight. The next day he went out on Montgomery street and met Nat. Broughton, the King of the Lobby, with whom he had had an unpleasantness two years ago. Nat. thought that Time had healed the wound, and courteously addressed the great capitalist. The great capitalist resented this as an affront, and called Nat. a scoundrel, whereupon Nat. slapped the face of the great capitalist. Then the great capitalist snatched an axe from the cart of a vendor of wood, who was passing by that way, and went after Nat. The King of the Lobby, not liking that style of doing business, hastened to get out of the way. Both parties are in the enjoyment of their usual health. At last advices everything was serene.

A Word for Manzanillo.—We have before us a copy of *The Two Republics*, a newspaper published in English in the City of Mexico, from which we gather the following facts: The port of Manzanillo is situated about midway between Acapulco and Mazatlan; is one of the best and safest in the world; can harbor the largest fleets; has no bar to impede the entrance, and can boast that there is not a single shipwreck on record as having occurred there. In the twenty odd years that the Pacific Mail Company's steamers have been touching there, not once have they been detained a moment on account of bad weather, either entering or going out.

ART NOTES.

A sub-committee is preparing the necessary rules and regulations for the new School of Design, which will be opened, in all probability, early in February. The Art collection will remain on view till the end of this month, and we understand that an extra reception may be given at its termination. The dues, etc., required from students will be published shortly. Some members think that they were at first fixed a little too high, but altogether the arrangements so far made by the committee and Board of Directors give great satisfaction. The Committee on School of Design consists of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Bosqui, Mezzara, Avery, Shaw, Williams, Hill, and Wandesforde, all either artists or connoisseurs in art. A considerable amount of the material necessary for the establishment of the school has been already purchased or ordered, and furthermore, the Art Association has set up a handsome stove, which runs quite fluently!

The Graphic Club, an offshoot of the Art Association, is doing good service, and developing some of our artists' latent abilities. A week ago, Frost's night came round, that artist choosing "Heroism" for the subject. Irwin sketched some children bravely charging a flock of geese; Van de Casteele, a fireman rescuing a lady from the devouring flames; Sajous, a sailor aloft in a storm; Godart, a child who had tumbled overboard being saved from a shark, and so on. Hill sketched in crayon another rescue from the watery element, and made a complete little picture out of it; Hahn drew with wonderful facility a dog "bearding" a bear who had laid out two other dogs—whose days, in fact, were done; Narjot limned a couple of soldiers, guarding a standard on the battle-field, and made a masterly little study, worthy of being painted or engraved, and C. L. Bugbee drew a group of children "playing soldiers," with all the crisp "touch" and go of a veteran sketcher. Humphrey contributed a hen, who was not chicken-hearted, defending her chicks from an elephant; Frost sketched Hero and Leander, and Bush represented Moll Pitcher pitching in and sponging out the cannon, under which lies the body of her husband. We cannot regularly chronicle the meetings of this society, which assembles weekly for sketching purposes, but have indicated enough to show that it is a live little institution. Amateurs are eligible to membership.

In the upper story of Duncan's building on California street there are now four artists hard at work, making in fact quite a little colony. Hill has a fine composition in hand, a villa with terraced walks and shady groves on the borders of an Italian lake. Williams is putting the finishing touches to his "Roman Harvest." Bloomer is making a pleasant picture of Lake Hoffman, and Scott Tidball is busy on some of those admirable crayon portraits for which he is celebrated. We never go into Marple's gallery, over Tucker's building, without finding something new and good. He has added a water and land-scape, a scene in the Bois de Boulogne by Pina of Paris, which is full of freshness and cool natural painting. Note also, the lady playing with a child, by E. Meyer, a Belgian artist, a cabinet work with rich color and careful detail. Also, "ladies playing cards" by Gaiser of Munich, and a domestic scene by Spelpdoren. Marple himself has nearly completed a fine "upright" of Donner Lake by Moonlight, a masterly and effective work.

In a studio immediately adjoining the Art Association, R. J. Bush & Co. exhibit some genuine bronzes, selected from the leading studios of Paris, and embracing works by Ferdinand Pautrot, C. J. Lévy, C. Pickard, H. Houdebine, Cagneau et fils, and A. Lemaire; also by Castner, of Berlin. They include statuettes, busts, vases, clocks, groups of birds, etc., and are so far above the average of such importations that we feel compelled to mention them. We remarked particularly the statuette of a Bacchante: a beautiful clock with female figure, the whole constructed of *mixed* bronzes, and the life-like studies of pheasants, quails, sparrows, etc. This firm offers to import on commission any works selected from their numerous portfolios of photographs (from European bronzes and marbles), and have special facilities for so doing.

CHRONOLOGY OF ENGLAND'S CROWN.

Two Williams, Henry, Stephen, Henry, Dick.
John, Hal, three Edwards, Richard, three Hals quick.
Two Edwards, Dick, two Harrys, and a Ned,
Mary, Bess, James, and Charles, who lost his head,
Charles, James, Will, Ann, four Georges, and a Will,
And Queen Victoria, who is reigning still.

A Pennsylvania clergyman has made a hit by introducing "personals" in his prayers. For instance: "Lord, have mercy on John Shanahan, who keeps a saloon near the old red bridge. Either lay him on a bed of sickness or have him removed from this town."

Here is the latest description of a kiss, floating about without credit:—'Twas night. A real warm couple stood in the cool, pale moonbeams. Their lips touched, and there was a sound like a cow hauling her hoof out of the mud.

THE AUSTRALIAN MAIL VIA SUEZ.

The Government of Victoria has arranged with the P. & O. S. N. Co. for the conveyance of the Australian mails between Melbourne and London, via Suez, for the annual sum of £85,000, and instead of inviting the other colonies to share the subsidy, has offered to convey their letters between Melbourne and London at the same rates as those charged for their own letters. Thus, Victoria undertakes the entire responsibility, and gives to the other colonies the same advantages which she herself derives from the contract. The *Australasian* expresses satisfaction at this determination of the Government, notices a similar proposition from Mr. Parker, of N. S. W., for the service via California, discusses the profit and loss account in the event of the latter service proving a success, and remarks: "There is nothing which could have caused deeper regret than the existence of any ill feeling between us and any of the neighboring colonies. We have always looked forward to the day when the separate individuality of all these colonies shall be merged in one great Australian Dominion. The result of this postal contract, which at one time seemed likely to cause disunion, now promises better things. The dispute between the two colonies is really an honorable rivalry for pre-eminence; neither of them seek, in any way, to use its position for any selfish advantage."

SUNBEAMS.

Some Mistake.—There must be some mistake in this last extract. It is altogether too high a compliment to be deserved by any merely human being:

An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid;
And what's so strange, the neighbors tell us,
He brought back borrowed umbrellas.

Miss Toothaker applies for a position as teacher in the School Department. We cheerfully commend the lady to the careful consideration of the Board. We do not know what may be the feelings of the rising generation with regard to the possessor of this comfortable cognomen; but, in our time, we would have cordially welcomed even a toothaker to break the dead monotony by letting our other ache off duty for awhile.

The ever correct Bulletin announces a performance for the benefit of the late Harrison Chick. The natural warmth of our heart always leads us to sympathize with these charitable movements, but in the present instance our ardor is considerably damped by our uncertainty as to the beneficiary's whereabouts and the difficulty of obtaining his present address.

E. B. McCord is the honest hackman who returned a $20 gold piece, given him in mistake. *Mirabile dictu*, there is one honest man in San Francisco outside the *News Letter* office.

The proprietor of a young ladies' academy in Illinois has utterly ruined his business by causing to be inserted in a large number of papers a picture of the building, with girls standing on the balcony with last year's hats on their heads.

A photographer in Boston has been astonished by a young woman who came to ask, meekly and innocently, "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

The following is from a tombstone in an Arbroath churchyard:—"Here lie the bodies of John, William, Robert, and David Rue, who all died in hope of a glorious resurrection excepting David."

A young editor, who has just gone into business in the West, boasts that his paper *augers well*. We hope and believe he does not believe it is a great *bore*.

Christmas is frequently written Xmas. With some the word has the appearance of XX and even XXX-mas.

An Illinois paper says there is a man in its neighborhood so dirty that the Assessor puts him down as real estate.

The new Sultan of Morocco is stated to have dissolved his father's harem, composed of 1,000 members. There's filial gratitude for you!

Nebraska has established 50 papers during the last year. This isn't all—she has killed 54.

A Missouri woman turned her husband upside down in the milk churn the other day because he swore at her mother. He respects his mother-in-law now.

A Brussels correspondent reports a considerable fall in the price of cattle in Belgium.

Song of the Seeds.—"Put me in my little bed."

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Friday, November 21st.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Arthur O'Brien to John R Morton	Se Clary ne 6th, ne 16:10x75	$ 1
Margaret O'Brien to Same	Same, subject to mortgage	5
Johnson Metstedt to Geo Williams	Sw 8th se Folsom, 25x75	4,100
E B Perrin to R L Tracey	Lots 11, 12, 13, 36 to 42 inclusive block 1204, Felton Tract Hd	5
M C Axberg to John T Boyd	N Clay e Leavenworth, 45x57:6	200
E W Burr to Olive Palmer	Ne 2d 236:3 nw Harrison, nw 38:9x025:6 being subdiv 100-v 66	....
Thos Martin to John Devlin	N Jackson, 80 e Hyde, 20x68:6	1,300
Geo K Porter to Harriet Wilson	N Ridley, 239:6 w Mission, w 40, e 109:4, e 45:1, s 116 to commencement	1
J Harrington to Catherine Finegan	Sw Julia, 23 se Minna, se 23x50—subdiv 100-v 281	1,800
Robt R Givens to Wm Chapman	Lot 5 blk 95, Columbia Hd	300
Wm H Chapman to Robt R Givens	Undiv ½ n Clay, 80 w Mason, 29:6x122	2,500
J L King to C McLaughlin	Sundry Gift Map lots in south part city	6,000
Same to same	Lots 891 and 893, Gift Map 2	1,000
Mary Rily to Geo H Moore	N cor Washington and Spear, nw etc	100
Ellen Lynch to same	Same	100
F W Van Reynegom to J H Bundy	E portion lot 103 blk 165, Cen Park Hd	500

Saturday, November 22d.

M Kelde to Rudolph Armstrong	E Hampshire, 225 s 22d, s 25x100	$ 375
E M Dewey to Marianna A Wills	Lots 1959 and 1973, Gift Map 4	150
Jean Trenis by Jean Lacheaux	E Pollard Pl 117:6 n Vallejo, n 20x58:6	975
City and County S F to M T Divine	Ne Scott and Pacific Ave, 137:6x275	....
J H Blood to Julia H Van Reed	W cor 5th and Howard, nw 30, etc	Gift
R M Sherman to Thos Noble et al	N Tyler, 137:6 w Webster: 137:6x68:9	4,305
Walter H Cook to Samuel Williams	W Avery, 100 s Post, 26x94:6	400
Robt H Pearson to E T Crane	S Clay, 100 e Davis, e 25x119:6	10,000
John Shanahan to L Kane	Se Mission, sw 11th, etc	2,600
Samuel Williams to B P Avery	W Avery, 75 s Post, s 25x94:6	400
Gottlieb Hainsch to Chas Kornfeld	Lots 39 to 44 inclusive Precita Val Lands	860
W E Darby to G H Winterburn	Sw Priest and Washington, 21:3x57:6	300
Geo F Norton to Eliz Brown	S Lombard, 81 e Gough, e 107, s 27¾ deg e 70:6, s 68¼ deg, w 81:3, n 76 deg, w 60, n 56 to commencement	1,000
T P Riordan to Chas J Mosley	E Nebraska, 200 n Nevada, n 66:8x100—sub P N 109	2,330

Monday, November 24th.

C P Geritchten to A Fenkhausen	E Fillmore, 96 s Waller, s 24x81:3—sub W A 294	$ 5
John Satterlee to Theo B Lyman	Sundry Lots W A	5
Theo B Lyman to Robert C Downs	Ne Clay and Gough, n 127:8¾x137:6	15,000
John Pforr to H S Hawxhurst	Se Jessie, 225 sw 4th, sw 25x70—sub 100 v 131, subject to mortgage for $2,500	4,500
William Howe to Mary Howe	Ne Bush and Mason, e 30x60	Gift
Geo Crook to John W Pearson	E 6th, 225 s Harrison, s 50x160, subj to mortgage for $8,000	30,000
John Parrott to Louise Hardie	S Brown, 137:6 w Folsom, w 137:6x275—subdivision M B 16	15,000
Noah W Barker to Jos M English	S cor Market and 10th, sw 272:6x195—subdivision M B 5	1
John W Shaw to Thomas Bell	W Howard, 260 s 17th, w 245x260	2,150
D Hollingsworth to W C Chapman	Lots 4, 5, and 6, Sec 36, Tp 2 S, R 6 W, containing 56:7-100 acres	2,000
Jas Munson to Amos Mecartney	S Washn, 46 w Dupont, w 11:3x45:6	2,800
Wm Thurnauer to James C Weir	S Post, 137:6 w Polk, w 27:6x120—sub W A 59	4,500
Alex H Reid to George Babcock	N Sacto, 100 w Drumm, w 25x119:6	9,000

Tuesday, November 25th.

George Babcock to Henry Gould..	Und ½, n Sacto, 100 w Drumm, w 25x 119.6	$4,500
Isaac N Thorne to Richard Tobin.	Und ½, nw cor of land claimed by the late John Clyne	375
Annie V R Wells to Same	Same	750
Alexander Wells to Same	Same	1
R Wilson to John Hein	Sundry Lots in W A	500
Jos W Wister to Hetty W Hall	Ne Stanley Pl, 100 nw Bryant, nw 150 x ne 112:6—sub 100 v 89	600
City & Co San Fco to E Bonnaffon	Portion O L blks 72, 73, 88, 89, 90	
Water Front L Co to G Tommasini	Ne 6th Ave and J, e 25x100	750
Samuel Gilmore to Donald McNeil	Sw 28th Ave, 125 se K, se 25x100	380
Same to James Foley	Sw 28th Ave, 150 se K, se 25x100	360
J C Flood to James G Fair	Nw Montgomery and Pine, n 125x137:6 50 v 273	107750
Wm C Ralston to Richard Cotter..	S 8th Ave, 150 w C, w 25 x 100—sub blk 156, S S F Hd and R R Assn	500
Marie L Gaut to Gustave Dussol ..	Und ½, se Hayes and Buchanan, s 50 varas x e 50 varas—sub W A 221	5,000
Samuel H Harmon to O G Palmer.	Nw l 100 v lot 66, 40 sw fr ne cor of said lot, thence se 137:6 x sw 42:6	5
Chas C Butler to Wm K Van Alen	S Clay, 225:11 e Central Ave, e 25x127:8¾ —sub W A 623	500
Same to Charles H Crowell	S Clay, 200:11 e Central Ave, e 25x127:8¾ —sub W A 623	525
Frank H Woods to Geo L Bradley.	Se O'Farrell and Scott, e 137:6 x 137:6—subdivision W A 430	5,000
Richard Tobin to John Tobin	Sundry Lots W A	Gift.
Water Front L Co to John Krusel	S 5th Ave, 50 e J, e 25x100—sub blk, S S F Survey	750
A L Warner to Charles Holland	Lot 5, blk 235, S S F Hd and R R Assn.	1,500

Wednesday, November 26th.

P H Canavan to L L Robinson	S Washn, 15 e 1st Ave, e 175, s 28, nw 120 to com	$ 250
Michael Donnelly to H J Moore	S Minna, 490 sw 3d, sw 20x70—sub 100 v 16	550
James L King to Same	Same	15
Henry J Moore to Terrence Clark..	Same	2,600
Paul Tract Hd to H J Meyn	Lot 3, blk 25, Paul Tract Hd	500
J C Wein to Hung On Tong	Com 30 e from sw cor of brick Building on se cor of Jackson and Washn Alley, thence e 3x80	1,000
Masonic Sav and L Bk to M Kelly	Nw Jessie, 105 sw 6th, sw 25x75	4,400
Mary J Gerberding to D Sheehan..	W Bartlett, 255:8 2d, s 25x125	1,000
Geo H Behrens to Julius George ..	Se Clary, 73 ne 6th, ne 65:6, se 80, sw 62:6, nw 53:3, sw 3, nw 26:9—sub 100 v 216; also, lot on Sonora, Tuolumne Co	Gift
H Pfaff to Anna Pfaff	Sw Stockton and Card's Alley, s 31x65	Gift
V Guerrero to Sav and Loan Soc..	E Dolores, 139.4 n Center, e 207.10, n 14 deg 5 min, w 92, s 79 deg 45 min, etc	2,000
A Guerrero to Same	Same	2,200
Charles Fitel to Same	Nw Heron, 125 ne 8th, ne 20x69—sub 100 v 276	1,400
Thos Douglass to E A Bancroft	N Harlan Pl, 206:3 w Dupont, w 22:11 x 63—sub 50 v 294	$1,800
John Wieland to William Campe..	S Jackson, 30 e Dupont, e 40 x 48	15,200

Friday, November 28th.

A D Splivalo to Jane Glover	N Vallejo, 110 e Kearny, e 27:6x68:9—sub 50 v 218	$1,750
Wm Connors to Abraham Hughes.	W Hampshire, 107:6 n Santa Clara, n 25x 100	250
Masonic Cem'y Asn to J McKenzie	Lot 58 and portion lot 60, Sec 28 Masonic Cemetery	108
Jas R Kelly to Zador Einstein	S Hayes, 100 e Van Ness, e 136x155—sub W A 69	20,750
Cal B & L Soc'y to Same	Same	
B J Shay to Same	Same	
Fred H Jones to Jas McHaffie	W Fair Oaks, 274 n 25th, n 31x117:6, subj to mortgage for $2,000	3,200
Mary Goodman to Fred'k Hall	Lot 3, in blk 218, W A—sw Haight and Buchanan, 137:6x137:6	5,000
Wm G Weir to Jas R Kelly	S Hayes, 100 e Van Ness Ave, e 136x155.	22,000
Laurel Hill Cem'y A'n to A Grimm	Lot 2,054, Laurel Hill Cemetery	1,340
P G Partridge to Peter Kelly	S Fell, 220 e Octavia, e 27:6x120—sub W A 147	3,050

Saturday, November 29th.

J H Applegate to J Satterlee	Sw Franklin and Vallejo, w 137:6x137:6—sub W A 119	$ 40
W C Talbot to A J Pope	Und 1-6, n Mission, 275 w 7th, w 100, n 165, e 95, etc	1
Martin Ryan to Mary McDevitt	Nw Clementina, 525 sw 5th, sw 25x75—100 v 205	2,125
W C Talbot to A J Pope	Und 1-6, n cor Mission and 7th, ne 275 x nw 275	1
Same to Same	Und 1-6, e Stewart, 91:8 n Howard, n 45:10x137:6	1
Same to Same	Und 1-6, ne Stewart, 229:2 nw Howard, nw 45:10x137:6	1
Same to Same	Und 1-6, se 3d and King, se 275x137:6	1
Same to Same	Und 1-12, B and W lot 655	1
R R Ryan to Edw Sweeney	E Valencia, 80 s Ridley, s 75 x e 80—sub M B 27	....
I Lankershim to H P W Davis	Ne Franklin and Pine, n 137:6x137:6—W A 87	13,500
S Lowenberg to Jacob Cohen	N Turk, 87:6 e Leavenworth, e 25x137:6	3,000
R D Magee to D Swannack	S Hayes, 45 e Fillmore, e 22:6x70—sub W A 299	900
Bay View H'd As'n to J C Peters	Lot 5, blk 487, Bay View Hd	500
John Thompson to Rob't Murdoch	Lots 1473 and 1474, Gift Map 3	1
H G Shanke to City and Co S F	Sw cor Jackson and Maiden Lane, w 21, s 64:8, se 4:3½, e 18:3, n 68	9,256
L Hutchings to D F Hutchings	E Leavth, 70 n Jackson, n 22:6x70—sub 50 v 891	5
B F Bohen to A R Neustadt	S Sacto, 272:6 w Larkin, w 30x118—sub W A 16	2,600
A J Gladding to E D Neustadt	S Sacto, 80 e Polk, e 60x118—sub W A 16	5
Jas Ryan to C A Spaulding	N Bdway, 68:9 e Mason, e 34:4½x137:6—sub 50 v 332	643
W J Richardson to Eliza Bunner	W Webster, 62:6 s Ellis, 25x87:6—sub W A 306	2,000
H G Shanke to Chas Suckow	Com at inter of Montg Ave and Gibb, nw 4:31-100, s 3:31-100, thence 2:76-100	50
J F Pinkham to F W Pinkham	Lot 304, Gift Map 1	100
W H Lyon to T B Kent	Se Jessie, 342:6 ir s cor Jessie and 2d, sw 40x68—subdivision 100 v 9	15,000
Jas Adams to Same	Se Bryant, 116 sw 2d, sw 25x80	531
Same to Same	Se Howard, 85 ne 2, ne 10x165	802
Jas McGregor to Ellen McGregor	Lots 770 and 772, Gift Map 2	Gift
C E P Wood to Same	Same	5

Monday, December 1st.

Silver Terrace H'd As'n to J Cryer	Lots 394 and 395, Silver Terrace Hd	$ 645
F K Mayer to C S Patterson	W Noe, 30 s 15th, s 25x110	700
S E McElrath to Jas Daly	Ne ¼ of Sec 27, Tp 2 S, R 6 W	....
Silver Terrace H As'n to W Holtz	Lot 464, Silver Terrace Hd	515
Same to Same	Lots 459, 460 and 461, Silver Terrace Hd	1,202
Henry Pellatier to W O Weissich	Sw Stewart, 120 nw Mission, nw 20x91:8—sub B and W lots 624, 642 and 643	5
L H Wakefield to Henry Henkel	S Fell, 137:6 e Webster, e 55x120—sub W A 287	3,500
Thos Magee to C Kleinclaus	E Howard 40 s 20th, s 25x122:6—sub M B 56	1,450
A G Abell to Masonic Hall As'n	Nw Montgomery and Post, n 160x75	5
W F Land Co to P G Partridge	S 5th Ave, 25 e J, e 25x100—sub blk 100, S S F	750
D F McDonald to C J Collins	5 acres, portion McDonald Ranch	2,500
Timothy Foley to P G Partridge	Nw 15th Ave, 175 ne K, nw 50x100	1,500
E Noah Parr to Eugene Avy	S Chestnut, at ne cor of 50 v 536, w 34:⅜ x117:6	1,000
Wm Hollis to John Paul Weber	S Grove, 169 e Webster, e 25x120—sub W A 285	4,800
A Rosenfield to Benjamin Curtaz	S Eddy, 123 e Van Ness Ave, e 68:9x120—subdivision W A 63	9,000
Milo B Tainter to A N Edwards	E Vicksburg, 90 s 23d, s 40x117:6; lot 240, blk 186, Central Park Hd	1,500
Chas Suckow to City and Co S F	S Jackson, 21 w Maiden Lane, w 21:6⅜, s 38:9, se 33:8¾, n 64:8—sub 50 v 68	6,380
Hermann Levy to Jas Dunn	W Powell, 37:6 n John, n 22:6x60—sub 50 v 161	3,200
J M Shotwell to S and L Soc'y	W Capp, 160 s 23d, s 43x122:6	500
N S Arnold to J M Shotwell	Same	191

Tuesday, December 2d.

Mission St Ex H'd Ass'n to S Ross	Lot 419, Mission St Ex Hd	$ 402
Great Park Hd to Geo Barstow	Lots 7 and 22, blk 364, 5 and 20, blk 399, and sundry other lots in Gt Pk Hd	....
Silver Terrace Hd Ass'n to C J Elatt	Lots 471 to 474 inclusive, Silver Terrace Homestead	1,783
Wm Hollis to N R Ellis	W Farren Avenue, 125 s Ellis, s 25 x 90, being subdivison Western Addition 441	2,650
Carl W Hinke to Ferd N M Hinke	Undivided half of se Valencia and 26th street, s 85x125	5
Jas Conroy to Patrick Degan	E Cemetery Ave, 162 n Geary, e 113:6, n 52, w to Cemetery Avenue, s 70 to com being subdivision W A 616	650
Patrick Kenefick to M Gallagher	Sw Decator, 25 se Bryant, se 25x60, being subdiv 100-v 212	662
Charles Vinzent to Church of Christ	Se Minna, 343:9 sw 4th, sw 45x75—sub 100-v 133, subject to a mortgage for	
S P Goodall to Jos S Friedman	$4,000	4,500
	Nw Channel, 366:8 ne of 6th, ne 45:10 x 275	5
Wm D Gocy to Armor McLaughlin	N Francisco, 68:9 w Mason, n 60x22:11, being subdiv 50-v 150	650
John Manahan to James Lough	N Mission, 108 w 1st, w 24x58, being sub of 100-v 1	5,500

Wednesday, December 3d.

Henry P Coon to Byron G Crane	N California 137:6 e Gough, e 68:9x137:6 being subdiv W A 125	$7,500
Same to Everett L Hastings	N California, 206:3 e Gough, e 68:9x137:6 being subdiv W A 125	7,500
Jas O Weir to Adaline A Haskin	S Post, 137:6 w Polk, w 27:6x120, being subdiv W A 59	14,000
L S Thompson to Jno S Drum	S Washington, 88:9 e Battery, e 20x60	4,000
James F Place to L Treadwell	Nw Francisco and Fillmore, e 137:6x120; subdiv W A 328	1
Sil Ter Hd Ass'n to J C McKewen	Lot 147, Silver Terrace Hd	321
Same to same	Lot 443 and 444, Silver Ter Hd	686
Same to same	Lot 110, Silver Ter Hd	316
Felton T t Hd Ass'n to W A Hillery	Lot 41 blk 1201	170
Henry Pierce to Henry Kohler	N Green, 252 w Powell, w 35x63, being subdiv 50-v 366 and 367	3,000
Wm T Coleman to Frank Coen	Lot 5, West End Hd	100
Michel Buer to Chas Sealy	Commencing sw corner B and w lot 725, nw 22.11x62.6	1,800

Thursday, December 4th.

Thomas Kendall Jr to D Witgen	W Mason, 97:6 s Broadway, s 20x137:6	$2,000
E S Swan to D M Henderson	W Arkansas, 275 n Sierra, n 25x100, being subdiv P N 212	720
J C Duncan to A W Robinson	Lots 6 and 7, blk G, R R Hd	130
Geo E Reed to Jos E Butler	W Fillmore, 103 n Sacramento, n 25x118	3 700
Jas Pdache to C J Parsons	Ne Zoe, 125 nw Brannan, nw 75x75	5,000
Chas Geiser to Maria Vorweck	S Greenwich, s 22:6x70, being subdiv 50-vara 472	3,400
Jacob B Moore to C C Moore	Sw 6th and Brannan, w 55x75, being sub 100-v 317	10
A G de Noe to C V de Gonzalez	Undivided one-third, n 16th, 178:8 e Dolores, e 29x140	5
Wm Hollis to Geo Stewart	S Grove, 114 e Webster, e 25x120, being subdiv W A 285	4,800
J K Basford to H A Deming	Lot 45 blk 344, Park Hd	1
Wm J Gunn to Chas S Neal	N Sutter, 222:6 w Franklin, w 27:6x120—subdiv W A 128	3,200

Friday, December 5th.

Henry F Williams to W C Ralston	Sw Hayes and Larkin, w 275, s 137.50 e 102.78, ne 212.24, n 13.45 to commencement, being subdiv W A 1	60,000
H H Haight to Wm Turnbull	Nw Sansome and Gold, n 60x80, being subdiv A and W 88 and 89	1
Chris Reis to J C Weir	E Taylor, 112:6 s Geary, s 25x87.6, being subdiv 50-v 996	2,500
R M Wilson to John Fennessy	E Octavia, 100 s Tyler, s 50x100	2900
Thos McInerney to Cath Miller	E Old San Jose Road, sub lot 393, P Val	510
Sil Ter H'd Ass'n to Cath Strubel	Lots 462 and 463, Silver Ter Hd	891
Chas Mayne to Gustav A Scott	S Grove w Laguna, 25x120	2,000
L Lercari to Guiseppe Spinetta	Und ½ n Francisco e Powell, 22:11x137:6	852
A S Halidie to G Mitchler	N Sacramento w Jones, 12x68:9	270
J Schwendell to Mary A Chaloner	E Kearny s Union, 12:2x60	1,000

Saturday, December 6th.

Edwd B Perrin to Agnes K Willett	Sw Silliman and Holyoke, w 240x460 in blk 36 of University Mound Survey ..	$5,500
Same to same	Ne D street and 26th Ave, n 600x240, O L blk 405	3,000
E A Atwood to Caroline L Atwood	Undivided half w Diamond, 110 n 20th, w 125x120; also, e Eureka, 110 n 20th, e 125x110, separate property	1,300
J B Palmer to Rienzi Hughes	Se Tehama, 255 ne 3d, ne 20x80, being subdiv 100-v 51	1,500
Matilda C Stohr to C R Richardson	S Tyler, 25 e Octavia, 75x100	Gift
F L A Pioche to T C Edwards	Lot 29 blk 25, City Land Ass'n	90
T C Edwards to John H Knarston	Same	90
Edward Martin to Thos Corbett	N Hayes, 31:3 e Buchanan, e 25x72	1,250
Mary Russau to City & Co S F	S Jackson, 64:3 w Maiden Lane, w 10:7, se 16:7, n 12:9	769
Jas McClasson to T B Kent	Se Jessie, 115 sw 2d, sw 22:6x100, being subdiv 100-v 7	10,000
J Bollentine to Rudolph Rickwardt	Se of Jessie, 131 sw 9th, sw 25x70, being subdiv M B 4	1,800
Same to Matilda Caroline Stohr	S Tyler, 25 e Octavia, e 75x100	5,400
Same to Margaret Quinn	E Octavia, 150 s Tyler, s 25x100, being subdiv W A 152	1,450
J H Applegate to Eugene Celle	Block 205, W A, bounded by Tyler, Laguna, McAllister and Octavia	5
Donald Fraser to Thos Bell	Nw Kearney and Cestnut, w 187:8½, n 137:6, e 50:2½, n 137:6, e 137:6, s 275 to commencement, sub 50-v 541 and 542.	15,000
Henry Williams to Chas Hathaway	E Battery, 62 n California, n 31x77:6, being subdiv Beach and Water lots 221 and 222	32,000

Monday, December 8th.

Joseph M Lord to M J Durney	N Pine, 110 w Devisadero, w 27:6x137:6.	$ 860
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to F C Page	Lots 185 and 186, Silver Terrace Hd	791
Peter H Doncks to Annie Bradley	E Dartmouth, 100 n Burrows, n 25x120, being subdivision blk 51, University Mound Survey	400
A M Williams to John J Marks	Sw 3d, 60 nw Everett, nw 20x75	12,000
Walter A S Kidmore to J Traves	N Francisco, 137:6 w Mason, w 22:11 x 60, being 5ubdiv 50-v 1507	1,125
J Traves to Martin Clark	Same	1,125
J Ballentine to Annie Kirkpatrick	Se of Jessie, 156 sw 9th, sw 25x70, being subdiv M B 4	1,100
Thos Gibbons to D Wm Douthitt	E Valencia, 95 s 15th, s 28x100 subdiv M B 35	1,600
R B Irwin to Maurice Dore	Ne Pine and Van Ness Ave, n 103:6—sub W A 55	45,000
W W White to J D Cusheon	Ne San Jose Road and Lizzie, n 70x70:6	5
Stephen B White to same	Same	2,200
J D Cusheon to Mathew Ashe	Same	2,400
Peter Rothermel to J H Marron	S 18th, 105 w Sanchez, w 25x114, being lot 69 City Centre H'd	700
Buena Vis H'd Asn to I H Leszinski	Lot 5 blk 92, Buena Vista H'd	500
Martin Kelly to T B Kent	Se Jessie, 92:6 sw 2d, 22:6x75, being subdivision 100-v 7	8,000

Tuesday, December 9th.

Amelia A Brown to Thos Young	Sw of Sutter and Jones, s 110, w 82:6, n 27:6, e 27:6, n 82, e 55 to commencem't being subdiv 50-v 1087	$ 1
S L Peasley to J F Cochran	Lot 7 blk 233, S S F H'd and R R Ass'n	300
Water Front L'd Co to N Hamilton	N 6th Ave, 125 w of I st, w 25x100, being subdiv blk 100 S San Francisco Survey	750
Fred Putzman to M Rosenbaum	N Tyler, 137:6 e Polk, e 57:6, n 110, nw 58, s 115 to commencement, being subdivision W A 6	14,500
John F King to Irving M Scott	Se Harrison, 73 sw 1st, sw 77, se 120, ne 25, nw 20, ne 52, nw 100 to commencement, being subdivision 100-v 73	5,000
Z Amos to same	Same	1
John G Bray to Geo C Johnson	Same	5
Bd Tide Ld Com to A F Hinchman	Lots 9 to 20 inclusive, blk 394, Tide L'ds	283
Same to same	Lots 1 to 8 inclusive and 20 to 24 inclusive, blk 37, Tide Lands	612
Cyril Williams to Wm B Fox	N 14th, 175:4 e Howard, w 175:4, n 252, e 194:9, s 244:4 to commencement	20,000
Wm B Fox to Henry A Fox	Same; also, property in San Mateo Co..	20,000

Wednesday, December 10th.

Cath Bastian to Philip Heuer	A subdivision of 50-vara 518	$ 300
Conrad Beckman to Wm Nagel	Lots 19, 20 and 21 blk 86, Mis'n View Hd	600
Chas G Shipman to T Bagley	Undivided ⅛ of certain land s Presidio Road and joining land of F M Pixley.	250
David J Mills to Chas N Killey	Ne Union and Fillmore, e 137:6, being a subdiv of W A 323	5,000
John Ross to Jos Ross	S Bush, 137:6 e Stockton, e 45:10x137:6.	6,000
Wm J Cady to Henry E Underwood	W Howard, 173 n 24th, n 60x122:6, being subdiv M B 154	3,000
George K Porter to John Kelly, Jr	Sw cor Valencia and Brosnan, w 120x80 being subdivision M B 26	400
M N Carson to M Gannon	Sw Ritch, 150 se Folsom, se 25x75, being subdiv 100-v 43	4,000
Antoine Borel to John Apel	Se Guerrero and Hill, 27x90, being subdivision M B 71	1,350
John Apel to Jeremiah Dempsey	Same	1,050
Noe Garden Hd Ass'n to P Fuchs	Lot 8, blk 11, Noe Garden H'd	500
Silv Ter Hd Ass'n to E H V Pfister	Lot 159, Silver Terrace H'd	515
Same to same	Lot 60 of same	335
Same to August Von Arx	Lots 5 and 6, same	646
Same to Eugene Bandel	Lots 7 and 8, same	651
J C Weir to C M Plum	E Taylor, 112:6 s Geary, s 25x87:6, being subdiv 50-v 996, subject to mortgage to German Savings and Loan Society	10,000
Chas M Plum to J C Weir	Nw Post and Franklin, w 80x120 subdivision W A 129, subject to mortgage	11,000
Wm B Fox to same	Ne Clay and Front, n 27:6x120; also, s Clay, 171:6½ e Kearny, e 34.4½x119:6.	20,000
Henry A Fox to Wm B Fox	Same; also, n 14th, 175:4, e Howard, w 175:4, n 252, e 194:9, s 544:4 to the commencement; also, property in San Mateo County, portion Burri Burri Ranch	37,500
P H Velbert to Edward P Enright	Se Howard, 469 sw 7th, sw 25x75, being subdiv 100-v 368	3,500

Thursday, December 11th.

Silver Ter Hd Assn to C J Flatt	Lots 100 to 105 inclusive, Sil Terrace Hd	$1,214
H Mahan to Henry A Hedger	W Scott, 25 n Tyler, n 75, w 180, s 25, e 90, s 50, e 90 to commencement, being subdivision W A 451	11,500
J M Van Dyke to Robt Hamilton	Re-record	....
Susan M Riley to John Maloney	Lots 1, 2, 6 and 7, blk 7, and lots 9 and 10 blk 6, Fairmount Tract	1,450
Owen Harrington to Sarah Meehan	Sw Decator, 150 se Bryant, se 25x60, being subdiv 100-v 2 2	750
Jas Ballentine to A P Hotaling	Sw 9th, 175 nw Mission, nw 20, sw 131, se 70, ne 51, nw 50 ne 80 to commencement, being subdiv M B 4	6,600
C J E Fahlstein to Wm Miller	Sundry lots in Excelsior Hd	500
F A Borel to Z Hebert	Nw Tehama, 225 ne 6th, ne 25x75, being subdiv 100-v 219	4,000
Fol'm & How'd P U to E McGlynn	Lots 90 and 91, Folsom and Howard Property Union	2,000
Mission St Ex Hd to M J Jacobs	Lots 397 and 398, Mission St Ex Hd	805
Henry A Cobb to B J Shay	Lots 13 to 36, inc n blk 129; 1 to 12 incln and 27 to 48 incln blk 92, O Neil and Haley Tract	3,500
J D Upton to Harriet G Otis	S Vallejo, 211:6 w Larkin, s 137:6x68:9, being subdiv W A 22	1
Harriet G Otis to Michael Brogan	Same	1,400
Alfred Bannister to D L Randolph	Ne Bush and Jones, n 127 6x60, subdiv 50-v 1071, subject to mortg for $12,000.	11,000

Friday, December 12th.

Univ Ex Hd Ass'n to T Askwith	Lots 3 and 4, blk 152, University Ex Hd	$ 800
Noe Gard Hd U'n to W R Cooper	Lot 20 blk 1, Noe Garden H d	500
H S Gates to Wm Worthington	Se cor B St and West 31st, e 60x169:1	46
E O Andrews to Geo Stockton	Sw 15th Ave, 337:6 nw K st, nw 37:6 x 100, being subdiv blk 309, S S F Hd	70
Wm M Stockton to same	Sw 15th Ave, 225 se L st, se 37:6x100, being subdiv blk 309, S S F Hd	500
Etienne Derbec to City and Co S F	Commencing 158 w Montgomery, and 9:3 s Jackson, s 63:3, e 50:6 n 2:7, nw 78:11 to commencement	13,587
Bay City Hd Ass'n to Geo T Earle	Lot 70, blk 496, Bay City H'd	301
Wm Doolan to Maurice Maurice	S California, 117:6 w Leavenworth, w 20 s 97:6, e 60, n 40, w 40, n 56:6 to com	3,500
E E Malbec to Wm F Witzemann	Ne Jackson and Drumm, n 60x52	7,000

Saturday, December 13th.

Edward Martin to Chas Mayne....	S Grove, 81:3 e Buchanan, e 50x72, being sudivision W A 222.....	$2,500
John F Pope to Hlb Sav & L'n Soc	E Mason, 53:6 s Broadway, s 84x68:9, being subdiv 50-v 333.....	5
Wm Parker to Mary B Parker. ...	N Washington, 72 e Powell, w 20x60, being subdiv 50-v 118.....	Gift
Robt Hamilton to Alex Wilkie.....	S Minna, 300 e 6th, e 82:6x75, being subdiv 100-v 202, subject to mortgage for $2,500.....	10,500
Andrew C Mathison to T Nelson ..	N Everett, 275 w 3d, w 60x80, being sub 100-v 35.....	7,000
Abner Doble to Shubel H Carlisle.	W Polk 64 s Clay, s 36x82:11.....	3,600
Same to Thos Nelson.....	W Polk, 31 s Clay, s 33x82:11.....	3,300
Same to same.....	N Sacramento, before widened, 137:6 w Larkin, w 137:6x137:6, being subdivision W A 17.....	8,000
John C Haake to S B Peterson....	Sw 17th and Church, s 100x100, being subdivision Mission Block 94	1
B'd Tide L'd Com'rs to I Wormser	Whole of blk 544, Tide Lands	1,161
Same to same.....	Lots 7 to 14 in blk 529 Tide Lands	300
Chas H Sawyer to John O'Kane ..	50-v 6 in W A blk 443: also, lot 2, blk 83, Terminus Hd; also, lot 4, blk 40, Excelsior Hd.....	4,000
Wat F't L'd Co to Est J Fillebrown	N 6th Ave, 250 w I st w 25x100, being a subdiv of blk 100 S S Francisco.....	750
P L Weaver to Moses Ellis.... ...	Undivided half nw Folsom, 137:6 sw of 11th, nw 247:6x72, being subdivision M B 10; also und ⅓, com at a pt 209:6 sw 11th, and 247:6 nw Folsom, sw 11:3 se 247:6, nw 247:6 to commencement..	12,000
Geo S Haskell to J O Rountree, Jr	E Buchanan, 112:6 s Pine, s 25x110, being subdiv W A 234.....	800
E Franklin to H S Dorland.....	Ne Dorland and Church, n 128 e 35, sw 130, w 17 to commencement	902
Hervey Sparks to Edward S Collins	Undivided portion 160 acre tract formerly owned by Joseph Ripley.....	200
F P Belcher to Henry F Kappke..	S Union, 137:6 w Jones, 68x137:6, being subdiv 50-v 870.....	3,000

Monday, December 15th.

R Feurstein to Robert McGinley..	Nw Dolores and 22d, w 125x52	$1,500
August Wally to John Wieland....	E Fillmore, 112:6 n Pine, n 25x100, being subdivision W A 313.....	1,800
K McParlen to Sisters of Mercy ..	Lot 396, Gift Map 1.....	1
Mary Gaharty to same.....	Lots 91, 92, 93, 94, Academy Tract.....	5
Richard Tobin to Elizabeth Evans	Se Silver, 217:8 sw 2d, sw 22:8x75, being subdiv 100-v 87.....	2,050
Jos Hahn to Adam Bootz	Lot 5 blk 13, Mission and 30th St Ex Hd	400
A J Ellis to John Morchio	W Kearny, 63 n Broadway, n 29x90, being subdiv 50-v 42.....	1
Stepen T King to H F Smith.....	Lots 33 and 34, blk 210, Haley & O'Neill Tract	5
Same to L Barris	Lot 4, 30, 31, 32, 35 and 36 in block 210 H & O'Neil	5
L Barris to H F Smith.....	Lots 30, 31, 32, 35 and 36 in block 210, Hale & O'Neill.....	2,600
Wm Hollis to Elizabeth M Kenney	W Octavia, 30 n Bush, n 30x100, subdiv W A 198.....	5,000
Chas N Felton to Maurice Dore....	N Pine, 137:6 w Leavenworth, w 50x137:6, being subdiv 50-vara 1226	7,500
Geo K Porter to Hannah S Crane..	Nw Valencia and 15th, n 65, w 400, s 4 deg w to n line of 15th st, e 400 to com being subdiv M B 29	....
Francis King to Edward King.....	Sw 7th, 225 se Harrison, se 25x80, being subdiv 100-v 255.....	2,000
Maria B Bachelder to N Porter....	Commencing at a point midway bet the e and w lines of 25th Ave, extended n in their present direction 40 ft n of the n line of blks 95, 96, th n 382 x w 310	2,000
Silv Ter Hd Ass'n to J Wustenfeld	Lots 222 and 223, Silver Terrace Hd.....	811
Jos Stoddard to J H Blumenberg..	S Geary, 68:9 e Leavenworth, e 68:9x68:9 being subdiv 50-v 1174.....	500
Paul Tract H'd Ass'n to J Boland.	Lot 3, blk 23, Paul Tract H'd.....	500
A Mecartney to Richard S Floyd..	Ne 1st se Harrison, 34:1x137:6.....	6,500
T P Riordan to Dennis O'Leary...	Se Natoma, 250 ne 11th, 25x75.....	1,450
David Porter to Julia Grady.....	S Clay e Kearny, 24x61:3	1

Tuesday, December 16th.

Hugh Duffy to Tracy Phelps	Lots 271 and 273, Gift Map 1	$ 200
J E Johnson to Wm Hill	E Folsom, 170 s 21st, s 45, e 245, n 30, w 122:6, n 15, w 122:6 to commencement, being M B 54	3,000
J B Palmer to August Dolet	N Pfeiffer, 135 w Dupont, w 20x52:6, being subdiv 50-v 546 and 595	450
John M Fitzgibbons to J Ambrose	E Dolores, 60 s 18th, 29x110, being subdivision M B 78	500
A Depierris to A Depierris	Ne Chestnut and Powell, e 137:6x137:6, 50-v 698; also, s Vallejo, 137:6 w Dupont w 25x137:6, being subdiv 50-v 70	5
Cala Ave Hd Ass'n to H A Deming	Lot 29 blk 90, California Ave H'd	330
H C Carlton to Solomon P Kimball	Ne Fremont, 275 se Folsom, se 30x137:6, being subdiv 50-v 728	5
Claus Spreckles to Michael Lynch	E Dolores, 228 s 17th, s 15x110; also, n Dorland, 245 e Dolores, e 30x45; also, n Dorland, 352 e Dolores, e 45x13	2
Univ Ex H'd Ass'n to H A Deming	Lot 1 blk 40, University Ex Hd	400
Peter Mathews to Julia O'Connor	E Hampshire, 150 s 22d, s 25x100, being subdivision P N 148	300
Julia O'Connor to Margaret J Ryan	Same	400
Robt McGinley to Jos Scheper	Nw Dolores and 22d, w 125 x n 52	1,550
Masonic Cem'y Ass'n to J R Sims	Lot 12, sec 20 in n addition to Masonic Cemetery	102
Lewis P Sage to N Van Bergen	W Battery, 75 S Union, s 25x120, being a subdiv 50-v 571	12,500
D F McDonald to P J Kennedy	5 acres McDonald Tract, commencing 20 chains s and 35 chains w from the centre of sect post No 24 tp 2, s r 6 w, th n 10 chains x e 5	500
Selden S Wright to Ralph Kirkham	Undivided half, nw Harrison, 80 sw 4th, sw 195x160, being subdiv 100-v 174	100
John Hinkel to John R Deardorff	Se 24th and Bartlett, s 100x72, being sub M B 170	3,000
J H Page to J H Moore	Sw Hawthorne, 242 se Folsom, se 33:3 x 112:6, being subdiv 100-v 41	7,175
Wm C Ralston to Wm Harney	E Webster, 96:3 s California, 41:3x81:3	500

Wednesday, December 17th.

Jean Lacheaux to P Soutade	E Pollard Place, 117:6 n Vallejo, 20x58:6, being subdiv 50-v 220	$1,000
E L Sullivan to John E Magee	25x120, subdiv O L 273	400
Wm Warner to Thos Hendry	Lot 6 blk 5, Cosmopolitan Homestead	700
E A Sheldon to Lucy Smith	S Pine, 54:3 w Fillmore, 27x77:6	650
Michael Hayes to Eugene Celle	C F Marwedel to Christ Stallmann Sw Tyler and Octavia, 412:6 x s 6 inches	1
C F Marwedel to Christ Stallmann	Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to D Riordan N Sutter, 68:9 w Buchanan, w 137:6	1,500
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to D Riordan	Same to Katherine Downs Lots 349, 350 and 351, Silver Ter H'd	1,157
Same to Katherine Downs	Lots 252, 353, 354, 368, Silver Terrace Hd	1,578
John Garretson to T M J Dehon	Mining claim in Lander Co, Nev	3,940
Mark M Crowell to Helena Gumpel	Se Sherwood Pl, 255 ne 3d, ne 20x55—sub 100 v 33	5
D F McDonald to Isabella French	1 acre McDonald Tract	1,000
J S McCue to Wm R Sloan	Ne Kate, 105 se Bryant, se 25x50—sub 100 v 212	400
Geo Turner to F G Edwards	E Jones, 40 n Chestnut, n 20x68.3—sub 50 v 708	260
S and L Soc'y to L O de Andrade	Se Guerrero and Elizabeth, s 94:6x93:0¾	3,000

Thursday, December 18th.

Chas J Wingerter to Paul Rousset	50-v 981, at junction of Market, Turk and Mason streets	$ 5
Edward Clarke to H Rosekrans	S Post, 55 w Baker, w 27:6 s 110, w 55, s 27:6, e 137:6, n 27:6, w 55, n 110 to com	1,340
City and County S F to A E Smith	E Mission, 160 s 23d, s 43x122:6, being subdiv M B 154	....
Geo W Oakes to Thos J Oakes	Lot 29 blk 69, Willows Land Association	5
Same to same	Lot 685, Gift Map 2	5
City and County S F to G Blau	E Capp 200 n 24th, n 34:1½, ne 123:7½, s 51.9 inch, w 122:6 to commencement, being subdiv M B 154	....
G Blau to City and County S F	Streets and highways	....
Visita'n Val Hd to F G Cummings	Lot 104, Visitacion Valley Hd	327
J O'Regan to A J Gosch	San Leandro: 9¼ acres	3,667
A J Gladding to Trust's O B of Sav	Oakland: Block L, Peralta H'd Tract	1
R Perrin to C H Pollard	Washington T'p: The A B Forbes place	4,125

Friday, December 19th.

Wm Hurney to Fredk W Pierce	E Webster, 96:3 s California, s 41:3x81:3	$ 500
Bd Tide L Com'rs to B J Broderson	Whole of blk 814, Tide Lands	1,134
A McKay to Wm J Gunn	S Sutter, 225 w Baker, w 25x137:6	300
J Van Dewater to Horatio S Gates	S California, 137:6 w Jones, w 68.9x187:6 being subdiv 50-v 1127	1
J E Sorbier to J Brown	W Arkansas 150 s Yolo, s 50x100, being ing subdiv P blk 217	5
T P Riordan to Michael Riordan	Sw 16th and Valencia, s 92x88, being subdiv M B 39, subject to a mortgage for $12,000	1,000
Same to Dennis O'Leary	E Columbia, 100 n Parker, n 50x80, being subdiv 1 and 2 in blk 211, Precita Valley Lands	5
Eleanor M Brown to J Anderson	Sw Washington Avenue and Mission street s 90x25	5,500
Rebecca B Johnson to R C Johnson	All int in the estate of Geo C Johnson, deceased, heretofore set off and distributed to her, reference being made to 682 D 179; also, papers recorded on November 15th, '73	Gift
Same to Irving M Scott	Se Harrison, 73 sw 1st, sw 77, se 120, ne 25, nw 20, ne 52, nw 100 to commencement, being subdiv 100-va 73	15,000
Geo H Goddard to Emma A Curtis	S California, 137:6 w Jones, w 43:9x137:6 being subdiv 50-va 1127, subj to mortg for $3,000	12,800
C F Mebius to Thos Eipper	Sw Russ, 180 nw of Folsom, nw 20x100, being subdiv 100-v 238	1
City and County S F to C A Phelps	Sundry lots in Western Addition	....
Appoline Ayhens to Auguste Creze	E Ritch, 190, n Brannan, n 30x80	5,000

Saturday, December 20th.

J H Turney to L M Graham	Nw Clay and Walnut, n 127:8¼x137:6—W A 814	$2,500
Sidney L Johnson to L Quint	Se Bay and Polk e 137:6x137:6—sub W A 30	5
L Quint to Francis S Spring	Same	500
E E Koch to George Brown	Se Masonic Ave and McAllister, e 237:6 x137:6—sub W A 650	4,000
E N Riotte to Louis Lekens	Lot 4, West End Hd	500
Silver Ter Hd Ass'n to J Ewing	Lots 372, 373, 374 and 375, Silver Terrace Homestead	440
Same to Jos Fisher	Lots 16, 17, 18 and 19, same	1,330
Same to Joseph Fischer	Lots 157 and 158, same	886
Same to same	Lots 57 and 58, same	721
Same to James Ewing	Lot 190, same	680
Same to Alice Ewing	Lots 455 and 456, same	886
Same to James Ewing	Lot 253, same	505
Same to Alice Ewing	Lots 334, 335, 336 and 337, same	300

Monday, December 22d.

John Monahan to Jas Lough	Nw Mission 108 sw 1st, sw 24x58—sub 100-vara 1	$5,500
Laurel Hill Cem'ty Ass'n to T Moore	Lot 2015, Laurel Hill Cemetery	192
V Wackenreuder to N Ohlandt	N 24th 100 e Potrero Av, e 50x100—lots 17 and 18, blk 81, P N	1,500
Thos Boyce to J B Painter	W Kentucky, 200 n Colusi, n 50x200—sub blk 398, Golden City H'd	1,600
Edw Martin to W G Buchanan	E Buchanan, 75 n Hayes, n 24x81:3	1,100
Silver Ter Hd Ass'n to H McNamara	Lot 367, Silver Terrace H'd	380
R Murdoch to Alfred A Green, Jr.	Und 5 acs com at the center of Sec 24, T 2 S, R 6 W, th w 40 ch x 22 ch	5,000
Alfred A Green, Jr, to J Ricketson	Same	1,500
R R Provines to C C Moore	S Clay, 81:11 w Kearny, w 30x120—sub 50-vara 29 and 30	10
J H Fish to National G B & T't Co	W Front 91:8 s Jackson, s 45:10x137:6—B and W 66	18,000
Same to Same	N Jackson 52 e Drumm, n 40x20	4,000
Isaac Harding to Jabish Clement	S Bush 137:6 w Laguna, e 25x137:6	1,600
T P Riordan to Thos McC Harvey	W Vermont n Nevada, 33:4x100	$1,175
S I C Swezey to J B Felton, Excrs	S Fell w Laguna, 82:6x120	1
Harrison St Hd Assn to Geo Miller	Lots 30 and 31, blk 142, Harrison St Hd	1,600
A W Macpherson to Donald Fraser	Se Bush and Hyde, 87:6x87:6	1
David E Buell to Nina L Buel	Undiv ½ se Harrison, 50 sw Rincon Pl, sw 75, se 150, ne 52, nw 7, ne 73, nw 10, sw 50, nw 133 to com—sub 200-v 74	Gift
Wm J Richardson to John A Russ	S Turk w Deviso, 75x137:6	9,000

Tuesday, December 23d.

Pat'k Lynch to Cornelius Kelly ...	Se Stevenson, 365 sw 5th, sw 47:6x65—sub 100-vara 200	$5,900
Mis'n St Ex H'd As'n to Jas Kelly.	Lot 429, Mission St Ex H'd	1,402
J P Pierce to Maurice Dore.....	Nw Cal'a and Gough, w 275 x n 265:2½—50-vara 1, 2, 5, 6, in W A 161	40,000
J W Hubbard to Sally Hill	Lots 67 and 103, Bernal H'd	500
Sally Hill to Samuel Hill	Same	600
Samuel Hill to George A Hill.....	Lot 67, Bernal H'd	300
John Hinkel to Same	Lots 82, 83, 85 and 87, Gift Map 3	1,400
Thos Young to Jas Otis	Sw Jones and Sutter, w 55x110—sub 50-vara 1087, subj to mortgage for $10,000	16,000
B M Hartshorne to Thos Young...	S Sutter 82:6 w Jones, w 27:6x110—sub 50-vara 1087	6,500
Amelia A Brown to Same	Same	50
John Breen to Mary Eisner.....	Lot 11, blk 35, City Land Ass'n	50

Wednesday, December 24th.

B'd of T L Com to R Van Arsdale	Lots 6 to 23 inc, blk 745, Salt Marsh and T de Lands	$ 232
A Himmelmann to R de H Brown.	N 16th, 41:1 e Dolores, e 61 x 137:6—sub M B 37	1
A C Heinecken to A Newman	N Geary, 137:6 w Hyde, w 25x137:6 —sub 50-vara 1362	6,000
C Thistlethwaite to D Mahoney...	E Baker, 30 s Broadway, e 122.10, se 52, w 136:6, n 50 to com—sub W A 546	....
J L Brooks to Same.....	E Baker, 80 s Broadway, e 137:6 x s 25 —sub W A 546	....
Thos Cummins to Edw Lane.....	S Columbia, 102 e Dolores, e 25x114—sub H A 20	700
Cornelius Dorris to L Reilly.....	Ne McAllister and Gough, e 55 x n 120—sub W A 136	5
C W Elliott to Fred E Nicoll	Lot 47, Gift Map 1	800
Jacob Marks to Lena Marks.....	S Green, 158 w Kearny, w 20x137:6—sub 50-vara 241	Gift
Jas Otis to Thos Young	Sw Sutter and Jones, s 122:6, w 82:6, n 40, e 27:6, n 82:6, e 55 to com—sub 50-vara 1087	18,000
John Roach to E McGonigall.....	Ne Zoe, 127:6 se Bryant, se 20x75—sub 100-vara 163	1,500
John Treat to Cath Partridge.....	N 24th, 93:6 e Howard, e 30x95—subdiv M B 153	500
F de St Germain to T de St Germain	Ne Kearny and Jackson, n 67x49; n so, N Sac'to 149:6 e Stockton, e 29x68:9	15,000
Geo Treat to Isaac N Thorne.....	E Howard, 65 n 24th, n 30x122:6—sub M B 153	2,500
Frank Livingston to Geo Treat....	Same	1,500
Isaac N Thorne to John Treat	Same	500

Friday, December 26th.

J C Dyas to Pat'k Flinn.....	Lot 8 blk 161, and lot 8 blk 168, University Ex H'd	$1,100
City and County S F to J Bafferty.	W Potrero Av 150 s 22d, s 25x100—sub M B 148	....
S Woodbridge to Jane W Stewart .	S Liberty 375 e Guerrero, e 25x230—sub M B 73 and 74	2,500
Marcus Abrams to Isaac Neumann	Ne 6th 25 se Minna, se 25x75 sub 100-v 221, subject to mort for $7,000	9,000
Henry Casebolt to E Whitcomb ...	S Filbert, 112:6 e Steiner, e 25x137:6—sub W A 344	1,200
Mis'n & 30th St Ex H to J Thomas	Lot 4, blk 13	350
B F Harvey to A E McNeil.....	Nw Bay and Leav'th, n 137:6 x w 5—sub 50-vara 429	600
Ann E McNeil to W H Wenck	Nw Bay and Leav'th, n 137:6 x w 137:6—50-vara 429	9,000
H J Dorland to Truman Crossett..	N 20th 174 w Valencia, e 23:7x114—sub M B 72	975
G C Hickox to Mary E W Hickox.	N Cal'a 100 e Van Ness Av, e 77:9x137:6	Gift
A de Leo de Laguna to G Edwards.	E Diamond 223 s 17th, e 125x74	1,550
Wm I Kip to Hypolite Audeffred ..	E cor Stewart and Mission, se 45:10x212:6, subj to mort for $10,000	10,340
D B Spangler to A P Thompson...	N Jersey 25 e Church, n 114x50	800
John Hein to Geo K Porter	160 acs—Com east side of Old Mis'n R'd	1,000
Edw Martin to Wm O'Neil.....	N Hayes 56:11½ e Buchanan, e 25x72—sub W A 222	1,200
Dan'l McMillan to Rob't Coulson.	Ne 4th 105 nw Mission, nw 25x80—sub 100-vara 17	13,000
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to F Roland.	Lots 122 and 123, Silver Terrace Hd	631
Levi C Lane to Augustus Starr....	S Washington e Webster, 127:8x50	2,500

Saturday, December 27th.

A Durand to Camilo Martin	Nw Mission 698:6 ne Dale, n 27 degs 41 min, e 60 x nw 100	$ 1
Harrison St H As'n to M Salisbury	Lot 37 and 38, blk 143, Harrison St H'd.	1,600
Fred'k Mason to Fred'k E Mason	Lot 8 in blk 364, Golden City H'd	5
Same to John E Mason	Lot 9 in blk 327, Golden City H'd	5
T T Bradshaw to J Hutchinson	Lots 1, 3 and 4, in blk 37, Paul Tract Hd	708
Mary M Grant to J G Eastland	S Geary, 196 e Dupont, e 20:6x77:6—sub 50-vara 900	11,500
Mary Wallace to Bernard Cramer	W Ritch, 200 s Folsom, s 25x75—sub 100-vara 43	2,100
Wm Perkins to Rebecca Perkins	E Howard, 207:6 s 16th, s 62:6x82	Gift
S E Hall to Pat'k H McCormack	N Clay, 137:6 w Stockton, n 57:6 x w 68:9—sub 55-vara 101	4,000
John Landers to Ansley G Davis	S Bush, 137:5 w Leavenworth, w 27:6 x 137:6—sub 50 v 1229	14,000
H S Dorland to John Barry	S Church Lane, 127:6 e Church, e 25, s 137 m or l, w 25, n 137:6 m or l to com	450
Jane V Phillips to Wm Vincent	N 19th, 310 e Dolores, e 25x80	900
J L Moody to Peter R Schmidt	N Pine, 130 w Van Ness Ave, w 30x137:6—sub W A 87	500
Francis Haraszthy to W Hogan	N Sacto, 275 w Taylor, n 120x22:11—sub 50 v 823	2,250
John Evans to C H Parker	N Jackson, 137:6 w Dupont, w 34:3 x 137:6—sub 50 v 75	....
Pt Lobos A H'd As'n to C Kennedy	Lot 23, blk 641, Pt Lobos Ave Hd	300

Monday, December 29th.

John C Hall to Edward S Hall	Lots 1695, 1694, 1696, 1693, Gift Map 3	$1,200
Edward S Hall to Anna H Hall	Same	1,200
Wm J Gunn to Matilde Newman	N Sutter, 135 e Gough, e 27:6x120—sub W A 128	3,000
R W Kirkham to R Gunnison	Nw Harrison, 275 sw 4th, sw 25x85—sub 100-vara 177	3,400
August Kaese to Eberhart Staengel	N Pacific, 45:10 e Larkin, e 21x60—sub 50-vara 1401	1,400
Dan'l McCarthy to S & J Keystone	E Mission, 315 s 22d, s 50x122:6	2,230
Same to Duncan Henderson	E Mission, 365 s 22d, s 25x125:6	1,115
Pt Lobos Av Hd Asn to G J Smith	Lot 25, blk 642, Pt Lobos Av H'd	300
S and L Soc'y to B E Van Stratten	S Fulton, 46 e Laguna, e 32x120—sub W A 205	2,080
Saml Hancock to Nathan Atkinson	Se Howard, 345:6 ne 3d, ne 42 x 80—sub 100 v 50, subject to mortgage	15,000
Gottleab Zeh to John G Koch	N Page, 110 w Franklin, w 27:6 x 120—subdivision W A 142	4,225
T B Valentine to William Hollis	Ne Steiner and Clay, N 127:8¼, e 275, s 25, e 137:6, s 102 8¼, w 412:6 to com—sub W A 351	1
I C Wade to Same	Same	15,000
Maria B Gimmy to L Quint	Se Bay and Polk, e 137:6 x 137:6—50 v 4, blk 30, W A	100
Real Estate Associates to W Hollis	Sundry Lots in W A	5
Wm Hollis to Adolphe Hartmann	E Steiner, 59:10½ s Clay, s 30 x 118:9—subdivision W A 352	4,000
Nucleus Hd Assn to F W Myrick	Lots 33 and 34, blk 38, Nucleus Hd	800
F M Myrick to F A Saillet	Same	780

Tuesday, December 30th.

H Landsberg to Augusta Lobree	Com at a pt on the w side of Prospect Av and Coso Av, th s along Prospect Av, 28x122:6	$ 300
Ann Sprung to T Damas Lamer	W Valencia 60 n 17th, n 60 x w 88—sub M B 39	5,000
Maurice Dore to Wm C Ralston	Nw cor Leav'th and Pine, n 137:6x187:6, sub 50-vara 1183 and 1226	40,000
Peter Lane to Chas L Newman	Se cor 19th and Douglass, e 75x125—Lot 7 blk F, Eureka H'd	300
City & Co of San Fco to F Reis	⅔ to Reis and ⅓ to Davis: Potrero blk 118; also, Ne Kansas and Colusa, n 141:6x200—sub P N 149; also, E Kansas 291:6 n Colusa, n 141:6x200—sub P N 149; also, Ne cor Colusa and Rhode Island, n 435x200—sub P N blk 153	....
Chas H Gwynn to H T Holmes	W Varienne 117:6 s Filbert, s 30x60—sub 50-vara 415 and 422	100
H T Holmes to T M Roach	Same; also, Nw Devisadero and Grove, n 137:6x137:6—sub W A 513	5.000

Wednesday, December 31st.

John Collins to Patrick Lynch....	Ne cor Mission and Laskie, nw 102 x ne 56—sub 100-vara 302	$7,300
John Smith to William Sharon....	N Geary 50.5 w Kearny, w 20x62.6	24,000
Pt L Ave Hd E Assn to P H Blake	Lots 1, 2 and 12, in blk 643, and 1, 2, 3, 4, in blk 644	2,000
Geary St E H Ass'n to A E Spaulding	Lots 13, 14 and 17, in blk 262	1,050
Benj Levy to Henrietta Levy.....	N O'Farrell 150.3 e Van Ness Av, e 27.6 x120—sub W A 60	Gift
F L A Pioche to Elizth Tillson....	Lots 31 and 32, blk 34, City Land Ass'n	180
M R E Becker to B A Becker.....	E Mason 80 s Geary, e 87:6 x s 25	6,000
Jabish Clement to C H Stanyan...	S Bush 137.6 w Laguna, s 137.6 x e 25—sub W A 233	1,600
Hiram Tubbs to Edward P Flint ..	Com 75 s frn l of Dows T'ct, and 22:1 w Kentucky, w 50 x n 37.6	500
L M Babcock to Aurelia Daniel....	W Stockton 69 n Broadway, n 23x68:9—sub 50-vara 82	6,000
Wm Lambert to Benj B Avery.....	Lots 7, 8, 9 and 10, in blk 367, Gr't P Hd	1
Salomon Levy to Henry Eckel.....	E Alabama 364 s 20th, s 26x100	750
Frank T White to A S Wexel.....	S Tyler 100 e Octavia, e 50x137.6	4,500
E Neuman to Matilde Neuman ...	N Sutter 135 e Gough, e 27.6x120	Gift.
Wm Vandewater to N Giamboni ..	W Stockton 115:6 n Filbert, n 22x112:6—sub 50-vara 456	3,300
Peter Lane to John Smith	S Cal'a 77:6 w Mason, w 20x50; also, S Frank Pl 97:6 w Mason, s 60 x w 20 ..	2,900
Wm Warner to Thomas Henry....	Lot 6 in blk 5, Cosmopolitan H d	700
Wm H Campbell to John Bozardus	N Delgado Pl 87.6 e Hyde, e 25x50	400

Friday, January 2d.

Bd of T L Commrs to W McLeod..	Lot 20, blk 397, Tide Lands	$ 57
Same to Same	Lot 21, blk 397, Tide Lands	57
Wm McLeod to John E Williston .	Lots 20 and 21, blk 397, Tide Lands	50
H H Hall to Thos F Mitchell.....	S Sac'to 70 w Drumm, w 40.6 x s 45:10..	100
Thos F Mitchell to A M Ebbets....	S Sac'to 70 w Drumm, w 40:6 x s 91:8—sub B & W 535 and 535	10,000
Elias S Cooper to Edwin H Cooper	All right, title and interest, as heir or devisee of Dr. Elias Cooper, deed, to Sea Rock Rancho, and a tract known as the Morris tract, lying w of Lone Mountain Cemetery	700
Patrick Tobin to B J Shay	E Columbia Pl 125 n Prospect Pl, e 80 x n 25—sub lot 3 of Harris Map 2, Precita Valley Lands	158
Wm C Pinkerton to G L W Strel..	Se Folsom 75 sw 8th, sw 25x80—sub 100 vara 290	3,000
Bd of T L Commrs to I Kohn	Nw Calaveras and New York Sts, w 200 x n 400—Lot 1 to 16 inc've, in blk 543, Tide Lands	860

Saturday, January 3d.

Pt L Av H Assn to P McLaughlin.	Lot 21, blk 643, Pt Lobos Av H'd	300
Henry B Platt to John Smith.....	N Morton 160:5 e Stockton, e 22:1 x n 60—sub 50-vara 756	2,500
Real E Associates to Wm Hollis...	W Webster 27:4½ s Clay, s 25 x w 90:6; also, S Clay 118:9 w Webster, w 150x127.1½—sub W A 315; also, nw Sacto and Steiner, n 255:4½ x w 118:9—sub W A 391	5
Isaac Lipman to Daniel Daily	Lot 2 in blk 23, Excelsior H'd	120
P Taulphaus to R B Woodward ...	S 13th 300:8 w Mission, w 30 x s 160—sub M B 27	2,500
Silver T H Assn to C Burkhardt ..	Lots 429 and 430, Silver Terrace H'd	661
A A Montpellier to Antoine Borel .	Sw cor Wash'n St and Waverly Place, w 34:10 x s 36:8—sub 100-vara 57 of the 50-vara Survey	2,000
Wm Hollis to E Y Mason	E Pearl 265 n Ridley, n 25 x e 80—sub M B 22	2,800
Same to J J O'Brien	W Octavia 90 n Bush, n 30 x w 100—sub W A 198	5,000
Same to William E Emery	E Pearl 423 n Ridley, n 27 x e 80—sub M B 22	2,900
Same to R G Lathrop	E Steiner 29:10½ s Clay, s 30 x e 118:9—sub W A 352	4,100
Same to Martin Walsh.....	E Pearl 290 n Ridley, n 28 x e 80 sub M B 22	2,950
G W Haskell to Louis W Johnston	W Valencia 125 s 19th, s 25 x w 100—sub M B 72	1,625

Monday, January 5th.

Geo Keane to Geo B Keane	S Green, 192:6 e Powell, e 23 x s 137:6—sub 50 v 235	$ 135
Geo B Keane to Geo Keane	Same	150
Henry McCrea to Harriet Wilkins	Sundry Outside Lots, subj to mortgage	5
Anne Tobin to P J Tobin	W Ritch, 200 s Folsom, s 25x75—sub 100 v 43	5
O F Cem'ty Ass'n to D Wieland	S Parker Ave, 73 w Hope Ave, w 15x12—in Hope Sec Plat 2, Odd Fellows Cem	63
F A Huntington to T Thompson	E Alabama, 78 n 25th, n 26 x e 50—sub blk 21, Treat Tract	1
A I Gladding to Henry Durant	Sw Hawthorne, 111:6 se Folsom, sw 103, se 1, sw 9:6, se 25, ne 112:7, nw 26 to com	2,000
D McCarthy to Thos H Rowe	E Mission, 290 s 22d, s 25 x e 122:6	1,105
W Everson to Sam'l P Taylor	Lot 64, in blk 347, Park Hd	150
Jos Myer to Louis Meyer	Sw 6th, 275 se Harrison, se 25 x sw 90—sub 100 v 233, subject to mortgage	2,500
Roger D Magee to Thos Caufield	S Hayes, 22:6 e Fillmore, e 22:6 x s 70—sub W A 299	900
Mathew Atkinson to J C Gellers	S Bush, 137:6 e Buchanan, e 30 x s 137:6 sub W A 233	1,500
Maurice Touhill to Wm L Daniell	W Hyde, 62:6 n Ellis, n 25 x w 62:6—sub 50 v 1330	3,500
Great P'k H'd As'n to T Collins	Lot 43, blk 399, Great Park Hd	260
Wm Warner to Thos Gagan	N 24th, 75 w Hampshire, w 25 x n 104	700
N Atkinson to United Prot Hall As	Se Howard, 345.6 ne 2d, ne 42 x se 80—sub 100 v 50	16,500
John R Brady to Wm Sharon	Sw Jessie, 482:6 sw 2d, sw 67:6 x nw 42—sub 100 v 9	15,000
B McDougall to O J Preston	N Turk, 51:9 e Webster, n 120 x 51:6—subdivision W A 280	7,369
Bd T L Com to J P Van den Bergh	Whole of blk 724, Tide Lands	189
Same to Same	Lots 1 to 8, 21 to 24, blk 799, Tide Lands	126
Same to Same	Lots 7 to 11, 14, 15, 16, blk 35, Tide Lands	249
Same to Same	1 to 5, 7, 24, 11, 18, 19, 20, blk 800, Tide Lands	126
John Reynolds to H H Reynolds	Nw Green and Laguna, n 100 x 125	4,000

Tuesday, January 6th.

John Currey to Chas H Killey	Nw corner Vallejo and Laguna, n 150, w 125, s 12:6, w 287:6, s 137:6, e 412:5 to commencement	$ 56
Chas H Killey to Abel Thornton	Same	100
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to I Steinhart	Sundry full lots and fractional lots of Tide Lands	716
Same to same	Lots 1 to 16 inclusive, in blk 580, Tide Lands	688
Samuel Cowles to A P Hotaling	S Jackson, 100 E Montgomery, e 25 x s 50, being subdiv B and W 106 and 107.	....
M Pedrini to Cipriano Pedrini	Undivided half, n Post, 196:3 e Jones, e 20 x n 60; also, commencing at a pt 80 n Post and 155 e Jones, e 20 x n 60, being subdiv 50-v 1038	3,000
Jos Lee to Alfred H Smith	Lot 1 in blk 62, and lot 8 in blk 87, University Mound Survey	300
Jos M Parker to Cath R Parker	Lot 13 in blk V, Pacific Savings and Hd Ass'n, as her separate property	Gift
Gt Pk Hd to Mrs E Leweodowuz	Lot 9, blk 399, to correct error recorded in Liber 621 D 219	250
Wm Hollis to C F Denninger	N Grove, 25 e Buchanan, e 25 x n 68:9	3,100
J M Sabin to C J Parsons	Ne Zoe, 127:6 nw Brannan, nw 2:6 x ne 75, being subdiv 100-v 162	10
C J Parsons to Margaret Sabin	Ne Zoe, 125 nw Brannan, nw 2:6 x ne 75	10
Thos Kearney to Robt Coulson	S 17th, 352 e Dolores, e 45 x s 253	5
Henry A Cobb to Pac Chem Co	Ne Mason and Francisco, e 22:11, n 60, w 68:0, s 120 to commencement, being subdiv 50-v 1509	100
Chas Smith to Richard Tiernan	E Mission, 150 s 22d, s 60 x 122:6, being subdiv M B 137	3,000
S W Holladay to City & Co S F	Streets and Highways	....
S A Benton to David Jones	Und 1-6th sw 1st, 80 se of Market, 60x75; also, und 1-6th sw 1st, 195 se Market, 80x40; also und 1-6th se Stevenson, 199 ne 2d, 80x41, being subdiv 100-v 21	8,000
Orchard Hd Ass'n to T W Bowen	Lots 41 and 42, Hudson Garden and Orchard Tract	800

Wednesday, January 7th.

Isaac Cook to Donald Beadle.....	Nw Fulton and Laguna, w 82:6x120, subject to two mortgages for $5,000 and $3,000	13,000
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to A Coney....	Sundry lots Tide Lands in blk 86.....	3,369
Geo Hammels to D F Marguard...	W Stockton 33:2 s Clay, s 23:5 x w 57:6 being subdiv 50-v 97	8,000
Paul Tract H'd Ass'n to A Harris.	Lot 5 blk 37, Paul Tract Hd	500
Wm T Grant to Chas H Leavitt...	Ne Beale, 183:4 nw 45:10 x ne 137:6, B and W 426, subject to mortgage for $12,000	5
Alex Kidd to Ficholas Buyia.....	N Green, 92:9 w Mason, n 68:9x21, being subdiv 50-vara 613	3,200
Emile Grisar to Patrick Whelan...	Sundry properties in southern por city	11,575
Mary Whelan to Emile Grisar.....	Sundry property in same part city.....	15,435
Margaret O'Rorke to Thos Farrell.	Se cor Bush and Gough, e 27:6 x s 120..	3,430
Mary Tigue to same.	Same	686
A F Durney to Paul Rousset.....	Sundry lots Outside Lands	10
Paul Rousset to A B Southworth..	Se Hayes and Lott, e 412.6x275; also, nw Fell and Lott, w 411:7, n 10 deg., ect..	2
A B Southworth to Paul Rousset..	Outside Lands	2
L J Czapkay to Jas Conlin.....	Nw Mission, 98:2 ne 3d, nw to a pt 98:3 in ne 3d and 80 nw Mission, thence ne 39:7, se to Mission, sw 40:2 to com ...	15,000
Sarah Ballentine to D M Sullivan.	Se Jessie, 206 sw 9th, sw 50x70, being a subdiv M B 4	2 200
Thos Kelley to Walter H Cook	E Stoner, 72 n Geary, n 50 x 94:6; also, w Avery, 100 s Post—sub W A 358	1,700
P Dempsey to James Gillespie	Sw Shotwell and 17th, w 25 x 100.....	1,400
Auguste Drayeur to D Kohler	W William, 112:6 n O'Farrell, n 25 x 56 —50 w 1042	2,100
Silver Ter Hd Assn to T Kinstry ..	Lots 418 and 419, Silver Terrace Hd....	711
A Forbes to City & Co of San Fco.	Street and highways	....
F S Lawrence to Jas Flood	Se Verona, 163:8 ne 3d, se 70 x 22:8.....	2,100

Thursday, January 8th.

Bd Ti Ld Comrs to A Fleishhacker	Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, blk 532, Tide Lands..	$ 376
S H Smith to Geo W Frink.....	Outside Lands	90
Geo Barstow to Wm H Wood.....	Lot 21 in blk 302 Great Park Hd	2
Charlotte A Phelps to Julius C Reis	Ne Devisadero and Oak, n 110, e 27:4 s 69:8, 275 to commencement.....	5,946
Martin Kedon to L B Benchley....	S Frank, 117:6 w Mason, w 20 x s 60,...	500
Same to same.....	S California, 117:6 w Mason, w 20 x s 60	900
Nicholas Buyia to Mary Buyia....	N Green, 92:9 w Mason, n 68:9 x 21, being subdiv 50-v 613	Gift
R Ivers to John W Mackay.....	S O'Farrell, 137:6 x c 55.....	31,000
S F Sinclair to Edward Heringhi..	Lots 85 and 86, Haley Map No 1.....	250
E Heringhi to Joseph Godchaux.	Same	190
City and County S F to L Flanagan	E York, 70 n 23d, n 25 x e 100, being sub of M B 148	....
L Flanagan to City and County S F	Streets and Highways.....	....
Thos Kearny to Mary McFaddin..	Sw 17th and Guerrero, s 210 x w 80; nw 18th and Guerrero, w 111:3 nw 77:6, e 120, s 77 to commencement, being subdivision M B 79.....	5,000
John H Dall to Jos S Friedman...	Sw Devisadero and McAllister, w 137:6 x s 137:6, being a subdivision of Western Addition 512	10
John Nielson to Jas M Childs.....	N Pacific Ave, 110 e Van Ness, e 66:9, n 127:8, w 33:9, etc	25
F G E Tittel to Henry Hildebrandt	W Clara Lane, 63:6 n Sutter, w 30 x s 27, being subdiv 50-v 271	10,000

Friday, January 9th.

Emanuel Mansbach to Sol Bine....	E cor Folsom and 5th, ne 25, se 90, ne 50, se 25, sw 75, nw 115 to commencement, being subdiv 100-v 181.....	12,000
Wm B Swain to Earl H Fargo.....	N Dale, 154:5 e Dolores, e 27:1 x 114, being subdiv blk 38, Horner's Addition..	500
Bd Tide L Comrs to W C Cummings	Lots 4 to 24 inclusive, blk 807, Tide L'ds	1,478
P McAran to P Comerford.....	Nw Greenwich and Broderick, w 32:6, n 70, e 32:6, s 68:6 to commencement, being subdiv W A 52.....	120
Samuel S Murfey to Fred S Drury.	Undivided half ne Q and 23d Ave, n 608, e 89:10, s 600:10, w 57 to commencement, being subdiv O L blk 1020.....	500
C B Greene to H C Partridge	S California, 82:6 e Broderick, 27:6x110	774
Bd Tide Ld Comrs to J Wores	Whole of blk 562, Tide LaLds.....	10,500
P J Martinetti to Wm Woodward.	Se Powell and Washington, e 34:4x68:9, being subdiv 50-v 119.....	6,300

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
A D Splivalo to N P Holmes	Livermore: Block 29	600
Same to N Milovick	Same: Lot 5 in blk 19	100
Same to P Callaghan	Same: Lot 2 in blk 11	100
H M Teague to N Melovich	Same: Lot 6 in blk 19	325
C Murphy to A Kane	Washington Tp: 60 acres Alameda C'k	2,700
S W Levy to F Mandall	Near Haywood: 6 acres San Lorenzo Ck	1,100
A Enos to J S Foot	Near Alvarado: 8 acres	1,480
J Fielding to W Mayes	San Leandro: Lot on Watkin's st	910
F Silveria to J J Silveria	Same: ½ acre	850
F D Atherton to M Callano	San Lorenzo: 4 acres	1,000
J Davis to J H Davis	Brooklyn Tp—17 acres San Leandro C'k	Gift
J D Farwell to Pacific Cordage Co	Same: 100x147 at Melbrose	285
L G Bruquire to G W Harne	Oakland Tp: 13 acres part of plot 14	15,000
Thos Cuff to R Meacham	Same: 100 Alcatraz Ave x 200	400
H Linden to E J Beebe	Same: Lots 9 and 23 Linden Hd Tract	1,100
T S T Goepp	Same: Lot 5 in blk 1 T S U H Tract	500
J Chart to B Armand	Oakland: W line Franklin 50 n from 9th st, thence n 50x76	$1,275
L H Cary to A Cary	Same: 104x65 ne corner west 8th and Myrtle	Gift
M Kenny to W Blair	Same: Lot 48, Buena Vista H'd Tract	400
W T Barton to A J Snyder	Same: E line Ruby 100 s from Weston, thence s 50x100	400
L P Tenney to E Quinn	Same: N line west 5th st 50 e fr Lewis, thence e 50x100	1,200
J Chart to J Peterson	Same: E line Louisa 159:6 s from 24th st, thence s 52x115	100
M Curtis to M & B Leonard	Same: .00x50:9 se cor Lydia and Market	600
Central Land Co to A V de Freitas	Same: Lot 38 (49:9x120:3), Brown Tract	600
G B Hitchcock to A J Snyder	East Oakland: N line east 21st st 200 e fr 21st av, thence e 125x280	810
S & P D Shepherd to A J Snyder	Same: Se line 11th av 25 sw from east 17th st, thence sw 25x100	812
M P Predas to F Chase	Same: Ne line Jackson 175 se fr Walker, thence se 25x150	88
S H Wade to E E Webster	Same: Ne line east 17th st 150 nw from 11th av, thence nw 50x100	600
A L Page to J P Jones	Near Lake Merritt: Lots 9 to 18 in blk C, Oakland View H'd	8,000
W Blair to Oakland B of Savings	Oakland T'p: Various lots White House Plot	1
Oakland H'd As'n to T Claney	Same: Lot 84 in blk 4, Maxwell Tract	5
W Haskins to Ellen Scott	Same: Lot 16, Linden H'd Tract	550
A J Gladding to D C Thompson	Same: 54 acres, part plot 75	2,500
T W Cook to A Allsop	Alameda: 126:1x132:1 se cor Everett and Buena Vista	2,000
A T Dewey to G D Morse	Brooklon T'p: 94 acres and 165 acres, 3 miles ne from Lake Merritt	13,750
W Y Horner to E L Beard	Near Washington Corners: 8 acres	250
W F B Lynch to Same	Same: 4 acres	10
E L Beard to Wash'n College Ass'n	Same: 8 acres and 4 acres	10,000
G Brown to P Zambrizicke	Haywood: 34x72	364
F D Atherton to P Tobares	Same: 100x50	150
Same to W A & J W Mattox	Near Haywood: 205 acres	13,369
W A & J W Mattox to J T Stratton	Same: Same	....
A A Averacker to E N Ackley	Livermore: Lots 1 and 2 in blk 20	300
M S Wickersham to S Merritt	Oakland: N line 11th st 50 e from Webster thence e 50x100	$6,000
E Murphy to M Ragel	Same: S line 4th st 125 e from Franklin thence e 50x100	1,000
A Milton to Murry & Foley	Same: N line 26th st 150 w from San Pablo Ave thence w 50x100	500
Murry & Foley to W Hurlbutt	Same: Same	5
W Hurlbutt to H F Steel	Same: Same	800
E Bigelow to P & M McNamara	Same: 50x94 sw cor 3d and Myrtle	500
Same to C M Allen	Same: S line 16th st 100 w from Clay th w 75x103:9	1,900
Same to M & A M Barstow	Same: E line Harrison 700 n from 14th, street thence n 78x150	2,600
A J Snyder to O Bank of Savings	E Oakland: Se line 11th Ave 25 sw from East 17th st thence sw 25x100	90
E N Ackley to M G Monteverde	Same: Portions of same	350
J L Troth to G Cannon	10 miles e from Livermore: 149 acres	400
P Wilson to S P Cristy	20 miles e from Alvarado: 177 acres	10

A Bank of Savings to P & M Miller	Same: Same	900
L D Mulville to M A Frament	Alameda: 217x246 se cor Furn and Quail	2,500
W E Brown to G P Adams	Same: 50 e line Park x 126:10	375
C T F H Lampi to W H Winch	Same: 100:150 sw corner of Walnut and Central	5
S U Hd Ass'n to Mrs A Stebbins	Oakland Tp: Lot 2 blk 3 S U Hd	730
L W Kimball to J Avon	Same: 175 San Pablo Av and 210 Adeline	1,000
H Chick to O Chick	Same: Lots 9 and 10 Temescal Park	1,000
Brown & Walton to G F Leonard	Same: 5 acres Dohr's Tract	2,500
P H Sumner to J D Fry	Brooklyn Tp: A portion of the Quigley Tract	10,000
H Crowell to A M Crane	Near Mission San Jose: A Tract	5,000
H David to F Frates	Road Alvarado to Vallejo's Mills: 106 acs	15,500
Hayward's Pk H Ass to D Prescott	Haywood: 100x150	250
W Blair to O Bank of Savings	Oakland: Lot 48 Buena Vista Hd	1
M C & F G Hesse to M Detels	Oakland: S line Middle 280 e from Peralta, thence e 80x145	$1,900
Central Land Co to E K Miller	Same: Lot 41 (90x156) Brown Tract	750
W Gretham to P Donnedan	Same: 140x56, nw cor Alden and West	800
E J Crane to H Marshall	Same: 87:6x125 ne cor 12th and Brush	11,500
A Seeper to C Geiser	Same: 25x75, sw cor 6th and Castro	4,000
J H Brayton to R A Heaton	Same: E Franklin 206 n from 14th, thence n 40x150	2,125
M E Brayton to Same	Same: Same	....
S F Savings Union to J Breen	Same: S line 6th st 125 e from Jefferson, thence e 37:6x100	1,200
J T & J Stewart to A S Wright	Same: E line Telegraph 95:2 s from Laurel, thence s 47:7x126:4	2,000
A W Jee to B F Bachman	Same: 238:6x132 ne cor Chisburst and West 12th st	10,000
J D Walker to A & E Koenig	Same: 140x112 ne cor Wallace & West	5,000
D P Barstow to A Barstow	Same: 125x124 ne cor Linden and 18th, thence 45x100	....
E Lavine to S O Swain	Same: S line 20th 80 e from Brush sts, thence e 35x100	2,100
F Peet to I H B Jones	East Oakland: 400x300 b'd by Hepburn, Humbert and Walker	50
W W Chipman to C E Chipman	Alameda: 2 acres Euclid and Pacific	Gift
J McGlauflin to C B Reseler	Same: 29 Sc R R Av by 49:6 near Mastick Station	66
G Choan to T Boyce	Same: Lots 3 & 4 in blk 84, n'r High st	100
E A Harris to Same	Same: Various lots in same	40
A C Muller to J Becht	Oakland T'p: b'd 46th, 47th, Shattuck, Telegraph	2,900
S E Alden to J Saunders	Same: Lot 135, Temescal Park Tract	200
E H Willett to J McKeown	Same: Lot 94, Maxwell Tract	500
L W Kimball to M A Colyher	Same: Lot 84, Kimball Tract	150
G M Blake to J Firpo	Same: 10 acres, part plot 69	8,000
Heron & Flint to T Bell	Brooklyn T'p: 5 acres in Cameron T'ct	3,000
Durant & Merritt to J Chart	Berkeley: 60x100 in tract adjoining University site	500
J F Valdes to A L Farlads	San Leandro: 100x107	1,100
H Rantzan to M McCabe	Same: 4 acres	2,000
J Hersch to W A Gunn	Near Mission San Jose: A Tract	450
A J Tyler to M A Tyler	Road Washington Cor's to M San Jose: 1 acre	Gift
W M Mendenhall to P W Hinkley	Livermore: Lots 4 to 9 in blk 36	300
R N Coughill to E N Aikley	Same: Lot 3 in blk 20	100
M Heron to P O Connell	Road Alvarado to Mt Eden: 49 acres	1,500
J A Neal to M I Alviso	Pleasanton: Lot 3 in blk C	150
F D Atherton to M I Pereira	San Lorenzo: 3 acres	750
W Meek to C Bertuelson	Same: 40x130	150
Geo Tart to M Cashman	Oakland: 103x120 nw cor Harrison and 14th	$7,200
M Cashman to M A Cashman	Same: Same	Gift.
W L Dickerson to C W Keene	Same: W line Chester 175:6 from West 5th st, thence s 31:3x125	1,250
W H Wickersham to C Cushing	Same: N line 11th st 50 e from Webster, thence e 50x100	6,500
C W Keene to W L Dickerson	Same: W line Adeline 158:6 n from 26th, thence n 104x133:3	1,000
S Merritt to H H Moore	Same: E line Jackson 150 n from Lake av, th n 100x100, near Lake Merritt	2,000
W D Forrest to P Thomson	Same: N line Durant 75 e from Franklin, thence e 50x100	320
E P Flint to P Kearney	Same: N line Laurel 317 e fr Telegraph, thence e 50x118:6	700
W A Freeman to J Hill	Same: N line West 18th st 129 e from Adeline, thence n 129	4,500
J Nisbet to J I Nisbet	East Oakland. 150x300 b'd Polk, Pierce, and sw by Harrison	

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

EXECUTIONS OF MARSHALS OF FRANCE.

In view of the recent degradation of Marshal Bazaine, the following list of the Marshals of France who have been condemned to death may prove interesting to the readers of the *News Letter:*

Gilles de Laval, called Marshal de Retz, born in 1396, at Machecoul (Loire-Inferieure), distinguished himself in the wars against the English, and particularly at the siege of New Orleans (1429). Accused afterwards of horrible murders and monstrous crimes, he was hanged at Nantes in 1440, and his body was then burned. The people had surnamed him Blue Beard.

Louis de Luxembourg, Count de Saint-Pol, Constable of France, born in 1418, beheaded in the Place de Greve on the 19th December, 1475, for conspiracy and rebellion against Charles VII. and Louis XI.

Charles de Gontaut, Duke de Biron, was son of the great captain of whom Henry IV. said, "Biron was my right hand in obtaining my crown." The Bearnais showed him the warmest friendship. They fought side by side in all the great battles. Henry saved his life three times, particularly in the combat of Fontaine-Française (1595). At 33 Biron was a Marshal of France, and in 1598 the King made him a a duke and peer. He was of an impetuous character and of unbridled ambition, and not considering himself sufficiently recompensed by his dignities and the Government of Burgundy, he several times conspired with foreign countries against Henry IV., who pardoned him. His last crime was of exceptional gravity. It consisted in a scheme for parceling out France into several small States with the aid of Spain and the Duke of Savoy. The price of the bargain was, for Biron, the hand of the Duke's daughter, and the possession of Burgundy, the Limousin, and Périgord. Henri IV. and Sully, who were warned, ordered the Marshal to Fontainebleau, and tried to win him back to his duty by mildness and caresses, while he showed himself haughty and inflexible. Far from defending himself, he gave way to his temper. No mark of friendship could bend his insane pride. The last interview of the two old companions in arms was most touching. Biron was leaving the King's cabinet, and His Majesty, holding the door ajar, said—"But avow, then avow." No answer. Then the King, with a grave and melancholy voice, added, "Adieu, Baron de Biron." That was the Marshal's death warrant. He could only obtain from his former friend one favor, that of being beheaded inside the Bastille instead of on the Place de Grève (11th July, 1602). He was forty years old.

Marshal de Marillac, arrested in the midst of his army for conspiring against the life of Cardinal de Richelieu. Beheaded the 10th of May, 1632, in the Place de Grève.

Henri II., Duke de Montmorency, made prisoner at the battle of Castelnautdary, fought against the Royal troops, beheaded in the courtyard of the capitol at Toulouse, the 30th October, 1632, at the age of twenty-seven.

Baron de Luckner, Marshal of France, served under Frederick II. during the Seven Years' War. Some time before the Revolution, he entered the French army with the grade of Lieutenant-General. He adopted the principles of '89, was named Marshal, and, in 1792, charged with the command of the Army of the North. He took Menin and Courtrai, and crushed an Austrian corps near Valenciennes. But suspicion was excited against him; he was taken before the Revolutionary tribunal, and beheaded in 1794.

Philippe de Noailles, Duke de Mouchy, Marshal of France, born in 1715. Governor of Versailles from 1789. He was near Louis XVI. at the time of the insurrection of the 20th June, 1792; and, notwithstanding his great age, defended his king against the outrages of the populace. Arrested in 1794, he died on the scaffold, with his wife, Anne d'Arpajon.

Marshal Ney.—The history of this latter is well-known. He was shot on the 7th December, 1815, at the age of 46.

The last anniversary celebration of the shutting of the gates of Derry passed off quietly. Crimson flags were raised at Walker's Monument, the City Hall, the Cathedral, and other places. The joy bells of the Cathedral were rung at intervals. Divine service was held in that building at twelve o'clock, and the congregation was very large, the procession to and from the Cathedral being very imposing.

TO PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

Great prophet of eternal nature, thou
To whose pure heart her inmost secrets bow,
'Tis thine to read with innocence sublime,
In archives deep the autograph of time.
The rock of ages to thy vision clear,
Reveals the annals of the growing sphere.
Scriptures in cypher, by the icebergs old,
On mount and plain and boulders manifold,
Glad to the reverent research, Ocean gave
Its choicest treasures from its lowest cave;
On shell and fossil thou hast learned to find
The earliest signets of creative mind.
A grateful world lifts up one prayer for thee!
Long as time lasts, dear shall thy memory be.
Who lowly bows before the humblest clod,
Becomes himself a Temple filled with God.

1848.

California growth has been so fast, and its manhood has been so precocious, that its childhood is being forgotten. Apropos of that which was stated in the *Alta* the other day, that "the foundation of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. was caused by the discovery of gold," there is error. The company was established before that, namely, in 1846 7. In April, 1848, we crossed the Isthmus with Captain Stout, the agent of the company, parting from him at Panama, whence he engaged a schooner and proceeded northwards to Acapulco and San Francisco to establish depots and provide coal for the new line, the company having been formed some months. We went down the coast to Valparaiso, and on our return met Lieut. Schenck at Payta. He had just arrived in a schooner on his way to Washington with gold specimens and dispatches from Commodore Catesby Jones. We accompanied him to Panama, and on the way learnt from him the whole history of the discovery. We returned to Callao, and in connection with Naylor, Conroy & Co., of Lima, and Brice, of Callao, chartered and came up here with the *Savannah*, the first vessel from that coast. Alex. Yoell, of San Jose, was supercargo. The first steamship of the Pacific line arrived in March, 1849. At that time the entire population of San Francisco appeared to be young men of about the same age, from 20 to 30, young fellows full of hope and fun. Not many of them are left now. There was young Jones, the Commodore's son, and Harrison, of Dewitt & Harrison, secretary and aide-de-camp, who had fought with Gen. Taylor at Buena Vista, and whose brother was the first collector of the port and the Wards, who built the first brick house in San Francisco, on Montgomery street near Clay, when bricks were worth $100 a thousand, and Austin and Johnson, of Finley & Johnson, who did all the importing business from New York, and whenever a ship arrived, sold all their consignments at auction, with ten per cent. commission to the auctioneer, who retired, as well he might, after a few month's business, and was succeeded by Backus & Harrison, the latter of whom is now of the firm of Falkner, Bell & Co. Then came Cramer & Rambach, who did all the flour importing business from Chile, when men laughed at the idea of California growing her own breadstuffs, and flour quotations were about as steady as the Comstocks are now, sometimes $10 a barrel and sometimes $40, and Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. had a store near California street, and built the first little chebang. Then there was Parker, who built the first hotel, and Laffan, who put up the first iron house, and rented it to the Collector for $9,000 a month. It still stands at the corner of the Plaza. Plume was our first banker, who opened business on a lot in Montgomery street, for which he paid Laffan $40,000, who had obtained it previously in exchange for a watch. The first bonded storeship (warehouses were not) was the *Edwin*, kept by Gray & Easterby. James R. Bolton, of Bolton, Barron & Co., one of the few who has never grown older, was also of that crowd: Theodore Shillieber, then of Everest & Co., who remains to this day as upright as a top-gallant mast: Sam Brannan astride a roof, haranguing the crowd against the "Hounds;" Leavenworth, the first Alcalde, who raised Gillespie to the peerage as Duke of Canton; Wright, the first port Captain, who used to drop prisoners through the roof of the calaboose on Clay street, the only mode of entrance; Almond, the judge of first instance, who usually rendered decisions with his feet on the desk; Lippitt & McAllister, who practiced before him; Dr. Gerry, from Chile, the first physician: Melius & Howard, who drew a big crowd by exhibiting a Congress gaiter, lady's size, and the boys all rushed to gaze on it—all these were there. It is only twenty-five years ago, only one generation, but this generation hardly knoweth them. Few are left, excepting

Yours, truly, FOSSIL & Co.

This is what an English paper gets off *apropos* of the high price of coals: That sure precursor of coming cold an auroral display, filled the north with its magnificence last evening. As the waves of cold glittering light shot up from the horizon, a man was observed going through some marvelous motions. He gazed an instant at the tremendous film of light, laughed softly, slapped his hands upon his pockets, jumped up and down, swung his arms, and once or twice whirled completely round. The man was a coal merchant.

"THE LEVERS THAT MOVE THE WORLD."

Revolutions and great political convulsions are caused not so much as people vainly imagine by the working of great principles in men's minds, as by the operation of more vulgar and material influences. The civil war which divorced England from one of her worthless sovereigns, and himself from his still more worthless head, was brought about by Englishmen's rooted dislike of unbuttoning their breeches pockets. The masses of the people did not care much whether they had a Parliament or not, and the nation had done without one for many years, but the attempt to extort ship-money sealed Charles Stuart's fate. The same drama, with differences, was performed in this country 135 years later, Englishmen's descendants objecting to pay taxes just as their ancestors had objected the century before. Now, the lessons of history are valuable, but they must be read aright. Men flatter their own vanity with the assumption that *great principles* have been at work in past ages, upheaving society at times with the suddenness and violence of an earthquake. The truth, however, is, that this has been of very rare occurrence. Great social and political changes have been induced at all periods, in the great majority of cases, by causes very material; and the present century not only presents no exception to this rule, but furnishes the most striking examples of it. It would be easy to show that the political disturbances in Europe that took place during the first half of this century were due mainly to the introduction of steam and the extensive application of machinery, and we unhesitatingly refer the great social derangements of the last quarter of a century to the gold discoveries in California and Australia. It would be superfluous to prove that the doubling of prices, universal labor strikes, and the rise of Communism *are* great social derangements, and if any man thinks that mere political transactions can be of more importance than these, we pity his understanding. Any political changes, too, of any importance, such as the extension of power to the people, may be traced back ultimately to the same material causes we have alluded to, and it would hardly be going too far to say, that as far as regards England, the first Reform bill of 1832 was passed by means of steam and machinery, and the second Reform bill of 1867 through the effect of the action of the gold discoveries. In his relation to the body politic, man, normally, is a contented animal, and not disposed to strive for what he does not find himself possessed of, but once introduce great disturbing forces into his daily life that raise the prices of his food, or through extraordinary inventions render useless his handicraft, and no longer contented, he becomes dangerous. It is when these events transpire, that the hewers of wood and the drawers of water force their claims upon the attention of the classes above them, their political and economic wrongs have to be redressed, and very often the thing has to be done in a hurry. Those who believe in the progressive development of human institutions will be disposed to cavil at this theory. No doubt it seems a low and debasing one, but the motive powers that stimulate men to exertion are those that affect him most in his animal capacity. Full bellies never breed revolutions, and ideas and principles, however potent, are not the levers that move the world. "The things that are not" have never yet "brought to naught the things that are."

OUR BANKING INTERESTS.

Of the nineteen commercial banks operating in this city, the Bank of California occupies the foremost rank, both by reason of its larger operations, and its recognized standing in all business communities throughout the civilized world. Its capital and deposits amount to $14,000,000, and its transactions are on a gigantic scale. The stockholders are all men of wealth, and its affairs have been managed with ability. Next in rank is the London and San Francisco Bank, limited. During the past year, the Anglo-Californian Bank has filled an important position, and all its contemporaries have been measurably successful. Not one of them sustained the slightest abrasion from the financial shock which demolished so many eminent Eastern banks. The united capital of our metropolitan commercial banks is about $20,000,000, controling an equal amount of deposits, and if we add the $45,000,000 comprising the capital and deposits of our saving institutions, we have a working total of $85,000,000 in this city alone. Interior savings banks hold $10,000,000 of deposits, and by making a liberal allowance of $5,000,000 more for private interior banking capital, we find a grand total of $100,000,000 of funds employed in the business of this State. The rates at which discounts have been made in the metropolis were 1@1¼ per cent. monthly, in commercial banks, and 9@12 per cent. per annum, on mortgage and State securities, in the savings institutions. The amount of dividends disbursed by our banks of all classes, during the past year, was about $10,000,000, of which the savings banks paid in the neighborhood of $5,000,000.

Tidy Names.---So far as names of places are concerned, the Singhalese language certainly stands in the front rank of all spoken tongues. In the Veyloowa district is a village termed "Galliappoconduracirrhacoombera." And another hamlet close by is styled "Keenloolagagollepoodama." A few more are "Ousekellapoodamakada," "Boodoogeykondegamowa," "Kittoolanebaderangalle," "Poodemartournecapella," "Ginegattoocapellaamblam," Poolgahagedcragamwa," "Kandettemankaddegamowa," "Galendacapejlakooroowecoole," "Gallapudichellacaddawatte," and so on!

[From the San Francisco News Letter of Jan. 17th.]

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

Notre Dames des Victoires.—All who remember the French church, on Bush street, in the olden time, will call to mind high-toned musical services and eloquent preachers. How are the mighty fallen! The once fashionable congregation is now comparatively dowdy, only occasionally *nos dames des victoires* thinking it worth while to appear in new bonnets, conquests being both difficult and scarce; *le jeu*, in fact, *n'en vaut pas la chandelle*. The singers appear to labor under a burden of depression; the prompt-bell is often rung in the wrong place; and the organist might be well replaced by a one-armed barrel-grinding soldier. The immense proportion of ten-cent pieces in the collection plates are painful to behold, except on one hypothesis—that of the laborer being just worthy of his hire, and nothing more. Why is this thus, and what is the cause of this thusness? Last Sunday morning we were to some degree enlightened. There was no sermon, the Abbé Henri de Clercq reading and commenting on the pastoral letter of Archbishop Alemany in place thereof. The letter was like others of its kind, excellent in general tone and spirit, and the good Father's too frequent interruptions seemed almost totally unnecessary. A less intelligent audience would have perfectly understood it, and this extra palaver was not required. Neither, as it seemed to us, were the violent and frequent denunciations blathered out by the Abbé. Of course Protestantism came in for a good hot scoring—that was to be expected; with emphasis all sinners and scoffers were denominated brutes. All this might have passed. We have heard similar brief and forcible epithets applied to opponents by other creeds, and we were composing ourselves gently to our regular Sunday morning nap, when an explosion occurred which ran through the congregation with an audible thrill. The hated name of Publisher Payot was hissed out from the pulpit with a clenched teeth malignity worthy of Satan himself. It seems that this excellent citizen and successful bookseller has incurred the wrath of Mother Church—or Mother de Clercq—by the publication of a calendar deemed immoral. With grief and indignation the Abbé described the vendors of such publications as demons. Of course, in a strict business point of view, this denunciation will probably be valuable to Payot, who anyhow will, we are persuaded, take it very easily. But the congregation did not evidently know where this private business would stop, and a degree of interest in the address was manifested by them which we had not observed before. *Our* turn doubtless comes next Sunday, when the whole staff of the *News Letter* will occupy a prominent "banc." We have examined the publication in question which was so decidedly anathematized. It is a "Calendario" in Spanish, for 1874, and the offensive article is entitled *Los Sacramentos*, but is in fact a love poem, in which allusions to the holy sacraments and other religious institutions are introduced, but in a comparatively inoffensive manner. Thus the lover speaks of the *baptism* of love, and says that he will become a *confirmed* maniac, in a constant state of *penance*, if sentenced to ex-*communion* with his lady-love. He urges that he daily crucifies the flesh, and yet that love is not sin—that the Saviour died on the cross from pure love to mankind. If she does not relent and deliver him from this living hell, *extrema unction* will soon be required by him, and then all the prayers of the *ordained* will not save her. To avoid a tragical *denouement* and cheat the devil, says he, accept your devoted slave, who is ready to incline his brow to the *matrimonial* yoke. While there may be some doubt as to the good taste of the above, there can be none as to the perfectly good intentions of this ardent but moral lover. It certainly would not have been published by a devotee of the church, yet called for no such savage, spiteful and personal attack from the Abbé, who is, we understand, very offensive to the bulk of his congregation, on account of similar unnecessarily vicious, undignified and un-Christian criticisms, and is by a good many of them looked upon as a relic from a bygone age of superstition and priestly tyranny. The world at large may be congratulated in that he *did* turn priest, and was thereby prevented from worrying some good woman and contingent children. We understood that the days of this extremely *maurais soldat* of the Cross, and bad copy of the Meek and Lowly One are numbered; the Abbé's term is in abeyance, and this holy father will soon be fathered on some other congregation. Then may *Notre Dame* go on to victory! Such is our prayerful prayer.

Mr. Noble, of the Second Congregational Church, selected as his theme, the "Absolute Necessity of a Religion." He argued that mankind couldn't get on without a religion any more than they could without bread and butter. There were some cases of savage nations having done pretty well without abstract ideas, but such cases were rare. After all, the question may perhaps be pertinently asked, why and how religions of any sort can maintain themselves to-day. The enlightened races are down upon religion—with the exception of the weaker women and the smaller children. Taking the United States as an example, the number of adult males who are church-goers falls immensely short of the non-church-goers. And yet ours is as religious a country as any in the world. In England the disproportion is still greater, the church-going population being only from twelve to fourteen per cent. How, then, if the real and vital religious element is dying out in such an extraordinary manner, does the religious power in society hold its own? The answer is, simply by the power of wealth, and this, therefore, is the aim of all propagators. So long as a creed possesses property, so long will it receive ad-

herents. Second, "Philo-clubism," or the desire of people to associate for social purposes is the grand secret cause in a large measure of the continued maintenance of religious societies. A man wants a respectable family club, suitable for his wife and family, and he finds one ready to hand. It is called a church, it is true, but "what's in a name?" Third, the love of music tends greatly to keep people pious. As long as the religious bodies have wit enough to combine music with their services, so long will the Almighty gain vastly in the number of His worshipers. Fourth, the liking for ceremonial and display is no doubt a great actuating force in taking people to church, but from this desire of the human mind it is to be supposed that the Catholics reap the largest benefit. Some other important props to religion will be referred to later.

First Universalist Church.---The pulpit of conventicle, bereaved and widowed by the exile of the amatory Van de Mark was filled last Sunday by the Rev. Hannibal Hokotcho, President of the Academy of Sciences at Natal, West Africa. The reverend gentleman discoursed more like a Pantheist than a Universalist. He announced for his text: "That Inward Longing," and said: "Addison, in his 'Cato,' makes the supposed 'strong desire' and 'inward longing' the great argument for the immortality of the soul. More recent writers of religious subjects, such as Theodore Parker, James Martineau and others, assume that, as a generally admitted matter of fact, such desire and longing do exist in the vast majority of human beings." Mr. Francis W. Newman, however, challenges this proposition in his essay on "Greg's Creed of Christendom," and says: "A future life is not to me 'a solemn hope,' but only a reverential augury and edifying speculation. Hope implies desire, and desire here is very feeble. Mr. Greg seems to assume, on the contrary, that all mankind earnestly long for a heavenly life after death, and *therefore* have invented bad arguments to establish it. To me it appears that there is very little desire, whether among professed Christians or others; that either poetical fancy or moral speculation, or both together, originated the conception alike among barbarians and among more civilized men. * * * In each case personal desire has little to do with it." For our own part we are inclined to dissent from Mr. Newman and agree with Mr. Greg. Mr. Newman seems to us to argue from an exceptional personal experience. Both in his moral and his intellectual constitution he is the representative of a very small (and, we will add, a very select) minority. The great majority of mankind and womankind shrink from the idea of annihilation, and hanker after immortality. This hankering is a very poor argument, indeed, to prove the certainty of its gratification. But it furnishes excellent proof of the weakness and vanity of human nature. As if the very best and noblest and brightest of us—even the bright particular gems of the *News Letter*—were worthy of eternal perpetuation! Be tranquil, perturbed spirits of the selecter order, be tranquil! There is vexation enough in this fitful existence of ours, brief as it is, and you need not fear that you shall be condemned to stand the bore forever. After a few years you shall rest, which is infinitely better than eternal botheration. There are but few Miltons and Shakspeares, Newtons and Bacons, in all the generations of our race, and even these are not worth individual perpetuation. All that is best in them goes out to the world and finds subsequent embodiment in higher forms.

"Praise Services" seem to be all the fashion of late in our evangelical churches. The Praise Service is an ingenious device to whip our patron saint around the stump. It substitutes lively music for dull sermons, and gives a large amount of singing with a greatly reduced amount of praying and preaching. It is a mild and judicious compromise between the church and the opera, placating the pious mind by a pretence of godliness, and conciliating the impious mind by liberal doses of really fine music. The churches that have adopted the new idea have placed themselves *en rapport* with the spirit of the age, and manifested a praiseworthy disposition to heal the old feud between the flesh and the devil. The Rev. Dr. Stone is entitled to much credit for his zealous efforts in this good cause. We really see no good reason why there should not be a truce, if not a permanent peace, between the Lord and the Archangelic Jeff Davis who first introduced discord into heaven. Let bygones be bygones.

At Grace Church the Rev. Mr. Platt preached a lugubrious sermon on "The Place of Skulls." It made us feel so doleful that it required the combined effect of three hot Scotch whiskies to restore our cheerfulness. We were all bound to the Place of Skulls; no matter how bright or comfortable our present might be, Golgotha was our goal. We should all have to bring up there. We couldn't dodge it, and there was no use of trying. During the last year Forrest, the great actor, had gone there; and Madame Laura Keene, and Macready, and John Stuart Mill, and Napoleon III., and a long list of other celebrated persons, which list the reverend gentleman seemed to have compiled from the necrologic column of the New Year's Sacramento *Union*, in which a catalogue of the illustrious dead of 1873 was given. The moral lesson of this discourse was not obtrusively apparent, beyond the attempt to impress the fact (which most of us are sufficiently aware of) that it is the inevitable destiny of the human race to go to grass sooner or later.

The building formerly occupied by the P. M. S. S. Co., corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets, is being newly fitted up, and the Company will again occupy it as soon as completed.

LAST HEART-BEATS.

[BY LAURA C. RODDEN.]

Send me—if but a rose-leaf—yet a token
To tell me what your lips have left unspoken,
That you are sorry that my heart is broken,
Before I die.

For soon your silence will no more perplex me,
And soon your coldness will have ceased to vex me,
Although I cling unto the rock that wrecks me,
Until I die.

And presently my hand will cease its grasping
And presently my breath will cease its gasping
And I shall sink beyond your tardy clasping,
For I shall die.

Ah! you have left me, who would never leave you,
And you have slain me, who did never grieve you;
But I!—at least, at least I can forgive you
Before I die!

A SHORT SERMON FOR ENGINEERS.

The first chapter of Ezekiel contains a prophecy or description, which seems to be curiously applicable to railway engines:

Verse 4th. "Out of the north" may mean Wylam and Newcastle-on-Tyne, which are very far north of Jerusalem or Palestine.

Verse 7th. "Like the color of *burnished brass*."

Verse 9th. Wings (or wheels) joined to one another; they *turned not* where they went; they went every one *straight forward*.

Verse 13th (particularly applicable). The likeness (or imitation) of living creatures, burning *coals of fire*, and *lamps*, up and down (the *crank* motion); fire bright and *lightning*-like.

Verse 14th. They "*ran and returned*" like a "flash of lightning."

Verse 16th. A wheel in the middle of a wheel describes the crank motion.

Verse 17th. They went on four sides (or wheels). Some locomotives have *four* wheels on *each* side.

Verse 17th. They *turned not* as they went.

Verse 18th. "Rings (or wheels) high and and dreadful."

Verse 19th. When the living creatures (or passengers) were lifted up from the earth (into the carriages), the wheels were (also) lifted up, or ran, or went.

Verse 20th. "For the spirit of the living creatures (men, or the said passengers who *made* these engines) was in the wheels" (by their mind and ingenuity in construction).

Verse 21st refers to running and stopping at stations.

Verse 22d. The color of the terrible crystal, or steel, or iron (or silvery) color.

Verse 24th. "And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings (or wheels) like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech as the noise of an host: when they stood, they let down their wings" (the cranks stopped, or let down.)

Verse 25th. "And there was a voice from the firmament (or sky, in blowing off the steam), when they stood, and had let down their wings (or cracks), or wheels, ceased from flying or running."

A JUST TRIBUTE TO PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.

His Royal Highness Prince Tomas, of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, after he had become acquainted with the gallery of Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson, never failed daily to step into the elevator with one or other of his brother officers, and indulge them and himself with an inspection of the varied and beautiful specimens of photography to be found in their rooms. He had many cabinet pictures made for his private album of his staff and other officers on board the *Garibaldi*, as well as of himself, for presentation to those of our citizens who had paid him attentions during his brief stay. The pictures, however, which particularly attracted H R H's attention were the highly finished, life-size, crayon portraits by Mr. Oscar Kunath, the artist connected with the establishment. They are so artistically treated that the Prince ordered a portrait of himself, life-size, for the King Victor Emanuel. Of course, it could not be finished before the departure of the frigate *Garibaldi*, but it will be forwarded to Rome, through the Italian Consul. Before leaving, the Duke of Genoa wrote an autograph letter to Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson, with the royal seal attached, thanking them for their many courtesies, and appointing *them photographers to the Royal House of Savoy*. Letters confirmatory will be sent out from the Home Government.

"Beating about the Bush"—Licking the Ashantees.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The fashionable world is looking forward to the Oriental *Bal Masque* with delightful impatience. The *T. C.*, privileged as usual, has had a glimpse at a few of the costumes which are singularly elegant and appropriate. Judge Louderback in baggy trowsers, pointed heels, a long coat, a rakish hat and a cheap cigar, will create consternation as King of the Hoodlums. Chief Cockrill in Spanish flounce, back curls and over-red cheeks, will do the pretty waiter girl. James McGinn, in white flowing beard and mystic robes, with a $25 banknote in one hand and an undertaking contract in the other, will appear as a Jewish rabbi. Sharon and Morrow will appear as the California street houri, and will be arrayed, beruffled and bepuffed in the worthless refuse of Raymond and Ely stock. Dr. Rice, our worthy Coroner, in black tights and pointed shoes, will electrify the community with the Majilton vagaries. Dr. Helland in white silk, diamonds and japonicas, will assume his favorite rôle, Camille. Dora Marks and Harry Courtaine will appear as Damon and Pythias, arrayed from head to toe in back numbers of the *Temperance Advocate*. Loring Pickering with banjo and teeth, will represent the mirth-provoking Billy Birch, and Tommy Newcomb with downcast eye, seedy tile and melancholy aspect, will personate his boss. Fred. MacCrellish, divested of his velvet coat, with "Dandy" in tow, and meandering over a huge map of Saucelito, will be known as the "Vagabond." John McComb with his pate all shaven and shorn, an ungainly cowl, and with a general aspect of fasting and mortification of the flesh, will also be immediately recognized in the "Monk." Pacific Mail Higgins, from motives of economy, will appear in the garb of a ballet dancer in the "Naked Queen," his limited resources not permitting him to be lavish in the matter of cloth. Dion Boucicault has sent to the Opera, Paris, for an *original* costume not yet announced. Barry & Patten will not be recognized at all, for they will be at opposite ends of the room and never a posy about them. Belmont "Gash" will excite sympathy of the spectators by appearing as the "Living Skeleton," and I. Friedlander, in a wheat sack, will be known as the "Grain Dwarf." McShane will appear as the "Fourth of July," and will be set in the corner to amuse himself by popping fire-crackers at the tulle dresses. The costume of the De Youngs has been a matter of much speculation. It was thought at first they might appear as "Spirits of Purity and Truth." Later it was suggested that they disport themselves on the floor as a pair of little fat cupids, but we are finally prepared to look for them as a couple of little darkies getting slowly, laboriously and shame-facedly off a fence. The *T. C.* will not be admitted on the floor, but will be found at the bottom of a deep well in the back yard, since he will appear in *propria persona*—"Truth."

The howlers are at it again, and the spontaneous chivalry of our nature leads us, on first thought, to sympathize with them. But oh! women suffragists, a benign Providence has anticipated our weakness, wherefore ye are long, and lean, and lank, not to say scrawny, and ye are thin-lipped, ferret-eyed, hook-nosed and sharp-tongued, and, for the most part, ye are barren, a fault which is unsavory to the nostrils of men. Therefore, out of a due regard for the fitness of things, we recant our sympathy with the cause until ye shall have drummed up a few recruits who shall be fresh of visage and round of form, and who shall wear white petticoats and boots which do not cover the principal portion of the valuable real estate of San Francisco, and who will not shock our every finer feeling when we see them in the places of trust now occupied by men of soft calibre, unfitted, for the most part, for any other position than that of an educational idiot of some description. In the meantime, our innate gallantry places a suggestion at your disposal. The discomfort which one squalling child can produce in a theater is indescribable. Why not infest the legislative halls with an army of babies? Dot the Senate chamber with them as thick as flying cupids in a frescoed ceiling. Make the Assembly rooms to ring with their infantile screams. Bring teething babies, and colicky babies, and babies with pins stuck in odd and uncomfortable places. Bring babies with the whooping cough, the measles, and the croup. Bring sticky babies to maul them, and social babies to exasperate them. Bring babies with sound lungs to create a din, and babies with the snuffles for the sake of a plaintive minor sound. A protracted siege of this kind would bring the National Congress to terms, and you could—every mother's one of you—be a Superintendent or a Board of Education in a month.

"Veritas"---a fresh and unhackneyed signature for a newspaper correspondent, we shall make a note of it—desires the *Town Crier* to lay down the law in reference to the use of one's friends and relatives as "literary material." He particularly desires our opinion on the point whether there is any indelicacy or breach of faith in basing sketches, stories, or squibs, upon the weaknesses of your grandmother, or upon incidents which come to your knowledge in social intercourse. This is an interesting question, and we propose to cover the entire ground. Every man who writes is entitled to the free use of all the knowledge he acquires by thought, reflection, observation, and experience. Such was the doctrine of Goethe, Byron and Harriet Beecher Stowe. If your most intimate friend is implicated in a peculiar crime—if your wife runs away with your daughter's instructor on the piano—if your mother is detected in an intrigue with the butcher's man—in all these, and the like cases, you have a sacred and indefeasible right, as a literary man, to "work up" the material and sell it to the *Chronicle* for its Sunday issue.

If we were called upon to name the special characteristic that marks us Californians as a peculiar people, we should mention our shrinking diffidence, our child-like modesty. We should appeal to the Society of Pioneers and to Wentworth s—we beg his pardon to the Hon. J. H. P. Wentworth's "Resources of California." Who ever in the tide of Time since '49 heard a Californian brag? Who ever heard him blow? The fact is, the genuine Californian's great and glaring defect is that he lacks self-assertion; his retiring disposition stands in his light; he cannot be persuaded to do justice to our Italian sky and the perennial strawberry; he is slow to assert our known and demonstrable superiority to all the rest of mankind; he is weakly willing to take a back seat when he ought to come boldly to the front. But thank God! there are signs of promise in the horizon which indicate the dawn of a better era, when the Californian shall speak out manfully and tell the honest truth about this, the grandest and most favored portion of creation. Joaquin Miller has already pointed out the superiority of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers to the Rhine and the Danube, and has fearlessly indicated how far the Oakland High School surpasses the old University of Heidelbergh. More recently a bucolic paper has compared the University of California with Oxford and Cambridge, Yale and Harvard, greatly to the disadvantage of those old fogy institutions. California is bound to have justice done her in the long run. Our excessive and morbid modesty is at present the most formidable obstacle we have to contend with. But by the blessing of Providence and the cooperation of the Society of Pioneers we have good hope of removing that stumbling block.

The Chronicle of January 13th announced that the congregation of the First Universalist Church of this city had decided to recall the Rev. Mr. Van de Mark and invite him to continue his ministrations, notwithstanding his suspension by the Pennsylvania Council or Synod that has recently tried him and found him guilty of the filthy crimes and misdemeanors with which he was charged. The *Chronicle* is as is not altogether unusual slightly mistaken. The only foundation that exists for the statement is simply this and nothing more. At the close of the "Praise Service" last Sunday, Major James T. Hoyt (formerly a quartermaster in the army, and now practicing law in this city), arose and moved that the congregation "Should immediately telegraph their beloved pastor to return." Dr. W. K. Doherty an advertising practitioner of the healing art, who is not unknown to fame, furiously seconded the motion. But there were some present who considered that this was rather an indecent proceeding in the face of the decision of the ecclesiastical tribunal at Reading, Pennsylvania, and it was opposed by brothers Currier, Sears, and Davis. Finally, the congregation, instead of deciding to recall their liquorice-toothed pastor, as the *Chronicle* states, decided to lay the matter over for one week, to allow the fervent Hoyt and the furious Doherty time to get cool. Such are the facts of the matter, as vouched for by the *T. C.*, who professes to be the best authority on religious and ecclesiastical affairs now extant on the top of this terraqueous globe.

Professor Ebenezer Knowlton is well known in this community as an energetic educator and a muscular Christian. He is also handy with his pen, and, like the Admirable Crichton or Governor Booth, possesses that kind of versatility which enables a man to turn his hand to pretty much anything in the intellectual line, from selling choice brands of whisky to lecturing on Emanuel Swedenborg. Being thus liberally endowed, Ebenezer undertook to write "fifty dollars worth" on Yosemite Valley, at the high behest of that liberal and enterprising firm, Bancroft & Co. Ebenezer's ready pen being once in motion, there was a difficulty about stopping it, and when the fine frenzy was over, he found that he had exceeded his order, and that the modest sum of fifty dollars would n't begin to cover the damage, so he demanded $250. On Wednesday the difficulty came up in the County Court before Judge Stanley for adjudication. The muscular Professor took a good, educational swear, and his adversaries followed suit with a true-blue, old-fashioned Presbyterian swear. As poor Knowlton hasn't any partner in business, or any clerks, Bancroft & Co. double-banked him by bringing up the entire concern to take a fist in the swearing bout. It was as good a thing of the kind as was ever done in Flanders, and the unhappy Ebenezer came out defeated and mulcted in the costs of the court.

Our common schools have hitherto been uncompromisingly same in their general appearance. Our sable brethen of Sacramento have firmly determined to let in a little dark on the subject. If the fragrant African is to chew slate-pencils and carve desks by the side of the fastidious Louisianan what is to prevent an extension of the privilege. The Hibernian lion will come to lie down with the Chinese lamb. The swarthy Kanaka will loll in graceful idleness by the side of the busy children of Faderland. The playful Modoc will trifle lightly with the scalp of the American pale face. The diminutive Esquimaux will scent our school-rooms with the fragrance of stale seal, and we shall have a conglomeration of sights, sounds, and smells beside which Nast's cartoons are mere specks, the sounds of Babel a mere hum, and the smell of butchertown a waft from Lubin's factory. Who wouldn't send his child to a mixed school?

The Bulletin has lost some papers (thank Heaven for that much relief!), and advertises that the finder, by returning them, will do a wise thing. We fail exactly to detect the amount of the reward offered, but we heartily concur in the advice. The finder might be found dead, and the odium of belonging to that establishment would follow him to the grave. Return them by all means, and carry a proof-sheet of the *News Letter* in your pocket, and your reputation is safe with Azrael.

We are heartily glad that the places which knew John McCullough once will know him again. He is sadly needed in that erstwhile Temple of Purety, the California Theater. We do not allude to the series of abbreviations indulged in as to the matter of petticoats by Miss Sophie. We leave that shock to the *Chronicle* moralist; but we object to the sawdust atmosphere which, at the present writing, pervades this Thespian temple, and we cannot reconcile a couple of iron jaws with the sparkling cascades and silvery ferns of the Unter Rhine. More especially when those powerful jaws carry a tiny morsel of humanity upward, we are troubled with a feeling of suspense which we can enjoy nowhere save under the folds of a canvas tent. Among the glowing products of Porter's pencil, and to the inspiring notes of the California orchestra, the effect is incongruous, not to say revolting.

The Veiled Prophetess has come to grief. Like the great original, the lifting of her veil discloses a mass of hideous corruption, also of tangled yellow hair. So say the dailies. We ourselves do not in the abstract object to yellow hair, but we don't like it tangled as do poets, reporters and others of romantic inclination. We fail to see the romance of a snarl, even of yellow hair, and always have an inclination to go to work on such monstrosities with a curry-comb and a bottle of bear's grease. We confess to an intense desire to go to work on this female with a Fourth of July cannon, a battering ram, a mitrailleuse, a can of nitro-glycerine, and various other toys, and if her hair wasn't smoothed out then, why it is as kinky as the Freedman's Bureau, and we are as weak as Samson with his hair cut.

It is unjust to assume that the theologic mind is necessarily and invaribly dull. It is apprehensive at times, and even has its periods of illumination. There was recently a little festivity down at Santa Clara among the good and pious *padres*. After their bit of dinner—moistened, of course, for the fathers are perenially dry—toasts were in order, and one learned theologian proposed the health of another with the neat and subtle sentiment: "May you be six weeks in heaven before the devil finds out that you are dead!" It was a sentiment inspired by a spirit of piety and benevolence. But we are fain to doubt whether so short a term as six weeks is sufficient in the divine economy to establish the plea of the statute of limitations against His Satanic Majesty.

Still the Chronicle's money chest yawns. It is as insatiable as death; as remorseless as the grave. The boasted circulation of the daily; the new "weakly" venture; the pathetic appeals to the sporting fraternity, and the frantic prayers to Chief Cockrill, have failed to fill the mighty chasm, and, as a last resort, the owner of that now empty cash box went for the Internal Revenue Collector and the whisky manufacturers. All of which indicates that the mining stock millionnaire has ceased to put up, and the "live paper" is drawing on the resources of its more youthful days.

We admired the honest energy with which the little *Post* has for some time been pitching into the wicked water-monopoly which grinds the faces of the poor, and so beautifully illustrates the common law doctrine that corporations are soulless. But why has the *Post's* lively attack ceased? No; that is not precisely what we mean—why has it ceased so abruptly, so suddenly, so suggestively! But we ask idle questions. No doubt there was a reason for it—and a solid reason.

A Western [Illinois] contemporary seems to desire some information in regard to a historical character called "Ananias." We take much pleasure in enlightening our Western friend by informing him that the historical personage alluded to now resides in San Francisco, and laboriously earns his daily bread by writing up sensational articles for the Sunday *Chronicle*. He does his work well, and fairly earns about four times the amount he is paid for it.

Lord Byron's idea of fame was not far from correct. To say that a man is known throughout the nation, is not saying that all the nation know him. A few days ago, a lady while passing along Fifth street, seeing the statue of Lincoln, which stands in front of the Lincoln School building, gravely inquired of her escort if Mr. Lincoln was a school teacher, and if he was buried under that "monument."

Our grateful eye chanced upon a paragraph last week, which informed us that the Van Cott had taken herself and her lungs to Baltimore, and we rejoiced with exceeding rejoicing thereat. The next line gave us an unpleasant douche, from which we have not yet recovered. Elder Miles Grant is to return. How long, O Lord, how long? And echo answereth—About six feet.

A disgusted contemporary, who has come out second best in a libel suit, relieves itself by saying: "A libel suit is a weak invention of discomfiture, a consolation to helplessness, and a brief comfort to confessed rascality." After all, our excited contemporary is not very wide of the mark.

It is our pleasant duty to record the birth of parti-colored twins. Mother and litter doing as well as can be expected. The colored father is uncertain whom to suspect, and we have not yet ascertained which pastor she was accustomed to sit under.

We are pleased to see that Oakland is looking up a little from the lethargy which has oppressed her, to the extent of the arrest of two drunks per diem. It is confidently anticipated that the unusual bustle will result in a rise in real estate.

THREE MEETINGS.

Oh, the happy meeting from over the sea!
When I love my friend and my friend loves me,
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With an anxious glance, half shy, half strange,
That asks, "After all, is there any change?"
Till we settle down as we used to be—
For I love my friend and my friend loves me.
Oh, the blessed meeting of lovers true
'Gainst whom Fate has done all that Fate could do,
And then sunk, vanquished—while over these slain
Dead weeks, months, years, of parting and pain,
Hope's rosy banner waves gallant afar,
Untainted, untorn, from the cruel war,
And the heaven of the future, wide, cloudless, and bright,
Arches above them—God guards the right!
But oh! for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of the tired clay;
When the standers-by, with a tender sign,
Shall mutely cover this face of mine,
And I leap forward—whither, none know!
But outward—onward—as spirits go;
And eye to eye, without fear, I see
God—and my lost—as they see me. —*Miss Muloch.*

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

A newly married man writes to the Indianapolis *Herald* as follows: She said she would "take off the shams," and going to the bed, where a gorgeous pair of embroidered pillows were set up for show, she took off the pretty things, leaving a plain case of pillows beneath. I didn't object to this, but she proceeded to take off shams in such a cool and deliberate manner as to horrify me. First came down a monument of blonde hair which I had secretly worshiped, and a long, glossy curl which I had envied the privilege of lying against her neck. These were deposited on the stand. I sat in silence while she chatted sweetly about the incidents of the wedding. Next she lowered the gas and undid her dress in a modest way, putting some things in the top drawer, and I saw that she was shrinking fast. She laid her bracelets, ear-rings, and all her jewelry. I thought "she is nearly done this disrobing." She poured out a glass of water, and raising her hand, took out a shining row of teeth, like a dentist's sign. I nearly fainted with surprise. I knew she possessed a fine falsetto voice, but I never dreamed that she possessed a false set of teeth. But still I made up my mind to grin and bear it. Finally she stopped, and pitying her modesty, I turned my face away. She said, "Tom, I never told you about the awful railroad accident that I was in, did I?" I faintly said, "No, darling; did you get hurt?" "Oh, awfully! No one thought I would recover. But after my limb was ampu—" "Limb!" shrieked I, "what limb. Where?" I was growing delirious. "Why, my left one," said she; "but I've got a patent 'Palmer,' one that is as good as a real one." I only said to her mother, as I passed through the hall, "She couldn't palm'er on me."

Some experiments of a very important character are being carried out by English Post Office authorities in connection with electric telegraph. These experiments have particular reference to the possibility of transmitting messages simultaneously along the same wire, but in contrary directions, a system called the "Duplex." It will be seen at once how great must be the advantage if this end can be realized. Practically it would amount to the doubling of the telegraphic wires throughout the kingdom, for whilst say London was telegraphing to Leeds, Yorkshire, the latter town could be telegraphing at the same moment, and along the same wire, to London. A few days ago the idea was put to a practical test. A good wire was secured between Brighton and Southampton, and the experiment was actually carried out successfully. The first verse of the 100th Psalm was transmitted line about simultaneously on the same wire. Brighton telegraphed to Southampton, "All people that on earth do dwell;" the latter telegraphed to Brighton at the very same instant, "Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice." Brighton continued, "Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;" Southampton rejoined, "Come ye before Him and rejoice." This important telegraphic feat was achieved to the entire satisfaction of the officials of the Post Office. At both ends of the wire the message was received without flaw or interruption. Whilst Brighton was transmitting the first line of the psalm, Southampton was transmitting the second, so that the messages, so to speak, crossed each other.

In Westfield, Mass., last week, a young man who saved a child from drowning was presented by the grateful father of the rescued with a De la Montanya Union Range, procured expressly from the store at 216 Jackson street, San Francisco. The fame of these stoves, which may be called, without the slightest exaggeration, "perfect," has spread East, West, North and South. Hence the name "Union."

How to Spell Shakspeare.---There are forty-six ways given in Halliwell's new life of Shakspeare of spelling the poet's name, as follows:

1. Shakespeare,
2. Shakespere,
3. Shakspere,
4. Shakespeyre,
5. Chacsper,
6. Shakyspere,
7. Schakespere,
8. Schakespiere,
9. Schakspere,
10. Shakespeere,
11. Schakspear,
12. Schaxper,
13. Shaxpeer,
14. Shacxper,
15. Shackspire,
16. Shackespeare,
17. Shaxesper,
18. Shaxper,
19. Saxpere,
20. Shakuspeare,
21. Shakspeyr,
22. Shackyspere,
23. Shakyspere,
24. Shakysper,
25. Shakspeyre,
26. Shakspeer,
27. Shaksper,
28. Shaxpere,
29. Shakspear,
30. Shaksqeare,
31. Shacksqeare,
32. Shakispere,
33. Shakxsper,
34. Shaxepeare,
35. Shaxkespere,
36. Shaxpeare,
37. Shakspeer,
38. Sackesper,
39. Shakespear,
40. Shagspere,
41. Shenpere,
42. Shakespheer,
43. Shackphare,
44. Shakspher,
45. Shackspeare,
46. Shackespere.

Poisonous Plants and Insects.---Many persons, says a correspondent of the *Garden*, are very susceptible to the poisonous influences of vegetable substances; and poison ivy and poison oak are highly injurious to the skin, and produce excessively painful sores. When the burning and itching first commence, if the skin is painted with a thick whitewash, made out of a handful of unslacked lime dissolved in just enough water to form a substance that will cling to the flesh, these sores will subside very quickly. Often one application is sufficient, but if not, put it on two, three, or more times, until the lime kills the poison entirely. If the skin has become broken, however, this remedy may be too severe; but a salve, made by pouring liquid ammonia into sweet oil, stirring it rapidly until it forms a thick paste, and then applying it on a cloth to the surface, will extract the poison. For curing the stings of bees, hornets, and spiders, common fine salt and bicarbonate of soda, in equal parts, is the best remedy. Rub the powder well into the bite, and repeat the application if the pain does not cease. If the soda is not at hand, soft soap, made of wood ashes, will often cure the pain. Saleratus, moistened to a paste and rubbed into the sting, is also a good remedy. The poison of these insects is of an acid nature, and an alkali applied directly to it, before the blood has absorbed much of it, is very effcacious.

An agreeable relic of the "good old times" has been discovered by a German paper, in the shape of a bill of charges submitted by an executioner at Bonn to the authorities of Cologne in 1688. The following are a few of the items contemplated in his estimate: "To quartering by means of four horses, 8 thalers; to beheading and burning, 8 thalers; to strangling and burning, 6 thalers; to burning alive, 6 thalers; to breaking on the wheel alive, 8 thalers; to beheading and fastening the body to the wheel, 6 thalers; to beheading, 4 thalers; to beheading after cutting off one hand, 5 thalers; to cutting off a hand or two fingers, 1 thaler. Tearing with red-hot pincers to be paid for at so much per gripe. Drowning or burying alive not being usual in these parts, the executioner will, in the event of such executions being required, ask as much for beheading or fastening to the wheel—namely, 6 thalers. To fastening screws on the thumbs and legs, and driving the same, 1 thaler for the first quarter of an hour. For every subsequent quarter of an hour, 1 thaler. The executioner reserves the right of afterwards receiving what may fairly be due to him for his trouble in setting limbs to right again.

An Eastern reader, feelingly asks of *The Resources of California:* What are your church privileges in California? I have a family that I dare not place where there are no churches. Have you churches? In what portion of the civilized globe does this blind and benighted reader dwell, that he has not read the *News Letter?* Do we not cheerfully and unhesitatingly sacrifice a page every week to gospel hash? Do we not carefully detail all the devils and imps, satyrs and fiends around and within the office every Sunday morning to gather these scraps of Zion's churches? We have them as thick as hops, almost as thick as whisky saloons. We have them in assortments and in sections, and in gradations from Grace Cathedral, on the summit of California street, to the Joss House in the depths of Dupont street filth. We have them in all stages of incipiency and completion, decay and repair. Bring on your family, Mr. Reader. They can't go to Brimstone if they want to. They'll lose their way banging up against churches, or street preachers, or female revivalists, or Sunday balloons.

A maiden lady, says the Glasgow *Bailie*, carries her aversion to the sterner sex to such a pitch that she even objects to *hymns* in church.

WOMAN'S WORK.

[BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.]

The work of woman is peace, is peace!
She has no nobler work to do – [crease:
Man's woes to soothe, man's weal in-
Let her that noblest work pursue!

The work of woman is peace, is peace!
At home, abroad, and everywhere,
Where bliss abounds, where discords cease,
The place of woman is there, is there!

The path is stony, the task is hard;
But all worth gaining by toil is gained.
The work itself is its own reward,
And well begun is half attained.

Then, onward, woman! your mission's great,
Our race from bondage to release—
From bonds of envy, spite and hate:
The work of woman is peace, is peace!

THE BARINGS.

The New York Times thus refers to this celebrated house: "Lord Houghton, in his monograph sketch of the late Lady Ashburton, mentions that she exclaimed, in reference to the wonderful influence of her husband's family, 'The Barings are everywhere!' And, indeed, this statement is amply attested by the exalted position of the family at the present time, which the recent death of T. Baring, who twice refused Cabinet appointments, and might have had a peerage, recalls. Two members of the family sit in the House of Lords, and one of these is Viceroy in India, while a third is Bishop of Durham. Nor is only the male portion of the family represented in the peerage, for the Duchess of Grafton and the Dowager Marchioness of Bath were also of the stock of these merchant princes. Since the passage of the first reform bill no fewer than seven Barings have sat in the House of Commons. One great secret of the success of this house has been that its members have stuck together. A Baring would make any sacrifice for a Baring. When dire disaster threatened the famous establishment in Bishopgate, years ago, Lord Ashburton was ready to fling his title deeds and the treasures of Bath House and the Grange into the scales to turn the balance in their favor. There is no such policy for a family which wants to 'get on' to pursue as 'to stick together.'"

The Continental Air-Line Railroad.—The proposed Continental Railway, for which a charter is to be asked of Congress, as is marked out on a map in the Railroad and Canal Committee room, is almost an air line from New York to Omaha. It starts from Jersey City, and runs due west across New Jersey, crossing the Delaware at Belvidere, traverses Pennsylvania without deviating from a straight line, passing through Bloomsburgh, Milton and New Castle; enters Ohio near Youngstown and runs through Akron, London and Lima; takes Fort Wayne in its route through Indiana, and at a point about half way across Illinois turns to the northward, crossing the Mississippi at Muscatine, and reaching Omaha by a bee line of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific and the Chicago, Burlington and Missouri Railway.

This is a story with a moral for those who are fond of "high" game. A gentleman in "high" life went to a poulterer's, and taking up a pheasant from a slab, put the bird close to his face to know whether it was fresh or not. The breast of the bird, where it had been hit, was wet and stripped of feathers, and just touched the lip of the gentleman, which was abraded from a cold. In a very few hours afterwards the lip became dreadfully swollen, and symptoms of mortification showed themselves so seriously that it became a question whether a painful and necessarily disfiguring surgical operation would not have been required. It is a question which was in the highest condition at the time of contact, the gentleman in high life or the bird.

M. de St.-Florent claims to have solved the perplexing problem of photographing in natural colors. He states that, after many unsuccessful attempts, he was at last fortunate enough to discover a method of producing with great ease and certainty heliochromic prints whose colors are closely allied with those of Nature. Not only were colored glass and stamps faithfully reproduced, but landscapes also. In the latter case, however, the colors were rather weak, a result believed to be solely due to minor defects in the process, which further experiments will serve to avoid. Following this announcement is a detailed description of the method employed, which may be readily verified or disproved by professional workers.

A London physician has found that the iron filings with which the lower grades of tea are so extensively adulterated, combine with the tannin of the tea in the stomach and produce ink. Commenting on this, one of the papers suggests that, "pending the full application of the Adulteration Act to this article, grocers might be kind enough to supply the antidote with the bane by selling tea wrapped up in blotting-paper."

ART NOTES.

A life-like portrait of James Lick has been added to the exhibition of the Art Association. It is by Hahn, and is in every respect worthy of his brush. An extra members' *soiree* will be given by the society on the 30th inst., and a day or two afterwards it is proposed to hold an artists' sale in the gallery, of which more anon.

At a recent meeting of the Graphic Sketching Club, it being "Irwin's Night," the subject given out was "Contrast," Irwin himself illustrating it by a pure classic head set off by a male *duenna* in the shape of a negro. Hill contrasted the rich man's pampered dog with the poor man's starveling cur; Narjot, age at work and youth at play; Bush, a mulatto girl with white baby, and so on. Hahn showed us where he gets his models by contrasting two cyprians—one young and tender, the other fat, over forty, and hardly fair,—it was hardly fair, anyhow,—with a crowd of amorous wanderers looking in at the window. Frost sketched a fallen drunkard, with a hog looking sapiently on. We did not discover the "contrast" till we found that while said inebriate was undoubtedly full, his bottle was empty. B. P. Avery contributed a "sketch" in poetry, which struck us as most excellent. Here it is:

She stood within the gallery, apart,
With catalogue in hand,
Observing all the wonder works of art,
From classic Grecian land; [lend,
And such an influence those works did
That e'en her living form
Exhibited a very Grecian bend—
A sight the soul to warm;
And, like the turret on Minerva's head,
Arose above her brow, [dead,
A monstrous pile of hair, whose owners,
Could not reclaim it now.
With silks and laces was she all bedight,
A circle wide she filled,
And all who saw the artificial sight
With wonderment were thrilled.
What is it now that fascinates her gaze?
What tips her bonnet back, [amaze,
Filling her carmined features with
Which shows her mental lack?
There on a pedestal, a Goddess shape,
Severely simple, stands;
A single robe her lower limbs to drape,
Withouten arms or hands.
Rude scars of time and burial deface
Her figure's perfect line,
But still, in naked majesty and grace,
She keeps her mien divine.
'Tis Venus, of old Milo's famous isle,
Grand relic of the Greek,
Victrix in every amatory wile,
Nude, beautiful, antique. [plaster
Oh, Goddess Mother! e'en thy lips of
Expand with quiet mirth,
At vision of thy modern daughter, faster
Than maids of Attic birth.
The art that made thee after Nature drew,
And times rude hand defies,
As lovely as when first exposed to view
Thou art to modern eyes; [skirt,
But she—that hideous thing of frill and
A fashionable cheat—
Serves only for a "contrast" to divert,
And illustrate deceit.

In the "Bronze" gallery of Bush & Co. (next the Art Association) some very fine studies of heads of cattle, etc., by George G. Butler, of New York, are on view. "A Bivouac," by the same artist, is a most effective night scene, worthy of being engraved. In Marple's Gallery we noted some fresh works, more especially a study of girls examining some pictures, by Sebes, in which the effect of lamplight is admirably rendered. Two monkeys "Taking a Drink," by Noterman, are very cleverly painted; indeed, this artist is unrivaled in this line. There is also a little gem by Col, an old *gendarme* and some other official asleep "waiting for election returns."

Some months ago we had occasion to notice several of Mr. Vaughan's ingenious inventions for facilitating the practice of photography. The Philadelphia *Photographer* and other Eastern papers devoted to this specialty have recently spoken of them in the highest terms. The "photo-gate," an invention for shutting off the light instantaneously at the termination of a "sitting," and so reducing the amount of agony usually required from the victim is now being manufactured and introduced by the Scovell Manufacturing Company.

WASHINGTON ETIQUETTE.

The new book upon the "Etiquette of Social Life in Washington," by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, is *apropos* to the season, and is attracting much attention in fashionable circles. This book is peculiarly adapted for the use of strangers, as a very great portion of its etiquette is already understood by those who have mixed in our society for a few years. There has already been one question of precedence which Mrs. Dahlgren is unable to settle, and which she thinks can only be settled by a congress of the distinguished ladies most interested. She says: "Precedence at the dinner-table is the grand subject of social wrangling in Washington, and the need of a fixed rule is here so painfully apparent that those who have been taught by sad experience, will simply avoid asking those functionaries to meet each other whose claims may conflict. Yet the Vice-President, the Chief Justice, the Speaker, the General of the Army, the Admiral of the Navy, Foreign Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, and Senators, they and their wives ought to be able to meet and dine in peace together." Another long debated question as to whether the cabinet officer or the senator should call first upon the other, and their wives accordingly, has of late seemed to be settled in favor of the senator, though it has undoubtedly proved a very repugnant duty to many a cabinet lady to pay this respect.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

We have been induced, by the new dress which this hotel has recently put on exteriorly, to pay it an interior visit, and our expectations were far from being disappointed. Though an old established house, of late it has seemed to languish, as everything will at some time or other, so that its sudden renovation and redoubled prosperity speak volumes in praise of the Messrs. Bryan, the gentlemen who are the present lessees. The hotel contains 200 rooms, all of which have been fitted up regardless of expense, with every appearance modern luxury demands. They have been refurnished throughout in the most elegant manner, the ladies' parlor especially, which now presents an appearance which might satisfy a Sybarite, combined with a faultless taste in all its decorations. Its carpet carpets, by the way, seem a specialty in Californian hostelries—would tempt one to abandon in its favor almost anything but the softly cushioned seats which line the walls. The dining room, on the ground floor, is a remarkably fine room, running almost the entire depth of the building, and accessible by a door from the entrance hall for gentlemen, and a flight of steps from the parlor regions for ladies. Good viands, good cookery, and good attendance combine to render it one of the most eligible places in the city for enjoying a hearty meal. What is more pleasant than all, is the spirit of mutual good feeling and society which appears to prevail among the guests; they seem, every one, to have entered with the determination to make an agreeable time for themselves and each other, though they may have to separate forever at the end of a week.

Messrs. Bryan have exhibited a good deal of energy and enterprise in the manner in which they have enlarged and beautified their hotel. The building originally extended on Sansome street half the block between Halleck and Sacramento streets, with a light above the sidewalk of five stories, besides a basement. Messrs. Bryan have now leased the adjoining wing, so that the hotel fronts Sansome street for the entire block, and have painted and beautified the exterior to such an extent that it is scarcely the same place. A magnificent lamp—perhaps the finest in the State—has been brought from New York at an immense expense, and now shines in front of the door, night after night, a welcome beacon to weary travelers. It is satisfactory to notice that the Messrs. Bryans' long outlay has not been in vain, and that their hotel is generally pretty full—a sure testimony that it is well, comfortably and moderately managed. Wine rooms, billiard and barber's saloons are, of course, attached, fitted up in corresponding style, for though the charges at this hotel are reasonable in the extreme, no expense has been spared in adapting everything to the comfort and accommodation of the guests. The bath rooms also—those combined luxuries and necessaries—are as complete as the most fastidious taste could demand. In fact, to any one visiting San Francisco, and desiring all the conveniences of a comfortable home in a first-rate hotel, at moderate charges, we would cordially and unhesitatingly recommend the American Exchange as the place where they can be obtained. The situation (Sansome and Sacramento) is most central, and three different lines of street cars pass the door. We recommend our readers to *try*, and we do not think they will be disappointed.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

"WE MUST HAVE OUR NEWS LETTER."

As we advance with slow but certain steps towards that bourne from which, notwithstanding the asseverations of Foster and Dare Owen, we are inclined, with the "Divine William" of Avon, to believe, that no traveler returns, we find consolation in the reflection that we have not lived in vain. Our weary pilgrimage of sixty years upon this terraqueous orb is not of those that leave no track and no memento. We shall bequeath the *News Letter* to posterity to remind them that we have existed, planned, and accomplished, and to keep our name and memory green for many generations, as the Founder of the most unique and individual literary institution of the 19th century. These modest reflections are suggested by the receipt of a letter which lies before us, and which is merely a sample of scores that we receive every week from every quarter of the habitable globe. The letter is from a pious and orthodox brother of the Congregational faith, connected with Henry Ward Beecher's paper, the *Christian Union*, generally admitted to be next to the *News Letter* the best and ablest religious weekly in the world. It is as follows:

NEW ENGLAND OFFICE OF "THE CHRISTIAN UNION,"
Henry Ward Beecher, Editor, Boston Jan. 3, 1874.

Fred. Marriott, Esq., "News Letter," San Francisco, Cal.—DEAR SIR: My *News Letter* and *Mail Bag* have not come for several months, since some date in November, I think. Will you be so kind as to forward the missing numbers, and also be kind enough to foward my *News Letter* every week until my subscription expires *in April*, 1874. I *must have* the pungent sheet, *blow high or blow low*, so send it along regularly. Yours, very truly, WM. F. DUNCAN.

It is clear that without the *News Letter* this world be an uncompleted world. And without us there would have been no *News Letter*. The deduction is obvious and inevitable: Our individuality was necessary to the completion and harmony of the universe. Accordingly, the day of our birth must be marked "with a white stone," as a fortunate one in the annals of the world's history. We have no doubt that Brother Stebbins will cordially indorse this sentiment when the melancholy duty devolves upon him of preaching our funeral sermon.

A SLEEPING COAL.

The Spectator lately gave the following from Lillington Church, Dorset, on the grave of a man named Cole, date 1669:

Reader, you have within this grave
A Cole rakt up in dust.
His courteous Fate saw it was late,
And that to bed he must.

So all was swept up, to be kept
Alive until the day
The Trump should blow it up, and show
The Cole but sleeping lay.

Then do not doubt the Cole's not out,
Though it in ashes lies;
That little spark, now in the dark,
Will like the Phœnix rise.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes to us as follows: The novelty of the season in boots is the boot golosh. To those who wear the heavy heating over-shoes called goloshes, the new boot will be a boon. It is something like a man's Wellington boot in form, but quite soft and elastic, and comes well up the leg. It protects the ankle from all wet, but thin as it is, it feels very heavy on the leg from being so completely air-tight, and so promoting perspiration in the feet. A neatly-fitting gaiter with a strap to keep it down under the foot is much more pleasant to wear, and answers the purpose just as well. The latest fashion in ladies' gaiters is to have them of leather as near the color of the dress as possible. I have seen some very beautiful furs prepared for ladies going to Russia for the Royal marriage. One sealskin hood trimmed with a narrow edge of silver fox fur was very pretty and becoming. It was like a Marie Stuart coif in shape, with a large cape to it, and was quilted throughout with crimson satin. Some fur boots reaching to the knees are among the things shown as "prepared for H.R.H. the Princess of Wales." They are beautifully made, and must be very warm. A costume composed of velvet and fur in stripes is also shown as ordered by her Royal Highness. The effect is very curious, and not exactly pretty. The stripes are about four inches wide, and are arranged diagonally to the knee; above that the skirt is of plain velvet. The tunic or jacket is very peculiar; it has long points at the sides, edged with a broad band of fur. Over this is a semi-tight jacket with long dolman sleeves also trimmed with fur, and with the strange addition of a broad band of fur all down the back. The ruff round the neck was fur, with a satin and lace fraise inside. A gimp ornament hanging from the back of the neck to the waist at the left side finishes this curious costume, which is of dark blue velvet and black fur. Another extremely splendid article of attire, and said to be ordered for the Grand Duchess Marie, is a large dolman of scarlet cashmere, completely covered with gold embroidery, and lined with satin of the same color. It must be very heavy, but it is a very graceful wrap, though I think its beauty is spoilt by the trimming of brown fur with which it is edged. I am told, however, that the brown fur is almost as costly as the embroidered mantle fur. It is some peculiarly rare and curious species of sable, much the same as the fur of the Shah's shabby brown coat which was of such tremendous value. A very ugly style of trimming jackets is said to be the newest from Paris. On each loose sleeve and on the back is an enormous ornament of twisted braid or gimp, or embroidery, according to taste. At the bottom this ornament covers nearly the whole of the back, and grows gradually narrower till it gets to a point at the top. The fronts are trimmed in the same way with a half pyramid. The effect is very ugly and heavy. Feathers and flowers are worn in more profusion than ever as bonnet trimmings. They do not go well together at any time or in any way, and I think it is out of all taste to put a long ostrich feather in the middle of a bunch of grapes, and fastening it with a paste crescent, or to surround the wing of a gull with roses, yet I have seen both these combinations in a West-End shop window within the last few days. An odd place to wear flowers is round the waist, but many of the newest ball dresses have waist belt of flowers, shoulder knots of the same being also worn. A dress in the very extreme of Parisian fashion has a very wide sash of something that looks like a woven tissue of crimson and gold, with a deep bullion fringe. This sash is knotted loosely on the right side of the back, and from the side of the knot a large spray of flowers trail over the dress behind. Another ball dress has festoons of ribbon all round the train, so arranged as to show each side, the ribbon being reversible, one side velvet and the other satin. The rage for point lace increases every month, I think; the latest fancy in that very pretty work is boots. Lace boots! The idea seems ridiculous, but they are very beautiful to look at when they are done. They are intended for balls or weddings. I was shown a pair—the price of which was five guineas—a few days since. They were for a bride, and the lace was from a design copied from the antique. The boots themselves were thick white silk, lined with satin, and fastened up the fronts with a very pretty arrangement of rosettes. For balls these lace boots are mounted on silk or satin to match the dress. Very broad scarf ends in this beautiful work are likely to be fashionable this winter. I have seen several ball sashes finished off with hand-made point lace instead of fringe. The lace is laid on the silk, and the latter cut away to the shape of the edge. The effect is very good.—*Glasgow Mail.*

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

From every quarter there are borne to our ears the most encouraging tidings of the great good that is being wrought by the sanctifying influence of this new department, in this, the gospel messenger of the 19th century. It has developed into a power mighty for the upholding of the Godly and for the overthrow of the strongholds of Satan. (N. B. In this "Holy War," as the inspired tinker, John Bunyan, called it, we at first went in on the side of the "evil one;" but the Young Men's Christian Association, having recently made a considerable raise by means of the financial talent of that sweet, evangelical follower of the "lowly one," Mr. E. A. Lawrence, the members have concluded to buy us over onto the Lord's side, where we shall be found, firm in our allegiance as long as the money lasts, after which we shall incontinently return to the ranks of our master.) Meantime, we rejoice mightily to be able to state that the prodigious popularity of this new feature, especially among devout believers, has considerably increased our circulation, and thus enlarge the sphere of our usefulness. Selah!

The Powell-street Methodist Church.—For several weeks past the Rev. Mr. Wythe, the regular pastor of this house of God, has been obliged to take a back seat in consequence of the irruption of a famous female evangelist into his fold. Mrs. Van Cott, who has earned a great fame in the East, commenced her pious labors in San Francisco six weeks ago. She at once took possession of the pulpit of the Powell-street conventicle, and the sensation she produced was tremendous. During the term of her labors, the sacred edifice was crowded to overflowing every time she spoke. On Sunday evening we looked in, and, for the first time, took a look at this eloquent female, who has succeeded in upsetting the injunction of Paul: "Let the women keep silence in your churches!" She is a large, lymphatic looking female; a blonde; excessively fat, weighing about three hundred, with a manner that to us seemed unimpressive; a countenance devoid of lofty expression, and a voice ringing with false or coarse emotion. Nevertheless, such did not seem to be the impression of the crowded audience. They became more and more excited as the reverend lady strained herself more and more to simulate excitement and earnestness. We never saw so large a proportion of feebie, idiotic faces in an assembly of the size. The power she exercised over them was the power which enthusiasts and actors exercise over weak persons of an emotional temperament. The reverend lady "hollered," and the hysterical portion of the audience went into tears. The reverend lady said she "wanted souls." She wanted them, and she *would* have them. "Come up, come up!" she squalled, "you who would be reconciled to the Lord; I am going to glory; wouldn't you like to go along? Come with me to glory, poor sinner! Come with me. I am not too proud to go to glory with the poorest and wickedest sinner who sees his sins and renounces them. O! the love of Jesus! O! the boundless love of the Lord! The vilest of us may come to him and be forgiven. There is room in the kingdom for all. Do not be discouraged on account of your sins. He did not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. It is the wicked ones, the magdalens, the murderers, the burglars, the Chinese chicken-thieves, the denizens of Waverly Place that he came to save. As to the rich and proud, they have their good things in this life. The Lathams and Ralstons and Coltons have their palatial mansions; their horses and carriages; their men-servants and their maid-servants. But what will these avail them in the great day? Ah! they will stand abashed and aghast in that day. Suppose Ralston or Latham should offer to draw a big check to buy himself off, what would the judge say? Do you think that money, or bank stock, or railroad stock, or Spring Valley would do any good? No! I tell you that the poorest beggar, the most miserable bummer who hangs around Martin & Horton's, in the hope that some old-time acquaintence will invite him to take a cocktail, will stand a better chance in that day than these bloated capitalists and monopolists. O, the peace and bliss of knowing that you are reconciled to God! O, the rest and content! With that knowledge neither poverty nor pain, neither sickness nor the ill-opinion of men can inflict a wound. O, come to Jesus! You, who wish to make your peace with God, and enter into the kingdom, come forward and take your seats beneath the altar." (Here seven women and two sickly-looking men advanced and occupied the seats designated.) "Bless the Lord for these souls rescued from perdition! But I want more souls. I must have another soul to-night. Here are nine who will go with me to glory. Where is the tenth? I must have another. I *will* have another. I want another soul to go with me to glory. I want another soul. O Lord give me another immortal soul! One more, O Lord!" (Here a scrofulous young man, with blear eyes and an idiotic expression of countenance, came forward and joined the nine penitents.) "Glory to God! I have got another precious soul. Hallelujah! Another lamb is added to the flock. But I want another. I will not dismiss this meeting until I get another soul. One more soul, O, Lord, one more!" etc., etc., etc.

The First Congregational Church, Dr. Stone's.—At this evangelical tabernacle the eloquent pastor continued his series of "Home Sermons." On Sunday last his subject was "Parental Rule." This was the sixth of what he has designated as "The Family Series." The sermon was a good one, and embodied a number of excellent ideas. It sounded thoughtful and profound. It also seemed strikingly original to the majority of the doctor's hearers, who were not aware that all the novel and striking ideas and suggestions which it contained were stolen

bodily from Herbert Spencer's essay on education. Still, it is some credit to the doctor that he has sufficient taste to pilfer from first-class men, and to select only those things worth stealing. The doctor's text was: "Train up a child in the way he should go," etc. "Many parents," he said, "train up their children as minions of fashion, and care more for grace and form than for the nurture of the intellect and the heart. The dancing-master is in their eyes the most important educator. Awkwardness is the first of sins; money is the supreme good. The child is taught that the highest talent is the talent for making a profitable bargain, and that the money box is the most important of human institutions." (Well, doctor, don't you think so yourself! Honest, now! We do.—Editor *News Letter*.) "There should be a free and frank interchange of ideas between parent and child. There should be a calm and steady government. The extremes of excessive strictness and excessive laxity should be avoided; home should be made a happy place," etc. The portions of the discourse which we have quoted are the doctor's own. The portions which have been "conveyed" may be found in Herbert Spencer's essays.

At Central Hall, Professor Hermann Fetterrindbraten, a distinguished German divine of rationalistic proclivities, preached, or rather lectured; taking for his text the maxim: "Be virtuous, and you shall be happy." He said that when a boy, this maxim had been carefully instilled into his mind by a maiden aunt, to whom the charge of his bringing up and his education had been confided. The maiden aunt referred to was not very pretty to look at. She was lank and lean and pimply; her nose had a sort of "skew" toward her left ear, and she was a confirmed invalid, who lived mainly on patent medicines; she also wore green spectacles. She was all the time trying to impress upon his mind the lesson that virtue and happiness were inseparably united. He naturally considered her a model of virtue, and yet he couldn't perceive that she was exuberantly happy. Hence, by some subtle psychological law, he had come to associate the idea of virtue with green spectacles and the smell of drugs, medicines and pill boxes. However, he resolved to practice virtue, and he went at it. But he had always been a temperate man, and he accordingly practiced virtue in moderation. He didn't run the thing into the ground. The result of his experience was, that he came to the conclusion that the maxim: "Be virtuous, and you shall be happy" was a humbug. He had found virtue a dull thing, and a thing that didn't pay. The most successful and prosperous men didn't care much about virtue. It was mainly the weak-minded; the sentimental, and the inefficient, who were stuck after virtue. He would suggest as a great improvement upon the old maxim a new one: "Be wide-awake and make money; *then* you will be happy."

Grace Cathedral.—The Rev. Dr. Platt, last Sunday night at Grace Church, preached a telling sermon on the "Highest aim of man," from the text: "One thing is needful." We at once settled in our own mind the right treatment of this text, and felt in our pocket for some, but our last dime was gone, and we had none of the "needful" left. We soon found that either we or the speaker were on the wrong tack. He had no metalic meaning whatever. We hoped he was about to change his style, and give us a first-class sensational talk, showing how to get the "needful." But he didn't, and we intend to quit. This preacher means business all the time, and we don't. He goes for our set with an uncomfortable urgency. We want some time to cool off. He preaches as if he really believed all he says, and more too. His sermons keep you awake worse than strong coffee.

THE VINEGAR POLYP.

A very singular present has been made to the aquarium of the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris; it is a medusa polyp, which, on the day after its entry into the pool assigned to it, had created a void around it, and skillfully got rid of all its neighbors. How? This was a mystery until the water of the pool was analyzed; the water was found to be converted into a solution of vinegar, and it was apparent that it was one of those very rare molluses, the vinegar polyp, whose body when plunged into pure water gives presently a strongly characterized acetic solution. The working of this animal is very curious; it produces alcohol, which it transforms into vinegar. The poisonous mollusc was, of course, quickly withdrawn and placed in clarified vinegar in a closed jar, where it will pursue undisturbed the economical manufacture of vinegar.

A French periodical states that the sale of artificial eyes in Paris amounts to four hundred a week. The principal place of sale is a handsome saloon, where the man-servant has but one eye; and the customers wishing to buy first judge of the effect of the artificial eye by placing it in the man's empty socket. The best-made eyes command a high price; but we are informed that poor folks can be fitted with second-hand eyes on what is called "reasonable terms." The demand for artificial eyes is much greater than would commonly be supposed, and large numbers are exported to India, and even to the Sandwich Islands.

"What should I talk about this evening?" asked a prosy speaker of his expectant auditors. "About a quarter of an hour would be just the thing," was the reply.

THE ABBE, THE RABBI AND THE BABBY.

A very holy sham is the Priest of Notre Dame, his religion is almost illegal:
He adores the golden calf in a way to make one laugh, and he worships a double eagle.

A parishioner arrived and being duly shrived, he imparted to the Abbé his commission:

"I want my baby christened," here the padre's eyeballs glistened, as he made a mental sum in addition.

"There is only one objection to this sacrament's perfection, and I pray you tell me, Father, if 'tis real:
The one that I would rather to be my child's godfather is descended from the children of Israel."

"He cannot be a sponsor," was the Abbe's ready answer: "do you want your little baby to be damned?
But stop a little minute, I'll consult the canon in it, and discover how the matter can be planned.

"I find that it will cost, to appease the Holy Ghost, quite a handsome little sum for absolution,
So, pungle more than twenty, for I know that he has plenty, and we'll put the little rite in execution."

So they stood before the altar, and the Hebrew didn't falter, but he promised to regenerate the babby;
In the fulness of his joy, as he kissed the darling boy, he passed another eagle to the Abbé.

It glowed within his palm as he sang the ending psalm, then his voice woke the beadle from his torpor:

"I can't take it, sir, from *you*, an unbelieving Jew, but I'll drop it in the box for the pauper."

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

GEMS FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

HONOLULU, December 27, 1873.

Dear Old News Letter:—There is great lamentation of soul among the would-be and robbers, who infest this community. The "renegade Americans," as they are termed contemptuously here, who left their country for their country's good, and incorporated themselves as Hawaiian citizens, have long had their greedy eyes upon Hawaiian territory. They have thirsted as goodly for its possession as ever did hyena for the flesh and blood of its victim. Their last desperate struggle for ownership, known as the Pearl Harbor contest, is over. In the fight, the coveted enemy—the "semi-barbarous Kanaka"—sprang from its lair, exhibited its white teeth, and showed its ancient warlike prowess, when the kennel of land sharks crawling retreated with snarking growls at the loss of their prey. What a pity that the Hawaiians were not base and cowardly enough to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. Is it not a shocking exhibition of the savage condition of these people, their perfidious disrespect for love of country, their lamentable want of patriotism, and their utter lack of manhood, the attitude they presented to the civilized world in their struggle against the cession of Pearl Harbor to a horde of psalm-singing, nasal-grunting, renegade Americans? Had these Kanakas been civilized and truly Christian at heart they would have said to the embryonic land robbers: "Come, brethren, our possessions are yours; dwell ye amongst us on the fat of the land." You know that Christians in California, the United States, and other God-governed countries, do these things unto all men, yea, even unto all women. But the natives of these tropical isles, having but little knowledge of God, Christ, or Christianity—except as they paid for it, and paid enormously—being, in fact, barbarians in breech clouts, exhibited a contemptible charity in not giving away a slice of their country to as greedy a set of speculators as ever went unhung. And many of these speculators, be it remembered, have sworn upon the holy Bible that they have renounced allegiance to the United States, have married native wives, and yet they are constantly plotting to hand the islands over to the very country against which they have turned their backs.

Among the honorable, very honorable men, who figured in the Pearl Harbor fiasco, special mention must be made of citizen Charles R. Bishop, who stumbles under the pompous responsibility of the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, which he secured from the fact that he is the husband of a chiefess of high rank. He is the adroit diplomat who introduced in the royal cabinet the proposition to cede the Pearl Harbor country. One Edward O. Hall, a hardware merchant, a fanatical missionary, and who has the royal prerogative of being Minister of the Interior, ably seconded the motion. The third distinguished "renegade American" who looms up in this attempted gigantic fraud is E. H. Allen, Chief Justice of the Kingdom, at present said to be traveling—for the benefit of the Hawaiian public pulse—in Washington. The trio are double-distilled Yankees, and after coin or its equivalent every time. I need scarcely add that "His Excellency, Attorney-General Frank Judd, who ought to be sporting a *malo* instead of elaborate broadcloth, saw nothing disgraceful or outrageous in the programme of his virtuous contemporaries and ministerial conscripts. A short time ago they allowed a handful

of soldiers in mutiny to dictate terms to "the Government," and that, too, after one of the plucky soldiers had oscillated Adjutant General Judd in the mud by placing his digits in close connection with the military man's bread-basket.

You ought to know why these pillars of the church covet their neighbors property. They are afraid "England will take forcible possession of the islands on the first favorable opportunity." Farce upon farce! After they offered up their hypocritical sacrifices upon a Bible, or it may be a stack of Bibles, that they forever renounced all love, respect, and veneration for their native Yankee land, they raise a howl that they want to come back to their first love "because England," etc., etc. Surely, the British public has never displayed a sordid desire to rob these simple natives of their country, and the people of the United States would only rejoice at the welfare and advancement of the Hawaiians. If the wish is father of the thought, it may be that the "renegade Americans" here would like to see a war between the American Eagle and the British Lion, in the hope that they might be successes as shoddy contractors, since they are lamentable failures as statesmen and Christians. Had not the two most humane and civilized powers in the world best do a little humane slaughtering for the special edification of the fanatical maggots, religious and political, who fester under the burning sun of Honolulu?

A great change! Our souls sleep in sweet repose, and our dreams are aromatic with the incense of peace. What has brought this change in the spirit of our dreams? Why the departure of the U. S. war steamer *Saranac*, without having taken as ballast the Hawaiian islands? She might have stuffed Hawaii in her coal bunks, wrapped up Oahu in her mess room, taken Maui midships, put Molokai in her Admiral's cabin, shoved Kauai in the mess room, and hung up (to dry) on the main yards Lanai, Kaula, and other fertile islands of continental magnitude not mentioned. When she arrived here a couple of months ago it was confidently expected that she would do so, for Christ's messengers (the missionaries, of course) had informed the civilized world that the Sandwich Islands were about to feed upon the whisky-soaked flesh and water-logged carcasses—to be figurative and poetic—of the American population, by dining luxuriously on missionary ham and laymen's livers. Must I again exclaim, Farce upon farce! I have a notion to get angry and play cannibal myself. If the food before me were not putrid with mercenary blood and stenched with religious bigotry, 'pon honor, I should certainly be tempted to have my servant serve me up an annexationist's liver fried in missionary grease—oil is too elegant a term. These exceedingly charitable and Christian sentiments are the result of my long and pleasant experiences on the leading religious journal of the civilized universe, the San Francisco *News Letter*.

ADONIS.

OUR COMMERCIAL PORT.

In the beginning, when the land and water separated to become continents, islands, peninsulas, seas, gulfs, bays, and all the rest of the geographical lingo, they did so with a proper regard for the future of San Francisco as a commercial port. It has taken many cycles to perfect her destiny, but with her magnificent harbor, she stands to-day upon the threshold of her immediate future, looking into brilliant prospects. Already, in the flush of her first youth, she is the center from which three great lines of steamships emanate. J. C. Merrill & Co. have a line of steamers, first class iron propellers, plying regularly between this port and the Australian Colonies. Although the line is a new one, the well-known business qualifications of the house guarantee the success of the project. It will open a new channel of commerce to California, both in the exportation of the products of our State and the importation of Colonial staple articles, to say nothing of the carrying of passengers. Then we have the new English line between Hongkong, Yokohama and this place, the effect of which will be to materially lessen freight and passenger rates from those ports. The antagonism of the Pacific Mail to the Central Pacific has given this company an opportunity to make such arrangements with the railroad as materially to further their own interest. They have certainly gone understandingly to work, for beside the compact with the railroad, they ply steamers which challenge criticism, and have secured to themselves every convenience for landing freight, by building a first class shed on Front street. Lastly, we have the Pacific Mail Co., which scarcely needs mention it is so identified with the growth of San Francisco. Although temporarily under a cloud, owing partly to ill luck and partly to the railroad difficulty, a glimpse of their dock is all that is necessary to convince one of the strength of the company. Their facilities for receiving and discharging cargo surpass those of any of the other companies, since they have spared neither time nor pains to secure all the new improvements. Take it for all in all, the outlook commercially is very fair: it only rests with ourselves to "take the goods the gods provide."

The Chicago Times calls for a game law to protect the shooting of policemen at all seasons of the years. It suggests that the hunting should be restricted to eight months of the year.

The following advertisement is from the agony column of the *Times*:—"Conqueror: In no novel is there villainy or hypocrisy equal to icy villainy and hypocrisy; have faith and courage, and avow your intentions.—Thine forever."

BEYOND JORDAN.

And they came to Him, mothers of Judah,
Dark-eyed, and in splendor of hair,
Bearing down over shoulders of beauty,
And bosome half hidden, half bare;

And they brought him their babes and besought Him,
Half kneeling, with suppliant air,
To bless the brown cherubs they brought Him,
With holy hands laid in their hair.

Then reaching His hands, He said, lowly,
"Of such is my kingdom;" and then
Took the brown little babes in the holy
White hands of the Saviour of men;

Held them close to His heart and caress'd them,
Put his face down to theirs as in prayer,
Put their hands on His neck, and so bless'd them,
With baby hands hid in His hair. —*Joaquin Miller.*

THE CAUSE OF THE LORD IN MARYSVILLE.

The traveling correspondent of, to speak with more exactness, the itinerant missionary of the *News Letter*, who has a traveling commission to investigate and report upon the religious condition of the State, has forwarded us an interesting letter from Marysville, showing that he is diligently prosecuting the work assigned him. We judge from his report that Satan is rather getting the best of the Lord in Marysville. Among other things, he says: "I regret to say that the good cause up here is not progressing at what I can conscientiously characterize as 'a fast religious gait.' About two months ago, a Methodist seminary of the city offered a vigorous cannonade against the sin of dancing, and public attention having been thus awakened to the fact that dancing rouses the erotic passions, there immediately followed a series of balls, parties, masquerades, fandangoes and similar inovations of Satan, such as this stand old place hain't seen for years. Our Methodist expounder then gave up his war on dancing as a bad job, and smote the whisky sellers (retail) hip and thigh, in consequence of which your humble missionary has been constantly importuned to be present at "openings" of new saloons, and the whisky "biz" is flourishing like a well-tended bay tree.

The Episcopalians have had an unpleasantness in the choir, some particulars of which it becomes my painful duty to forward. The leading singer wanted to lug in opera, and a very poor opera at that: the organist had such short legs she couldn't play pedal base. The alto wanted to sing soprano, and the soprano wanted to sing alto. Moreover, Jack, the organ blower, wouldn't grease the crank unless the church furnished the oil of gladness at its own expense. The parson contemplated the scene with horror, and gave out the hymn—

"Great God, what do I see and hear!"

Whereupon the docile choir sang, "Blest is the sacred tie that binds," etc.

The Presbyterians have secured the services of a new-fledged gospelizer, who has just been sent forth to club iniquity with relentless vigor—the Rev. Mr. Hemphill. He is a young man of Celtic extraction, and his zeal is simply tremendous. He expects to have the town wholly snatched from sin and marching on to glory in two lunar months. Yet, in spite of all the efforts made to make Marysville a stamping-ground of holiness, there still exists, I am pained to say, the old leven of unrighteousness and sin. Only twenty-eight copies of the *News Letter* are taken here, and this is all there is to stem the tide of wickedness and convert a people hardened in their iniquities. As eight souls were saved in the ark, so will your twenty-eight subscribers be delivered from the terrors of judgment when this municipality is finally given over to destruction. I am glad to see the *News Letter* taking a renewed interest in the pulpit. The "Droppings from the Sanctuary" are splendid, as well as edifying, and calculated to stimulate more zeal in those who minister to the spiritual wants of the nation."

We regret to hear so discouraging an account of the condition of the cause in Marysville. But we have faith in the ultimate triumph of the Truth; and by the blessing of God, and the efforts of our peripatetic missionary, we hope soon to hear more cheerful tidings from that beautiful region.

The latest novelty in the art photographic is the production of "granulated photographs," the pictures being produced by a process which is rightly called by the *Daily Graphic* "the short-hand of illustration." We next expect to hear of photographs taken in natural colors, a step in advance that is sure to come. At present, however, we have to be content with ordinary photographs, looking out for the best we can get. In the matter of "looking out," there is one place that is certainly superior to all others, and that is the Elite Studio of Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson, on Montgomery street, where every portrait taken is a gem.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Sir Samuel Baker has, in person, given a lucid and concise account of his recent expedition in Africa; and it is certainly wonderful that he and his wife should have survived its difficulties and crowned it with success. The Khedive, too, has done the only thing which would ensure the good and permanent effect of the attempt to repress and exterminate the slave trade in the part of Africa visited by this handful of white men. He has appointed as governor to the newly-acquired territory an Englishman, under whose government we may hope old abuses will disappear, and a sense of justice and faith will supersede the horrors of the traffic in human beings. The description given of the country through which Sir Samuel Baker journeyed is pleasant in the extreme, and we can only hope that the future of its inhabitants may be as fair as modern civilization can make it. On all sides of Africa British influence is making itself felt, and it behooves us to keep watch and ward, that we always may be looked up to as the protector of the oppressed and the distributor of even-handed justice.—*English paper.*

A writer in London Society propounds the following plan of silencing that worst of social bores—the anecdote-monger: "Cross-examine him," he says, "on all the salient points of the anecdote. Demand the why, the how, and the when. Suggest that some other course than the one pursued ought certainly to have been taken, and sift the affair as if you were the sternest historical critic. If the relator and his friend Fred Cooper were thrown out of a dog-cart, inquire whether they were driving a horse or a mare; ask who made the dog-cart, and what was the hight of the wheels. Request him to draw a plan of the spot at which the upset occurred, and be particular in your curiosity as to the harness and the weather. I can confidently, and from experience, recommend this as the most effectual course."

The Echo du Parlement, a Belgian paper, says:—"Two days ago a poor peasant of our neighborhood went the round of all the coffee-houses with a sack containing earth. He said that he had found the means of heating rooms with that substance impregnated with a solution of soda. He made the experiment before a crowd of people, and succeeded. Next day the whole town was in great excitement. Everybody had tried the new discovery, and I did the same. Following the man's instructions, I filled the scuttle three-quarters full with small coal and the remaining fourth with vegetable mould: I then sent for a halfpenny-worth of common carbonate of soda, which I dissolved in half a litre of water, and then mixed up the solution with the rest. This quantity has been sufficient to warm my room from two o'clock in the afternoon to seven in the evening, at which hour I am penning this."

All sorts of new ideas are expected to come over this year from France. Fashions we always expect to have, but something more, of a scientific kind, is expected. Mention ought to be made before going on to a deeper subject of the last new fashion. Ladies are to wear little flowers in the button holes of their jackets. Those of tight, rough cloth, which are, it must be confessed, rather masculine-looking garments, yet so extensively patronized, are considered to require something to soften the outline, and a dainty flower finds acceptance with a great number of the fair sex. May there never be a fashion to which so little exception can be taken.

Here is a delightfully ingenious idea for those swains who forget to be off with the old love before they are on with the new. I hear of an anti-breach-of-promise ink, and we are told that writing with this ink disappears before one month, thus avoiding the system of ridicule to which old and young are subjected in their letters being publicly exposed. The assumption that every one writes letters which will one day be exposed in a court of law is charming. Fancy a man deliberately buying a bottle of this ink to write his love letters with, and fancy, also, the lady's feelings when the dear words faded away. The thought is too horrible.

One of the most startling stories of desperate violence on board ship ever recorded has reached North Shields, from the captain of the barque *James Montgomery*, which vessel has, in consequence of the ferocious madness of one man, been forced to put back to Leghorn. The sailor in question was an Italian, who, after stabbing four of the crew in their berths—two of them dangerously—attacked the mate and watch on deck, drove them to the rigging, fastened the cabin doors, and then steered the ship so near to land that he was able to jump overboard and swim ashore.

A large number of persons who weekly go to see Mr. Holman Hunt's grand picture, "the Shadow of Death," shows that the interest in the works of this remarkable painter is as great now as when his "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" was exhibited more than ten years ago. At that time for several months the number averaged 800 visitors a day; now the daily average is a thousand, and an increasing one. The picture was bought of the painter by Messrs. Agnew, the great English picture dealers, for the unprecedented sum of 10,000 guineas, and the price required for the picture is said to be £15,000, with possession at the end of seven years.

The unpatriotic idea of introducing the German spiked helmet into the French army has been abandoned. It was first proposed to put that pot, with the handle in the wrong place, on the heads of the cavalry; but as they objected, the authorities have returned to the coquet-looking *talpack en astrakan.*

The portrait of ex-Marshal Bazaine has been removed from the Gallery of Marshals. The vacant space looks like that dark black space in the Gallery of Venice where Marino Faliero's portrait is now replaced by the *decapitatus pro criminibus*. The prisoner will not be removed to the little islet in the Mediterranean for another fortnight at least, as no State prisoner has been confined there since the "Man in the Iron Mask." The apartments will therefore require some repairs ere they can be fit to receive a prisoner who has been distinguished by so crushing a degradation. The Queen of Spain and her daughter has again visited the ex-Marshal; he is also permitted to receive daily visits from his wife and children.

Every One on the West Coast of Africa, Europeans and natives, must feel highly indebted both to Government care and to the mercantile enterprise of England. A paternal Government has provided the warriors with all they need—even to pocket filters. Thoughtful Birmingham—with questionable patriotism—furnishes the enemies with guns and powder wherewith to kill, if not each other, the British soldiers. Last of all, an acute Liverpool firm, foreseeing the inevitable necessities of the case, has shipped off two cases of grave stones to Sierra Leone! Care for distant friends could scarcely be carried further.

A few days since says an Indian paper a police naik was murdered by a life convict at Baroda. The murdered man, it would appear, was silly enough to be deluded by his prisoner into the belief that he could instruct him in alchemy, and with a view to receive a lesson had accompanied him to the river side. Arrived here, the convict taught him alchemy "with a vengeance," or, at all events, let him into the "great secret;" for, seizing his guardian's sword, he shortened him by a head, and decamped.

Libel.—Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield, Mass., *Republican* was recently sued for libel by a man whom he had repeatedly accused as a thief. In an editorial on the subject, Mr. Bowles good-naturedly tells a story about "squelching a newspaper." Tweed once threatened to "squelch" the New York *Times*, thinking there was no hereafter. Whereupon the *Times* called his attention to a favorite resort on an island in the harbor, and placed its hospitalities at his disposal for a dozen years to come. Is it necessary to add what this tale teaches?

A Large Funeral.—A correspondent of *The London Court Journal* says the largest country funeral he ever witnessed was that of Mr Patt Ryan, of Tramore, son of Mr. Martin Ryan, of Knockfune, which extended over two Irish miles of the road. There were over two hundred cars, nearly half of which were hunting cars, and over eighty horsemen. Such a concourse was never before seen at the ancient burial ground of Kilcoskilly. Deceased was only twenty-seven years of age, and has left a wife and three children to lament his loss.

Nothing can be more gratifying to Englishmen than to hear of the gallant spirit that is possessed by England's small but well disciplined army. Volunteers to the Ashantee war have flocked in from all quarters, they are not confined to officers, for non-commissioned officers and privates are ready and anxious for active service. A large body of the 79th Highland Regiment joined the "Black Watch," the 42d; indeed, we understand the whole regiment were anxious to proceed at once to the Gold Coast.

Messrs. Longman have in the press, in 8vo., a new edition, being the third, of "Essays on Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy," by John Stuart Mill. The essays are as follows: 1. On the Laws of Interchange between Nations, and the Distribution of the Gains of Commerce among the Countries of the Commercial World; 2. Of the Influence of Consumption upon Production; 3. On the Words Productive and Unproductive; 4. On Profits and Interest; and 5. On the Definition of Political Economy and on the Method of Investigation proper to it.

The private theatrical library of the late Mr. T. H. Lacy, who bequeathed the bulk of his property to the Dramatic College, has just been sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge. It realized £2,007 18s. Mr. Lacy's great ambition was to collect everything relating to the stage, and his collection of provincial and London playbills, dramatic biographies and portraits, theatrical costumes, etc., was almost unrivaled.

For the sake of his reputation it is lucky that Ananias lived when he did, for he would have had "no show" if he had resided in Colorado. The *Rocky Mountain News* accuses Mr. Meeker, of the Greeley *Tribune*, of attempting to shift a 700,000 acre lie off onto the Governor of Wyoming.

Bazaine's two nephews have thrown up their commissions. The Isle of Sainte Marguerite, where Bazaine will be confined, and no doubt enjoy reasonable comfort, is a delicious island in the Mediterranean, about a mile from Cannes.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, having completely recovered from his recent indisposition, has landed from the *Simoom*, and resumed his duties on shore as the chief of the Ashantee expedition.

The son of Mr. Charles Dickens, is arranging for the stage his father's Christmas story, *The Battle of Life*.

It is currently reported that fourteen young Arabs are about to enter the University of Naples.

A second scheme for a tunnel between England and France is likely to appear shortly.

BRISTLES ON THE EARTH'S BACK.

	Hight in feet		Hight in feeet.
Nelson's Pillar, Dublin	134	St. Ivan's Tower, Moscow	300
Nelson's Column, London	176	Walls of Babylon	350
Leaning Tower, Pisa	190	St. Paul's Church, London	370
Great Fire Monument, London	202	Salisbury Spire	410
Solomon's Temple, Jerusalem	210	Strasburg Cathedral	474
Bunker Hill Monument	221	St. Peter's Church, Rome	518
Porcelain Tower, Nankin	228	Pyramids of Egypt (highest)	520
Milan Cathedral	260	Temple of Belus, Babylon	666
Trinity Church, New York	283	Tower of Babel	680
Mosque of St. Sophia	290		

"A BABY WASHER."

A most useful invention for nursery use called "a baby-washer" is reported. It is described by the inventor as follows: "You simply insert the begrimed and molasses-coated infant in an orifice which can be made any required size by turning for ten minutes a cog-wheel with electric attachments. The child glides gently down a highly-polished inclined plane; his lips are met at its terminance by an india-rubber tube, from which the infant can draw lacteal nourishment of the purest and most invigorating character, secured for the special purpose at great expense from a choice breed of Alderney kine raised on the estate of Her Majesty Queen Victoria in the Isle of Wight. While in this compartment, which is lined with plate-glass mirrors, the perturbed spirits of the infant are soothed by its frantic efforts to demolish its own image reflected in the glass with a nickel-plated combined tooth-cutter, nail-knife, rattle, and tack hammer, which is thrust into the baby's hand by an automaton monkey. Fatigued by its destructive efforts, the infant falls to sleep, while the organ attachment plays softly the ravishing melody of 'Put Me in my Little Bed.' Then it slips into the third compartment. Here the baby is washed. Another small tube administers a dose of soothing syrup, and the infant glides from the machine, its nails pared, its hair combed, if it has any, ready for the habiliment rendered necessary by the fall of our first parents." With the addition of a little compartment in which the infant's troubles might be brought to a speedy close and its body packed in lime ready for deposit in some secluded nook in Peckham or Camberwell, this machine would be invaluable at our English baby-farms, and would no doubt be generally adopted.

THE "NASTY CONFESSIONAL."

The Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "I am sure you will allow me space to say I am not the clergyman who preached the sermon at Bournemouth on the Confession. I am the clergyman who again and again has published his utter detestation of the practice of auricular confession in the Church of England. I hold any clergyman of that Church who advocates it as one acting in direct betrayal of his duty to it. How far the training of Roman Catholic priests may have qualified them to be confessors I know not. I am quite satisfied there is nothing in the training of clergymen of the Reformed Protestant Church which can fit them to become recipients of 'confessions.' I believe to undertake such office would be as dangerous to their own souls as it would be to the souls of those who came to be shrived by them. I know not whether, as your correspondent says, the matter being the more nasty, it may be more efficacious. It is enough for me to believe it cannot be efficacious, may be very nasty."

From the following, it appears that some originality has at last found its way into the obituary columns of George W. Child's Philadelphia *Ledger*:

Lay aside his little trowsers,
That our darling used to wear,
He will never on earth want them,
He has climbed the golden stair.

A reporter of fine fancy, and splendid rhetrocal powers, thus describes the scene when a herd of buffaloes was driven over a precipice: "For thirty seconds it rained buffaloes, and the white sand at the foot of that bluff was incarnadine with the life blood of wild meat, and not until the tails of from fifty to seventy-five of the herd had waved adieu to this wicked world did the movement cease."

A smoking bishop dined with Admiral Farragut once upon a time, and after dessert tendered a bunch of Havanas to the sailor, with the invitation, "Have a cigar, Admiral?" "No, bishop," said the admiral, with a quizzical glance, "I don't smoke. I swear a little sometimes."

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The Town Crier loves a hot climate, chiefly because he can, *with facility*, scratch himself. The *T. C.* will bet "two bits" that man is the only superstitious animal in existence. The *T. C.* presents his compliments to the ladies, and hopes they will not be offended when he expresses his opinion that the majority of them are not cleanly in their persons. They are much more cleanly than men—naturally so—but then men are simply filthy. The *T. C.*, when looking at a beautiful woman, falls back on his personal experience, and asks himself the question: "Is she not as rough as a nutmeg-grater on the back part of her arm, from the shoulder to the elbow?" What the *T. C.* knows and what he does not know—would make a book full! He selects a lady's arm and he prefers the left one as being perfectly unobjectionable; but every man of observation and experience knows that his own skin is always dirty wherever it is rough, except he is suffering from some disease of the skin. Fair, dainty, charming, angelic creatures fancy they are very cleanly when they are not so. Now, as the *T. C.* wishes to reform, as well as reprove, he will throw a little light from his mental bull's eye on the subject of dirty, rough and neglected skins. The *T. C.* can say, from personal observation of Mrs. *T. C.*, that a skin can be quite plump and white, yet rough and coated, with not to put too fine a point on it effete matter. A clean skin ought to be as smooth as an apple; when it is not so, it is either in a state of disease or disgracefully neglected. Now, as the *T. C.* has to be brief, and wishes to do a good turn for the inadvertently dirty, he hereunto appends two ready methods of keeping the skin clean, sweet and smooth. Take four ounces of olive oil, mixed with four drops of oil of Bergamot added (if you are particular) and a piece of flannel about a foot square, and place them in a saucer on a table. Now peel off like a man, and rub yourself, or, what is much better, get some young girl with a soft hand (the *T. C.* is speaking to ladies) to rub you hard all over the body for fully half an hour, and then polish you off clean with a warm towel. Some people, after this, take a warm bath; but, in either case, a person with a healthy skin will find that all the rough portions have been removed, and so wonderfully changed for the better as to exclaim, "Surely this is none of T—'s." The next method is to work away with a flannel, soap and water, and repeat the process once a week until you become stiff, cold, damp, decomposed and dissolve subtle. A word to the wise is enough! We have no fear whatever that any woman who has read the above will have a rough skin in future; but oh, thunder! won't their husbands catch it. They, poor devils, will find out that they are pretty nearly rough all over.

We read with consternation of another pow-wow among the Mormons. A course of logical reasoning leads us to deduce the melancholy and unwelcome facts, that as pow-wow among the Saints means a revolt of the womankind, that a revolt among the womankind means a departure from the New Zion, and an innovation of petticoats on the nearest city of size and importance, and that we, answering the description, are to be thus frightfully innovated. What are we to do with them? We have already on hand a choice assortment of four hundred schoolma'ams in various stages of educational misery, according to the freaks of the now somewhat freakish Board. The reckless administrations of the Washington street ministry have furnished us with a large stock of useless but otherwise respectable Chinese females. The unconsiderate Cockrill raids will shortly throw upon our mercy a huge army of beer-gazers and whilom cyprians, who will probably try the reform dodge when the other business ceases to pay, and we shall have to chime in with the heavenly chorus in weeping over the sinner who repenteth. It is impossible for us to marry the new-comers, for that they have already been married a great deal more than they wanted to be, they have enjoyed the conjugal state quite too much to suit our fastidious taste. We return hopelessly to the question, what are we to do with them? We despair of an answer unless the Central Pacific will agree to furnish us with a series of first-class explosions, for, according to the census reports, the population is being added to on this side of the house with a persistency truly aggravating.

Thank Heaven, the crisis, the danger is past, and the polyglot fever is over at last. We have been trembling with apprehension, in a linguistic simoom. We have been shivering with dread of a new Babel, when the wife of our bosom, sitting calmly at the head of the table, indulging in a roast of beef and prattling in good, simple English, would be surrounded by a polyglot family with palates trained to the tuning of their tongues. Fancy our eldest munching frogs, while he edified his mamma with the ripping accents of sunny France; our second discussing *krauts* and *wurtzbiers*, as he rattled off melodious Spanish; our third choking with German gutturals, as he devoured the tempting sauer-kraut; our fourth unflinchingly inhaling the fumes of caviar, as he struggled with the many-jointed Russian; our fifth regaling himself with the choice morsels of fried rat, as he habitually dislocated his jaw with the contortionate accents of the heathen Chinee. The game doesn't give out at this point, but the picture is too frightful to continue. The Board of Education, who are making themselves unpopular scarecrows with every pretty school mistress in town, have, by banishing the languages from our quiet hearths, secured our eternal gratitude. We will consider it an important addition to the obligation if the Board—which, for pig-headed bombast, bland priggishness, arrant conceit, and would-be notoriety, shames its predecessors—would eradicate itself immediately and completely from the face of the earth.

It seems that there are modest ladies in Italy—the home of art—as well as in our new, crude, raw San Francisco. Not long ago, a noble and elaborate monument to Count Cavour was unveiled in Turin. Among its ornaments were some figures chiseled by an artist of the school which holds that Nature has produced nothing of which man need be ashamed, and that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. But the ladies of Turin are shocked at "the nude," as were the Directors of our own Art Association; and a petition is now in circulation among the prudish dames of the town, praying the Municipal Council that the undraped figures may be removed, inasmuch as they are an outrage to public decency. All the ladies of Turin who are lank and lean where the Medicean Venus is the reverse; all the ladies who are spare in the hip, and redundant in the ankle; all who are shallow in the bosom and redundant at the waist are zealously signing the petition. The objectionable figures are said to represent the perfection of the female form, and to be works of "high art." Probably the fair petitioners think that comparisons are odious. As to the motives of the Directors of the Art Association in mutilating the casts of the Greek demigods—models as they were of the perfection of manhood—it is possible that some analogous feeling may have—but we forbear to pursue the subject.

Does any one remember Bernhard Marks?—a creature who flew into spasms of mathematical and grammatical indignation whenever the papers would lend themselves to the attack, who circulated among the innocent children of San Francisco a brain-destroying pamphlet called Marks' Geometry. We regret to announce that the gentleman has come to life again in a tule spasm three columns long in the *Alta*, as verbose and idiotic as his worst attack in former days. The premonitory statement that he won't gush, after which he proceeds to gush uninterruptedly and unintermittently about the Paradisiacal allurements of tule lands, and the cheapness thereof. Tule, tides, mud, alfalfa, ramie, guitars and moonlight nights, are so inextricably mixed that we really don't remember how much an acre it costs to raise moonlight nights and ramie, or what were the net profits per year of guitars and alfalfa. It has taken the whilom pedagogue just ten months to find out all the beauties and delights of his mud ranch. He forgets to state how much he wants to sell for, but from the glowing description, he must be willing to let it go cheap. Try it again, Bernhard. An advertisement three columns long is rather too much reading at one sitting for the general run of farmers.

Dogberry has generally been regarded as an unreal and fanciful blockhead, the mere coinage of the poet's imagination—as much a "creation" as Ariel or Caliban. But it was not so. Dogberry was simply a prophecy. The true poet is a seer, a prophet. His prescient and circumspectious eye peruses the coming event which casts its shadow before. The "Divine William" saw the shadow of the coming Rice, our Spartan-souled Coroner, and studying this unique original, he invented Dogberry. Invented! nay, there was no room for invention; he copied the noble Rice, and lo! Dogberry stood forth immortal upon the canvas. Never has San Francisco rejoiced in such a Coroner. Stillman was obstinate and pig-headed. But to Stillman's dogmatism and obstinacy, his successor adds a sublime stupidity, for which the annals of recorded time afford no parallel. You shall go through history with a horse-rake, from the deluge to the election of Governor Booth to the United States Senate, and find no twin for our Coroner. Only himself can be his parallel.

The reporters, who wallowed in beer last week with an unction which betrayed an appreciative palate, have suddenly, unaccountably and without warning dropped the subject, and taken to blood instead. We have not been able to ascertain how many of the unfortunate girls were put in the way of earning that little commission so pathetically alluded to by the peripatetic scribblers, but no rumors of a corner in malt reached us during the beer picnic, and we have not heard of the champagne market suffering an unusual depression since the cessation of the reportorial bibbling. Neither has it come to our ears that the Barbary Coast is a thoroughly, stupidly, inanely virtuous place since the descent of these pillars of goodness. Wherefore, then, this spasmodic howl from the combined might of the dailies?

That wrathy, little, short-haired person who does the lodging-houses, etc., for the *Post*, has worked herself up into quite a white heat on the subject of the schools, and she gives sundry little raps at the Principals with a malice which is weak and a spite which is essentially feminine. She revels in interrogation points, and evades a libel with a cunning truly Michavellian. Yet, withal, she skips by the evils of magnitude which infest that much-mismanaged department with batlike blindness, and spits at little ones with a vim and force which betrays a private injury. Can it be that the short-haired was once herself a schoolma'am, but couldn't be a Principal, because of which she holds all Principals in a perpetual dog-in-the-manger abhorrence?

The Daily Graphic presents a portrait of Madame Bazaine praying in the chapel of the Trianon, while the Court was deliberating on the sentence of her husband. If the Marshal were in the depths of despair, and relied only upon the devotion of his wife for comfort, this picture would scarcely afford him the most unmitigated satisfaction. It is true, the lady's knee bends gracefully upon the cushions of a *prie-dieu*, that her hands are clasped and her eyes rolled upward in regulation style, but she looks very like an animated fashion plate affectively lisping, "Oh Lord, I do hope they'll let the old man off, and all that sort of thing; but don't I look awfully pretty, and what do you think of my new dressmaker?"

Our Coroner, who hath a keen scent for murder most foul, has succeeded in making an obese donkey of himself, the which is a process frequently indulged in by office-holders who are fain to act in the capacity of new brooms. The rougher the usage the sooner the broom wears out, however, and if our irate official intends to operate upon the miscellaneous corpses which turn up for a Coroner, with a jury of reporters and detectives, as he threatens, he will soon be worn to the hub. The present somewhat depressing prospects are that the irate doctor will never gain the notoriety he so ardently seeks other than for the grandiloquence of his delivery and the ungainly rotundity of his person.

The beautiful simplicity of the average policeman's nature is exhibited in the perfect serenity and undisturbed equanimity with which a couple of them viewed the little turn at fisticuffs between Judge Tyler and a cabby the other day, within the classic precincts of Dunbar Alley. We are happy to state that no arrests were made, an overweening curiosity on the part of the policeman as to which eye would be gouged out first prevented prompt action. We regret to chronicle that both the fighters are still perambulating the streets in possession of their liberty and their optics, and Chief Cockrill has not yet dropped the recalcitrant officers from duty.

This is an age of discoveries as well as of hoodlums. The genius who is winning his way to fame—possibly immortal and certainly posthumous—is the author of those miraculous evidences of culture and critical acumen, the theatrical notices of the *Alta*, has astonished the world of operatic by the discovery that *Norma* was written by Verdi! This discovery entirely upsets what we were taught at Sunday School, but to live is to learn, although the *Alta*'s critic cannot be cited as an example of this progressive theory.

Visalia is up in arms against the Central Pacific Railroad, because Stanford & Company wouldn't incur a large expense without any promise or prospect of remuneration, in order to accommodate the Visalians. It is clear that, like Brother Pickering, the good people of Visalia regard railroads in the light of benevolent institutions similar to almshouses and county hospitals, that are founded for the benefit of the poor, and ought not to take into consideration the vulgar question: "Will it pay?"

It is evident that our iconoclastic Legislature is going in to smash up the old, iniquitous order of things, and to introduce a new order which shall usher in the millennium. The State University is to be abolished—poor Gilman! The State militia is to be abolished—unhappy Barnes! Railroads are to be suppressed—miserable Stanford! The fees of office are to be abolished—wretched McKibbin!

The Chronicle howls, like the lugubrious wolf on "Onalaska's shore," for the suppression of the dives. O, unprescient Charles! Do you really mean it, or is there a metaphorical trapdoor below? You ought to be aware, Charles, that the patrons of the dives are also the best patrons of the *Chronicle*. If you doubt it, ask Mike. He knows.

SUNBEAMS.

Gentlemanly Sport.—A correspondent of the Montreal *Gazette* complains of certain medical students that amuse themselves of evenings by stretching cords across up town streets, over which young ladies trip up. Several scandalous cases of this nature have already occurred.

In a Nashua court recently, a juror asked to be excused because he was deaf, although there were reasons for supposing that his hearing was not affected. "He is excused," said the judge, "for if he is deaf we don't want him, and if he is a liar we don't want him either."

A genius was explaining the utility of an India rubber ship which he was inventing, when an old salt exclaimed: "No, no; it will never do. An India rubber ship would rub out all the lines of latitude and longitude, to say nothing of the equator!"

Another of the debauched utensils of Napoleon III has come to grief. He served his master, not his country. The claimant is likely to be put "to try in his own fat," and his affectionate friend Luis (who he recognized in an instant—"*Cómo está Luis?*") feels like a rat in a trap.

An old seaman, at a religious meeting recently held in New York, in relating his experience, stated that when at sea in storms and tempests, he had often derived great consolation from that beautiful passage of Scripture, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

A Pennsylvania preacher while holding services, recently gave thanks in a fervent prayer, for the prosperous condition of the crops, "excepting, O Lord, the corn, which is backward, and the oats, which are mighty thin in spots."

A young lady says that a gentleman ought never to feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the object of his choice, "for in life as in grammar, we always decline before we conjugate."

"Pray, Miss C——," said a gentleman, one evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?" "How stupid!" replied Miss C——; "is it not natural and proper that a lady should like a good *offer*, sir?"

An obituary notice in a Western paper contained the touching intelligence that the deceased "accumulated a little money and ten children."

THE OLD SURPRISE.

Now what hath entered my loved woods,
And touched their green with sudden change?
What is this last of Nature's moods
That makes the roadsides look so strange?

Who blanched my thistle's blushing face,
And gave the winds her silver hair?
Set golden-rod within her place,
And scattered asters everywhere?

Who splashed with red the sumach hedge—
The sassafras with purple stain;
Gave ivy-leaves a ruby edge,
And painted all their stems again?

Lo! the change reaches high and wide,
Hath toned the sky to softer blue:
Hath crept along the river side,
And trod the valleys through and through;

Discolored every hazel copse,
And stricken all the pasture lands;
Flung veils across the mountain tops,
And bound their feet with yellow bands.

Is, then, September come so soon?
Full time doth summer ne'er abide?
While yet it seems but summer's noon,
We're floating down the autumn tide.

THE FEDERATION OF EMPLOYERS.

A new and singular league has lately been formed in the north of England. Hitherto the combination has mainly been of labor against capital, and, under the name of Trades Unions, much good and some evil has been done. Now the matter is reversed, and under the above title a combination has been formed of what is in reality the most powerful body of men in all England, the magnate manufacturers—men who count their wealth by millions and their hands by thousands; men of whom it was said that theirs were "fortunes beyond the dream of avarice," and who can say of themselves that they have at their back "capital equal to that of many States." It has been known for some time that such an organization was in process; in fact, there ever has been a tacit bond among capitalists, but this is the first time that they have openly announced their alliance and published a manifesto, the sum and substance of which is, to fight the Trades Unions, to influence Parliament in favor of capital, to direct the public mind through the press, to promote freedom of labor—that is to say, to do away with the tyranny of Unions, and to prevent the repeal of the Conspiracy Law Amendment Bill, which the leaders of the Trades Unions are agitating to annul, as it attacks strikes for the purpose of raising wages. Naturally, this powerful money federation has excited much discussion in England, and it has been assailed by all the popular papers. It is an imperial power, however, more capable of doing good than harm. It may prevent those formidable strikes, disastrous at once to the employer as well as to the workman, and if it aims at despotism the votes of the laborers can pack the House of Commons with a majority pledged to the most oppressive legislation against capital and property. But this federation of employers is itself a Trades Union, and as such can deal with existing Trades Unions, and thereby a better feeling and more social understanding may be engendered between master and servant, between capital and labor, and that which is naturally antagonistic may coalesce for mutual benefit. At any rate, the combination represents more wealth than has ever yet openly banded itself together, and is as potent as it is novel.

Mr. C. Macnamara relates in a late number of the *Indian Medical Gazette*, that he was called to see an infant child of nine weeks old belonging to a native gentleman residing in Calcutta. The mother of this infant was only ten years and a half old. Mr. Macnamara states that he has often known instances in which Hindoo females have had children when 12 and 13 years of age, but he never remembered meeting with so young a mother before. In this house, too, there were present five generations; and he knew another instance of a similar kind, where the head of the family was an old lady, who had sons and daughters to the fifth generation living in the house with her, and numbering last year no less than 107 people.

A wife of nearly ten years giving her servant a holiday, was attending to the culinary matters herself, and, hearing her husband coming into the kitchen, thought she would surprise him, as soon as he opened the door, by throwing her hands over his eyes and imprinting a kiss on his brow, as in the honeymoon. The husband returned the salute with interest. "Mary, darling, where is your mistress?" The wife discharged "Mary, darling," the next day, and has adopted a new plan of "surprising her husband."

THE WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

"**Wonders of the Yellowstone Region**" is the narrative of a series of discoveries made by exploring parties in the Yellowstone Lake Region of the Rocky Mountains. The district is upwards of 6,000 feet above the sea level, whilst the lake, with an area of 330 miles, is 7,427 feet above the sea level. The district is entirely surrounded by the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and contains within its circumference a series of natural wonders and phenomena unparalleled in any other part of the world. The explorers discovered a series of hot springs or geysers, one of which, known as the "Grand Geyser," when in eruption, hurls its basin with boiling water, forming a well about 25 feet in diameter, and 100 feet deep. The central body of water rushes into the air to a height of 80 feet, whilst five minor jets ascend to the enormous height of 250 feet, the combined steam rushing up to a height of 500 feet. The earth trembles under the descending deluge from this vast fountain, a thousand hissing sounds are heard in the air, rainbows encircle the summit of the jets with a halo of celestial glory. In an area of 55 miles by 67 miles, about 1,500 hot springs and geysers were counted. Another marvellous scene is the "Grand Cañon," or ravine, into which the river is precipitated. The upper fall is 140 feet in height, and within a quarter of a mile the stream rushes over a precipice 350 feet high. The water then descends into the cañon to the depth of about 3,000 feet. The explorers went nearly half way down, and, looking up through the gloom, saw the stars in the heavens soon after midday. The wonderful district has been set apart by the United States Legislature as a great national pleasure-ground, from a conviction that in a few years it will be a place of resort for visitors from all parts of the world. This highly-interesting work contains an animated description of the explorations made in 1870-71, and is illustrated by maps and engravings. It is edited by James Richardson, and published by Blackie & Son, of Paternoster buildings.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION.

The London Echo is responsible for the following extraordinary story. "We have great doctors in England, very great, indeed, according to the Paris *Petit Journal*, and the greatest of them all, strange to say, is one whose name we do not remember ever to have seen, except in a novel—the Doctor Wilmershy de Greenmore. This marvelous surgeon, before whom Newton and Paget must bode their diminished heads, has had, it seems, for one of his patients a medical student afflicted with a most terrible malady. The poor young man suffered tortures in his head, the sufficient cause being that a whole crowd of marauding insects had somehow got into his skull, and habitually took their walks abroad over his *cerebral matter*. To cure such a state of things strong remedies were obviously needful, and the Dr. Wilmershy de Greenmore was not a man to shrink from the most heroic. He took the man's skull to pieces, severing it cleverly at the sutures and laying the scalp down carefully on his shoulders. This done, the doctor carefully cleaned the exposed brain, taking from it no less than twenty-seven full-grown insects and a quantity of eggs, and then, as the patient's own skull was no longer available, supplied him with another taken from the head of a lately deceased person. The flaps of scalp were then drawn back to their places over the new skull, and the much-relieved patient became perfectly convalescent. Everything the *Petit Journal* assures us is entirely satisfactory about the cure, save the fear which has been expressed by some phrenologists that the hitherto amiable character of the medical student may be changed for that of the former proprietor of the skull, to whose organs, of course, his brain will soon be moulded."

LONGEVITY OF PAUPERS.

At a meeting of the Bethnal Green Guardians last week, the chairman called the attention of the board to the strange state of affairs at the union arising from the pertinacity with which the paupers cling to existence. He was, he said, surprised on recently going round the house, to find so many bed-ridden persons, and had made inquiries respecting them. He found that there were ten of them over ninety years of age, the oldest being ninety seven. During the time he (the chairman) had been a guardian of Bethnal Green, there had been a number extraordinary cases of longevity among the inmates. Two years ago a man named Joseph Smith died at the age of 102, having been in the house thirty years. There was also a Mrs. Scott, who attained the age of 101, and a Mrs. Rennie, who saw her hundredth birthday before she died.

A curious theory has been given of the indications of character shown by the fingers. Those who have fingers with pointed tips are possessed of a rapid insight into things—are extra sensitive and impulsive. To this class belong the poets and artists. To the "square tips" belong scientific people, sensible, self-contained characters, professional men. The spade-shaped tips—thick tips, with little pads of flesh on each side of the nails—are materialists, commercial, practical, with a high appreciation of all that tends to bodily ease and comfort. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand, has also one joint—that which is nearest the palm, representing the body; another the middle—the mind; and the top, the soul. Each of these divisions corresponds with one of the types above given.

FARES AND FREIGHTS.

The following able and sensible letter on the subject of the proposed legislation in regard to railroad matters is addressed by Governor Stanford to the Senate Committee on Corporations. It is one of the most admirable documents of the kind that has ever been presented to the public—admirable for its directness, its knowledge, its sound sense, its force, its moderation of spirit, and for the terse strong English in which it is expressed :

To the Honorable, the Committee on Corporations of the Senate : The various bills before the Legislature upon the subject of railroads are calculated to affect so seriously the interests of the railroad companies, as well as that of the people, that I do not deem apology necessary for desiring to place before your Committee a few suggestions that occur to me as especially important for your Committee to consider in connection with the proposed legislation. From the high character of your Committee it is safe to assume it will approach the consideration of the various bills without prejudice, and with the determination to act justly and as wisely as possible toward individuals and the people.

A more important subject than that of transportation can scarcely come before the Legislature of a State.

A SAVING TO THE PEOPLE.

I shall not err much in the statement that the present system of railroads in this State is saving to the people, in the difference of the present cost of transportation from what it would be for the same business by other means of transportation, about fifteen million dollars annually. Other benefits, such as increased values and developments, may well be considered ; but, though immense, they are not so definite.

CONFISCATION THREATENED.

The bonded indebtedness of one railroad company with which I am connected, including lien of the Government of the United States, is in round numbers eighty-one million dollars. There are large amounts of bonded indebtedness of others incurred upon the faith of the people that the laws as they existed, and which brought the Companies into existence, should not be changed to their prejudice. Is not the good faith of the people so pledged ? Have no rights vested in the investors in railroads and railroad securities ? These are questions that every stockholder and every creditor of railroad companies has a right to ask ; and if the answer is in the negative, then what is the result ? Why, that the investors may find that their property may be confiscated without compensation ; and such, let me add, would in great part be the case, should the present bills before the Legislature become laws.

Would or could the railroads have been built, the bonds negotiated, had the parties anticipated such laws possible ?

DISCOURAGING FUTURE INVESTMENTS.

If there are no vested rights attaching to the investments in railroads, then of course, from the announcement of the fact, future investments in railroads must cease. And it must be assumed that the building of railroads by or through individuals is not desired nor to be allowed in this State.

If this be the case, then we are to have no more railroads constructed, or the State itself is to construct them. Are not the deductions and the queries above stated legitimate from the proposition to legislate injuriously to the interests of railroads ?

The causes for adverse legislation to railroads, with all the attendant uncertainty and instability, will always exist as they do now.

THE TRUE WAY TO SECURE CHEAPNESS.

I submit that if the State does not choose to assume the ownership and construction of railroads, that the true way to secure cheapness is to secure investors against injurious change of their charters, and place as few burdens as possible upon the operations of the railroads.

The cheapest transportation by railroad in the world—the amount of business, character of roads and attendant circumstances considered—is in the State of California. If your Committee choose to inquire, it will find that several railroads of this State have not yet reached a paying basis, and none a dividend basis, aside from the Central Pacific, to the main line of which this legislation is not applicable. Should the bills before the Legislature become laws, they will cause practical repudiation, because of the inability of the railroad companies, under them, to meet their obligations. Are there any prepared to assume or justify the responsibility ?

THE PEOPLE WILL NOT TOLERATE REPUDIATION.

Certainly the people of the State will not tolerate such a result, and will not knowingly be unjust ; nor will they permit it in their representatives. Their good faith, unfarnished and inviolable, they will maintain. I am convinced the agitation now existing upon the subject of railroads, which, coming naturally in part from the desire of the people to do their business at the least possible expense, arises from misapprehension of the facts. It is for your Committee to make an exhaustive examination into the facts pertaining to rates, that you and the people may understand the important question before you.

WHY SHOULD RAILROAD INVESTMENTS BE DISCOURAGED ?

Nothing short of this will settle anything, or give security or satisfaction to any, save, perhaps, a few who may find an individual advantage in the obscurity that

permits of agitation. But may it not well be asked why should investments in railroads not be encouraged, and their stability permitted and secured? Are not these investments of a highly beneficial character? If additional railroads are to be had and competition secured, then there must be stability to the laws, and security to the rights under them. The mere suggestion of the instability of laws affecting railroads has already substantially destroyed their credit abroad, and stopped construction, and inflicted incalculable injury to the country.

Any information calculated to elucidate the questions involved by the subject before your committee and in my power to supply, will be cheerfully furnished.

So far as alleged abuses are concerned, investigation will show that they are mostly imaginary; but the companies will gladly correct any that exist, upon their being pointed out, and will advance any assistance to prevent the occurrence of similar or others in the future.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, LELAND STANFORD.

CENTRAL PACIFIC AND ITS BRANCHES.

The following will be read with interest, not only as showing the status of the Central Pacific, but also the particulars of its main line and varied branches. Although the Central Pacific Railroad has long been dealt in at New York, it has but recently been placed upon the official list of the Stock Exchange. The Committee reported on it as follows:

Organized under charters from the United States and State of California. Main line and branches now built and in operation:	Main Miles.
Main line from San Francisco to Ogden	882.89
California and Oregon Branch from Junction to Redding	151.48
San Joaquin Valley Branch from Lathrop to Goshen	146.39
San Jose Branch from Niles to San Jose	17.54
Alameda Branch from Alameda Wharf to Hayward's	11.75
Oakland Branch from Oakland Wharf to Brooklyn	5.55
Total	1,218.51
Second and side track	110.40
Aggregate mileage, main line, branches and sidings	1,328.91
Bonded debt of the company, less bonds in Sinking Funds	$ 53,111,240 65
United States Subsidy Bonds	27,355,680 00
Floating Debt	3,244,136 60
Total	$ 84,511,027 25
The amount of authorized capital stock, in shares of $100 each, is	$100,000,000 00
The amount of capital stock subscribed is	62,008,800 00
The amount of capital stock issued, represented by 542,755 shares of $100 each, is	54,275,500 00
Total cost of road and branches, including equipment	139,746,311 14
Total number of acres of land grant upwards of 13,000,000.	

EARNINGS.

1871	$ 9,467,072 15	$5,171,192 95
1872	12,784,729 88	7,307,781 63
1873	13,871,089 82	8,381,649 67

Or $1,767,292 as a surplus above interest on bonds, which amounts to about $3,191,870 in gold. This is equivalent to 8 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the company. One dividend, 3 per cent. gold, has recently been paid upon the stock, which is now introduced to this market, where it will stand third in rank for number of shares, whatever be its position in point of price. The transfer agent is Mr. W. C. Emery, 9 Nassau street, and the Fourth National Bank will act as registrar of transfers.

"THE CHESTERFIELD LETTERS, 1873."

The following declaration was signed at Desart House, Kilkenny, on the 18th inst., in the presence of Colonel Charles Craufurd Fraser and Lieut.-Colonel Francis Baring: "I, William, Earl of Desart, acknowledge that I am responsible for the 'Chesterfield Letters, 1873,' which have been published in the magazine known as *London Society*. I deny emphatically, upon my solemn oath, that the article about 'Harry Browne' in any way, however vaguely, referred to Colonel Charles White individually or to any member of his family. I deny that he, or they, were in any way in the mind of the writer at the time, or in mine when I corrected the proofs. Had it been so, I freely admit that that article would have been defamatory, unwarranted, unwarrantable, blackguard, infamous, and utterly unworthy of a gentleman's pen. I hope that Colonel White will give the utmost publicity to this statement.—DESART."

Over $1,500,000 worth of diamonds were sold in New York last year.

MR. CLAYTON AND THE DARIEN CANAL.

President Grant has requested, as we are informed, the Chief Engineer of the Coast Survey, and Commodore Ammon, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, to report at an early date on the project of the Darien Canal. Commodore Selfridge has already disclosed some important facts on the same subject. The estimated cost for building it is set down by the Engineer of the Hoosac Tunnel at sixty million dollars. Clayton, of California, proposes that the Federal Government shall assume the work of its construction, and the Congressional Committee on Commerce will soon report in favor of its feasibility and practicability. This is indeed welcome news to the world in general and California in particular. There is hope now that the dream of Columbus may be realized before long. A short route to the Indies may yet be found, or rather opened through the Isthmus of Darien; the road to Asia and California by water may be shortened by a half. Our worthy townsman and faithful representative, Mr. Clayton, is entitled to the credit of this sudden stir on a subject of so great importance. He has taken the matter in hand, and has g one to work in earnest. For years past much time has been wasted in talking and planning by our public men. Several surveys have been made for a ship canal both at Darien and Nicaragua, but, after all, the enterprise has remained where it commenced—a mere plan in the head of the architect. The paramount importance and necessity of a ship canal through Darien or Nicaragua has often been described by speakers and well understood by every nation, but especially by Californians. The commercial world, by sending merchandise around the Cape of Magellan to this coast, has expended an amount of treasure sufficient to build two or three canals. Well has Mr. Clayton remarked, that "each cargo going by that route is taxed almost enough to build the ship." The expense to California in the wheat trade alone is absolutely enormous. Just think of the cost of shipping—as it will soon happen—a million tons of wheat around Cape Horn to Europe annually! Again, in our isolated condition we have thus far securely reposed under the wings of Providence and have been blessed with peace. But suppose a fleet of iron-clad vessels lay at anchor before our city and opened their batteries upon it—we are somewhat skeptical as to whether the wings of Providence could or would protect us from shells. Is it not then time that something were done by the Government to provide for this dangerous contingency? Railroads may indeed offer quick transportation, but the safety of a State should not hang entirely on a single and uncertain thread. Mr. Clayton has rendered a very signal service to California by acting promptly on this matter, and urging the speedy commencement of the ship canal at Darien by the Government of the United States.

THE MARSHAL'S WIFE.—A FASCINATING SKETCH.

A Parisian journal gives a fascinating sketch of the wife of Marshal Bazaine. We are told the young Mexican beauty was not eighteen years old when she fell in love with the soldier who held the destinies of Mexico in his hands. "She was fascinated, and a tender passion succeeded her admiration." During the occupation the marshal and his wife were the constant guests of the Emperor and Empress, the unfortunate Maximilian delighting in a waltz with the Marshal's bride. There were four children born, but only three are alive—namely, Eugénie Bazaine, Achille, and Alphonse, who are the godchildren of the late Emperor Napoleon and Queen Isabella. In 1870 came the German war, and the close of a most happy matrimonial life. Nothing but succeeding afflictions, as may easily be imagined, has fallen on the Marshal's young wife, who now only asks to share his imprisonment. It would be in bad taste to attempt to translate the poetical picture of La Maréchale as given by Viscount Aymar de Flagy: "L'expression de ses grands yeux noirs est á la fois énergique et caressante; ses traits sont fins; les lignes de son visage pures et correctes; son teint a la blancheur et la transparence d'une rose-thé; ses cheveux noirs, souples et soyeux, se soulèvent et frisent comme ceux d'un enfant, et, quand elle riait, son rire avait un timbre argentin, et ses petites dents, beaucoup plus jolies que des perles, semblaient rire aussi et défier le malheur de l'atteindre jamais. Sa taille est charmante et ses mouvements sont gracieux comme ceux d'un jeune chat; ses pieds et ses mains sont imperceptibles; on les cherche avant de les apercevoir. Mais ce qui domine par-dessus tout en elle, ce qui rayonne sur sa physionomie, c'est l'intelligence!" That so many natural gifts should have been destined to so much unhappiness!

Colonel Thomas Gray has been elected President of the Pioneer Land and Loan Association. He is one of our oldest Pioneers. He has held offices of great trust both in this State and Missouri. While a representative of this city in the Legislature, his integrity was never even called in question. During the war, from its commencement to its close, he served with distinguished ability. His son, John Gray, died in the field from wounds received at Gettysburg. Colonel Gray was appointed Naval Officer, one of the highest Federal appointments on this coast, by the last Administration.

A contented home missionary says "that there are only two missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals. Shall we not give them a larger supply?" Two missionaries, either baked, boiled, or stuffed, are certainly "small potatoes" among such a crowd of heavy eaters, and there ought to be a rallying to the front.

LILIE.

I met a young girl's face to-day,
As starlight soft and tender,
Yet touched as if in fiery play
By sunlight's mystic splendor.

And, gazing on that forehead white,
Those strange, dark eyes before me!
In one great burst of sudden light,
The past, like heaven, shone o'er me!

I saw my own first love again,
In all her grace and sweetness,
Without one line of care or pain
To mar their mild completeness.

O child! no purer love than mine,
In God's all-gracious seeing,
Could gird with glory half divine
Your heart, your fate, your being!

The daughter of my soul you seem,
Incarnate music, breathing air,
The creature of some raptured dream,
Benignly fond and fair.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE OLDEST DAUGHTER OF THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden Castle and its neighborhood were astir at an early hour on Saturday morning, December 25th, on the occasion of the marriage of the Rev. Charles Wickham, M.A., head master of Wellington College, and Miss Agnes Gladstone, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone. The village was gaily decorated, and several arches composed of evergreens and winter flowers, with appropriate mottoes, were erected between the castle and the church, and abundance of bunting was displayed by the inhabitants, by whom the bride is greatly beloved for her kind disposition and constant consideration for the interests of the children and poor of the village and its vicinity.

Shortly after ten o'clock the bridesmaids, the Marchioness of Westminster, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and others of the wedding party, met at the rectory, preparatory to assembling at the church. The interior of the church had been tastefully decorated for Christmas, and for the wedding; the rails before the communion table were specially adorned with camellias and lilies. A very large congregation was present. The rev. bridegroom, accompanied by Mr. Pritchard, his best man, entered the church about a quarter past ten, by which time many of those invited to the wedding, including the Marchioness of Westminster, Lord and Lady Lyttelton, Lord and Lady Frederick Cavendish, Archdeacon Foukes, the Hon. G. C. Lyttelton, M.P., etc., had assembled. The eight bridesmaids came from the rectory, and took their places just inside the church portal. The Premier, accompanied by his eldest son, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P., was next to arrive, and precisely at eleven Mrs. Gladstone and the bride reached the church from Hawarden Castle. The bride on alighting from the carriage was received by her father, and, leaning on his arm, at once passed along the nave to the communion table, followed by her attendant bridesmaids, Miss Mary and Miss Helen Gladstone (her sisters); Hon. May Lyttelton and Hon. Margaret Warren; Miss M. S. Gladstone and Miss Gertrude Glynne (cousins); and Miss Edith Wickham.

The bride's dress was of white silk, trimmed with Brussels lace. She also wore a wreath of orange flowers and myrtle, and a Brussels lace veil. The religious rite was performed by the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, rector of Hawarden, brother of the bride. After the ceremony the bridal party returned to Hawarden Castle, where Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone gave a breakfast to their relatives and friends, covers being laid for sixty. At the breakfast which followed the ceremony, Lord Lyttelton proposed the bride's health.

The Premier addressed his assembled guests and friends as follows:—"One might almost suppose it was presumptuous to enter into a vow which, depend upon it, no human power can dissolve or weaken, but it is not presumptuous if it be done in a right spirit. If it be done in humble trust and reliance upon the guidance of Him who alone can direct our steps in the great transactions of life as in the smaller, it is not presumptuous. Then it is hopeful, it is blessed, it is happy. There is not one cloud upon the sky of their prospects, so far as it is allowed us to forecast them. Well, my dear friends and neighbors, again let me express the deep gratitude we feel for the manifestations of your kindness; they have been such as we feel now, and such as I trust we ever shall continue to feel. There is one act of kindness I will request you to perform still on their behalf. You have to-day accompanied us into the temple of the Most High to witness the solemn rite which has there been performed; but let each one of you, in the temple of his own heart and in the silence and secrecy of his own chamber, beseech the Almighty to continue to fulfil His goodness upon the heads of the married pair. Happy as they are, they cannot dispense with the aid and comfort of your prayers—that aid and comfort which under all circumstances and at all times every one of us can freely and at the same time humbly, render to one another." After speaking of the day as one of separation but yet of hope and joy, a day not likely to be forgotten, the right hon. gentleman referred to the communion of feeling which subsisted between those assembled and the inhabitants of the rectory, and again thanked them for their kindness, which, he said, would be graven on their recollection.

The loving cup was passed around, and the ladies and gentlemen left for the girls' school, where a ball was opened by Mrs. Gladstone and her eldest son, and kept up till 11. The school children and poor people throughout the parish had tea, and the day was observed as a general holiday.

The wedding presents included a magnificent cashmere shawl from the Queen ; a chest of plate, a dressing-case, and marqueterie writing-table and cabinet from Mr. Gladstone, and a pearl necklace and pearl and diamond ring from Mrs. Gladstone. Among other gifts from relatives and friends, upwards of 250 in number, were—From the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, a blue china tea set ; the Marquis of Westminster, Ferrari's picture of the Saints ; the Marchioness of Westminster, silver candlestick ; Earl and Countess Spencer, a pair of silver tea-caddies ; Earl and Countess Beauchamp, a *déjeuner* service: the Earl and Countess of Belmore, a blackwood table ; the Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian, blue flower vases ; Lady Raleigh and Mr. and Miss Balfour, a pianoforte ; Lady Herbert of Lea, a marqueterie writing-table ; Baroness Von Hugel, a silver-gilt bowl ; Sir Thomas Gladstone, a set of black and crimson satin chairs ; and Lady Gladstone, a double table ; Lord and Lady F. Cavendish, a black and gold writing-table ; Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a china and gold clock, and vase to match ; Lord and Lady Arthur Russell, a turquoise bowl : Lord Wolverton, a pearl and diamond ornament ; Lord and Lady Wenlock, a pearl and lapis lazuli locket; Lord and Lady Hanmer, a gold necklace and ornaments ; the Ladies Alice and Albreda Fitzwilliam, a silver-mounted Norwegian belt and bag ; Lady Frost, a Brussels lace fan : Sir Stephen Glynne, a set of silver salt cellars ; Mr. and Mrs. Cardwell, a silver tea service ; Baroness L. de Rothschild, a turquoise and pearl locket, set with diamonds ; Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, a pearl a turquoise necklace and ornaments ; Lord, and Lady Penrhyn, a pearl and diamond locket and earrings; Lady Gertrude Talbot a châtelaine ; Sir Walter and Lady James, a small armchair and table ; Sir Charles Anderson, a china tea service ; Lady Phillimore, a large flower-stand ; Lady Agnes Wood, a large flower vase ; Hon. S. and Hon. A Lyttelton, picture of the Siggiola; Hon. Misses Pennant, Fra Angelico Angel ; Colonel and Hon. Mrs. Hogg, a pair of Dresden china candelabra ; the Dean of Chichester, a complete copy of his *Lives of the Archbishops ;* Mr. Fortescue, a reading lamp ; Messrs. W. H. and S. Gladstone, a pony carriage ; Mr. and Mrs. A West, a blue bowl ; Mr. Cursley, a blue velvet table ; Miss Farquhar, a china cornucopia ; Mr. and Mrs. Godley, a blue inkstand ; Miss Wilson, venetian flower vases ; Mr. Byng, a blue flower vase; Mr. Henderson, china vases ; Mr. and Mrs. Palgrave, engraving in flat gold frame; Mr. and Mrs. Papillon, a twirligig table ; Mrs. Lloyd, an ivory bound Church Service ; Miss Phillimore, a Florentine watch stand ; the Misses Wickham, a walnut and gilt writing set ; Mr. Wickham, a Sèvres china clock ; Miss Rigby, an old Salopian tea service ; the Misses Mary and Helen Gladstone, a turquoise hoop ring set with diamonds ; Mr. Robertson Gladstone, a silver tea and coffee service ; Mr. Dutton, an Eastern box of tea ; the Misses Gladstone (of Fasque), a tea service ; the ladies of Hawarden, a large buhl clock ; from the servants, a silver inkstand, candlestick, and match box ; from the school children of Hawarden, a black and gold paper case ; and to the bridegroom from the boys of Wellington College, a set of dessert knives, forks, spoons, and salt cellars, besides many others of less importance.

About half-past two o'clock the reverend gentleman and happy bride left the castle, amid a shower of old slippers, for Bourton Cottage, Lord Wenlock's seat, near Much Wenlock, Shropshire, where they propose to spend the honeymoon.

FASHIONABLE YOUNG MOTHERS.

Who that has seen the young mother all wounded, bleeding and prostrate from a difficult labor through which she has barely escaped with her life, has not pitied her child-like unfitness for the serious duties before her ? From the period of infancy her body has been tortured and forced into studied and unnatural attitudes by the tyrant fashion, and the mind carried far away from the study of life's stern realities, in order to encourage useless and frivolous accomplishments. At home or at school, she has not learned a single lesson in the least calculated to prepare her for the duties and responsibilities of the married state ; and since her wedding-day she has had eyes, but would not see, ears, but would not hear, the threatenings of nature's offended laws. For the purpose of concealing her pregnancy, during the early months, and thus practice a supposed lady-like virtue, she has drawn her corset-strings tighter and tighter, every day, in order not to appear vulgar in society, or fail to participate in all the fashionable dissipations of the season. When at last, however, her condition is no longer a secret among her acquaintances, she withdraws herself from society, and settles down into the most indolent and helpless retirement, then to long and to wait—merely to feed upon "that good which is sensual," and without the faintest spark to thrill her bosom of the nobility that links maternity to the destiny and glory of the race! With such training from childhood—with such contemptuous disregard of the laws of health during womanhood, and especially after marriage—with such poor fitness for the throes of parturition—with such violence in the propagation of immortal souls ! who, pray, can wonder at the feebleness and sickliness in fashionable life ?

An Amendment.—"Should I be discovered I am lost!" exclaimed the hero of a melodrama in the provinces, as he concealed himself in a closet on the stage. "Should you be discovered you will be found," was the amendment of a gentleman in the gallery.

THE LONDON TIMES ON CALIFORNIA.

[From the earliest days of California as one of the States of the Union, the London *Times* has taken an interest in its progress. With its broad intelligence and liberal conduct, it may be said, in a manner, to foresee events, and it prophesied of the future greatness of California. For many years it had its special correspondent, a well-known resident in our midst. For the last two years there has been some interruption in its regular course of intelligence, but now we are happy to announce that the old custom is reëstablished, and that our doings and sayings, our increase and our progress, are duly set forth in the columns of the greatest paper in the world. We are glad to be properly represented, and our social and commercial position defined and understood. The present issue of our number contains the essence of the revived correspondence. It is written in a tone which, without indulging in enthusiastic laudation, yet eliminates the actual facts respecting our country. As long as such is the case, it will be our pleasure to reproduce letters which evince calmness of reason, joined to perfect accuracy of detail, relating to the current events of the day and the material progress of our country:]

The deliberations of the Anti-Chinese Convention have been brought to a close, and their conclusions may be accepted as the expression of the people of California on the subject. The objections of the public to further Chinese immigration have been set forth in a petition to the President and Senate of the United States, praying for the amendment or abrogation of the existing treaty with China. The complaint asserts, among other well-attested facts, that the Chinese who come to this coast are imported under contract, and are not free agents; that they exist on fifteen cents per day, the balance of their earnings being sent to their own country, and that it is, therefore, impossible for citizen workmen to compete with them; that they degrade labor in the eyes of the rising generation, and that their personal habits and modes of living are repulsive to our people, so that an antagonistic feeling is engendered between the two races, which is increasing with fearful rapidity, and which must eventually terminate in riots and bloodshed; that the Chinese never lose their identity as subjects of China, and can in no way assimilate with the Caucasian race; and that they exercise a demoralizing influence on our youth, "making them familiar with crimes of a nature easier understood than described." Further, that the large number of Chinese has tended to shut out the white man from railway works, and thereby prevented the lands along the line of railroads from being settled and improved by citizens, who, if employed on such works, would purchase and cultivate the soil, increase taxable property and promote the general welfare. The petition refers to the fact that, whereas the treaty between the two nations provides that Americans shall be restricted to certain districts in China, the Chinese are accorded all the rights and privileges of the most favored nations, and, after rehearsing the manifold objections to a continuance of this treaty under its present aspect, one of its clauses contains the following significant statement: "That we are opposed to riots or cruelty to the subjects of China, or to in any way injuring them while they are here under treaty with our Government, and we respectfully represent that the prohibition of immigration, as prayed for, is the only safeguard against such deplorable results." All political parties on the Pacific Coast coincide in this representation.

California as a great wheat-producing country is wholly dependent on a sufficient supply of rain for the production of its immense exports of grain, which, during the twelve months ending in October, amounted in value to $20,000,000; and not only the farming interest, but mining operations and a large portion of our productive industry depend on an average rainfall. Owing to the uncertainty of the seasons, speculation in the growth of wheat is little more than a lottery, and the work in many of our valuable mines becomes unprofitable from want of water. The average rainfall in San Francisco is about 22 inches during the season, and this reading varies in other parts of the State. Predictions with regard to the weather are useless, for it is generally conceded that no one can be weatherwise in California. It is, therefore, with feelings of anxiety that, although we find ourselves well into the rainy season, the anticipated showers so necessary for tillage have as yet fallen only in driblets, notwithstanding the indications of rain storms. The periodical droughts which prevail in many of the largest wheat-producing counties, and which may be expected four years in every seven, cause an immense diminution in the material wealth of the State. The subject of irrigation on a large scale has become of paramount importance, and is attracting attention as a public necessity which can no longer be neglected. By adopting the storage system as in India, the waters of our mountain streams, lakes and rivers can be utilized by means of reservoirs, and made to irrigate millions of acres of the richest land in the State. The fertile but parched valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento alone are 500 miles in length, with an average width, including only the lowest and easily cultivated foot-hills, of 40 miles, giving an area of 25,000 square miles, or 15,000,000 acres of farming land in a single connected body. The greater part of this arable land is in the San Joaquin Valley, which in 1872 produced, under favorable circumstances, over 300,000 tons of wheat. The previous three seasons had, however, been years of drought, and much suffering was entailed on

small farmers in the valley, whose labors during that period went wholly unrewarded. Two-thirds of this valley are susceptible of irrigation, and a company has for some time past been established, under the auspices of some of our leading citizens, to construct main canals leading from the San Joaquin River, King's River, and Tulare and other lakes, through several adjoining counties, for the purpose of irrigating the lands of those counties, and for affording navigation the year round from Kern Lake to Antioch, on Suisun Bay, a little above the Bay of San Francisco, a distance in all of 300 miles.

The cost of the present canal, which is meant eventually to connect with and draw its supplies from Tulare Lake at an elevation of 200 feet above the sea level, will be $2,000,0000, of which $600,000 is already expended.

Forty miles of the canal is already completed. It is 30 feet wide on the bed, 70 feet wide on the top, and 6 feet deep. It will be 160 miles in length, navigable throughout, and will run through the heart of the west side of the San Joaquin Valley, thus commanding 300,000 acres of rich arable land. The large landholders and farmers generally have agreed to pay $1 25 per crop per acre for the use of the water, and to give in addition a guarantee by a first mortgage on all their lands capable of being watered from the canal that they will pay $1 25 per acre for a term of five years, whether they use the water or not. They have also made other concessions which indicate their anxiety to avail themselves of the benefit of irrigation as soon as possible. The lands in the valley are a rich alluvial deposit, and produce cotton, tobacco, hops, cereals, and oil seeds, equal to those of India, Italy, and the South of France. Since the construction of the canal already built, and within the last two years, the value of adjoining lands has risen from $2 50 to $30 per acre. Where alfalfa or lucerne has been cultivated, the yield has been from 8 to 10 tons to the acre, on which 20 sheep to the acre have been pastured, and for which sheep owners offer $10 per acre for grazing purposes. In a country so sparsely populated as this, it appears difficult for people in Europe, accustomed to small farms and a dense population, to understand how the construction of canals can be a profitable speculation. The cultivation of large farms, the use of Chinese labor, the absence of weeds, forest trees and stumps, and the wonderful evenness of the land, combined with all the desirable slope for watering large areas rapidly, are not comprehended or appreciated by people in older countries.

As an investment for capital, however, irrigation by means of canals offers greater security, perhaps, than any other speculation on the Pacific Coast, as in the case of the before-mentioned company, a first mortgage is in reality secured on all lands through which the canal passes, the right of way being given by the various landholders, who construct all the distributing ditches at their own expense. Foreign capital, it may be necessary to remark, which was until recently almost excluded from investment in land by the disabilities under which it labored, has, by a law enacted in January last, been placed on an equal footing with native capital. An alien may now purchase and possess property in this State irrespective of his residence here, and the benefit of the laws which regulate possession and inheritance generally is now accorded in full measure to him and to his heirs. In this respect California presents an exceptional inducement to foreign investors, and the result has been a large influx of British capital, which, under other conditions, would have been excluded. Referring to the size of farms in California, the records of the State Board of Equalization for last year show that we have 23,215 farms over 100 and under 500 acres each, 4,569 farms ranging from 500 to 10,000 acres, and 122 farms of 20,000 acres and upwards. The great complaint against our agriculturists is that they will not diversify their crops, but will insist on planting wheat, and wheat alone, year after year, gathering at each harvest a lessened quantity of grain, and greatly impoverishing the land by the process. Our grapes, which require little irrigation, are unsurpassed for size and flavor, and the facilities for cultivating them and the great quantities produced afford every encouragement for wine making and raisin curing. The wine made in this State last year fell far below the estimated quantity, as it did not exceed 5,000,000 gallons, and the estimates for the present year do not place the yield much above 3,000,000 gallons. The cause of this falling off is attributable to unusually severe frosts which came late in the Spring, and to other untoward influences which may not occur again for a number of years. The cultivation of the tobacco plant has been carried on with great success at San Felipe and Gilroy, a crop of more than 1,000,000 lbs. being fully counted on from 375 acres, planted by the tobacco company there. As an account of the San Francisco Stock Exchange has appeared in a recent number of an illustrated London paper, the description may be familiar to many of your readers. The sales in the Stock Board average about $3,000,000 per week, but in times of great excitement they have frequently reached that amount in one day. As an exemplification of the great fluctuations in the price of mining shares, the operation in Crown Point and Belcher, the two leading mines, may be adduced. In October, 1870, the former sold for $3 per share, or $36,000 for the whole mine; in 1872 the shares sold for $1,825, or $21,900,000 for the mine; in November of the present year the shares were selling at about $100, or $1,200,000 for the mine. In 1870 Belcher sold for $2 50 per share, or $26,000 for the mine; in April, 1872, the value of a share was $1,525, equivalent to $15,860,000 for the mine. The present selling price is about $80, or $8,320,000 for the mine. The principal holders in the Crown Point are Mr. Alvinza Hayward and Senator Jones, of Nevada. In the Belcher the principal holders are Mr. William Sharon, Mr. R. F. Morrow, and the Bank of California.

If a Bedouin should lose all his teeth would he talk gum Arabic?

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Nothing New Under the Sun.—In the English Patent Office Reports, republished by the Government in 1854, there is specification of one Thomas Saints, of Greenhill Rents, in the parish of St. Stephen, London, under date of July 17, 1790, for a composition of resins and gums for sticking the soles of boots and shoes together. Curiously enough, the specification says not a word in regard to machinery, but it is accompanied by a large plan, in which are figured a sewing-machine, a weaving-machine, and some few unimportant articles. The sewing-machine was intended for the purpose of fastening the soles to the uppers. There is a spool for the thread, there is an awl to make the hole in the materials, and there is a needle with the "eye at the top," precisely like the Howe machine, for driving the thread through the hole. It is, in fact, in all the essential features, as perfect a machine as any in use at the present day.

An Old Civil Servant.—The enormous elephant that the Viceroy was mounted on during the late entry into Agra has been in the service since 1795. He carried Sir John Shore to Lucknow when the deposition of Vazeer Ali laid the foundation for the fall of the kingdom of Oudh, and all that occurred so many years after, in 1857. The kingly Wellesley, full of deep ambition; the venerable Cornwallis, going to his lonely grave at Ghazeepore; Minto the Mediocre, the courtly Hastings; Amhurst the Fortunate, and Bentinck the destroyer of half-batta and the discoverer of Simla; Auckland, of Afghanistan celebrity, and Ellenborough, of Somnath gate notoriety, the warlike Hardinge, the darling Dalhousie, Canning the Clement, and first Viceroy so many governor-general of the old Company's days have been carried by this grand old Behemoth.

Novel Sight at Galway.—On looking over the gaol bridge a novel sight may be seen—the whole bed of the river covered with salmon, rooting amongst the gravel, which they have managed to dig up into long ridges. In the hollows the fish may be seen, and these hollows, we understand, form the spawning ground for the fish. In consequence of the long continuance of dry weather the water in the Corrib is lower than it has been for many years at this season, and while the bed of the river at the bridge has always been a favorite resort for salmon at spawning-time, no one was able to see them distinctly until now.

The Secretary of the Honduras Bondholders Committee writes, under date Dec. 20th: "The committee beg to inform the bondholders of the Honduras Loans that they have made the most satisfactory arrangements for the whole of the money to complete the Interoceanic Railway; therefore the contractors will proceed to carry out the works without delay, which they have agreed to complete within twelve months from the first of January next." The letter is signed John Tucker, Hon. Sec., 4 Westminister Chambers, Victoria street, Dec. 20th.

A philosopher writes in relation to the discovery of the Italian chemist to harden the human body into a stony oak-like substance:—After death with such material you might rock your seventh child in a cradle composed of that seventh child's great grandmother. Or you might have a whole family of poor relations worked up into an elegant dining-table, with extension leaves. How beautifully and appropriately deceased individuals could continue to do good in the same spheres of usefulness which they ornamented in life!

A very novel idea has suggested itself to the mind of Mrs. Webb of Melbourne. That lady has published a pamphlet, entitled the *Woman's Advocate*, in which she recommends that a bill should be introduced into Parliament for establishing a woman's fund, contributed to by every husband, that no widow may be left destitute. Also a maiden's fund, to which all bachelors must contribute, that no maidens be left destitute after forty.

Sale of Lord Henry Paget's Greyhounds.—On Saturday the entire kennel of greyhounds, consisting of season-ed dogs and saplings, the property of Lord Henry Paget, were sold by auction at Aldridge's repository. There was but a thin attendance of coursing men, and, although the dogs were the strain of the celebrated Brigadier and Councilman, there was no competition. The 18 dogs were sold for £43 11s. 6d.

A huge cheese was shipped from New York to London the other day. It was made in Oneida county, and weighed 2,300 pounds; 21,000 pounds of milk were used in making it, and the cheese was 26 inches high when first cured, but it shrank 2 inches during the process, and when shipped measured 24 inches high and 54 inches in diameter.

The Australian Mail reports that the Bank of New South Wales has declared a dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum; the National Bank of Australasia, a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum; the Bank of New Zealand, a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, and a bonus of 2½ per cent. per annum.

Putrid Cocoa-Nuts.—Putrid cocoa-nuts are the latest form of poison in London for the people, vended on trucks in the open street. With the mistaken idea of rendering them fresh, 400 of these nuts had been tapped, the rancid "milk" drawn off, and water poured into its place. The effect was the reverse of that intended.

Paris ladies are adopting the fashion of wearing metal heeled boots. Another eccentricity of fashion in the French capital is to wear gloves fastened with no fewer than thirty-two buttons. The glove reaches nearly to the shoulder.

MY ONLY LOVE.

My only love is always near,
In country or in town
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She ran before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on; but, while she leads,
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice! Ah me, it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase—
I follow, follow still; but I
Shall never see her face.

PROF. LE CONTE'S THEORY OF MOUNTAINS.

It has long been known that in our University of California we have many men who are not only learned with the wisdom of others, but are also original investigators for themselves, and Prof. Le Conte's lecture on Saturday shows that he is one of the noble band of scientific men who are continually finding out new truths and taking new steps for the advancement of knowledge. But surely the reports of the lecture must be wrong, because, according to them, the learned Professor claims to have originated the theory that the elevation of mountains and mountain chains is due to the effects of pressure. Who so well fitted as himself to show the public that this mistake of the reporters is a serious one, because he could quote so many passages to show that the theory is an old one, and being an exceedingly fair man, as all scientific men are, he is necessarily unwilling to appropriate honor where honor is not due. In proof that the theory is generally held, he might say with Dana, in his Manual of Geology, "Mountains lifted by lateral pressure or tension within the crust would be supported as raised; they would not be resting on a sea of unstable gases, but would have a solid basis—that by the movement of which they were elevated." And again, "mountains are not made of igneous ejections, except occasionally in some small portion." Then if he has not forgotten it in his studies of far more profound works on the subject, he might quote Hitchcock's Elementary Geology, when speaking of the cooling of the earth, he says: "After a crust had been formed, the interior portion would gradually loose its heat and contract, perhaps leaving a vacant space between itself and the crust." Here we have the theory which Professor Le Conte believes in, not to say originated "eighteen months ago with diffidence" on the subject of earthquakes. Quoting from memory Draper's work on civilization in Europe, does not the Moor Alhazen advance the same theory of pressure being the cause of the elevation of mountain ranges? Again, in the Students' Manual of Geology, by J. B. Jukes, and edited by Archibald Geikie, we have: "In the course of this process (the cooling of the earth) both elevation and depression on the largest scale occurred, and, at times, enormous plication and crumplings of the rocks. There is good reason to believe that the elevation of mountain chains may very generally be due to the results of this slow secular refrigeration." Then, on the subject of the parallelism of mountain chains, we find the same theory advanced by Mons. de Beaumont, as quoted in Lyell's Geology. Did not the reporters make some great mistake when they wrote up the lecture, or was it that they left out all of the original matter and theory, and merely put in what the Professor said was old? Let us hope that he will come out and explain these points, as now he stands under the grave imputation of wearing borrowed plumes, or else in the position of one who has read nothing that has been written before, and originates everything himself. Of course he will have no difficulty in doing this, as the only thing he has to do is to put it all on the shoulders of the "literary Bohemians," as Senator Edgerton has it. ALPHA.

Next May there is to be an international Botanical Congress at Florence. The City of Flowers boasts of one of the most complete botanical museums in Europe. It contains specimens of about 120,000 plants of all countries and climes. The library consists of 6,000 volumes, and the gardens contain more than 12,000 difference species of plants. Botanists desiring to be present should send in their names to the President or the Secretary of the Royal Tuscan Society of Horticulture. Italian will be the official language of the Congress, but every speaker will be allowed to use his native tongue. Twenty-two subjects are proposed for discussion. They include the physiology and the morphology of plants, the part played by plants in fermentation and miasma, parasites and fossil plants. The programme has elicited general approval from the various leading botanists of Europe. Among those expected to be present are Dr. Hooker, of London; Professor David Moore, of Dublin; Mr. Binney, of Manchester; Mr. Duthie, of Edinburgh; Professor Schimper, of Strasburg; Mr. Ball, of Alpine celebrity; Professor Morren, of Liege; Professor Renhenbach, of Hamburg; H. Alfoso de Candolle, the continuer of his father's great work on the vegetable kingdom.

A reward of one sovereign is offered in the columns of the *Times* for the restoration of a "little wee dog, Rosy, hair white and curly, wearing blue silk collar, legs and feet small, well shaped and trimmed."

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The new religion has hard work to find definite, intelligible expression, if one may judge from the confused noises which rise on every side the moment one enters a Liberal bookstore. Comte and the pseudo Comtists wrangle at one counter; Andrew Jackson Davis drowns Feuerbach's monstrous rigmarole at another; in one corner sit the believers in the gospel according to D Holbach, laughing with supreme scorn at the enthusiasm of young American Buddhists sighing for Nirvana; while Mr. John Weiss and Robert Dale Owen and Mr O B. Frothingham and Mrs. Blackwell, and a thousand more, are crying out, each his particular theory of the universe as the only true and genuine American religion of the future. All is in a ferment, with the chances rather in favor of a meagre dish of sour wine as the result. In one thing all these apostles are agreed: that Christianity is a failure, take what form of it you will. This personal God and this Aten myth: Can anything be more foolish and more false than these things? Salvation by cracked wheat has happily supplanted salvation by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the personal God has perished, after a hopeless struggle with the Social Evil. And, as yet, we have no one Religion of Humanity in a shape recognizable by men. Each is without form and void; but the frantic enthusiasm of the seekers is only to be matched by the excitement of a camp-meeting when the faithful are about to catch the Holy Ghost. It is in this fashion that Nature utters herself in revolt against the long oppression of this Pauline Christianity. Meanwhile it has a strange look to the outsider that these worshippers of Nature know so little of the nature of man that they set about to make war on a mythology two thousand years old by letting off firecrackers in each other's ears. Nothing has been added to the protest against the power of Religion since Lucretius wrote his sublime poem. Everything that could weigh in the scale against that tremendous force was summed up by him in three lines:

> Nam si certam finem esse viderent
> Aerumnarum homines, aliqua ratione valerent
> Religionibus atque minis obsistere vatum.

It is all in that. Men see no certain end to their miseries, and the hold of religion upon them is not to be shaken off. There the weary find repose, and the sore heart ceases from its care, and all the arguments against the Book of Genesis, and the miracle of the loaves and fishes are beside the question. Lucretius is as old as Christianity; and, whatever our belief, we cannot but see that the person and the attitude have had equal opportunity to be accepted. Both are here to-day; and men choose for themselves, as their instincts guide them. Those who live rather by the intellect are so far disciples of Lucretius; those who live by the heart —and how immense is their majority!—are so far disciples of Jesus, and of the religion called Christian. Reformers and new lights and thinkers, learned and solid, may say and write what they will; the Christian religion is too strong for all reason, as for all scoffing.

Messrs. A. K. Butts & Co., 36 Dey street, New York, have sent us the following interesting tracts: A Lecture on Buddhism, by F. Max Müller; The Religion of Inhumanity, by Frederick Harrison; The Essence of Religion, by Ludwig Feuerbach; Materialism, by L. Buchner; The Relation of Witchcraft to Religion, by F. Lyell; and Essays Read at the Meeting of the Free Religious Association in Cooper Union.

Max Müller is always learned and sympathetic; and in this little pamphlet he gives the true doctrine of the *Nirvana* as *not* the absolute *Nothing* it has been commonly considered. "What does it mean," he says, "when Buddha calls reflection the path of immortality, and thoughtlessness the path of death? Buddhagosha, a learned man of the fifth century, here explains immortality by Nirvana, and that this was also Buddha's thought is clearly established," etc.

Mr. Frederick Harrison's "Religion of Inhumanity" is a curiosity, and a very sharp one, of Mr Stephen's remarkable book, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." It is more than this: it is a vindication of the "sentimental" view of life against what men of Mr. Stephen's school are apt to call the practical view, and it is completely successful.

Feuerbach's "Essence of Religion" is as full of thought as all his works, and as unsatisfactory. It should not be difficult to compress the ideas which underlie all religions, and yet it is seen that attempts at this compression are always incomplete. "The eye sees only what it brings with it the power of seeing," says Carlyle. One overlooks this or misinterprets that, and the relations of the thought are changed.

Dr. Büchner, the idol of young Russia, is rather unpleasantly combative in most of his works, and is, in fact, a kind of German Huxley, full of equal energy and "rejoicing, like him, to run a race." Materialism is the only sweet and beautiful doctrine possible, according to this teacher; and we are not sure that he does not believe Shakspeare the greatest of poets, because of the quotation he so much commends:

> "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

It is a little curious that Dr. Büchner never stopped to inquire or speculate how imperious Cæsar himself might have looked at the matter, in spite of his very decided views as to the future.

The Essay on Witchcraft is rather a summary of various kinds of sorcery still

practiced in India than an analysis of the religious element in witchcraft. It is interesting, but not what it purports to be.

The Essays by the Members of the Free Religious Association are very good, in the main, though some of them are couched in that queer dialect which is like soft music to Boston ears, and as the "squeaking of the wry-necked fife" to all others. The Free Religious nearly always have their brains at work, and occasionally within reach, and, on the whole, it is more stimulating to look over their proceedings and discourses than those of the late Evangelical Alliance, which may God confound!

THE TRIPLE PROJECT OF A TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

We hear again of a discussion in official circles concerning a reform in the telegraphic system. The advocates of the triple system now presented to the Government for adoption are, Postmaster Creswell, who claims that the telegraph is properly a part of the Postal Department and should be under its control, and be managed by officers of the Government; Mr. Orton, who urges the monopoly system now in vogue on the score of efficiency and economy; and Mr. Hubbard, who maintains that both ends may be secured by giving the Government the supervision and a private company the management of the telegraph. The reasons advanced *pro* and *con* by each party are good and strong. Indeed, it cannot be denied that private companies can manage the telegraph better and more economically than the Government; the simple reason is, because the officers are immediately interested in the concern, whereas the employés of the Government, who frequently hold their positions on political considerations, are more indifferent. Economy is not a part of the end in view under the Government, but rather extravagance of expenditure. Subaltern positions are often multiplied to reward political hacks. Worse than all this, the immediate danger of converting the postal telegraph into a political engine, and of supplying a corrupt administration with a terrible weapon in national elections and war times should not be overlooked. But the friends of the postal system truly say, that imaginary evils should not prevent the adoption of proper remedies for the real evils. The present telegraph monopoly system is far more oppressive to the people than the railroad monopoly which has aroused such a general indignation. The political evils complained of under the Governmental system are not cured by the monopoly system, but rather aggravated; as they are charged of frequently giving current and perhaps of manufacturing political news to suit their own commercial interests, at the same time that they have the power to exclude newspapers of a different persuasion from communion with them. Hubbard's system, which aims at compromise between the Government and the monopoly system, really attempts to achieve a thing impossible, by combining the two extremes. Either the Government by the right of supervision is to have absolute control over the telegraph, so as to influence its management also, or it is to have no such control. In the first instance, it will not materially differ from Postmaster Creswell's project, and in the second, it will coincide with the present system, consequently the objections laid against either the one or the other will attach likewise to Hubbard's proposition. It must be confessed that the telegraph problem is very perplexing, and requires long study to solve it satisfactorily. It may not be amiss to suggest that the private system is preferable to the control by the Government, provided a tariff of reasonable charges and proper rules for the constitution and keeping of the telegraph in good order be established by law.

Death of a Great Swordsman.—The Press ought not to pass over without comment the decease of the celebrated professor of fencing, Léon Gillemand, who has placidly breathed away his life, after a long and zealous career as an accomplished swordsman. It may sound somewhat strangely to those who witnessed the energy he displayed on the occasion of his final retirement at Willis' Rooms in 1868, to hear that he was present at the battle of Waterloo. About forty years back he visited England, accompanied by Matthieu Coulon, then in the zenith of his popularity, and so cordial was his reception that he took up his abode among us, and, with the exception of occasional visits to his native land, made England his adopted country. For many years he was fencing master to the London Club, and it is gratifying to know that through the kindness of the members his latter days were passed in comfortable seclusion.

A writer in a Berlin newspaper narrates that a Japanese prince, who studied at Berlin until about a year ago, made there the acquaintance of a young shopwoman from Breslau, whom he engaged to marry. The young woman, who is now at Cologne, had long forgotten the Japanese, when, about a fortnight ago, she received a letter from him summoning her to proceed to Yeddo "immediately on seeing this." The writer does not know whether she has gone, but what he does know is that she has cashed a bill for 2,000 thalers on a Frankfort banking firm, which her betrothed had sent with his letter to pay the traveling expenses.

The "hen-festival," the annual exhibition of the Massachusetts poultry association, begins in the Music hall, February 4th.

IN MEMORIAM.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF OSCAR L. SHAFTER, WHO DIED IN FLORENCE, ITALY, AND WAS BURIED IN OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

"Where the west wind blows through the evergreen trees,
And the fogs go sailing by,
'Mid the lupine blooms and humming bees,
'Tis there I fain would lie.

"These Italian skies are very fair,
Around are mosaics and sculptures rare,
And ruins of temples old;
And here, where the Arno's waters flow,
The gems of Raphael and Angelo
These princely galleries hold.

"But I'd rather sleep on the western shore,
Where the broad Pacific wave
In solemn music would grandly roar
A requiem o'er my grave."

Then bear him gently across the main,
And away toward the setting sun,
Though we never shall hear that voice again,
And his earthly task is done.

The eye is quenched that in sympathy glowed
For the wrongs of the struggling one,
And still the hand that so freely bestowed
The aid he denied to none.

But well he'll sleep on the western shore,
Where the broad Pacific wave
In solemn music shall grandly roar
A requiem o'er his grave.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PENALTY FOR BEING BURIED IN A SHIRT.

Many little touches in John Byrom's journal mark the mighty difference between the Lancashire of his age and ours. Yet perhaps nothing is more indicative of the gulf between then and now, than a legal document which appeared only after his career was closed. It is a direction "to the Constables of the Township of Manchester," from "John G. Booth, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace," "to levy the sum of five pounds by distress and sale of the goods and chattels" which "John Byrom had at the time of his death," one moiety to go to the poor of the township the other to the informer. Those who cared for the poet in his last moments had committed the offense, punishable thus, of burying him "in a shirt, shift, sheet, or shroud, not made of sheep's wool," contrary to the statute made when the woolen was the staple manufacture of England, and directed against the linen and the silk manufactures, for the subsequent rise of King Cotton was unforeseen and unsuspected.

"'Odious! in woolen, 'twould a saint provoke,'
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke."

Had "poor Narcissa" consulted her lawyer, and cared to risk a posthumous penalty of five pounds, she might have been buried in what material she pleased.

—"*Lancashire Worthies,*" *by F. Espinasse* (*Abel Heywood, and Simpkin and Marshall.*)

NEW LONDON DAILIES.

Great preparations are being made with respect to the new daily paper, the *Independent*. For several months the proprietors have been steadily but very quietly making their preparations, and that these are on a large scale may be imagined when I say no fewer than six "Walter" printing presses have been ordered. The tariff price of these machines is £3,000, but I suppose that as the *Independent* people are buying wholesale they will get a reduction. For some months the projectors have been engaged in preparing great folios of the advertisements which have appeared in almost every paper in the kingdom, so that they may be able to refer to any at a minute's notice. It is given out that the paper will be the largest in England. If so, the proprietors ought to have a quarter of a million capital to keep them going until they begin to pay their way. There have been too many recent instances of failure because there were insufficient funds to keep them going until paying point was reached, for any new paper to start in London with less than that capital, if it is to be on the scale which rumor reports. One of the principal promoters of the *Independent* is a Mr. Abraham. He bears a Jewish name, but I do not know how far he is a Jew by religion. Besides the *Independent* and the *Circle*, another daily paper is contemplated very different from either, but I am not at present at liberty to mention any particulars.—*Correspondent of Leed's Mercury.*

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, authoress of "Gates Ajar," wrote in the New York *Independent*: "For myself I confess that I never feel thoroughly ashamed of being a woman, except in glancing over a large promiscuous assembly, and contrasting the simplicity, solidity, elegance, and good sense of a man's apparel, with the affectation, the flimsiness, the tawdriness, the ugliness, and the imbecility of a woman's. For her mental and moral deficiencies my heart is filled with a great compassion and prompt excuse. Over her physical inferiority I mourn, not as one without hope. When I consider the pass to which she has brought the one sole science of which she is supposed to be yet mistress, my heart misgives me down to the roots of every hope I cherish for her."

LETTER FROM LONDON.

—— LONDON December 27, 1873.

My Dear News Letter:—I promised to give you a few facts concerning California mines placed on this market, and I take from to-day's *Mining Journal* the following statistics from the quotations therein contained:

There are on this market at the present time fifteen mines situated in California, five of them classed under the head of "Dividend Mines," viz: the Birds-eye, Cedar Creek, Ferguson, Sierra Buttes, and Sweetland Creek, and the remaining ten as Non-Dividend Mines, viz: The Blue Tent, Crescent, Douglas, Excelsior, Exchequer, Goetzel Tunnel, Holcombe Valley, Hudson, I. X. L., and London and California.

The money represented as the capital stock of these fifteen mines is £1,715,000. That is, these mines were sold here for that sum at the time they were first placed upon the market. Now, the community in general here are making a great talk about the way they have been swindled by Americans who have placed mines here. In this letter I propose to deal with the mines of California only, and I deny that the mines of California on this market are a swindle, and I will prove that they stand quite as well as the British mines.

As it would be an injustice to take for example all the good mines to prove my argument, so would it also be an injustice for the public here to take all the bad ones to prove their case; hence, I include in my statement all the California mines. Thus: 15 mines cost £1,715,000: nine of these are not quoted as to their present value in the share list, but I estimate them worth *ten shillings* per share, which I consider a very just estimate. The original cost was from £1 to £10; present value, say £167,500; six of these are quoted to-day as being worth £733,875; five of these have produced in dividends since placed here £212,500; total, £1,113,875; difference between original cost and present value and dividends, £601,125.

But you cannot consider that this £601,125 is lost, for some of these mines are still paying dividends, and from present appearances will continue. The fifteen companies have been placed here since 1870. Now surely these mines are not all worked out, and there is a chance that some of the companies which are classed as non-dividend mines may become dividend paying; however, we will leave the matter as it is at present and allow that for £1,715,000 expended in California mines £1,113,875 have been realized. Well, it would appear to the uninitiated that thus far the British public have lost by California mines £601,115; but they have not, for in reality the whole of this £1,715,000 never found its way into the pockets of the vendors of the mines. It's a very great question in mind whether California ever received more than £1,000,000 for these fifteen mines, and even allowing that she received as much as the mines are now worth, together with the dividends produced, viz: £1,113,875. then the British public are even on California; but I say the public here have received more than that. But how have they received it? I will tell you: They have received it through the hands of the promoters of the mines. Every one conversant with the manner of placing mines here knows it frequently costs as high as sixty per cent. on the amount required to purchase, to promote a mine; but I will estimated that it cost but forty per cent. to promote these fifteen mines, or say a sum of £686,000. As this amount was paid to promoters here, why isn't it fair to charge this sum to the British public? It was paid here, and is being circulated for the good of the public; certainly, you can't charge California with it, as she never received it. The case now stands thus:

Paid to British public in dividends	£212,500
Present value of 15 mines	901,375
Paid to British public through the promoters	686,000
Total	£1,799,875
Original cost	1,715,000
Profit over and above first cost	£84,875

Now we will compare the percentage of British dividend mines with California dividend mines:

On looking at the share list, I find 316 British mines, 246 of which do *not* pay dividends, say 78 per cent., leaving 70 dividend paying mines, say 22 per cent. Of the fifteen California mines ten of them do not pay dividends, say 67 per cent., leaving five dividend paying mines, or say 33 per cent., showing a difference of eleven per cent. in favor of Californian mines. My only object in writing the foregoing is to show you that if the California mines on this market are swindles they stand much better than the British mines themselves. Yours, G. O.

P. S. My estimate of present value of the California mines is taken at a most depressed state of the mining market.

Eccentricities of advertising culled from the "agony column" of the London *Times*:—"The Lord watch between Me and Thee, etc. Though you can never undo the sorrow you have caused me by cruelty, which almost makes the past a lie, my heart, my life, my breath, my whole spirit is with you." Could there exist more wholesale devotion—heart, breath, life, whole spirit! A little lower down, "James Joiner, master mariner," announces he has assumed the name of "James Albert Visconti Powlett."

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

We have received from an eye-witness a report of some of the salient features of the trial of that man of God, the Rev. Mr Van de Mark. The report is much too long to publish, and, moreover, there are portions of the testimony which are much too filthy to be put in print. But for the benefit of "The First Universalist Church," of this city, and more especially for the edification of the fervent Hoyt and the furious Doherty, we have taken the pains to prepare a synopsis of the proceedings. We ought to add that our correspondent is a lady, which fact will explain a certain feminine tone which pervades the comments, and an occasional indication of hysterical feeling. The trial came off at Reading, Pennsylvania, and occupied twelve hours. The day previous the Reverend scoundrel made a desperate attempt to obtain an interview with his wife. He most earnestly and pathetically appealed to Mr. Bailey (who was acting as her adviser) "just to let him see Cora for twenty minutes, and the whole difficulty would be settled in that time." The oily-tongued hypocrite, relying upon a wife's weakness and his own powers of persuasion, had no doubt but that he could talk her round. But she peremptorily refused to see him. When the trial commenced, the Reverend gentleman wore an air of brazen impudence, as if he expected to come off with flying colors. He commenced cross-examining his wife with an attempt at sternness and solemnity that was designed to affect her nerves and break down her testimony. "It must have been to her," says our correspondent, "a trial in every sense of the word. But she is a brave little woman, and he could not frighten her." Van de Mark's impudence didn't hold out, and he soon began to give signs of discouragement. Every answer to his questions was a staggerer, and before the cross-examination of "my dear Cora" was over, Van was as groggy as a prize-fighter who yearns for the moment when his seconds shall throw up the sponge to save him from further punishment. "It was a piteous sight, and made me feel some compassion for the poor wretch, notwithstanding his wickedness," says our tender-hearted correspondent. Toward evening fresh evidence from Pittsburgh came in of a most disgusting character, yet so inked and welded as to form a chain of adamant. There was the testimony of a girl who had formerly lived in the family. Then the accused tried the dodge of an appeal for mercy. He withdrew *every charge that he had made against his wife*; said that they were made in desperation as a necessary act of self-defence, and admitted that they were false. At the close of the trial, the Committee asked the Reverend gentlemen what he intended to do after being suspended from the ministry, to which he replied that "some friends in San Francisco had urged him to come back, notwithstanding the sentence, and start an independent Church." And he has come back, and has been accepted by those friends, who, God be praised, are none of our acquaintance. We had some idea of proposing a coat of tar and feathers, but we are now willing to annul that inevitable Nemesis, which, sooner or later, brings every scoundrel his deserts, a desert to which that meal of the Fire King will be as nothing.

Who would not be a man in office, to receive the kind consideration and disinterested attentions of a vast army of friends? Chief Cockrill has had a cold in his head to the extent of many handkerchiefs per diem. Indeed, his wash bill in this one item is said to have consumed his office perquisites for the calendar month. And what has been the consequence. A line of friends, as long as a post office regiment in the olden times, has decorated his mansion steps and sidewalk. The first man puts his head in at the bedroom door, and inquires how is his nosey posey. He gravely communicates to the man on the landing—an erstwhile friend of Crowley's, by the way—that it is a violent attack of influenza. The man on the landing tells the fellow at the foot of the stairs—another friend of Crowley's—that it is acute pneumonia. The man at the door gives it out as his last gasp, and the first man on the sidewalk finishes him altogether, and is ready for a new Chief of Police. While Cockrill is violently finishing the last corner of his last clean handkerchief, the town, homeward bound at dinner time, is discussing whether it would be wise to re-invest Crowley with the club and whistle, or to try a new hand, and new hands spring up like a second Brahma. A Supervisor dies, and, before his coffin is ordered, a hundred and fifty applicants throng the Mayor's office. The whole Eighth Ward becomes immediately agitated to an alarming degree as to the welfare of the city, and tears its hair and beats its breast with madness at the bare idea of leaving the city during thirty days of decency without a Supervisor. Truly, truly, there is a savor in the flesh pots of Egypt, after which the heart of man hankereth with a hankering which is unconquerable.

Livingstone, alas! is dead again. It was our original intention to shed a tear or two the next time this affair came off, but we really so exhausted the lachrymal glands at all his other funerals that we find the feat impossible. We hope our readers will not attribute this untimely drouth to a hard heart, but rather to the complete exhaustion of a sympathetic nature which has always heretofore warmed to the explorer of that most useful region, Central Africa. We would like much to add to its colonial prospects by transplanting thither our own most flourishing institutions, to wit: County Jail, City Hall, Alms House, Magdalen Asylum and Industrial School, Van de Mark and congregation, Board of Education and Chinatown. Central African savages, who desire this congenial influx to their population kindly, address Placard Exchange. Central African papers please copy.

A chiropodist announces on his cards that he has "removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe." Funny place for corns.

Isn't there such a thing as treating the public to one subject *ad nauseum?* The *Post's* labors in the *Sunrise* affair were of course very praiseworthy, and all that kind of thing, although the suspicion of self-glorification and advertising would occasionally intrude itself on the reader's mind. Well, Captain Clarke was imprisoned, and if his sentence was of the lightest, he is still in prison, and here one would suppose the *Post's* peculiar interest in the affair would naturally end. But no; it keeps an eye on him; and like that most horrible of schoolboys, who is unhappy lest Bill Smith should not receive the full due of his punishment, is constantly informing a small portion of the public that Clarke is shirking and getting "let off." Lastly, it brings the accusation of drunkenness against Clarke—an accusation refuted by the statement that he has all his lifetime been a total abstainer, which is saying darned little for the character of the total abstinence society. Now, the *Town Crier* likes the *Post*, and considers it a great help to dinner, and at the same time he would only be too happy had Captain Clarke, brute and tectotaler, been sentenced to ten years' hard labor. But it wasn't so to be, and it is our opinion—and we are sure that the better judgment of the editor of the *Post* will coincide therewith—that it by no means increases either the tone or standing of the paper to constantly play nag and whine, to the weakening of its past good work and the utter weariness of its subscribers.

O, sweet is thy voice, as it sighingly swells
From the daintily quivering chordæ vocales,
Or rings in clear tones through the echoing cells
Of the antrum, the ethmoid, and sinus frontalis!

Ah, the flash of those orbs is enslaving me still,
As they roll 'neath the palpabræ, dimly translucent,
Obeying in silence the magical will
Of the oculor motor—pathetic—abducent.

How long, O Lord? How long is this thing going to last? How long have we got to stand it? Is there no limit to human foolishness? Now, just think of the Rev. Hugh S. Carpenter's last sermon! Is this sort of thing tolerable and to be endured? And yet there are women of mature age and fair average education who believe in the Reverend Hugh, and swear by him; and the Reverend Hugh is in their eyes a bigger man than Darwin or Huxley. Women are naturally inclined to reverence, and they are easily humbugged. The Reverend Hugh is aware of the fact.

The Devil he baited a trap
With billiard balls and a cue,
And he chose as marker
An imp far darker
Than all the rest in hue:

He put on his Sunday clothes,
And he played with saint and with sinner;
For he'd found out the way
To make the thing pay
And when losing he still was the winner.

When, in the tide of time and the tortuous course of human events, we strike a man who shines and towers like an Alp conspicuous among his fellow men—a man who looms up as Mount Shasta would if brought into juxtaposition with Telegraph Hill—when we are brought into immediate contact with a phenomenon of this sort, we experience a peculiar sensation. We experienced this sensation yesterday forenoon when we met the noble MacCrellish at the Bank Exchange and he invited us to "take something," and "cussed" Major Harney.

Here are two epitaphs, the first fairly poetical:

> "There is a time when these green trees shall fall,
> And Isaac Greentree rise above them all."

The point of the second is very commonly made on monuments:

> "Jerusalem's curse is not fulfilled in me,
> For here a stone upon a Stone you see."

A correspondent of the Alta, writing from La Paz, and wishing to electrify his readers, commences thus: "The isothermal differences between this portion of the Californias and yours," etc. What on earth does he mean by an "isothermal difference!" One might as well talk of a parallel inequality, an uneven plane surface, a lateral sphere, a diametral circumference, or, as in the case of the writer, a wise goose.

Foster is a character. We recognize him, as we do all successes. He may be a charlatan and a humbug, but he isn't a failure. He is a splendid fellow, and we admire the taste of our deceased aunt in selecting so handsome a man as her medium for communicating with us. But our aunt was always distinguished for her taste, except when she accepted the offer of our uncle.

We rather think De Young manufactured that story out of whole cloth about the enterprising newsboys who clubbed together and made a "corner" in *Chronicles*. We suspect that when Charles published that pretty little tale he adorned the sober facts of history with the pleasing embellishments of fiction. It is a popular belief that Charles is addicted to that sort of thing.

Our cheap newspapers are much like cheap dishes at the poorer class of restaurants. They go in for quantity, without much regard for quality. The taste that seems to govern their selections is very much like the taste for a delicate wine that a man might have who has been for half a lifetime an habitual whisky-drinker.

Benevolent.—A gentleman having a deaf servant was advised by a friend to discharge her. "No," replied that gentleman, with much good feeling; "that poor creature would never hear of another situation."

Art is superior to Nature after all. At least, it seems so in some things. A few days ago, an old lady plainly dressed and carrying a heavy basket entered a street car. The seats were mostly occupied by gentlemen, all of whom, strangely enough, chanced to be so near-sighted that they could not see whether the ancient party with the basket had found a seat or not. (N. B.—Mrs. *Town* told me this.) At the next crossing a couple of gorgeously-attired females, with young mountains on their backs, formed of *Daily Altas* and *Sunday Chronicles*, and therefore resembling Christian with his burden of sin and folly, were gracefully handed in by the polite conductor. Phew! A miracle! The masculine clothes-pegs suddenly recovered their sight, and instantly seats were tendered to the camel backs—the party of the basket remaining on her feet, for the reason that no opportunity for resting herself on any other portion of her body presented itself. When leaving the car she made a little speech, which must have grated harshly on the ears of "honorable gentlemen present." Said she: "Nature has done as much for me, gentlemen, as for those ladies who have been given seats. Now, in my opinion, and in that of some who know what's what, I'm a sight better formed woman than either of those, but I haven't stuffed any old newspapers up under my dress for a bustle, because I've got a better one—one that will stand being sat upon longer than 'twill take you to learn politeness, and Lord knows how long that may be. Good morning." When she got out the camel-backs giggled, and the males found something interesting in the advertisements.

The Town Crier hath oftentimes been accused of wickedness, and his harmless screeds been termed the blasphemous inspirations of the devil. It is true he is somewhat more jocund of disposition than the owl-like publicans who cry aloud to heaven, "I am not as other men;" that he is not in the habit of respiring painfully, and wallowing in the mud of humiliation when the name of the Lamb occurs in conversation. He considers himself on too thoroughly good terms with his maker to render such abasement necessary. But whatever he may be that is rank in the nostrils of a bellowing, whining Christian, at least he doth not erect a calf for an idol, which is even not golden, but so brassy that the finger is smeared black by contact, and the vile alloy breaks in hideous spots through its thin gilt-wash. If the *Town Crier* has no other gods, at least he reverences decency with the reverence which is born of a fine nature, and however many little pen-strokes he may fling at the clergy, he honors the man who is an honor to his cloth. Wherefore, we say that the adulation, the fawning, the blind besotted infatuation with which the congregation extend their arms to the "beloved pastor," who has just returned from the convention which deemed him guilty of the most revolting crimes, is simply outrageously, abominably and thoroughly disgusting. By-the-bye, in pursuance of his avowed intention to turn over a new leaf, Van de Mark is on the look-out for a new and clean page.

Bohemian High Jinks, January 31, 1874—DEAR SIR: The next Bohemian High Jinks will be held on Saturday evening, January 31st. The literary achievements of Walter Scott will constitute the subject of discussion and consideration. Prominent Bohemians, already justly eminent for their genius and virtues, will participate in the exercises. While the subject of the evening will feed the intellect, and works of art content the eye, exquisite music and soothing beverages will wait upon the other senses. The legal fiction that has so long demoralized the correct admeasurement of time, viz., *that it is nine o'clock till ten*, is hereby abolished. Hence *nine o'clock* means nothing else. The curtain will rise precisely at that point of time. E. D. WHEELER, Sec.

San Francisco, January 26, 1874.

The tender virgins and chaste matrons of the Universalist flock gave their beloved pastor an enthusiastic reception on his return from the wicked East, where a wicked ecclesiastical tribunal tried him and found him guilty of sundry and divers unpleasant offences. But the First Universalist Church is not particular. Possibly there is an attractive flavor to the average Universalist mind in the kind of charges brought against their "beloved pastor." At any rate, the crimes with which he has been charged do not seem to have diminished his popularity with the tender virgins and the chaste matrons. This is a curious world, and human nature is an extraordinary institution.

Miss Bloch, who personified the *Chronicle* gift map at the ball of the Orientals last Thursday, with the inscription, "free to all subscribers," omitted the continuation, "price five cents a copy." The maps were suitably adjusted fore and aft. The unexplored regions of Siskiyou and Lander covered her shoulders in front; the still heaving volcanic cones of Shasta and Humboldt, lower down, were followed by the great basin of the Sacramento, whilst behind her the Sierra Nevada covered her back bone; the San Joaquin wound itself gently round her waist, and the high mountains of Whitney and Whipple were in their right places.

The adage that one cannot silver-scour a pewter cup is rendered a truism by the tireless efforts of the contractors to make the New Mint building on Fifth street put on the appearance of being constructed of good granite. Twice they have scoured the outside of the entire structure with soap and water, but to no purpose, except to prove in how incredibly a short space of time the atmosphere discolors the surface of iron ore impregnated sandstone. It is a sad job, and the builders of that Mint will have made a mint of money when the Government concludes to pay granite prices for a rusty mixture of quartz and marl.

CHANG AND ENG.

In a smoky, beery den,
Where the sawdust fancy meet,
Circus riders, iron men,
Acrobats with twinkling feet,

Sat a melancholy clown;
From his paper looked and said:
"Boys, half haul the buntin' down,
Chang and Eng, the Twine, is dead."

Up a burly showman rose,
Rose and said: "Our boys, perhaps,
Should procure some mournin' clothes,
There was money in them chaps."

Seven doctors in a ring
Round a sumptuous table sat,
Conversation in full swing,
Wit and wisdom, wine and that.

Quoth a surgeon in a wig:
"Hang those crafty Siamese,
Thus to go and hop the twig
Ere their mystery we could seize!"

And a dreary silence then
On the brooding seven fell—
Seven eager sawbone men,
Victims of a cruel sell.

From a pulpit high a priest
Leaned, and, with a winning smile,
Touched upon the Twins deceased
In a patronizing style:

"Chang and Eng their mortal coil
Have shuffled off, and venture I
To say that from their earthly toil
Released they share yon 'equal sky

"With all the parted spirits who
For Heaven's blissful mint are coined,
Or white or black or red in hue,
Provided they our sect had joined."

ARTISTS' OWN SALE.

On Thursday evening next, a collection of nearly one hundred pictures will be offered at auction in the rooms of the Art Association, 313 Pine street. This sale is no private speculation, but is organized by the artists for their direct advantage, and the collection, which was much admired by the visitors at last night's reception, really includes a number of very fine works, while there is hardly a bad picture in the series. The gallery will be open from to-day till the morning of sale, and will be brilliantly lighted in the evenings, admission being of course free. The larger proportion of these works are of cabinet size, and all are handsomely framed; the price of the frames is marked in the catalogue, and it is optional with the purchaser to take them or not. We cannot pretend to indicate everything of merit, and in fact the gallery will be open long enough before the sale for intending buyers to make up their minds on this point. Virgil Williams, the director of the new School of Design, is represented by a powerfully painted and very truthful picture of Mt. St. Helena; also by the charming little "Italian Washerwoman," mentioned by us before. Hill's versatility is shown by such works as "The Last Gleam," a cabinet work which would do honor to any collection, a cattle piece, and several landscapes. Marple contributes his admirable "Twilight on the Old American River," and several little gems of retined and finished work. Irwin has a beautiful study of a child's head, a little fancy picture of a "Beggar Boy," his "Don Quixote," and the interior of a foundry, the latter a very forcible representation of a strange scene. Jorgensen contributes his "Far from the Old Home," and two characteristic studies of Danish peasants. Hahn offers his "Going to Market," which was one of the leading attractions of the last exhibition. Denny is of course strong in marines; Harrington, Bloomer, Deakin, Sutherland, Lea, Shed, Ross, Butler, Welsh, Fletcher, Herrick, Miss Herrick, Prosch and Coulterer, are all well represented in their specialties. Bush has made a big upward stride in his "Bacchante Crowning a Faun," and has also some excellent landscapes, and an interior, "Grace Cathedral." Frost has a number of his capital Siberian reminiscences, one of the most interesting of which is his "Rival Teams," a race between dog sledges. Holdredge is represented by two landscapes; his "Early Autumn, New York State," struck us as particularly fresh and vigorous. Narjot contributes some of his pleasing out-door figure and landscape studies. A very fine example of the late Mr. Butman's work, a large picture of Mt. Hood (about 6x10 feet), is to be included on the sale, as also some works by Butler, of New York, formerly of this city. "A Night Bivouac Scene," by this artist, is a work worthy of one of the great masters, and would make an admirable engraving. We are conscious that we have not done full justice to this excellent collection, and recommend our readers to go and inspect it for themselves. The irrepressible Eldridge will officiate at the altar, where we hope there will be no sacrifices, but round which ascending hymns of joy and gladness may constantly ascend from the lips of grateful artists. So mote it be.

The cold, wet weather continues, and those who thought they could manage to get through the winter without fires find themselves wofully mistaken. A good stove or grate in the parlors and a good range in the kitchen is what every one needs. For a range that does not easily get out of order, is cheap, a good cooker and generally superior, we recommend the Richmond Portable Range, sold by Messrs. George H. Tay & Co. of 614, 16 and 18 Battery street. Observe well the trade mark—R and S intertwined, with Co. resting thereon.

BEST.

"Love is better than house or lands;
So, Sir Stephen, I'll ride with thee!"
Quick she steps where the courser stands,
Light she springs to the saddle-tree.

Love is better than kith or kin!
So close she clung and so close clasped he,
They heard no sob of the bitter wind,
Nor the snow that shuddered along the lea.

Love is better than life or breath!
The drifts are over the horse's knee;
Softly they sink to the soft, cold death,
And the snow shroud folds them silently.

Houses and lands are gone for aye,
Kith and kin like the wild wind flee,
Life and breath have fluttered away,
But love hath blossomed eternally.

AN ASHANTEE PRISONER INTERVIEWED.

Beneath the head-quarters' mess-shed, close beside his neat shanty, Colonel Festing sits, with map stretched out before him, examining an important prisoner. He invites me to hear the man's revelations, for in such a war there are no small secrets. The captive is leaning comfortably against a post, a slender, fellow, with gentle eyes and ready laugh. He is thin, and his black hide has lost its gloss, but he seems fit for anything. The face is distinctly a good one, very intelligent, and of pleasing expression. He shows not the least sign of fear—not peculiar in this respect, for real Ashantees never do. "This is an officer of Amanquattah's staff," says Colonel Festing, "captured yesterday by the King Amamaboo. Now, interpreter, ask him whether King Koffee will run away when we go to Coomassie." The interpreter translates, but the only answer is an Homeric laugh. He recommences, and the prisoner shouts again. It is evidently a great joke that suggestion of our visiting Coomassie. Patiently the question is repeated, and at length there is a laughing reply. "He say, 'What good talking? You never go to Coomassie. No man not friend ever go to Coomassie.'" "Suppose we beat the Ashantees five miles further from the Prah, and again five miles further, and again at the Adansi hills, what will the King do?" "He say, 'You not get a mile beyond Prah before Ashantee fight, and then they fight again, and then again and again; and if you beat them five times they go to Adansi hills and fight again, and then all the Ashantee people fight for their King at Coomassie.'" "And if we still beat them, will the King run away? That's what I want to know?" "He say, 'Where the King run to?' He die, and all the Ashantee people at Coomassie." "Has the King much gold?" The prisoner's answer is an expressive repetition. "Where is it?" "In a room of the 'fort,' in a thousand jars one upon another." "Will he take it away?" "Where he take it to? You kill King, his gold is yours." Colonel Festing then proceeded to the more practical part of his examination, and the staff-officer answered without hesitation. It appears that the Camp of Dunquah, so often worried by our men, was commanded by Essaman Quantah, the ancient general-in-chief of Ashantee, preceptor of all their generals. In this war he gave way to Amanquattah, his favorite pupil, accepting command of the left wing under him. At Dunquah there were never more than 5,000 man, nominally led by Prince Bemin-Pa, but actually commanded by Essaman Quantah. Our prisoner has no secrets, and I can scarcely doubt that he would join our force on sufficient inducement. He says that all the guns of Ashantee are across the Prah, leaving only bows and arrows to defend Coomassie. The invaders are terribly short of ammunition, and these facts make it doubly vexing that we have no means of heading them. There is, however, an abundant supply of powder and lead at the capital.

Marshal M'Mahon has received a letter from the King of Portugal thanking him for consenting to act as arbitrator in the question pending between England and Portugal relative to the Bay of Lorenzo-Marques, on the East Coast of Africa; and at the same time for a case of Cutter's whisky. Rotasing having some time ago filled an order from the President of the French Republic who had heard of the whisky from M. Thiers. The King of Portugal is said to have declared Cutter's whisky to be without exception the finest spirits he had ever tasted. In that opinion all San Francisco concurs.

"I was asked by a lady to answer her this—
How a sermon—a good one—was like to a kiss?
By preaching or practice the cause I'll impart,
Both win through the lips the approach to the heart."

We have received a publication from Chicago called "What Next?" We answer, "The Deluge."

THE FAWN ON 'CHANGE.

[CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCIS'CO.]

It stood amid an eager crowd
Of brokers "on the street"—
A mild-eyed fawn, led by a thong
That checked its impulse fleet.

Its pretty hairy sides were brown,
Its ears were large and soft,
And lightly moved its little hoofs,
As though they trod a croft.

A cruel hunter killed its dam
While browsing in a glade
Of redwood hills, and saved the fawn
For profit in a trade.

And so it came to Mammon's court,
Where fearlessly it stood,
As though beside its dam again,
Within its native wood.

How many features hard and stern
Relaxed before its grace!
How many hands were gently laid
Upon its pretty face!

Like guileless babyhood it touched
Those avaracious men,
Who stooped to meet its lovely eyes,
And turned to look again.

The hidden springs of feeling, choked,
By sordiness so long,
Welled up within them as they gazed,
And bubbled into song:—

A quiet song, that filled the soul
With memories of days
When eyes as soft, of girls as pure,
Beamed on them love and praise.

With memories of days afield,
When nature, for the boy,
Had still a charm that made him thrill
With health-bestowing joy.

And as they pass along they see,
Far down the avenue
Of busy trade, a purple line
Of hills against the blue.

Where bay and oak the gorges fill,
And velvet shadows lie,
And birds uprising from the wave,
In lazy circles fly. —*Overland for February.*

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING.

"'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,
And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell."

That the old-fashioned, orthodox, backwoods practice of giving notice of intent to "shoot on sight," before going after your man with a double-barreled shot-gun or a revolver, is preferable to the modern San Francisco improved style. That legislator Patterson's proposition to make it unlawful to allow reserved seats to be secured in places of amusement, is a communist, leveling measure, calculated to lead to a series of free fights every time the doors of a theater are thrown open. That legislator Cowdery, notwithstanding his lisp, is an eloquent man, and it is a paradoxical and inexplicable fact that the minute he gets upon his legs to make a speech, the Assembly chamber begins to thin out. That Governor Stanford, Senator Booth, Judge Dwinelle, and Alex. Campbell, Jr., were among the guests at the last Bohemian High Jinks, and that, strange to say, the great "monopolist" and the great "reformer" didn't come to blows—one small room proved large enough to contain them both. That Saint Van de Mark looks not only pious, but complacent, considering the severe ordeal he has recently passed through. That the Board of Education is daily becoming more asinine. That the gradual development of their ears is looked for with intense and absorbing interest. That the indignation of the Germans is just and righteous. That they are a set of blank furriners anyhow, and should keep their fingers out of the pie. That Know-nothingism is again rampant. That it can t be very bad since genuine Americans are as scarce as plums in a boarding school pudding. That the De Youngs are spoiling to kill Napthaly. That they only want to wing him. That they only want to scare him. That considering the powder used during the week there has been very litt'e blood spilled. That J. B. Cavallier would be wise to fork over, for Mrs. Kowalsky's store may not be so convenient next time. That Miss Katherine Rogers is not what might be termed a boisterous ac'ress. That Boucicault has polished Miss Maggie Moore's rough edges off wonderfully. That he has laid a spell of repression on the whole troupe. That it is a pity the United States Treasury is not run by the California Theater, where a single Boucicaultian dollar stands out in distinguished pre-eminence. That it makes one feel positively ticklish to watch the tickling game between the *Post* and *Chronicle*. That the San Francisco Benevolent Society has a very good thing of it, and that the San Francisco poor are not much benefited thereby. That Dr. Stone drew a good house to hear his opinion on the subject of the "Social Evil," the audience being perfectly willing to take his word for it. That they would like to know where the fifty new policemen keep themselves. That they never expect to see the old ones anyhow. That Mr. Hemphill's leading question in his welcome of Mr. Booker was slightly personal, no gentleman in these times being expected to know the precise whereabouts of his wife. That the conductors are like the women suffragists—always whining. That the conductors are the worst paid men in the community. That they have no business to be conductors if they don't like it. That the gas company is getting very uncomfortable. That their discomfort excites a fiendish delight in every householder's breast. That the gas company is getting even by ruining our eyesight with bad light. That the establishment of the branch office of the Pacific Mail Company is a good thing. That the Omnibus Railroad Co. can't see it. That Treat is going East with "Thad. Stevens." That he is not going East, not daring to hope for another "scratch."

AMERICAN MINES AND BRITISH SHAREHOLDERS.

[FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON January 12, 1874.

My Dear Mail Bag:—In my last communication I gave you an account of the mines floated on this market situated in California, and I now proceed to make a statement somewhat similar concerning the Utah mines sold to the British public. From the *Mining Journal* of the 3d inst., I find nine mines quoted which are located in Utah, five of these mines are classed under the head of dividend mines, and four of them are classed as non-dividend mines. Those classed as dividend mines are the Chicago, Emma, Flagstaff, Last Chance and Mountain Chief. The four mines classed as non-dividend mines are the Camp Floyd, Saturn, Tecoma and Utah.

The total cost of these nine mines was		£1,518,500
Total dividends paid to present time	£229,200	
Present market value	370,125	
Cost of promotion, 40 per cent	607,400	1,206,725
Loss to present time		£311,775

I assume, as in my previous letter, that the cost of promotion or of floating the mines here, was 40 per cent. on the amount for which they were placed, and I don't think that any one who has floated a mine here would consider this allowance at all extravagant. Allowing such to be the case, the vendors of these mines never received the £1,518,500, but received that amount less £607,400, which they paid to the promoters, leaving £911,100 to go into the pockets of the vendors.

On this amount invested by the British public (for I consider that the public have paid but £911,100, having been paid back through their promoters £607,400,

There has been paid in dividends	£229,200
And the present value of the mines is	370,125
Which shows a loss up to the present time of	311,775

That is, it shows a loss, provided the mines never pay any more dividends, but is there any one knowing anything about mines who believes that there are no good mines among the foregoing, or that these mines will discontinue paying dividends for the future? If there are any, I would advise them to read the histories of the Comstock Lode, Belcher and Crown Point mines. The former mine paid no dividends for nearly two years, and the latter paid no dividends from Sept 1868 to June, 1871, a period of two and one-half years, yet during the last two years (1872 and 1873) these two mines have paid to their shareholders an aggregate of more than £3,200,000. The Belcher alone has paid during that period nearly one hundred per cent. on the average value of its shares.

I will take the case of one mine on this market which has been denounced as a swindle and humbug for a long time. A merchant on change has even asked me (he is still at large) if this mine really existed. I mean the Flagstaff. This mine was placed upon the market about two years ago by Col. A. P. Stanford, of your city, for the sum of £300,000. The present value of the mine, according to quotations in the *Mining Journal* of the 3d inst., is £123,750, even at this depressed state of the mining market, and it has paid in dividends since it was floated here, the sum of £123,000, or 41 per cent. on the capital stock par value. This amount has been paid in two years and yet the mine is a swindle! Well, we will see how it stands, whether the mine is indebted to the British public, or whether the public owes Utah something for the mine:

Original cost		£300,000
Present value	£123,750	
Dividends paid	123,000	
Paid public through its promoters	120,000	
Total		£363,750

Now, I contend, that for £300,000 paid to the vendors of this mine, by the public, that they have received £363,750, or an actual gain over and above the investment of £63,750. Some, of course, will say, "Well, I subscribed for a certain number of shares, and I maintain that I have lost." I am not dealing with individuals, but with the public generally, and if John Jones of this city has received £120,000 for promoting the Flagstaff mine, then Mr. Jones is indebted to this mine for having produced him that amount of money, and Mr. Jones is circulating this money among the public here, through his tradesmen and connections generally, and I say that the public are just £63,750 better off than they were before the Flagstaff mine was put upon this market. In my opinion there is no reason at the present time why it should be worth but £4 per share, and I have no doubt but what in a year from this time public opinion regarding this mine will have undergone a great change. However, *nous verrons.* Yours truly, G. O.

A Chinese Luxury.—In Canton I have seen a sign in an eating-house frequented by well-to-do merchants and artisans and, by-the-bye, it proves "there is nothing new under the sun" even in Yankeedom which announces to its patrons, in business-like manner, the appetizing fact that that desirable delicacy, that luxuriant dainty—"*Best black cats' meat is ready at all hours.*"

IRISH COQUETRY.

Says Patrick to Biddy, "Good morn-
in', my dear,
It's a bit av a sacret I've got for yer ear:
It's yoursel' that is lukin' so charmin'
the day,
That the heart in me breast is fast
slippin' away."
"'Tis you that kin flatther," Miss Bid-
dy replies,
And throws him a glance from her mer-
ry blue eyes.

'Arrah, thin," cries Patrick, "'tis
thinkin' av you
That's makin' me heart-sick, me dar-
lint, that's thrue,
Sure I've waited a long while to tell
ye this same,
And Biddy Maloney 'll be sich a foine
name."
Cries Biddy, "Have done wid your
talkin', I pray;
Sure me heart's not me own for this
many a day!

"I gave it away to a good-lookin' boy,
Who thinks there is no one like Biddy
Molloy;
So don't bother me, Pat; jist be aisy!"
says she.
"Indade, if ye'll let me, I will that," says
he.
"It's a bit of a flirt that ye are on the
sly:
I'll not throuble ye more, but I'll bid
ye good-bye."

"Arrah, Pathrick," cries Biddy, "an'
where are ye goin'?
Sure it isn't the best av good manners
ye're showin',
To lave me so snddint." "Och, Bid-
dy," cries Pat,
"You have knocked the cock feather jist
out av me hat!"
"Come back, Pat," says she. "What
for thin?" says he.
"Bekase I meant you all the time, sir?"
says she.

Amongst the hundreds of rich and valuable bridal presents received by Miss Osborne, daughter of Bernal Osborne, M. P., on the occasion of her recent marriage to the Duke of St. Albans, were the following: The Duke of St. Albans, diamond tiara and earrings, diamond riviere necklace, gold Byzantine coin necklace and earrings, diamond and star sapphire, brooch and earrings, bracelet of Greek coins set in gold, two diamond rings, emerald and diamond ring, emerald carrings, scarabæus locket and earrings; the Duchess of St. Albans, richly-embossed mediæval prayer-book; Mr. and Lady Diana Huddleston, diamond and ruby ring; Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, pendant of turquoises and brilliants, with massive gold chain; Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, pendant of rubies, sapphires, and pearls; Lady de Rothschild, deep blue enamel locket, with pearls and diamonds; Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel de Rothschild, gold bracelet set with pearls; Miss de Rothschild, Louis Quinze fan; Miss Hannah de Rothschild, gold and platinum bracelet; Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, gold and silver inkstand; Messrs. Alfred and Leopold Rothschild, diamond and pearl bracelet; the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, a parasol of pink silk, covered with Honiton lace, and ivory, ending in a ball of crystal, with the letter "G" in turquoise and gold; Earl Granville, set of gold buttercup ornaments; the Countess of Donoughmore, mosaic traveling clock; the Countess of Stradbroke, an aneroid barometer; Viscount Torrington, antique silver clasps; Colonel Ouseley Higgins, lapis lazuli traveling clock; Frances Countess Waldegrave, a pair of china jardinières; Lady Dorothy Neville and Mrs. Ridgway, suite of Glen vases; the Hon. Mrs. Congreve, photograph book, inlaid with turquoises; the Hon. Everard Primrose, lace fan; the Hon. R. Plunket, gold and pearl bracelet; Lady Gwendoline O'Shee, gold antique tray; the Viscountess Halifax, silver Queen Anne candlestick; Lady Molesworth, silver salt-cellars; the Right Hon. E. Hugesson, a pair of Dresden branch candlesticks; Mrs. Bischoffsheim, emerald and diamond Indian locket; Princess Marie Liechtenstein, a handsome edition of *Holland House*; Lady Mahon, silver châtalaine; Sir Charles and Lady Cuffe, antique silver châtelaine; Baroness Prochazka, white lace fan; the Countess Fitz-Hardinge, gold box and workbasket; Lady Lyttelton, black velvet bag and antique silver clasp; Viscount and Viscountess Monck, gold work-case; Earl and Countess Carysfort, an Oriental casket; Lord and Lady Ernest Bruce, gold and enamel clock; Mrs. Adair, old Irish point lace; Hon Mrs. Butler, white china candlesticks; Hon. H. Villiers-Stuart and Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, a Dresden mirror; Rev. P. and Mrs. Phipps, incense burner and candlesticks; Mrs. Bernal, old enamel smelling-bottle; Mr. F. Bernal, a pair of enameled vases; Miss Murray, a silver shamrock brooch; Mr. Gallwey, Wedgwood letter-weight; Mrs. Arthur Bass, Worcester china vases; Miss Bagwell, lace mouchoir case; the Misses Arbuthnot, two Sèvres china vases; Mrs. Rogers, white ivory opera glasses; Captain Hoare, mother-o'-pearl opera glasses; Mrs. Pilkington and Miss Grubb, antique Irish brooch; Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, two Florentine miniatures, mounted in velvet; Hon. Mrs. Bagwell, bog oak writing-table set; Marchioness of Waterford, gold embossed belt; Lady Musgrave, a pair of cornucopiæ; Mr. Delane, editor of *The Times*, a set of Worcester china.

A lady of Aberdeen, Scotland, during the summer treated an egg to vinegar until the shell was softened, and then slipped it into a five gallon bottle, which she put into a steadily and uniformly heated oven until a chicken was hatched inside the bottle. This she had carefully nourished, and now has one of the greatest curiosities, a small pullet living in a bottle. She intends sending this wonder to the Zoological Gardens in London.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

OURSELVES.

The News Letter has well nigh completed the eighteenth year of its successful, happy, and it believes, useful life. During that period it has enrolled in its service most of the brightest minds that have entered our State, some of whom have since made reputations in the great world of letters of which our people are proud. Among the most prominent of these we need only mention the names of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, of whom it may be said, they were first nursed, cradled and cared for by the NEWS LETTER. Whilst we mention these because they are the most prominent, we should be doing injustice to the thousand and one other brilliant writers whose brightest scintillations have graced the columns of the NEWS LETTER, if we did not acknowledge our indebtedness to this noble army of men—aye, and of women, too!—who have from time to time been the chiefs of the literati of our city. Our columns would hardly supply space enough to name them all. We ought not, however, to forget one of our "Town Criers," Ambrose G. Bierce, who, away in that great centre of literary life, London, is building upa reputation that hundreds of Californians are watching with interest. Then we should not overlook our friend, B. P. Avery, who for many years has been all that was good of the *Bulletin*. To that journal he gave all the genius that he was permitted to exercise in the "cribbed, cabined and confined" circle of narrow ideas in which that journal continues to revolve. To us he gave the higher, brighter, purer, freer thoughts of his well-stored mind. To him the pleasure of an occasional escape from the prejudice and bigotry of the *Bulletin* to roam at large in the more intellectual columns of the NEWS LETTER, was a pleasure much like that which we may well believe the caged bird enjoys when, having escaped from his prison, he blithely jumps from bush to bush, chirping and warbling songs of freedom. No writer who professed ability has been denied a trial by the *News Letter*, and whenever that profession has been founded in truth, we have invariably aided the new candidate for fame with counsel born of a matured experience, and what, in many cases was more needed, we have paid the highest prices ruling in the market for matter suited to our columns. The array of talent this record has always made the *News Letter* the brightest, freest, wittiest and most literary journal published, not only in this city, but also on this continent. Being all that we have claimed for it, the *News Letter's* principal circulation is among the very *élite* of the society of San Francisco, and is more quoted in English and other foreign journals than all the other papers published in the United States put together. The London *Standard*, the great organ of the English conservative party that is just now triumphing at the polls, gives, every Saturday, a column of extracts from our journal, entitled "California Wit and Humor." The *Times* very frequently reprints our market reports, which we give under the head of "Biz." Our mining notices invariably reach the *Mining Journal*, and so thoroughly that owners of mines intending operations would rather have six lines in the *News Letter* than a whole page notice in the *Bulletin*. Our information in this particular has always proved reliable, hence its value. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which in respect of its brightness, ability, and freedom of thought may be said to be the *News Letter* of England, regularly quotes from us. The same is true of *Public Opinion*, the *Glasgow Mail*, *Saunders' Dublin News Letter*, and other papers too numerous to mention. Henry Ward Beecher, in his *Good Words*, often humorously notices us. Away in China we are often translated into the language of the flowery land. In Australia, New Zealand and the Isles of the Pacific we are almost the only known Californian journal. In India our sheet is to be found in most of the leading counting houses. Read at home by the highest, most cultivated, and best of our citizens; with an influence reaching out into many lands we may well afford to look with contempt upon those of our daily contemporaries who are just now engaged in assailing us. The greatest curse to our city is the mendacity and license of the greater portion of the daily press; and we venture the assertion that no part of the *News Letter's* duties has been more serviceable to this community, or performed with greater skill, than the sound whippings we have from time to time administered to curs of the daily press. Many a time, and oft to the great advantage of the public, they have been sent howling to their kennel by a whip that every time it falls establishes a raw. This part of our duty we promise not to neglect, and are just now preparing for a speedily vigorous performance of it. The *News Letter* is a many-sided journal; it believes above all things in the use of intellectual power in support of the right, and obtains it at any price. It is conservative, and so desires to build up rather than destroy. This spirit of conservatism it has applied to capital as well as to labor. The howling dervishes of the daily press array labor against capital because that for the moment suits the whim of the mob. Such is not our mission. On the contrary, we labor to defeat such evil machinations, and thereby we are the better friend of the workingman than his so-called champion. We assist all new enterprises and encourage the expenditure of capital, and try to protect it after it is expended, and in this again we are the friend of the laborer equally with the capitalist. We love brightness and wit, and that knowledge which is power, and so we strive to cater for the thoughtful amongst our people. If we perform honest work we expect honest pay for it, just as the laborer, the merchant, or the lawyer expect to be paid for their services. We have never deserted a friend, attacked a lady, or quailed before an enemy. An Arab amongst the local press, every one has had a hand against us, and we have ever stood ready with a hand against them. With such contributors as we have had in the past, and as we mean to have in the future, with access to

the highest intellects of our city and State, and with a large and increasing influence abroad such papers as the *Bulletin* and the *Post* only insult our readers and the great minds who have been amongst our contributors when they assail the ability, honor, or influence of the *News Letter*. Firm in our convictions as to our duty, assured that our mission is a useful one, and possessing abundant evidence that we have done a good work in the past, the *News Letter* proceeds on its way rejoicing.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

We learn from the German News that the will of the late Queen Dowager Elizabeth of Prussia was opened on December 27th. Her late Majesty has bequeathed all her property to the Emperor William, especially the art treasures collected by the late King Frederick William IV. The Emperor is requested to continue all payments which her Majesty was accustomed to make to poor persons during her lifetime, and to redeem all contributions to charitable institutions, etc., by paying a certain sum down. Her late Majesty has provided for the payment of the salaries of all her servants for life, and has left legacies to her attendants. To Dr. Grimm, her physician-in-ordinary, she has bequeathed a country house.

A request from Madame Bazaine to share the imprisonment of her husband has been favorably received by the French Government. The buildings within the fortifications of St. Marguerite are calculated to be inexpensively modified, so as to be capable of lodging the Marshal's family without interfering with the ordinary State Prison arrangements. A series of houses and a garden of some hundred of metres, which is to be surrounded by a wall, so as to reconcile the exigencies of the service with humanity, will be placed at their disposition, and the lady and her children will be enabled to go about both building and garden without restraint.

Another Royal courtship is spoken of. The London correspondent of the *Irish Times* says: "A long-expected visitor made his appearance on Monday at Osborne, and had the honor of lunching with the Queen. He is a young German Prince, the cousin of Prince Louis of Hesse, good-looking, genial and gentlemanly. Like our own Prince Alfred, now so comfortably housed at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, the Queen's guest is attached to the naval service of his nationality; and if report can be relied on, Prince Louis' cousin is an aspirant for the hand of the Princess Beatrice, and, what is more, is likely to be successful."

The peasants of the province of Smolensk, Russia, having collected a considerable sum of money, placed it in the hands of the Governor, in order to present a copy of the celebrated picture of the Blessed Virgin in the cathedral church at Smolensk to her Imperial Highness Marie Alexandrovna of Russia, on the occasion of her marriage with his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The picture is mounted in gold, and embellished with precious stones. According to the wish of the peasants, this token of their devotion and attachment to her Imperial Highness was presented to her on her wedding day.

A very imposing ceremony lately took place at the Persian Palace, in the presence of all the Princes and dignitaries in the kingdom. The Shah publicly presented a diadem of great value to his favorite wife (who is understood to have been one of the chief promoters of the intrigue against the ex-Grand Vizier), and at the same time decreed that she should bear the glowing but somewhat pretentious title of "Melik Afak" (the Universal Queen).

The Prince of Wales having been appealed to as Duke of Cornwall to contribute towards the £3,500 required for the rebuilding of St. Burian Church, the most westerly church in England, the following reply has been received: "The Council of the Duchy of Cornwall will recommend his Royal Highness the patron to make a donation of £50 when £3,450 shall have been collected."

On New Year's Day all the widows of more than seventy years of age at King's Lynn were invited to a treat provided for them by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Earl of Derby, the Hon. R. Bourke, M.P., Lord Claud Hamilton, M. P., the Mayor of Lynn, and others. No fewer than 110 accepted the invitation, and each on leaving received an order for a cwt. of coals.

The eldest son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, Prince Frederick William, was fifteen years of age on the 27th ultimo. In figure and appearance he is not so strong as is usual with Hohenzollerns, but he is talented and has been well instructed.

An assault has been committed on the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, by Captain C. S. Maunsell, a half-pay officer of the 82d Foot with a grievance. It is thought the officer's mind is affected.

On Thursday, 7th inst., tenth anniversary of the birth of his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, was celebrated at Windsor with the usual honors.

The Portuguese Parliament was opened on January 2d by the King, who congratulated the Chamber on the prosperous and peaceful state of the country.

The Prince of Wales unveiled the statue of the Prince Consort on the Holborn Viaduct on the 9th ultimo.

LIGHTNING POETRY.

The following humorous rhythmical history of the electric telegram was recited by one of the staff of the Glasgow office at their late annual *soiree:*

When first the telegraph began it was a world's wonder
That it could work with lightning speed without the noise of thunder.
Then men of science tried to see if they could not produce
An instrument to bring this power to some material use.
They brought out one which seemed most like to answer their desires,
But then it needed, let me see, some six-and-twenty wires,
Then double needle next appeared, and was some time the pet,
That even yet old heads look back to it with much regret.
Then single needle came in vogue, to show what could be done,
And thus, you see, that a' the wires were thus reduced to one;
Then Baines' famed inst. came out, which, as you know, of course,
Was quickly superseded by the modern printer Morse.
At first the embrasures on the slip were very fain' and slight,
And were most difficult to read, and hurtful to the sight;
But this was easily overcome, for men began to think
That better marks could be produced by substituting ink.
Then followed Bell's, Recorder's, the Sounder, and the Hughes,
And Wheatstone's perforators for punching off the news;
Then duplex has now turned up—what more could we desire?—
By it we send both ways at once, and that upon one wire.
Perhaps next year, or sooner, your attention I may call
To some new-fangled instrument without a wire at all."

GEMS FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

HONOLULU, Jan. 21, 1874.

Dear Mail Bag:—The isolation of man from his fellow man dwarfs the mind, and to a great extent paralyzes the generous throbbings of the human heart. This is strikingly illustrated in the average Englishman and American you meet here. They do not in any sense represent the liberal ideas and advanced thought of the great master nations of which they are atomatic elements. The American is simply a Yankee, fresh from that primitive state of civilization in which the blacksmith shop, country hotel, and little wooden meeting house comprise the highest type of architecture. He is a villager, with all the conceit of a cosmopolitan; a dwarf inflated with patriotic vanity; a pigmy relying upon the American eagle for that courage, manhood and energy of which he is destitute. The shadow of a petticoat excitement among the genial Kanakas throws him into catalepsy, and with whatever faint strength is left he *hollers* for "an American man-of-war." Richard, in shrieking for a horse, in offering his kingdom for a horse, is a heroic picture for the imagination in comparison with the frightened-to-death fellow who is the subject of our pleasant remarks. His contemporary and blood relation, the Englishman, is not an Englishman in the true sense of the word. He is simply a Cockney, still inhaling the smoke of London, as if it were fragrant odor from the fields of Paradise. These splendid specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race are still fighting the battle of Bunker Hill and wrangling over the Alabama claims, two events which time, enlightened statesmanship and noble natures have settled amicably and forever. In reign on as important, our American cousins and British blood relations, as typified in this tropical land, present a deplorable want of charity. They are re-fighting the spiritual wars of the Dissenters and the adherents of the church founded by that famous polygamist, Henry VIII. Where the representatives of the United States and England here crawl down to the kindred superstitions of the Romish Church for all religions are but vast and villainous superstitions, there is that silent lurking for the body and blood of heretics, which has ever characterized the Holy Mother Church. Religion in this community carries with it all the sensitivity and animosity of an exciting political campaign in the United States, with the addition of unlimited and unadulterated bigotry. The members of All Saints' Church (Fourth st.) numbering a respectable body of stock Yankee sinners, and the members of St. Alban's Church, comprising a handful of elaborate Cockneys, are at sword's points. They represent American Protestantism and British Episcopacy faith as much as the fetish worshipers in the interior of Africa. The devotees of that church which has had assassins and whore-mongers for Popes, look on with complacency at the fraternal and Christian spirit which marks the non-intercourse of their pious brethren. As to the shepherds of the meek and lowly Jesus, who minister to the sheep, they pass each other by on the street without speaking, with heads hanging down like criminals. Doing this, are we to wonder that there is such harmony, such sweet charity amongst their congregations? Christ says, "Love ye one another," and behold how imported Honolulu Christians do love one another—in a horn. And lo! and behold, these ecclesiastical frauds and hypocritical laymen are earnestly and enthusiastically engaged in the conversion of the Kanakas, in bringing these poor benighted souls to Christ! Ugh! to think of it makes a liberal man almost vomit the so-called Christian religion out of him, if, unfortunately, he has any of that mental leprosy in his brain. With which healthy sentence I sign myself, yours, ADONIS.

NEMESIS.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all."
—*Longfellow's Retribution.*

Do we see dishonor flung
On *your* spotless name, De Young?
Have they dared the veil to raise
That obscured *your* bygone days?
Could the power that old friends gave
Not suffice *your* name to save?
Has foul Slander's scorching blast
Touched and withered *you* at last?
You who never would disclose
To public ear *our* private woes.

Respecter of our hearths and homes,
We feel for you when sorrow comes.
The pity you did ever show
Makes this foul stroke a crueler blow.
We have your "Family Paper" seen,
Its face was ever sweet and clean.
No erring sister's shame was there.
No spotless name was made less fair,
No household skeleton laid bare,
For you were ever prone to spare.

Yet there were *some* who loudly cried:
"This is the fall that follows pride;
This is the vengeance, slow but sure;
This is the lesson sent to cure
The seeker after dusky mail,
The snake who left his slimy trail
On every threshold, rich or poor;
Who placed his ear to every door,
To hear the secret told within;
Who slandered virtue, gilded sin."

T. A. H.

WINE CIRCULAR.

OFFICE OF J. M. CURTIS, Wine and Spirit Commission Merchant, No. 434 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal., February 1st, 1874.

The exports of Native Wine and Brandy from California, during the year 1873, were:

	1st Q'rter. Gallons.	2d Q'rter. Gallons.	3d Q'rter. Gallons.	4th Q'rter. Gallons.	Total. Gallons.
From San Francisco, by sea	144,276	158,545	145,726	109,395	557,942
From San Francisco, by rail	39,856	98,055	108,231	85,196	331,338
From the Interior, by rail	4,584	25,766	17,380	4,654	52,384
From San Diego, by sea	38,022	45,040	27,345	45,671	156,078
Totals	226,738	327,406	298,682	244,916	1,097,742
During same period 1872	150,024	308,636	290,705	215,280	964,645

Assuming the proportion of Brandy to Wine to be the same in all the shipments as in those from San Francisco by sea, the above exports consisted of:

Wine.....998,946 gallons. | Brandy..... 98,796 gallons.

The destination of the exports was as follows:

	1873.	1872.
New York	675,363 gallons.	587,807 gallons.
Western Cities	384,722 gallons.	350,838 gallons.
Foreign Countries	38,657 gallons.	26,000 gallons.

A notable feature of the trade with foreign countries is the experimental shipment of 11,100 gallons to Great Britain and Germany. The trade with countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean shows a very small gain over that of 1872. Our shipments to the Atlantic States, though showing an increase of 120,440 gallons over the previous years trade, are less by 200,000 gallons than was generally anticipated at the beginning of the year. Two causes retarding our trade—the interference of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue with the manufacture of Sparkling Wines, and the recent financial panic in the Eastern States—are happily removed, and we can reasonably expect an export trade during the current year amounting to 1,500,000 gallons.

The local trade has been supplied by merchants of this city with 1,200,000 gallons of Native Wine during the year. The largest demand has been for Dry White and Red Wines. Of the latter the stock is not larger than is required for home consumption. White Wines are yet in good supply, but prices show a hardening tendency under anticipation of scarcity before the next vintage is ready for shipment. Large orders are now in hand for shipment East soon as the season is sufficiently advanced, and the general outlook of the trade in Dry Whites and Reds is very promising. Port, Angelica, and other sweet wines are abundant and in little demand. The demand for Brandy is active; the supply small.

The quality of the vintage of 1873 is generally approved by the dealers. Red Wines, in particular, show better color and body than in 1872, a result not anticipated when the late frosts last year cut down the vines. The White Wines are of fair average quality, with less than the usual proportion of badly fermented wine. Sweet Wines are in smaller proportion to the entire vintage than in any previous year. Wine Spirit has been distilled by very few vineyardists, and at none of the large distilleries. The aggregate yield does not exceed 50,000 gallons.

The prices current for Wines, of good shipping quality, in round lots, delivered free on board ship or rail (casks included) are:

	Per Gallon - Gold.
Dry Red Wines from Mission Grapes	$ - 45@ - 55
Dry Red Wines from Mission Grapes (blended)	— 55@ — 65
Dry White Wines from Mission Grapes	— 45@ - 55
Dry White Wines from Mission Grapes (blended)	— 55@ - 65
Dry White Wines from Muscat or Muscatelle Grapes	— 60@ - 75
Port	— 80@ 1 00
Angelica	— 75@ - 90
Sweet Tokay	— 80@ - 85
Sweet Dessert Wines	— 85@ 1 00
Sherry	— 85@ 1 00
Sparkling Wines (Fermented), quarts	— 9@12 00
Sparkling Wines (Fermented), pints	10 50@14 00
Sparkling Wines (Charged), quarts	6 50@ 9 00
Sparkling Wines (Charged), pints	8 00@10 50
Wine Spirit, per proof gallon	1 25@ 1 40
Brandy	1 50@ 2 50

The present rates of freight are:

By sail via Cape Horn to Liverpool or London	6d. per gallon.
By sail via Cape Horn to New York	10 cents per gallon, currency.
By steamship via Panama (fast)	15 cents per gallon, gold
By steamship via Panama (slow)	12½ cents per gallon, gold.

By rail from San Francisco:	Car loads, 18,000 lbs.	Over 3,000 lbs and less than 18,000 lbs.
To New York	$2 50 currency.	$2 75 currency.
To Phil'a, Baltimore and Pittsburgh	2 50 currency.	2 75 currency.
To Cincinnati	2 25 currency.	2 50 currency.
To Louisville	2 30 currency.	2 55 currency.
To Indianapolis	2 25 currency.	2 50 currency.
To Chicago and St. Louis	2 00 currency.	2 25 currency.
To Milwaukie	2 10 currency.	2 35 currency.
To Omaha	1 80 currency.	2 00 currency.

I invite the correspondence of all desiring to purchase Pure California Wines or Brandies, or of obtaining information regarding them, and beg leave to call the attention of dealers to my Catalogue of Wines and Brandies following:

On hand and for sale in lots to suit, Wines and Brandies from the following manufacturers, for whom I am sole agent in this city: The Orleans Hill Vinicultural Association, Sacramento, California—Port, Sweet Tokay, White, Hock, Riesling, Claret, Muscatelle. Peart & Carver, St. Helena, California—Port, White, Hock, and Red Wines. Burrage & Tucker, Vine Cliffs Vineyard, Napa, California—Hock, Burgundy, White, Rose of Peru (White), Red Zinfandel, Red Mission, Angelica, and Sweet Muscat. J. R. Nickerson, Lincoln, California—Rose of Peru, Black Hamburg, Muscat and other White Wines, Grape Brandy and Apple Jack. La Loma Vineyard, Napa, California—Red and White Mission Wines. White and Red Wines, Port, Angelica, from all varieties of Grapes. Brandy and Pure Grape Spirit, from many Vineyards located in all the Wine Districts of the State. Champagne, Occident Brand, in Quarts or Pints.

J. M. CURTIS,
Wine and Spirit Commission Merchant, No. 434 Jackson Street.

JELLY.

As an eminent embryologist, Prof. Agassiz might properly be called the high-priest of "jelly." He was never weary of explaining that all living things—each man, as well as every inferior animal—is actually evolved from a little mass of "jelly;" and, while he would probably have agreed as to its shapelessness, he would certainly have protested against its "loathsomeness." He who said that "our philosophies and theologians," and, he might have added, our editors require to be taught that "a physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle," would hardly have sneered over the "loathsomeness" of that plastic material which we know to be the starting-point of all organic development. Agassiz held that nature is to be regarded as the material embodiment of divine ideas, and, after dwelling with delight upon the curious forms and constitutions of creatures composed almost wholly of "jelly," he would say: "These are the thoughts of the Almighty." On his view, "jelly" was the chosen and specially honored material for the expression of the divine conceptions. Prof. Agassiz would certainly have conserved the little protoplasmic speck, which, in the course of natural operations, can evolve in a few years into a Newton, a Shakspeare, or even a President of the United States, as an exceedingly interesting portion of the divine order. If the germ contains potentially the future being, and if a highly-developed race transmits its aptitudes and capacities from generation to generation, then is "jelly" an institution of God for the conservation of perfected man, and the civilization that he carries with him.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

There be creatures in this mundane sphere who shrink from the pure, the sweet and the clean, as the devil shrinks from holy water, and who revel in the low, the disgusting and the nasty, with an enjoyment born of that utter baseness of which human nature is capable. The Press, naturally one of the outgrowths of highest civilization, has unfortunately sunk in some instances into the hands of these *chiffoniers* of literature, who wallow in the slime of the gutter for the bits of decayed scandal and odds and ends of filth, with which it is their pleasure—chiefly for private personal motives—to pelt each other. So long as the pelting stopped within the bounds of ordinary decency, people regarded the dirty game with contemptuous indifference, but when it reaches the excess of the *Chronicle* and *Sun* war, it is time for respectability to lift a staying hand. This phase of newspaper quarreling is not altogether new to San Franciscans, for personal abuse received a bloody inauguration at the hands of the *Bulletin* in 1856. Since that fair beginning, journalism has come slow by imperceptible degrees to its present degraded level. Even the *Bulletin*, with its Pecksniffian assumption of respectability and prestige, has never spared any citizen a malevolent attack whose views were antagonistic to those of the hypocritical old sheet. Neither has the *Bulletin* itself been spared, for, during the late war, a rumor went round—perhaps true, perhaps false, but generally believed nevertheless—that the *Bulletin* received One Hundred Thousand Dollars from the Government for its loyalty! A keen and diabolical stab truly to give to this old outguard of honest newspaperdom! When the saucy, but then decent *Chronicle*, first flung its superiority and circulation in the few teeth of the *Bulletin*, the ambitious proprietor was angered with a wrath which nothing could soothe but the possession of a successful morning paper, so he took the little *Call* in under his wing. To be successful it must be like its rival—bold, unscrupulous and pitiless. It has failed in none of these. The boldest citizen has quailed before the packs of nasty curs who snarled and bit at his heels. Family skeletons have shuddered and rattled in their closets before the unflinching gaze and reckless exposition of family secrets. The name of neither man, woman nor child has been sacred. Characters, in both papers, have been assailed with a vindictiveness excusable only in the whetted appetite of a bloodhound. The law has failed to give redress, the cowhide has only furnished an additional paragraph, and the pistol has never been allowed to do its' work. Yet how soon this glass house tumbles to atoms before a savage blow. It was all very well to dub Wilkinson a brute, Kip a forger, and Swett a thief, or to pry into the sacredness of family homes. Retaliation was bitter, all the more so that it came from the viper who had been warmed in the bosom of the *Chronicle*. And the viper has certainly done full justice to his early training. Bold and bad as the *Chronicle* has at times been, its pages have never produced anything to equal the scathing retort of the Industrial School pet, and, knowing the capabilities of the genius it had fostered, how terribly unwise it was to provoke those capabilities for revenge. If the law will take its proper course in the present case, gutter-snipe literature will cease to be. If not, capital will be made out of the trouble, and the familiar creature will reek with more than its old-time stench of vile abuse. As for the *Bulletin*, it snaps and growls rather from a feeling of insane and greedy jealousy than from innate power to vilify.

We have all along been in error respecting the purpose to which the new Chinese establishment, which was opened last week with such imposing ceremonies, was devoted. Although we said, with the rest of the world, "It is a new Joss House," yet we had our misgivings, and having—partly by coaxing, partly by bribes, but chiefly by strong drinks—got a little Mongolian broker to be communicative, we elicited the following facts: The name of the institution is, in the vernacular, Dig. Zus. Hong, which, being interpreted, means "The Chinese Thumb-Sucking Club." It is founded by the youthful aristocracy of those Asiatics who have immigrated from the Flowery Kingdom, and who, by reason of recent arbitrary police regulations, are not allowed that evening liberty they were wont to indulge in. The club is founded strictly on the principles of its great prototype. No member, under pain of expulsion, is allowed to talk of a young lady as Miss, but simply as Minnie this or Nettie that. For instance, Bing says to Wong Ho, "How stunning Fan Yan was last night;" and the other replies, "You bet; but she can't hold a candle up to Lucy Tat." Then there are rooms for swearing, and a large saloon for scandal, where every steamer load of Celestial arrivals, from the long absent wife to the last purchase, or the one still on the market, are discussed. There are also gambling rooms, drinking boxes, smoking parlors, bunks for the over-opiated, and everything to entice the young and render life sweet and short. The committee may be seen any morning, about ten, in long blue robes and austere countenances.

The Town Crier has heard of yet another club about to be started. This time it is a literary one, and report sayeth that its would-be originator is a young and gallant gentleman, whose position as a journalist is of the haziest and most uncertain. When his advent here, the forcible snapping of the liason between him and the gentle Israelite, the queer ideas of literary authorship as entertained by this gallant young gentleman which came to light at or about that time—when all these and many other pleasant reminiscences are indulged in, the readers of the *News Letter*—the literati of the city—will certainly agree with the *Town Crier* that the instigator of the movement should, owing to his well-known financial abilities, be unanimously elected to the position of Treasurer.

The Bulletin and Call, among journalists, are like Ishmaelites. Their hands are against every man's and every man's hand is against them; one prowls by day and the other howls by night. They are ever on the look out for prey, and if their prey escapes them they anathematize it as unclean. To conceal their nefarious practices, they adopt the familiar dodge of the sneak-robber and bawl out at the top of their lungs, "Stop thief!" Such persons are like those who, when they see a man with a new coat on, say, "He stole it," or if a woman appears with fine jewelry or the last sweet thing in bonnets, sneeringly insinuate that she prostituted herself to obtain it. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, are but after all the children of greed, and it is this inordinate greed of gain, this hungering after the flesh pots, this unscrupulous appetite for fat things, that make the *Bulletin* squeal out its Jeremiads. What right has a paper, that one day is a fawning sycophant and the next day bites the hand that it licked, to arrogate to itself the preaching of purity, and accuse its brethren of venality? What right has that "itching palm" to slap another than its own baby? The most despised of all men is the saintly hypocrite, and the one most sensitive to corruption is he who forever lives in his own foulness. In other words, the man most conversant with cesspools is the night-man.

The tender concern which we have long felt in the temporal and spiritual welfare of our journalistic brethren, Pickering and Fitch, causes tears of anguish to gush from our sympathetic eyes as we look on and see the incidents not fatal manner in which they are being double-banked, as it were, by their enemies. On the one side is the cunning and soapless *Chronicle*, steadily sapping the foundations of the *Call's* prosperity; on the other the wiry and vigilant *Post*, boosting itself up at the expense of the *Bulletin*. We cannot contemplate the gradual decadence of the two organs (both dailies) of our ancient friends, without experiencing a feeling of ineffable sadness. A method, however, occurs to us, by which the ruin that threatens them may possibly be averted. They already have in the concern a sufficient share of rascality. What they lack is *brains*, and executive ability. Let them go into partnership with Charles De Young (the brains of the De Young family), consolidate the *Call* with the *Chronicle*, give Charles the general management of the morning and evening organs, and we have no doubt he will pull them through. Will our friends consider of it?

It has been our office to denounce barbarity at sea, and indeed it became so universally popular to do so that we rather began to take the part of skippers and ship-owners, for we felt that we were running too much into the opposite extreme. We have now to record an instance of self-sacrifice to the interest of owners on the part of the officers of the American ship *Columbus*. It was eight o'clock in the morning; the vessel had been brought by a tug to North Point Dock to load with wheat. It is a ticklish thing to bring a great, empty, unwieldy ship of 1,850 tons alongside of a wharf. So far all had progressed well, when suddenly some heavy tackles were dropped from aloft and struck two men, one of whom was severely wounded and the other knocked overboard into the deep waters of the bay. The momentary impulse was to rush after the man, even if only to rescue the dead body. But then the ship might suffer damage, so all feelings of humanity were stifled in those of duty, and it was only an hour afterwards, when all was snug, and the last chain had bound the vessel securely to the piles, that a boat went out and fished up the corpse. Such an act of duty requires no comment.

The little Post has of late assumed a lofty and oracular style of utterance, which fits it about as well as Daniel Lambert's coat would the manly form of Sir Thomas de Newcomb, or (to change the figure) as Stentor's superb bass would an attenuated pigmy whom nature designed to squeak like a toy dog. Now there are excellent reasons why the *Post* should not put on offensive airs and talk disrespectfully to its betters. We *know* some of those reasons, and we caution the fiery and unprudent little editor of that pretentious little concern that if he ventures again to trespass upon our forbearance, we shall feel constrained to make certain disclosures which will cause him and his partners to feel extremely uncomfortable. *He* talk about "blackmail" and "conscientious journalism!" We advise Hinton to restrain the ardent youth. Let us see whether he will be wise enough to do so, or prefer to knock the chip off of the *Town Crier's* shoulder. Come, now!

Our Sanctimonious and Holy-Sniveling Brethren of the Bulletin have long cast gloating and envious eyes upon the cash-box of the *News Letter*. The *Town Crier* owns that money *does* flow into the coffers of the office, which the proprietor does *not* propose to divide with the *Bulletin*. The *News Letter* is open to all offers which journals of our status are apt to receive, but we advocate no measure which is against the good of the people, nor oppose that which would be for their good. Neither do we blackguard the character of any citizen for personal or business motives. But we are of jocund humor, and have discharged artilleries of satire which may have pierced the pachydermal *Bulletin*. Unfortunately for itself, this journal is very like Achilles' heel, all over, very thick and horny skinned.

When our present enlightened, progressive, and economical Legislature shall have carried out their intention of abolishing the State University—all but the College for teaching the farmers how to grow potatoes to the best advantage—then will our go-to-rious Golden State stand forth in proud pre-eminence among the nations of the earth, and take her place in the van of civilization as the torch-bearer of art, science, and letters. O, noble Legislature! O, enlightened, magnanimous Dolly Vardens!

"**Deserted by the moon**, the harper, sick and sore,
Salutes the gloomy castle gate—'What, ho!'
And held brave knights assembled by the tail—
And tolled his tail—his tail he tolled,
And made the air resound with doleful sounds—
Wine everywhere and none to drink—
And held brave knights, assembled from the war,
Enraptured by his wretched tale of woe!
Who exclaimed in chorus, 'Encore, once more that tail!'"

Street shooting is all the rage. Gus DeYoung takes a brace of shots at Napthaly on California street, but fails to bag his game. John O'Malley follows suit a day or two after, and takes a brace of shots at Mr. Cavallier, on Kearny street, smashing up the show-windows of a millinery store, and coming within an ace of bagging a pretty milliner or two. The shooting epidemic has been unusually severe this month, though the season is early. We think it is time that a game-law for San Francisco should be enacted, prescribing the months during which street-shooting shall be lawful. Both these shootists proved poor marksmen. Probably they were a little nervous. But they will improve with practice, and if they only persevere they may do better next season.

The Roman Horace, having finished his volume of lyrics, glanced over the pages with a smile of complacency, and indulged in the boast, "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius!*" Which, being freely rendered, amounts to, "I have written a book which shall be my monument, and shall endure longer than a monument of brass." We always admired the modesty, no less than the genius, of Q. Horatius, but it was not until last night while glancing over the ninth ode (*Ad Thaliarchum*) that we were impressed with the conviction that the poet was also a prophet. The words: *Vides ut Alta stet* (see how the *Alta* stands) clearly show that the Roman bard forsaw the grandmother of the San Francisco press, and also that her course would bear watching.

A bland and temperate indignation against libelers is being sedulously manufactured by the more immaculate portion of the press, which, like the ever meek and gentle *Bulletin*, never perpetrated a libel, or published a syllable calculated to wound the most sensitive feelings. We do not regard that man as an embodiment of all the Christian virtues who goes after his fellow man with a club, or butcher's cleaver. And yet between that rude, untarnished savage and the genteel assassin, who does his work with a pearl-handled stiletto, there may not possibly be as great a moral difference as the *Bulletin* seems to suppose. As a matter of taste, however, the *Town Crier* prefers to practice with the stiletto.

The Town Crier hopes he is never offensively curious or officiously conspicuous; but unbidden thoughts will come sometimes, and, like the airy nothings that invited themselves to Mr. Macbeth's dinner, they will not "down." The little mote affecting our mind's eye just now is, the sudden bottling of the *Post's* wrath against the Water Monopoly. The vigorous attack of that paper on a corporation which compels San Francisco to pay more for her water than she does for her bread, followed by its sudden, almost startling, silence, suggests the pertinent inquiry, Did the *Post* attack the Water Company for the people or for itself?

A Liverpool pilot was taken to America on a White Star steamer, much against his will, the weather being so heavy that he could not be landed. On seeing Boston, however, he exclaimed, "Well, now that I have got this far I certainly shan't go home till I've run down to 'Frisco, and had a taste of J. H. Cutter's whisky, which you say is the best in the world. I'll remember Hotaling is the agent." He has come to San Francisco, and for this cause alone is going to settle down here.

A colored man applied to a Boston savings-bank, wishing to draw one dollar. The clerk informed him that the iron rule of the institution forbid the withdrawal of less than three dollars. Our colored brother was in deep study for a few moments, and then said: "Sar, I'll take the free dollars." The three dollars were paid to him, when he at once added: "Now, sar, if yer please, sar, I'll 'poset two dollars in de institution." The amount was duly received and credited, when, with his loose dollar in his pocket, he gave the clerk a sly wink, and walked away.

A correspondent of the Town Crier's, who affirms that he knows how it is himself, writes to say that to his certain knowledge the *Evening Bulletin* has received more blackmailing money than either the *Sun* or *Chronicle*, and is as black in principle, and as unscrupulous in the attainment of its purpose, as Jonathan Wild, whom in character it very much resembles, for it assassinates and rifles in the dark, and then plays Pharisa, sanctimonious howler, and catch-thief in the day.

A Dublin gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife of great rank and fortune, lamented very much that she had no children. A South of Ireland medical gentleman who was present observed that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he thought he had remarked it was "hereditary" in some families!

A bachelor says if you hand a lady a newspaper with a paragraph cut out of it, not a line of it will be read, but every bit of interest felt in the paper by the lady will center in finding out what the missing paragraph contained.

It is averred that the DeYoungs are a bad lot. We are not prepared with any overwhelming proof to the contrary. But surely a venerable *mother* ought to be safe against the vituperation of a *Sun*.

THE SECOND BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER I.

1. **In the days of Ulysses**, the chief ruler over the land of Uncalpsalm, in the country of Kaaflorny, in the city of Phrisko, even the city by the great sea,
2. Lived John, the servant of God, who wrote these chronicles.
3. And his chronicle is true in that he wrote it himself, having his eyes open and being afraid of no man.
4. And in the days when Otis was chief over the city of Phrisko, there lived Benjamin the scribe of the tribe of Naphtaly, whose tongue was a sharp sword.
5. And on the thirtieth day of the first month, Tcharli, whose surname was Yung, went after Benjamin the scribe of the tribe of Naphtaly, in a manner that was hot even as the coals upon the hearth and grievous to be borne.
6. For he said that Benjamin was an inhabitor of evil places and a follower of lewd women.
7. Then Benjamin the scribe arose in his wrath and lifted up his voice and said,
8. Behold now, O inhabitants of Phrisko, and give ear! Oh, ye that dwell by the sea, even the mighty sea,
9. Let us see what manner of man is this unto whom ye have listened this long time.
10. Judge now between us, O people, even between me and this Tcharli who is called Yung, in that he calleth me evil names, and goeth after me in a manner grievous to be borne.
11. And Benjamin the scribe wrote it in a book and published it abroad among all the people, and he spared not Tcharli, nor his brethren, nor his kinsfolk, nor his friends.
12. And the tribe of the Gousebois cried aloud in the streets, and in all the public places, and said, Yerosthesun!
13. Wherefore, when the people heard this, great was the sale of the book written by Benjamin, the scribe of the tribe of Naphtaly.
14. Now when Tcharli, who was called Yung, saw the book that was written by Benjamin the scribe, he was exceeding wroth, and his spirit within him was troubled, both he and his brethren, and they arose and went to the judge.
15. And said unto him: Hear, O judge, and give ear unto our cry, O ye that rule over this people.
16. Behold, this man of the tribe of Naphtaly hath written lies about us, and published them to the people, even about us and our kinsfolk.
17. Whereupon the judge wrote a paper and sealed it with his seal, that Benjamin the scribe should be taken and cast into prison.
18. Now on the morrow, Glaus, brother of Tcharli, espied Benjamin the scribe, walking in the streets and public places;
19. And he said, Behold, now is mine enemy delivered into mine hand. And he shot at him from behind, two times, and Benjamin the scribe was sore afraid.
20. Then was Glaus, brother of Tcharli, taken by the strong men of the city, even the Police, and cast into prison.
21. And after this did Michael, who was also a brother of Tcharli, meet Benjamin the scribe in the prison, and would have done him grievous bodily harm.
22. Then said the men of Phrisko, Behold, they have shot these two times and no man is hurt. Go to, is this not foolishness and abomination in our sight? And they spat on the ground.
23. Now there was in the city of Phrisko a scribe who was called Lohrhin, and whose surname was Pick, and he was of the tribe of the Dar-in-wat.
24. And he was called Pick for that men said, Lo, he is not worth a picayune.
25. Now a picayune was money of little value and small worth in the eyes of the men of the South.
26. And Lohrhin read the book of Benjamin the scribe of the tribe of Naphtaly, that he wrote of Tcharli, surnamed the Yung, and he said, Behold, here is my opportunity.
27. For aforetime Tcharli and Lohrhin did chiefly cast mud at each other, but Tcharli cast the most.
28. Wherefore Lohrin hated Tcharli with a hatred passing that of a brother, in that he cast the most mud, and did him much evil in the sight of the people.
29. And he wrote in his book and abused Tcharli, and said that he was a man of Belial.
30. But the people said, Go to, is not each of ye tarred with the same stick, and shall Lohrhin throw dust in our eyes? Be it far from us.
31. So Lohrhin was exceeding sorrowful, in that he could not deceive the people.
32. For he was a man of great voice, but little head, and he thought that he ruled Phrisko.

By the Sea.—A Yale student, who is evidently in the "journalistic" department, writes a twelve-verse poem which is entitled, "We kissed each other by the sea." "Well, what of it?" asks a western journalist; "the seaside is no better for such practices than any other locality. In fact, we have put in some very wet work of that kind on the towpath of a canal in our time, but did not say anything about it in print."

An acute Liverpool firm, foreseeing the inevitable necessities of the case, has shipped off two cases of gravestones to Sierra Leone.

A DREAM.

I fell asleep and dreamed a stranger dream
Than ever gods to Sybil did reveal;
Although asleep, I yet awake did seem,
All was so strangely real.

I thought the heavens opened and I stood
Within the gates, amidst a motley crew
Of holy saints and ghosts of pious mood,
But none of them I knew.

Then turning to an angel sitting near,
I said: "My friend, pray tell me, can it be
There are no Californians living here?"
He quickly answered me:

"Do you then come from that sad place from whence
None came before? Was Peter then asleep?
I'll tell you why your friends are driven from hence
If you'll the secret keep.

"They will not listen to the one pure voice
That goes from house to house to save men's souls,
But blindly enter of their own free choice
Their names on Satan's rolls."

Then out from under his bright plumaged wing
A *News Letter* he took, and held to sight:
"This is the means of grace, the only thing
That gives your city light."

I sadly turned, and passing through the door
Of jasper, left the seraph-guarded wall,
And bent my way to where foul devils roar
And pain-pinched voices call

To be released by Death, and there I thought
I saw a fearful lake of living fire
Consuming many, while still more were brought
To make the flames mount higher.

And while I stood and gazed with dread bound feet,
I saw a face with lolling, blackened tongue,
Among the flames; although distort with heat,
I recognized De Young.

By his side stood Napthaly, his hoodlum head
Burned bare of locks, his face with pain awry;
"Ah, God!" he cried, "I would that I were dead,
I would that I could die."

Then rose an ancient, hoary-headed fiend,
And shook his pitch-fork in the burning air,
And hissed: "As you on earth to mercy leaned
You'll get compassion here."

And then arose a multitude of heads,
A branded legend on each one I saw,
"Subscriber to the *Chronicle*," it read.
I woke and dreamed no more.

T. A. H.

DWARFS.

The following curious account of dwarfish human beings, said to resemble a race of monkeys, is given by the Siam *Weekly Advertiser:* "On the Island of Borneo has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Philippine Islands, in Terra del Fuego, and in South America. They walked unusually, almost erect, on two legs, and in that attitude measure about four feet in hight. They construct no habitations, form no families, scarcely associate together, sleep in caves and trees, feed on snakes and vermin, on ants' eggs, and on each other. They cannot be tamed or forced to any labor, and are hunted and shot among the trees like the great gorilla, of which they are a stunted copy. When captured alive one finds with surprise that their uncouth jabbering sounds are like articulate language. They turn up a human face to gaze at their captors, and females show instincts of modesty; and, in fine, these wretched beings are men and women."

A Bedford, Pa., newspaper tells of a girl who stands on a half-bushel measure and gracefully shoulders three bushels of wheat. To a doubting editor in an adjoining county, the newspaper mentions the fact that she is a brunette, five feet three inches longitude; that her gravity is two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and that she can whip any editor in Cambria County.

Never kick a man when he is down, unless you are sure he can't get up.

SPIRITUALISM AND REAL ESTATE

Mr. Charles DeLong and the Vanmeter Property—Sensational Statements About Mediumistic Properties Denied—Letter from Colonel Hastings

[illegible]

San Francisco, February 9, 1878. S. C. Hastings

TO A LATE WILD ROSE.

Oh wild red rose, what spell has stayed
Till now thy summer of delights?
Where hid the south wind when he laid
His heart on thine, these autumn nights?

Oh! wild red rose, two faces glow
At sight of thee, and two hearts share
All thou and thy south wind can know
Of sunshine in this autumn air.

Oh! sweet wild-rose; oh! strong south wind;
The sunny roadside asks no reasons
Why we such secret summer find,
Forgetting calendars and seasons.

Alas! red rose, thy petals wilt;
Our loving hands tend thee in vain;
Our thoughtless touch seems like a guilt;
Ah! could we make thee live again.

Yet joy, wild rose! Be glad, south wind!
Immortal wind! immortal rose!
Ye shall live on, in two hearts shrined,
With secrets which no words disclose. H. H.

BOBBY'S TROWSERS.

It is not wise to do or say anything to a child under an injunction not to tell. Here is a story in point, which was reported to me from the ladies at Fingask, Perthshire (1853). A Highland family of some dignity, but not much means, was to receive a visit from some English relations for the first time. Great was the anxiety and great were the efforts to make things wear a respectable appearance before these assumedly-fastidious strangers. The lady had contrived to get up a pretty good dinner; but, either from an indulgent disposition, or from some defect in her set of servants, she allowed her son Bobby, a little boy, to be present, instead of remanding him to the nursery. But little was she aware of Bobby's power of torture.

Bobby, who was dressed in a new jacket and a pair of buff-colored trowsers, had previously received strict injunctions to sit at table quietly, and on no account to join in conversation. For a while he carried out these instructions by sitting perfectly quiet till the last guest had been helped to soup, whereupon, during a slight lull in the conversation, Bobby quietly said:

"I want some soup, mamma."

"You can't be allowed to have any soup, Bobby. You must not be always asking for things."

"If you don't give me some soup immediately, I'll tell *yon!*"

The lady seemed a little troubled, and, instead of sending Bobby out of the room, quietly yielded to his demand. Soup being removed, and fish introduced, there was a fresh demand.

"Mamma, I want some sea-fish (a rarity in the Highlands)."

"Bobby," said the mother, "you are very forward. You can't get any fish. You must sit quietly, and not trouble us so much."

"Well, mamma, if I don't get some fish, mind I'll tell *yon!*"

"O Bobby, you're a plague!" and then she gave him the fish.

A little further on in the dinner, Bobby, observing his papa and the guests taking wine, was pleased to break in once more.

"Papa, I would like a glass of wine!"

By this time, as well might be supposed, the attention of the company had been pretty fully drawn to Bobby, about whom, in all probability, there prevailed but one opinion. The father was irritated about the incident.

"Bobby, you *must* be quiet; you can have no wine."

"Well, papa, if I don't get some wine, mind I'll tell *yon!*"

"You rascal, you shall have no wine!"

"You had *better* do it," answered Bobby, firmly. "Once, twice—will you give me the wine? Come, now, mind I'll tell *yon!* Once, twice—"

The father looked canes and lashes at his progeny. Bobby, however, was not to be daunted.

"Here goes now! Once, twice—will you do it? Once, twice, thrice! *My trowsers were made out of mother's old window-blinds!*"

Stiff English party dissolves in unconstrainable merriment.—*Dr. Robert Chambers'* "*Scrap-book.*"

Sunset Cox hit the nail on the head when he told the House that the growth of the newspaper had dwarfed the importance of the right of petition; that the people were coming more and more to see in the newspaper the most convenient channel for bringing their wishes and grievances to the notice of the law-makers.

For what port is a man bound during courtship?—Bound to Havre.

THE COMEDY OF LOVE.

In ball-rooms, at dances,
'Mid fair forms and fancies,
'Neath bright eyes and glances,
Love's fluttering by;

In fairy-like grottoes
(But lately the hot-house),
O'er two charming mottoes,
Is breathed love's first sigh;

And bosoms are heaving
In moments for leaving,
And Cupid is weaving
His meshes around;

And fingers are squeezing,
While papa is freezing,
And (aside) "Oh, how pleasing!
His coat can't be found."

Comes then golden dreaming,
When moonlight is streaming,
In love's image seeming
To hover above.

And oh! how entrancing,
In fairyland fancying
That you are still dancing
With her whom you love.

Then smilings on meeting,
And hearts quickly beating,
And duenna cheating,
For love is *so* keen;

And music and playings,
And soft little sayings,
And wilderness strayings,
And "Where have you been?"

Then passionate kisses,
Sweet, stolen impresses,
While Cupid confesses
It all to papa, who

First claims your attention
(What cursed intervention!),
Then asks your intention,
And where the deuce are you?

But love has its sighing,
Its sobbing and crying,
Its poor victims lying
(At least, so *they* say);

And pallid lips quiver
As if parting forever,
When really they sever
But till the next day.

And then, 'mid more dancing,
Some siren entrancing
Will set your eye glancing—
Well! not the right way.

And then comes the action,
Proclaims satisfaction,
And for this attraction
The devil's to pay.

Thus Cupid ensnares one,
And heavenward bears one,
Then down to earth tears one,
And calls it "Romance."

And while one's heart's wringing,
We'll gaily be singing,
And all this is springing
From some witching glance.

CHARACTER IN NOSES.

The nose is, comparatively, a passive feature of the face. Unlike the eyes and mouth, there is little or no movement to indicate expression; occasionally, in some, the nostrils will dilate, but this only occurs when the nostrils are large. Indeed, some noses scarcely appear to have a connection with the face; they seem stuck-on appendages, whose only use is their convenience for pulling. Great snuffers often acquire this immobility of nose, though the snuffing would act somewhat as a guard against the pulling. Poets have sung, and novelists have written, of many kinds of noses, but it remained for the poet-laureate to somewhat ennoble the hitherto much-abused "snub," under the more euphonious title of "tip-tilted." We have known many charmingly attractive girls with snub-noses—and, indeed, have always had a penchant for them—for we have found the owners to be possessed of amiability, humor, drollery and common sense. The snub-nose, when in conjunction with other good features, will indicate a person who will frequently rise higher in the world than those with larger noses, who lack good humor and common sense. A perfect nose, we are told, should be as long as the forehead is high, and have a gentle indent at the top, between the upper eyelids. The front should be level from the forehead to the tip, which latter should be neither hard nor soft. It should be, at least, half an inch broad between the eyes. The bottom of the nose should not be more than one-third of its length. The nostrils above should be pointed, round below, gently curved, and, seen sideways, be divided into two equal parts by the upper lip. As to the size of the nose, the medium is better; but a very large nose is preferable to a very small one the large nose seldom sinking below mediocrity. The hook nose is a very unpleasant one to look at. It is also called aquiline—perfectly arched from the forehead to the tip—denoting great energy, acuteness, craft, unscrupulousness and ambition. A nose arched near the forehead denotes great power of command and energy. This is the nose of Cæsar, of the Conqueror, and of the late Duke of Wellington. This nose must not be confounded with the hooked nose mentioned above. The famous Grecian nose, which forms an almost straight line with the forehead, has been much lauded; but such noses are, in women, indicative of coldness and affectation, and, when owned by a man, a shallow mind. Small noses denote comparative weakness of mind and character, though, otherwise, such persons may be highly estimable. The tips of such noses, turned up, denote busy, bustling activity, great self-conceit, cool assurance and great talkativeness. Look for such noses in law-clerks, pot-house politicians, town councilors and beadles, or other jacks-in-office. A nose with a broad bridge, whether level or arched, always indicates great powers. Large breathing nostrils are certain signs of mental power and energy; small, unmoving nostrils are, on the other hand, certain signs of little mind, and want of energy and enterprise.—*Cornhill.*

THE SECOND BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER II.

1. Now there were in the city of Phrisko two evil spirits, and the name of one was Blach Mahl, and the name of the other was Subse Dee, and they were the children of Phil Thelnher.

2. And most men did worship them, yet did they not do it openly for that they were afraid, because it was accounted an unclean thing by the people.

3. Now, when one of the scribes did bow himself down before them, it was said that he worshiped Blach Mahl; but when many men got together and bowed themselves before them, they were said to worship Subse Dee, and of the two, the people did greatly fear Subse Dee.

4. And Lohrin, who was call Pick, of the tribe of Liars-in-Wait, cried out, and said, Behold now, oh, people, and give ear, oh, ye who dwell in Phrisko, in that I declare unto you the life of Tcharli, who is called Yung.

5. For that he casteth himself down before the evil spirit, even the spirit who is called Blach Mahl, and worshipeth him.

6. Wherefore doeth he an unclean thing in your sight, and is not like unto me, who am without spot or blemish before the Lord.

7. Now when the people heard this, they said, Goto, if Tcharli doth worship Blach Mahl did not ye bow yourself before the image of Subse Dee, and are ye, therefore, clean in our sight. Behold, we do remember the Lanticsifique. And they heeded him not, but said, Lo, he is a Bilhk, for such is the speech and manner of the men of Phrisko.

8. Now they of Phrisko spake many languages and tongues, and the speech of some was not unstanded of the others.

9. Wherefore was it said by the people and by the judges of the city, and by the wise men, Behold, we are of many nations and tongues, and some are not understanded by others.

10. Therefore, let us teach unto our children all knowledge and wisdom, that they may get great profit thereby; but chiefly let us teach unto them the language of the land of Unchipsalm.

11. And they did so. And they looked at the thing and saw it was good, wherefore they said, Let us do it again. And they did it again.

12. Now the name of the place where the children were taught was called Kos Mop Olytin, and the city got great gain in that the children learnt wisdom.

13. But in those days rose Derektah Spawldhin, who was one of those that ruled Phrisko, and he said, Not so, for that it is not Hi Konemi. Now when a man in Phrisko would cause himself to seem good in the sight of the people, he would say, Lo! I worship Hi Konemi. For Hi Konemi was a spirit that was much talked of, yet had no man ever seen it in him that was a judge in Phrisko.

14. And Derektah Spawldhin was of little sense, yet did he magnify himself before the people. And he was a pious man and a godly, and he searched the scriptures daily, for he said, Peradventure I shall find something to my advantage.

15 And when he saw that the gift of tongues which aforetime was given unto the Apostles, he thought in his mind that Kos Mop Olytin should also cease, and that he would get great gain in that the people would say, Lo, he boweth himself down before Hi Konemi.

16. Now there was in the city of Phrisko a subtle man, and one like unto Aaron the High Priest, in that he could speak unto the people, whose name was Barhns, and he was called Kurnel.

17. For in Phrisko when a man put on purple and fine linen, and wore jewels of gold, and jewels of silver, he said unto himself, Lo, I am a kurnel, and the men spake of him in this manner, for that they would do him honor. And of Barhns had a woman said, He is a strong man, and well skilled.

18. And he spake unto the people, they being in a public place, in numbers like unto a great multitude, saying that the thing that Derektah Spawldhin had done was an evil thing, and that it was not a sacrifice unto Hi Konemi, but unto Phals Hi Konemi, which was an evil spirit like unto the first, in that it prevented the children learning many things. And the people answered, Hi, Hi, for that they were pleased with the word that Barhns spake unto them.

19. And at this time one of the scribes, who was called Phitch, and whose surname was Deekum, spake unto the people in a book, and he spake two ways.

20. Saying, Behold now, oh, people; I, even I, Phitch, whose surname is Deekum, do agree with Barhns in all that he saith; and again, Lo, Derektah Spawldhin is right in all that he doeth for that he worshipeth Hi Konemi.

21. Wherefore the people said, Behold he sitteth upon a fence. Yet were they not astonished, for such was the custom of Phitch at all times.

22. Now in Phrisko when a man joined himself unto the sect of the Pharisees, and made his hair straight on his head, and his face like unto him that eateth of the apple of Sodom, even the bitter apple, and said of himself, Lo, I am not as other men are, but am even better than they, the man of Phrisko said of him, Behold he is a Deekum.

23. And of such a one they were more careful in their dealings than of others, for they feared him in that he hid his iniquity from the light, for, being like unto the hypocrites, he practiced wickedness secretly.

24. But Phitch bowed himself down before strange gods, even the god Dollah, and sacrificed unto him many things, wherefore, the people said, Is he not a Bilhk, even as Lohrin is; yea, is he worse than he, for that he is a Phrawd. And they despised him in their hearts.

THE NEW CREED.

Look on, daring heart, look on;
Lift thine eyes above what is;
Let what was be dead and gone—
Life gives better things than this.

Dash the bloody mist aside
That obscures thy better sight;
Gird thee with the mail of pride;
Strike through darkness into light.

Imitate the men that win;
Learn with Slander's tongue to hiss;
Learn that lying is no sin;
Murder with a Judas kiss.

Cringe and fawn when thou art weak;
Crush the weak when thou art strong;
Evil of the absent speak;
When thou could'st do right, do wrong.

Wilt thou fritter out thy life
Chasing shadows? Dost thou know
What the end is of the strife?
Is there be an end or no?

Wilt thou in the worldly fray
Cast thine only weapons down?
Yield thyself an easy prey,
All to win a fabled crown?

All is habit; thou hast been
Taught these doctrines from thy youth;
Let the other side be seen;
Flashes into light the *Truth*.

T. A. E.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes to us as follows: The question of Ladies' Clubs is again being aired in fashionable society, and, I think, this time will some prospect of coming to a successful issue. There is ready to place in London where ladies, whose means are the least limited, can go comfortably alone to take a meal, or write a letter, or rest when they happen to be far from home on a business excursion. There are confectioners' shops in abundance extremely fast retail be, and where the prices are exorbitant, and the attendants very stylish, and coosy insolent to any one whose attire betokens anything but the most unlimited means. Besides the showy discomfort of these places, the viands served there are unsatisfactory. Rich soups and dainty patties may be had in abundance, and sweets and creams *ad lib*, all very daintily served, but by no means the sort of thing to satisfy a keen appetite, or to conduce to after comfort. There is hardly one of these places where a lady can order a plain chop or steak, or, if she so wills it, a crust of bread and cheese and a glass of ale; and to any of the second-rate shops where such things are, a really refined lady would not care to go. So I hear that a club is on the *tapis*, where ladies, by subscription, can enjoy all the privileges of comfort and privacy, and where non-subscribers can go in and take a meal without the risk of being jostled by rude people of either sex, or sit down as vulgar or indecorous for satisfying their hunger in the only way left open for them. It is rather a strong-minded idea, but I think it ought to work well. There is not a great deal doing in the fashionable drapers. All the shop windows are in a transition state. The Christmas glories are looking a little dashed, and the springlike weather makes any display of purely winter goods look out of place. The latest thing in velvet cloaks is a kind of Dolman, tight-fitting at the back, loose in front, with long square hanging sleeves. The shape is pretty enough, but it is trimmed with embroidery of all colors, a wreath of flowers going entirely round it. The flowers are very natural, and the shades very soft and natural, but I think velvet is spoiled by embroidery. The sleeves are a peculiar shape, the back folds over the front in a point which comes almost to the bend of the elbow, where there is a large embroidered bow. Broad lace edges the pelerine all round. I saw a very odd costume the other day, the effect of which was anything but pretty. The pelerine was made quite straight in front, and the two corners were turned back and fastened together behind, as if the dress were pinned up to be out of the way. An immense bow and ends, with a huge oxydized silver ornament in the middle, was stuck just where the points of the tunic rest. Everything for ladies' wear is "Russian" now from shoes to entire costumes. One of the latter is very odd in having two purse-like pockets on the back of the jacket outside. They hang with little straps from the waist, and look extremely funny. Two large tassels hang from the bottom of each. One very pretty costume, having some unpronounceable Russian name, and said to be a *fac simile* of one of the pretty Duchess' many toilettes, is made of two shades of brown silk and velvet. The skirt is in alternate stripes of silk and velvet about eight inches wide. The tunic is very long and full, and has a broad stripe of velvet all round. The front of the waistcoat is long and square, and edged in the same way. A novel shaped jacket, without sleeves, is worn over it, and the whole dress is trimmed with small bright buttons, which sparkle very prettily. The hideous circles and squares of lead-colored metal which have been the rage of late are conspicuous by their absence on the best dresses now.—*Glasgow Mail*.

The name of James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., is one rapidly becoming known all over the world as the seed-man whose enterprise knows no bounds. Judging from his catalogue, his stock must be something enormous, and from samples received we can confidently state that they are all of the best quality and variety. In connection with his business, Vick publishes a Floral Guide, which is one of the most tastefully gotten up serials published.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The Town Crier is seriously alarmed at the way the Dollies are going on at Sacramento. To make an honest confession, he has been in a state of trepidation ever since those profound statesmen, Washington Bartlett, M. M. Estee, Cowdery and their compeers were elected to the State Parliament. He knew that they cherished a bitter grudge against the *News Letter*, and he fully expected that they would at an early day introduce an Act for its suppression, or at any rate attempt to shape legislation on other subjects to its injury. These forebodings have been realized. The bill to regulate freights and fares was but a blind. Ostensibly aimed against Stanford & Co., its real design was to establish a precedent that might be used for our destruction. The next step in the insidious conspiracy was the Quicksilver Bill, proposing to fix the price of quicksilver at a maximum of 35 cents per pound. The plea in behalf of this anomalous kind of legislation is that quicksilver is an absolute necessary to the miners; that there are only a few companies that produce it, and that these companies have the power to put up the price to an exhorbitant figure. Now mark the subtle craft of this deep laid scheme. These two bills being passed, the principle is established that the Legislature can step in between the producer and the consumer, and fix the price of any commodity. The next move will be a bill fixing the price of the *News Letter* at five cents per sheet. It will be argued in support of this outrageous act of despotism, that the *News Letter* is as much an absolute necessary to our business population, and to the clergy, as quicksilver is to the miners; that there is but one *News Letter* in the world, and that no one now living except the satanic proprietor is capable of turning out the article; that he, having the power to put up the price at pleasure, is to be regarded as a dangerous monopolist, and ought to be "regulated," like other monopolists. We know that this thing is on the tapis; but we console ourself with the reflection that if the worst comes to the worst, it won't cost us more than a-month's profits to buy up enough of the Dollies to defeat the measure. The beauty of it is, we know our men, and understand exactly where to put our money.

From the "Jottings from the 'Hub,'" published weekly by the Rev. Dr. Stone's organ, the *Pacific*, we glean the exciting item of intelligence that "the week of prayer just closed leaves a deeper and more earnest religious feeling in Boston than has ever been observed in any former year." The *Town Crier* is something of a psychologist, and he has analyzed the effect of an inordinate indulgence in praying upon the average evangelical mind. It is one of the most insidious forms of dissipation, and it operates thus: First, in the act of praying there gradually steals into the bosom of the devotee a soothing sense of superior holiness, and a delightful consciousness that he is not as other men are. This mental state deepens by degrees into a species of holy complacency, accompanied by a feeling of familiar good fellowship with the Almighty, as of a pair of boon companions who have a pleasant mutual understanding with one another, and are, so to speak, hand and glove. The prayerful devotee experiences a delightful sense of security from personal peril of damnation, accompanied by a scarcely less delightful conviction that the bulk of his fellow creatures who are not in the ring are bound direct for the abode of eternal torment. Fortified by the firm persuasion that he has prayed himself into the Lord's special favor, and that any little delinquencies of his will be indulgently viewed at the Court of Heaven, he is naturally less circumspect about his walk and conversation than the ungodly, who can expect no favor. The "week of prayer" being over, let the people of the Hub be warned of the natural consequences. The sugar of the godly grocers will be more liberally sanded than ever. The coffee will have a larger percentage of chiccory in it than before the work of grace began. The New England rum will be more freely purified with cochituate. And we would advise paterfamilias to maintain vigilant watch and ward over his chaste spouse and tender virgins when the man of prayer is around.

The Town Crier has contemplated with placid indifference the internecine war now being waged by the high-souled Fitch and the courtly Pickering on the one side, and the martial De Youngs on the other. The western lady of frontier tradition, who looked on with impartial eye, and unaccelerated pulse while ursus and hubby were engaged in mortal combat was not a more disinterested spectator than is *Town Crier* in the present journalistic row. It is true, that when he saw the *Sewer* and the *Squeak* going into the fight, backed by Grandma *Alta* with her broom-stick, and a troop of bucolic auxiliaries with squirt-guns, his sympathies began to incline to what he considered the weaker party. He expected to see the unhappy *Barnacle* extinguished and annihilated by this triple alliance, and for a moment experienced a wild impulse to join the fray in order to avert a catastrophe which would destroy the balance of power among the gutter-snipe press. But as the "live paper" seems to be holding its own pretty stiffly against the allied forces, he will defer his armed intervention, in the cheerful hope that when the smoke of the conflict is lifted, he may rejoice in the spectacle of the battle field strewn with putrefying cadavers of the combatants, and no survivor of either pestilent faction. Then will *Town Crier* distend his lungs with a mighty inspiration, and shout in his deepest organ-notes—with pedal accompaniment—a thundering *Te Deum laudamus!*

The T. C. doesn't think it exactly the fair thing for any man in the picture and frame business to sell a painting on commission for a young and struggling foreign artist—a stranger among us—and charge him for a frame which was never made for the painting.

It is not the custom of the Town Crier to interfere materially with the dispensations of Providence. With the exception of an occasional suggestion or two, things are allowed to go on pretty much as they will; but in the case of the prolongation of the existence of that arrant old wind-bag, General Winn, we feel called upon to protest. He has cumbered the fair earth long enough in his present shape—nothing to brag of—and we prefer him in the form of a turnip, a cabbage or a tomato. His latest modest request is for eighteen thousand dollars, to be given him by the State for services rendered to the poor and needy some time previous to the building of Solomon's Temple. Doesn't the religious old wretch know that "Inasmuch as ye do to the poorest of the little ones, ye make a special deposit in the Savings and Loan Society, Gabriel Park, Archangel street, Heaven?" Eighteen thousand dollars is a very tidy little sum to start in the next world with, but he'll have to go there to get it, for we haven't heard of any bills of exchange having been issued between the Bank of Heaven and the California Treasury.

There is a prospect of all the editors of the daily papers being shortly attacked with brain fever. Those gentlemanly, suave articles in which they express their mutual respect and admiration for each other's virtues, require an amount of headwork that can scarcely be appreciated by an outsider. The brothers De Young are the mere ghosts of their former selves. But is it not enough to drive any man mad to have to pick out those condolences from his exchanges, when they will persist in mixing things up so? Take, for instance, the following passage: "Such a gross and beastly article as that written by the editors of the *Sun* has never before appeared in print, but the editors of the *Chronicle* deserve all they have got, and we trust that their punishment will be a warning to all other blackmailing, libelous sheets." This must be made to read in the *Chronicle*: "Such a gross and beastly article as that written by the editors of the *Sun* has never before appeared in print, * * * * and we trust that their punishment," etc. O, gulled and thrice-gulled public, hear the voice of the *Crier!*

The Donnelly Divorce---sweet alliterative—inspires the *Town Crier* with profound reflections. He is of opinion that if he were seventy-six years of age, six and thirty of which had been spent wrangling with Mrs. *Town*, he could have worried through the remaining years of trouble quite comfortably. He does not believe in such sudden breaking up of long established habits. For all these years the Donnelly twain have flung pots and kettles at each other with playful vivacity, and now they are to dwell apart in savage oneliness, while the household utensils hang in their accustomed places in idle misery. Furthermore, Budget Barry's occupation is gone. It has been her pleasing task during all these years to listen to Donnelly's grumbles about his wife. If he hasn't any wife what is there to grumble about? The only thing to be admired in Mr. D. is, that during eighteen years he uninterruptedly and punctually paid his board. It is true he paid it at the wrong house, but he paid it. As an advertising dodge the divorce will probably be a success, for if Donnelly's yeast powder causes such a rising in the family, who would be without a box of it?

The utter ignorance and incapacity exhibited by the *Squall* whenever it ventures to perpetrate something original in its editorials, is to many a subject of derisive merriment. Ungrammatical and badly-expressed sentences characterize its columns, which abound in falsehood—sometimes the result of ignorance, sometimes of design, generally of both. Thus, in an article headed "Force of Vicious Example," the *Squall* takes the opportunity of pitching into "indecent publications" as though it were not one of them, stating that through their influence Lord William Russell was hanged for murder in England. The *Town Crier* gave old Pick credit for a more thorough knowledge of the criminal records of all countries. But it was the opportunity of stating that a lord was hanged for murder that led him on to this wilfully ignorant statement. The *Town Crier* need scarcely explain that the nobleman referred to by the *Squally* sheet was murdered some years since by his Swiss valet, named Cuviossier, who duly paid the penalty of his crime on the gallows.

The northern hordes are about to make a descent upon the Board of Education, even as their ancestors did upon ancient Rome and Gaul. It is doubtful, however, if the barbarians of fourteen hundred years ago would recognize their descendants of to-day. There is a certain fleshy hookedness about the nasal organ and a timidity about the lips of the modern that did not exist in the ancient. In fact, the *Town Crier* is excessively gabed in spirit in that he cannot discover a German, at least in California, who is not also a Jew. But to return to our muttons: we trust these furriners will sorely harass and perplex the said Board, for truly it is a most woodeny Board. If the members are unwilling that their children should grow up to know more than themselves, let them take Oehlendorf or any other man, and keep pace with their children; but do not let them retard the progress of the rising generation under cover of a false economy.

The marriage notices of last week inform us that Miss Manahan has married Mr. Monahan. We shrink from a contemplation of the state of mind in which this young woman must have been to go through so much for the sake of changing one letter. The same courtship, trousseau, license, and wedding trip might have made her a Mrs. Fiup McGilder Duscuberry, or a Mrs. Von Schlop pennoffen just as well. One of a bride's greatest delights is her new pasteboard, but what pleasing variety is there in being a Monohan when one has just got over being a Manahan.

Now is the Town Crier happy, and those ugly, ugly, straight marks up the center of his forehead, spoiling the placid smoothness of his noble brow, and sometimes attributed by envious friends to peculiarities of disposition on the mark of Mrs. *Town*, but which is not the true reason, the fact being that Mrs. *Town's* temper is sweeter even than that of her mamma. (The recording angel will kindly drop a tear on *that*.) But we wander. The subject is our excuse. Let us resume. The *Town Crier* is happy, for hath not the origin of one of the sweetest and most affecting lyrics of childhood's beautiful days been traced by the late Dr. Livingstone to be nothing less than the war song of his Imperial Majesty the King of Rum-Ti-Foo! Who shall dare say now that the good old man has lived in vain when he has settled forever the origin of

Boo tcha! Boo tcha! Kilda Kaff?
Kutti Muppy netti maff!
Hangis ida pon a wall;
Dressim downan deti fall!

"Economy is the source of wealth" used to be written on the E page of the copy-books the *Town Crier* was accustomed to use. A suspicion lurks in the depths of his mind that some of the City Hall Commissioners must have been going to night-school lately, and have become imbued with the force of this saying. How consoling for tax-payers to know that their money is no more to be wasted that redwood, and ground glass, and damp walls, are to take the place of the luxuriant appurtenances we had been looking forward to in the City Hall! It doesn't matter that the foundation cost a million dollars. That trifle will be lost sight of in the monument of Economy to be erected thereon. By the way (we have always a suggestion ready) as Economy is the present plan of action, why waste money on the redwood, the ground glass and the brick walls? Why not buy Jack Wilson's discarded circus tent and set it up in Yerba Buena. It would keep out the wind and rain sufficiently, and, besides, would be eminently suited to the purposes of the ring.

Who the mischief is Harry De Young? We have heard of the trio as Gus, Charley and Mike. The papers so speak of them, the witnesses so testify of them. The indictment spells it out Meichel, but the *Chronicle*, excepting at formal times, when he is Mr. H., calls him by the debonnair name of Harry. Perhaps, like a prince, while the vulgar world dubs him Mike, he has a whole cartload of cognomens, and would answer respectively to Adelbert, Leopold, Frederick, Arthur, Victor, Alexis or Louis. It is rather awkward, however, that he should have taken advantage of his present notoriety to bring the change into prominence, for when we meet him on the street and cast our eyes downward with the depressed look with which it is our custom to regard those in trouble, we are in a haze of doubt as to whether we shall growl out "How are you, Mike?" with bluff heartiness, or mince "Good morning, Harry?" with a prunes and prism pucker.

That dirty mess, the Chronicle and Sun imbroglio, which came to such a huge boil and ran over, has simmered down to its normal heat and confines itself to flinging out little bubbles of vituperation and abuse in the shape of mild epithets to which no definiteness attaches itself, such as "vile wretch," "foul monster," "atrocious libeler," etc. But with the *Chronicle* they are without their old sting, and their lights pale to ineffectual fires before the fiercer blaze of the *Sun's* wrath. After such a dose of curry the *Chronicle's* dishes are savorless and flat. Meanwhile the *Sun*, having emerged from its temporary cloud, will rise again with a materially lengthened circulation list, for if people know there is a little nastiness around they always want to know just how nasty it is.

O, come, now, this is too thin! The *Chronicle*, in reporting Wednesday's phase of the libel affair, says that Bailiff Englander made a speech "with dignity becoming his station!" Of course the *Town Crier* remembers how the unjust Steward used up ever so many barrels of soft soap, but the above plastering job is too clumsy. If straws show how the wind blows, why, then, this straw must be a corn stalk. Conciliation is all very well in its way, but calling Bailiff Englander "dignified" is so absurd, and the drift of the thing made so patent, that open toadyism could not be worse, if it isn't the same thing.

Rabbi Cohn, who, by the way, is, to use Dr. Stebbins' remark, "As good a Christian as any of us," was, once upon a time, good-naturedly chaffed by Father Gallagher, who asked the Rabbi if he did not, as a common sense proposition, really believe that had the Creator intended the faithful to conform to the rite of circumcision he would have created them accordingly? To this the Rabbi replied: "Just as likely as that he would have created those intended for Catholic priests minus their coupons!"

It is currently reported that Nicolas Luning indorses the bill for abolishing the Stock Exchange, and also that he favors one for regulating the price of sugar, especially that of his Pacific Refinery. The prices are to be fixed and profitable, every barrel is to be marked C. O. D., and no speculative transactions in Golden Syrup or Crushed to be allowed. The operations in Comstock to be strictly cash, and molasses are not to run on a long credit.

The Bulletin is sorely exercised over the quick passage made from China by the English ship *Vasco de Gama*. The *Town Crier* presumes that the *Bulletin*, in its immaculate purity, objects to anything, animate or inanimate, which is spoken of as "she" being "fast." Fear not, O most chaste *Bulletin!* For hast thou not girded thyself about with a garment of strong mail, and is not thine armor *black?*

VIRGINIA CITY.

The greatest mining town the world all over,
Far back as '*fifty-nine* its history goes;
A rich lead then did Comstock here discover,
And from his camp Virginia City rose.

Perched on the steep hillside one well may wonder
What is it keeps the place from tumbling down;
Five thousand men being its foundations under,
Tearing away all that supports the town.

Thus sometimes earth will open and will swallow
Some structure, masterpiece of mason's craft,
So rapidly that eye doth vainly follow,
As it goes thundering down a mining shaft.

I hold that he, who in the mines doth labor,
Becomes inhuman in his thirst for gold;
Love, faith and joy have ne'r again the savor
For him that they were wont to have of old.

The bed-rock's cold, inhospitable nature
He doth absorb; it grows of him a part,
Though outwardly a man in form and stature,
A piece of rock within beats for a heart.

And yet his calling's dangerous and trying,
The wall caves in, untimed goes off the blast;
Gases explode, and soon "on top" is flying
The stars and stripes, but half way up the mast.

The youth and maiden in their moonlight ramble,
Of Savage, Crown Point and of Belcher talk;
For Cupid here with silver quartz doth gamble,
And lovers all in mining claims have stock.

Yes, each one's hope is upon stocks relying;
They sweeten or add gall to every cup;
The preacher whispers to the man that's dying;
"Depart in peace, for stocks are looking up."

That all are bad here, you'd be wrong in deeming;
Some noble hearts still Virginia doth hold;
Like her own quartz which, though rough and unseeming,
Has in it still veins of the purest gold.

Virginia City, February 2d. AN OLD FORTY-NINER.

THE U. S. GRANGERS.

This new order, for such it may properly be designated, cannot be ignored, and is becoming too powerful to be ridiculed. Like anything which partakes of the nature of secrecy, from Free Masonry to the E Clampsus Vitus Club, it is certain to become popular, and now it appears with its programme or profession of Faith. It opens as follows: "United by the strong tie of agriculture, we mutually resolve to labor for the good of our order, our country and mankind." It then endorses the motto of the body: "In essentials units, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." Now both these sentences are very high-sounding, but what do they mean? What is the tie of agriculture? The only one we can conceive is a combination to keep up the price of agricultural products, and in this country depress the rates of freight. So far it labors for the good of the order, but we think that the benefit to their country or mankind is merely hugged in as a necessary clap trap. The motto is pure selfishness; banded as one man for profit, uncaring where not affected, and professing that charity which begins at home, the declaration continues with a string of Utopian promises, such as a development of higher manhood and womanhood, more comfortable homes, emulation in labor, reduction in expenses, mutual buying and selling, avoiding litigation by referring to master grangers, harmony, good will and brotherhood, the introduction of producers to buyers and consumers, facilities for transporting cheaply to the seaboard; but no communism, no agrarianism, only a union for the purpose of dictating its own terms and interfering with railroad economy with the merchant and ship-owner. They abjure any political or party organization, but the very essence of their combination renders them most strong as a political party. It endows them with the power of election, and naturally they, as a body, will support that individual candidate or that particular band which sees with their eyes and would promote their interests. Whatever they may say and how beautiful soever their dogma may read, this National Grange is a league, and, in view of the average nature of humanity, it is sure to become the tool of clever politicians. We do not in the least doubt its honesty of purpose and steadfast determination to act up to its principles, but the more simply honest the follower the more easily is he led by the knave, and we all know what composes the pavement of a certain nameless locality.

Next to a diary a lead pencil is the most difficult thing to keep.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING.

"'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,
And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell."

That our representatives in Legislature assembled are rushing things, and no mistake That poor Louderback is double-banked by Mayor Otis and Chief Cockrill, so that he has not a living show for his appointees. That Dr. Kunkler, the new medical examiner of candidates for the star and club professing to be athletes of faultless physique, has a nice, soft thing of it. That there's a cat in the new-examination meal-tub, and a contraband in the Otis-Cockrill combination fence. That during the past week the festive hoodlum has wreathed fresh laurels round his classic brow as he went forth against churlish corner-grocerymen, conquering and to conquer. That the mild and temperate indignation forged against the *Chronicle* folk by the *Call* and *Bulletin*, aided by the virtuous bucolic press, requires fresh fuel to keep up the flame. That Mr. Fitzgerald, the meek victim of the libelous *Chronicle*, is a martyr and confessor of the Order of St Van de Mark. That if the Rev. Mr. Noble thinks it so presumptuous for the scientists to meddle with theology, what the deuce does he, a theologian, meddle with science for? That the Rev Cunningham took a red-hot Gospel pitchfork last Sunday evening and went for the gamblers after the style of the head-roasters in Dante's hell going for sinners Shouldn't wonder if the De Youngs retained Cunningham. Should you? That Coroner Rice is one of the kind of men that can't be kept down by anything short of a hydraulic press; he is bound to go into history as the great medical Thersites of the 19th century, and the hope of having him "sit on you" is a powerful temptation to commit suicide. That the Cosmopolitan-School mass meeting was a stab under Superintendent Denman's fifth rib, and that James thinks "he was perhaps a little precipitate," in inaugurating his campaign for the expulsion of French and German from the public schools. That if things had gone smoothly, it would have been the Superintendent's next move to dispense with spelling as a superfluity. "It's arbitrary and conventional, you know, and Charley Stoddard and I have adopted Horace Greeley's phonetic system, adapting the orthography to the sound, as 'korl,' 'larf,' 'enuff,'" etc. That the American people by blank are paying pretty dearly for their blank stupidity in electing a high-tariff, high-taxation Congress, and that now if the stupid American people find themselves the most tax-ridden, and tariff-ridden people on the planet, the verdict of all other civilized people will be, "I told you so." That President Gilman is a plausible man; but I'll give you odds he doesn't make the Legislature believe our model University is all their fancy painted her. And then where's that theoretical Agricultural College? Come now. That Fitzgerald deserves the tribute of admiration which the world cheerfully pays to the man who has no equal in his line. That when the Dolly Varden Legislature shall have passed the law limiting the price of quicksilver, they had better prescribe the tariff at which the corner-grocerymen shall sell their tea, coffee, butter, and sugar. That the Gospel sharps, after many years of faithful blowing have gone back on the Gospel at last. That the choosing of texts from Whittier and Browning is only by way of a moderate beginning, and that we shall shortly be regaled with Sunday sweets from Swinburne & Co. That such a course will be the last straw on the back of Swinburne's reputation. That Wm. Nugent McNamara, who has always been looked upon as a "one-character man," the champion drunkard, for example, comes out as an extraordinary witness. That the Lord, who saw fit to afflict Egypt with a shower of locusts, to rain fire and ashes on Sodom and Gomorrah, and confusion on Babel, has also seen fit to visit our unhappy city with a most extraordinary breed of coroners. That Dr. Rice's question of Dr. Summer may not have been absolute pomposity, since it is highly probable that old puffy didn't know where the blank the thorax was. That James Howden's stomach has had quite as unsatisfactory a time of it as the one across the bay not long since. That the *Chronicle* and *Call* warfare, in regard to personals, is indisputably a pot and kettle row. That it is a very dirty pot and kettle row. That the *Chronicle's* appeal to the interior press is very, very 'umble. That it is to be hoped the Government will keep an eye on the brave young man who didn't give notice of Pritchard's danger, and that it is Colonel Barnes' duty to reserve the first vacant place in the home militia for him. That the abolishing of the Stock Board will interfere seriously with the popular amusement of rushing against one's own destruction. That the people, by hook or crook, are going to set the Board of Education back a peg. That it would be a wise idea in them to send Denman to the wall and manage affairs themselves for a while. That they haven't had rain enough in the San Joaquin Valley, and that we wouldn't object to the all united floods of heaven pouring in on them if they would only let up on us a little while. That a clean stocking and white petticoat are as rare in the streets these times as among the women suffragists. That John McCullough will show his calves and wear his hair frizzed on Monday night, as is his custom in Roman characters. That blackmail and libel seem to have been carrying on a flourishing business, but that the end is near. That no one has yet found the ball from Gus De Young's pistol. That probably no one ever will. That the fun all winds up next Wednesday, but the butchers are killing as many beeves as ever. That Ben. Disraeli, out of opposition, will find himself out of his element. That Benjamin's mission and his forte is to pull down, and not to build up. That the Legislative regulators of fares and freights begin to realize that they are in a quandary. That the tribe of Naphtali has been smitten hip and thigh in the Police Court. That the Legislative Committee of Investigation don't seem, somehow, to get on very fast.

SHEAVES.

[BY MARY L. RITTER.]

A sad autumnal sky—a twilight sky,
All colorless and grey;
A low wind whispering through the withered grass
And wandering away;
Bare trees—save for a handful of brown leaves;
A quiet reaper resting with her sheaves—

How poor they seem! how few, how worthless all!
Ah! for another Spring:
Or if the Summer, late and cold at best,
Might come again and bring
The light and warmth that best mature the grain
Before the frost falls and the latter rain!

And yet He knows, and judges all aright:
Some by the wayside fell;
Some came to naught, and some the birds devoured;
And He alone can tell
What bitter chance or circumstance decreed
The utter failure of the cherished seed.

But it may be in a diviner air
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost
Waits perfect and mature;
And the faint heart that now defeated grieves
May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves.

THE LATE DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The greatest explorer of the century, and one of the noblest Christian heroes whom the world has seen, is dead. David Livingstone was born in 1845, at Blantyre, in Scotland. His father was a tea dealer. At the age of ten years he was placed in a cotton-spinning establishment, employing his leisure hours in various studies. Subsequently his friends withdrew him from manual labor and placed him in the Glasgow college, where he studied the ancient languages, with medicine and theology. As soon as he had gained his degree of doctorate in medicine, he made an arrangement with the London Missionary Society to proceed to China to preach the Gospel in that country. However, the wars between Great Britain and China having broken out at this time, Livingstone was prevented from proceeding to the latter country, and it was determined that his services should be employed in South Africa. In 1840 he embarked on a voyage thither. He reached the Cape of Good Hope in due time and resided there for a year or two, acquainting himself with several of the idioms of the interior. In 1843 he took up his residence in the valley of the Mahotsa. On the 1st of June, 1849, he advanced for the first time in the direction of the North, and accompanied by Murray and Oswell traveled along the Zonga, pushed three hundred miles into the interior and reached the borders of Lake Ngami. A second expedition, undertaken the following year, was stopped by an epidemic. In 1851 he pushed on to Sebitoane, the principal city of the Makololo. His third expedition, in 1852, was crowned with still greater success. He set out on the 8th of June, and reached, after unheard-of fatigues and exertions, the Portuguese station of St. Paul de Loando, situated on the western coast of Africa. He then traversed the entire continent of Africa, reaching Quilimane, on the eastern coast, in the month of May, 1856. On his return to England he received gold medals of honor from the Geographical Society of London and Paris. In March, 1858, Livingstone returned to Africa, accompanied by a small band of assistants, sent out by her Majesty's Government. He reached Lake Nyassa September 2, 1861. Returning to England in 1864, he set out in 1866 on his last journey of exploration. In the preface to his last volume of travels he declared his intention on this journey to be to get beyond the reach of Portuguese influence, by ascending the Rovuma or some river north of Cape Delgado, and passing thence inland by the nothern edge of Lake Nyassa. From that point he proposed to extend his researches to the borders of the great Lake Tanganyeka—about 700 miles long by 450 broad—and then to determine the precise character of the great watershed of Central Africa. It was toward the close of 1871, that Mr. Stanley found Dr. Livingston at Ujiji in the very center of this region, and gleaned from him just facts enough to set geographers by the ears without adding anything to the accurate knowledge of the locality. Mr Stanley's want of culture detracted immensely from the success of his dashing enterprise in bringing news of Livingstone. The American parted from the British explorer at Unyanembe—a kind of half-way station on the route to Zanzibar—in the early part of 1872. Dr. Livingstone is said to have died in June, 1873. Regarding the last fifteen months of his wanderings we have then no information whatever, and regarding the previous five years only very fragmentary and partially reliable accounts. It is hardly possible that the brave old man, who has at last succumbed to the climate he has braved so long, should not have left materials enough for a great and valuable addition to our knowledge of Central Africa. There is work enough left for his successor to do, but we shall wait and watch long for another such heroic figure.

A CURIOSITY.

Knowing that the News Letter is deeply interested in things archæological, that most revered of men, Professor Peeper Dabchick, M. A., P. Q. R. S., and ever so many things beside, has forwarded us the following copy of a very curious bill, found amongst the ruins of Wentworth Abbey, (Earl Bill Fitz-Williams), Barkshire, England:

ISTE NVMBR, 1605.

MST RVD *father* TMS MCAGUYRRE
as INDBTD to JNO Jones, *Joynerre.*

FR repayrres Donne In ye Chapelle, To Witt:

MST Soliddelye Repayrnnge of ST Josephphe.	4d
" Deftelye repayrnge of ye BLESD Virgynne Marye Behynnde & Before & makynge of a Newe Chyldde	1s 2d
" Worthylye Cleanynge & Fyxxynge Upp of ye HLYE GHSTE	6d
" Cunnynglye makynge off a Newwe Nosse FR ye Devylle & Glewynge off a Shapelye pyece Unto ye Devylle Hys Tayle	1s 5d
TOTEL	3s 5d
LESSE Bye Reasonne off Muche & Hurttlefulle Haggelynge	2½d
	3s 2½d

Ssettlleedde

JNO JONNES, hys Marke ⋈

ART NOTES.

The School of Design was inaugurated February 2d, the students meeting at 9 A. M. Out of nearly fifty accepted pupils, only *seven* were males. This at first sight may appear a little remarkable, but there are sufficient reasons. Setting aside the facts that ladies are more often than not born artists as regards matters of taste, are frequently most artistic *painters*, can *mould* a man to their own will, and are *designing* creatures any how, they have, as a rule, a little more leisure than the inferior sex. It has become obvious to the Directors of the Art Association that an evening school will be required, and its establishment is now under consideration. Some little time must, however, elapse before it can be started, the present gas arrangements not being adapted for such purposes. Virgil Williams, the Director of the School, in conjunction with a special committee, has made all the necessary preparations for the day schools, and easels, screens, boards, etc., have been purchased; drawing (but not *painting*) materials are furnished at cost. Each class will meet for two days in the week, but a student may draw or paint in the gallery *any* additional day, it being understood that she or he will not receive instruction during such extra occasions. The hours of instruction are from 9 A. M. to 12 noon, and from 1 to 4 P. M. Pupils can join at any time, paying *pro rata* for their share of the term. All further information will be readily afforded at the gallery.

The artists' agony is over. Their sale was well attended, and, all things considered, may be regarded as a fair success. J. B. Haggin paid $1,000 for the late Mr. Butman's "Mt. Hood," and the sale altogether aggregated about $5,000. Among the leading purchasers were Messrs. C. Curtin, L. Sloss, A. A. Cohen, W. Carr, T. H. Buckingham, C. F. Knox, and Mrs. Geo. Barstow. The daily newspapers have spared us the necessity for giving further details. By some mistake, some small but very effective works by Tom Ross were quoted in two papers at ridiculously low figures, the fact being that they brought between two and three times the prices named.

There is a marked improvement in the miscellaneous picture market, mainly due, we believe, to the influence of the Art Association in forming public taste. Messrs. Morris, Schwab & Co. have refitted their Post street establishment and their handsome new window, with its many original pictures and fine prints, is one of the most attractive in the city. A capital copy of Goodall's great picture, "The Mother of our Lord," by Gignoli, is remarkable for the sweet, tender face and admirable draperies. In Nile's new gallery, on Kearny street (up stairs), there is a first-class little show, including some works we have noted before. Gebhardt's "Heidelberg by Moonlight," Keith's "Great Tuolumne Cañon," a fine pair of flower paintings by Gontier, of Paris, and many other pictures, by both foreign and local artists, are to be seen there.

Some time ago, a large eagle was observed in the neighborhood of Lochtreig. Lately, however, his liberty was considerably curtailed in the following manner: One morning two men, who were engaged in thatching a house a good distance from any inhabited house, on arriving at the scene of their labor, found the remains of a rabbit which had been newly killed and eaten close to the house, and on looking round were surprise to find a large eagle vainly attempting to fly. Being afraid to encounter the eagle at close quarters, they took the precaution of covering him with brackens, when he was easily secured. It appears the greedy animal had so gorged himself that he was unable to rise quickly, especially as the day was very calm. He is now chained up, and undergoing a change of diet and exercise.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

We publish the following to show where California stands as compared with the other wheat-producing States of the Union. We are within bounds in giving the product at 25,000,000 bushels, although the State Board of Agriculture places it at 5,000,000 more. We append a table showing the estimated productions in the ten States, including our own:

States.	1872. *Bushels.*	1873. *Bushels.*
Illinois	27,250,020	27,376,652
Indiana	25,222,225	23,092,671
Iowa	32,447,836	34,870,773
Kansas	2,161,643	2,110,195
Minnesota	21,892,193	23,175,176
Missouri	8,760,851	10,000,629
Ohio	18,087,664	17,924,856
Tennessee	7,427,700	6,150,136
Wisconsin	27,885,309	32,625,810
Total	171,264,450	178,507,218
California	30,000,000	25,000,000
Grand total for 1873 in ten States		203,507,218

Cost of Napoleon's Residence at St. Helena.---Among forgotten facts repete with public interest may be included the following, contained in the official statement made to the House of Lords, by Lord Bathurst, at the time that complaints were addressed to the English Parliament relative to the treatment the captive Emperor Napoleon I. was receiving at St. Helena. "Bonaparte's steward," says he in his speech, "is in receip of one thousand pounds monthly for the expenses of the ex-Emperor and his household; it is the same sum as is allowed to the governor of the island. Every fortnight eighty-four bottles of ordinary wine are supplied for his majesty's table, with two hundred and sixty-six bottles of strong wine—namely, seven of Constantia, fourteen of champagne, twenty-one of Grane, eighty four of Tenerriffe, and one hundred and forty of Bordeaux. His household consisted of nine persons, besides children. Every fortnight forty-two bottles of porter are allowed." The detention of Napoleon during the six years he passed at St. Helena cost the country two millions sterling. *By the Author of "Flemish Interiors."*

Progress of Steamboating in the United States.---1811, *Clermont*, from Albany to New York, 32 hours; 1820, *Paragon*, from Albany to New York, 27 hours; 1825, *Chief Justice Marshall*, from Albany to New York, 14½ hours; 1840, *Knickerbocker*, from Albany to New York, 9½ hours; 1850, average time, 18 miles per hour from Albany to New York, 8 hours. 1815, from New Orleans to St. Louis (1,300 miles), 25 days; 1823, from New Orleans to St. Louis, 12 days; 1826, from New Orleans to St. Louis, 9½ days; 1860, running time, from New Orleans to St. Louis, 3 days.

These cheap transportation conventions and other associations, says the *Springfield Republican*, dealing with the railroad problem are so liberal with their advice and lay out such a "job of work" for the government that we may safely look to see their schemes ordered to lie till another season. The trouble is that they want to force upon the nation the acceptance of their first thoughts and crude theories. A little time to study the question, to mingle with men, to hear the other side, etc., may save us a vast amount of folly.

Frightful Accident through Petroleum.---A frightful accident has just occurred in the theater of Ulm through the use of petroleum. Twenty-four lamps attached to the chandelier suspended to the ceiling of the house, exploded while the performance was going on, and the flaming liquid fell in a shower on the spectators, amongst whom were a number of ladies. In an instant the dresses of some twenty of them were in a blaze, and produced most serious burns. One of them expired a few hours afterwards.

"Foo-Foo."---The rockets have proved terribly destructive of life, and the Ashantees now call them Foo-foo. To the subjects of his Majesty of Ashantee that possibly means something very awful; but many "subjects" in this Bibles-loving land will, about the middle of the present week, become "foo foo" as quickly as whiskey can make them, and unfortunately think there is nothing very awful about it.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

Most Frenchmen, when they commit suicide, like to do it in a way which will render them celebrated in the paper. A man living at Montmartre invited his friends to dinner one day last week, and on arriving there, instead of finding their host at the head of the table, ruddy and joyous, they discovered him dead, hanging. He had taken the precaution to provide bread, cheese, and wine for his guests.

The death of an elderly gentleman at Barnstaple, England, from a curious cause—the bite of a rat—is recorded. The animal effected a severe jagged wound on the wrist; mortification, it is said, speedily set in, and death resulted in a few hours.

When Marshal Bazaine reached the Island of St. Marguerite, he heaved a deep sigh and exclaimed, "I retire from France. I resign myself to my fate; let history judge me."

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND THE COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS.

No greater satire has been written of late than that of the above committee. It begins by saying: "Relying on the sense of justice, by which it supposed the Board of Education to be governed, and being aware that the duty of such a Board is to promote, not impede, education, etc., etc." There is a quiet sarcasm in this exordium. The committee didn't rely on the enlightenment or education of the members, but simply on their mere animal, instinctive sense of justice, and even there it appears that they have been disappointed. Two of them—one French and one German—both accomplished men, and both thoroughly appreciating and fully understanding the subject, personally visited each member of the Board, and the result of their domiciliary tour, although only hinted at in the report, must have been able to furnish matter for a comedy. The majority appear to be parsimoniously blind, obtusely ignorant, wilfully prejudiced, dogmatically conceited, blandly time-serving, corruptly opposed and treacherously miscomprehending, all of them puppets in the hands of the master showman. Since the sitting wherein the teaching of French and German in the schools was abolished, they have had another seance, and now music, drawing and phonography are cast out like unclean spirits. When you ask for a reason, they have none to give. It is not economy, for the average capitation expense allowed by law, is not yet reached. It is not want of space, for the same pupils study one as well as the other, English as well as German, French, music or drawing. It is not that; it is the envy of dull minds that cannot bear the presence of enlightenment, of the narrow intellect that cannot see beyond its own limited vision, and worse than all of the influence of wordy impudence imposing with long-sounding phrases, signifying nothing.

THE FUNERAL OF JAMES KING OF WM.

The funeral came off on Sunday, a most beautiful day. The Churches were full, and as they let out, the people, as by a common understanding, streamed toward the jail. All Telegraph Hill was crowded with people. I was out at my house on Harrison street, when the Governor sent for me, and I found him on the roof of the International Hotel, watching the crowd as it gathered about the jail. We could see parties at the jail door. A battalion of armed men, with one or two guns, were drawn up in Broadway facing the jail. We saw a few men leave this line and advance to the jail door, which soon opened and admitted them. They soon came back, leading Casey out to a carriage in waiting. Again they entered, and returned leading out Cora, whom they placed in another carriage.

The procession then formed and escorted these two men publicly through the streets of San Francisco, to the Committee rooms on Front street; and while King's funeral procession passed along Montgomery street toward the cemetery, these two men were swung out, suspended to beams prepared beforehand, as a part of the funeral ceremonies.

The Governor of the State and the civil authorities were powerless. They stood by and witness a scene that does not, in my judgment, reflect honor upon the city of San Francisco, or the State of California. The whole subject was the occasion of a great deal of feeling. I thought then, and think now, that the courts of San Francisco were then good, and the only difficulty in administering criminal law was in getting good juries. Had the men who led off in that Committee helped to form good juries, Casey and Cora could have had a fair trial, and would have been executed by the law, instead of by a mob.—*Gen. Sherman, in February Overland Monthly.*

AN AFRICAN KING.

A correspondent at Cape Coast Castle, writing on the 15th of December says:—"King Bley still holds his position within his stockade, but is rather short of provisions. His Majesty has a most valuable acquisition in the shape of a secretary who can actually read and write. The letters of this official to the different commanding officers of the British men-of-war are worthy of study. I attach a specimen or two:—'Dear and honerable Commander—You shell go to good point to-morrow (*i. e.* yesterday) and kill much enemy. I send you 6 fowl for officer to eat, and hope your helth good, god bless your Majesty, my dear and umble commander your servant King Bley. Please send me piece of pork and bottle of rum.' 'Dear Commander—I hope your helth good. My spy tell me enemy still in bush. I have had tooth ache so please send me piece of pork and bottle of rum, particular rum as my tooth ache very bad. Your umble servant King Bley.' Upon receiving the rum alone his Majesty writes:—'Dear and umble Commander your Majesty—I am sorry you no send me the pork as my tooth ache much worse this day. You think pork bad for tooth ache, please send me more bottle rum. Your servant King Bley.'"

Advertising Circulars.—A correspondent states that "in the endeavor (which was not successful) to float iron works as a limited liability company there were sent through the Post Office twelve tons of circulars, the postage upon which was $4,575.

THE FLOWER GIRL BY THE CROSSING.

By the muddy crossing in the crowded streets
Stands a little maid with her basket full of posies,
Proffering all who pass her choice of knitted sweets,
Tempting Age with heart's-ease, courting Youth with roses.

Age disdains the heart's-ease,
Love rejects the roses;
London life is busy—
Who can stop for posies?

One man is too grave, another is too gay—
This man has his hothouse, that man not a penny;
Flowerets, too, are common in the month of May,
And the things most common least attract the many.

Ill on London crossings
Fares the sale of posies;
Age disdains the heart's-ease
Youth rejects the roses. —*Lord Lytton.*

THE LAW AGAINST PUBLIC DRUNKENNESS.

Mr. Bowers, the author of this law, makes it a misdemeanor to get drunk in any public place, even in highways. The bill provides that all cases of intoxication are to be considered as voluntary. This seems unjust, as many persons are often drugged for the purpose of robbery. To punish a man after he has been drugged and robbed is too hard. Again, accidental intoxication on occasioned by the weak condition of a person is not unfrequent. But what seems most objectionable in Mr. Bower's bill is the provision that suitable rooms should be provided in incorporated cities for the care and custody of intoxicated persons until they regain their normal state; that keepers should be appointed for that purpose at a fixed salary, and the victims of liquor be charged from five to twenty-five dollars as a fee for custody, and upon refusal, that they shall be fined by a Police Judge or Justice of the Peace as guilty of misdemeanor. The result of this law, if it pass, will be that it may be turned into profitable business to make men drunk, and that it will cost less to be fined by the Police Judge than to pay the fees of the keepers of the special houses of inebriates. The bill looks as if it had been drawn up to create offices for a certain class of men. If voluntary drunkenness is a misdemeanor, there should be no special regard paid to any class of men. Every offender should be subjected to the same penalty. The most expeditious way is by fine or imprisonment, provided the law be rigidly enforced. No special houses are needed.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

"**What should be done with Californian convicts,**" is the great question of the day. Alaska is spoken of as the Territory most available for the settlement of our "Hoodlum" population. Being situated some 1,150 miles beyond the knowledge of God, it would seem to offer facilities for the reformation of criminal Christians. A bill is being passed through the Legislature to constitute Alaska a convict settlement of the United States. The opponents of the measure consider that as our steamships are not adapted for carrying their own fuel, such a distance beyond the K. of G., they may have to drop into Esquimaux for a supply of coal, and thus incur the risk of breaking bulk. Our sympathies, however, are not with the opponents of the measure, as we believe with Darwin that our "Hoodlum" population and the North American Chinamen of the Dominion would assimilate and produce a race of men capable of grasping the great future of Canada, which is undoubtedly to furnish the means for transporting the products of China by means of sleighs to the European continent. The "Grits" of the Dominion have manifestly anticipated the new order of things, for we observe a very prominent sign-board in a central situation in California street ticketed as follows:

BRITISH COLUMBIA IMMIGRATION OFFICE.
OFFICES TO LET.

An affeminate man is a weak poultice. He is a cross between table-beer and ginger-pop, with the cork left out; a fresh-water mermaid found in a cow pasture with her hands filled with dandelions; sick monkey with a blonde mustache. He is a vine without any tendrils; a paper kite in a dead calm. He lives like a butterfly—nobody can tell why. He is as harmless as a pennyworth of sugar-candy, and as useless as a shirt-button without a hole. He is as lazy as a slug, and has no more hope than last year's summer fly.

The Postmaster-General has promised Luttrell to increase the present mail service between San Francisco and Vallejo to a daily mail.

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

A special from Berlin says alarming reports are current concerning the relations between Germany and France.——Baron Meyer Rothschild's physicians announce that he is improving.——Spain has provisionally recalled her diplomatic representatives from Berlin, Vienna, and several other European Capitals.——Baron Reuter denies *in toto* the statement of the London *Post* to the effect that he asked six months' grace of the Shah before beginning the work under his Persian concession.——The floor of a factory in Bury, Lancashire, where a Liberal meeting was being held, gave way on Monday week, and precipitated a large number of people to the story below. Six persons were killed, and it is feared many are fatally injured.——It is reported from London that Russia declines to send goods to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.——A dispatch from Posen says Archbishop Ledochowski has been arrested by order of the German Government and sent to Frankfort, where he will be imprisoned.——The Carlist Junta announces that the Municipality of Bilboa have offered to surrender the city in a week, but the insurgents refuse to grant more than four days.——Information from the Gold Coast states that the main force under Garnet Wolseley crossed the River Prah on the 1st of January, and the advance guard had penetrated thirteen miles beyond.——A rifle match between members of the National Rifle Association of America and a team of the Irish Rifle Association of Dublin has been nearly perfected.——A consignment of over two hundred cases of silk worms' eggs, intended for Italy, has arrived at New York, via San Francisco.——A Havana letter says that a number of families of Cubans in the field have been brought from Gobara, Balqui, Puerto Principe, and other cities of the Central and Eastern Departments, and imprisoned by the authorities.——Bricks adapted for ordinary building purposes are made in England from the refuse of the coal mines.——A machine which performs the operations of rolling, sowing and harrowing simultaneously, has been invented in Dublin.——M. de St. Lorent, a French photographer, has invented a process by which he claims to have reproduced land-capes in colors which nearly approach those of nature.——The East Indian Government has given employment to people in the districts threatened with famine, and in this way has already succeeded in irrigating 120,000 acres of land.——A company has been formed in France to attempt the utilization of the power of the tides. The first experiment will be made in the neighborhood of St. Malo, where there is a rise of nearly 80 feet, the water overflowing many miles of flats.——Birmingham, England, makes about 1,000,000,000 steel pens annually.——The English Post Office carries annually about 70,000,000 letters, 75,000,000 postal cards, 103,000,000 book packets, and 99,000,000 newspapers.——The Communist platform is pithily expressed as follows: "Every man who saves money must be made to divide with those who have saved none."——An eccentric and rich Englishman has bequeathed £50 to the London Gas Company on condition that they burn his body in one of their retorts. He ought to make good gas.——In some of the public schools in England the teaching of telegraphy has been tried with much success. Instruments are lent by the Government, and the children learn very rapidly.——An American gentleman in London, during the fog, having occasion to get his wife home from a dinner party, handed her into a carriage, and walked home at one horse's head, while the coachman walked at the other.——Jules Simon, a son of the professor and orator, sued the *Paris Figaro* recently, for mentioning that, although a private soldier, he had never joined his regiment. The paper was fined $100 and ordered to insert the explanatory letter which, according to French law, all journals are bound to do.——Ship building on the Clyde, Scotland, shows an increase in the amount of tonnage and a decrease in the number of vessels. There has been a marked revival in the building of sailing ships.——Twenty degrees below zero in Quebec.——A fire at Constantinople, recently, destroyed one hundred houses, including the residence of the Grand Vizier.——The vicinity of Quebec was visited by a sharp shock of earthquake on Sunday, which shook stoves and moveables.——Some of the French Communists, banished to the island of New Caledonia, are being very harshly treated.——Bilboa is threatened with bombardment by the Carlists.——Gladstone is elected to Parliament from Greenwich. Much rioting took place at the polls. The result of the day's work is a loss of thirty votes to the Liberals in the House of Commons.——Four million francs have been voted to the restoration of the public buildings of Paris, damaged by the Communists.——We hear of the murder of the officers and crew (all but one) of a British bark, by savages of Solomon's Island, in the South Pacific.——Incendiaries, we learn, have tried to burn all the churches in Hamilton, Canada.——Two men were frozen to death whilst traveling from Wilder Cove to Toronto, Canada.——Professor Anderson, the celebrated conjurer, died in London January 2d.——Advices from the Gold Coast report that the Ashantees have released the German missionary and sent him to Sir Garnet Wolseley, with proposals of peace. Twelve hundred British troops have advanced, it is supposed, to within a day's march of Coomassee. The Tartar carriers have deserted the British army.

Notice to Correspondents.—In answer to a correspondent, who signs himself Robert Thomson, and who writes from "Wooster, Wayne Co., Ohio," we beg to state that there are sixteen principal and six minor foundries in San Francisco, besides others in the different towns in the interior, and that good foundrymen, especially moulders, can generally find steady employment, at wages, for good boiler men, four dollars per day, and for moulders from four to six dollars per day, depending upon efficiency and demand for labor.

BRING OUT YOUR LAMPS.

Bring out your lamps through all the land;
Bring out your lamps and oil!
Monopoly, with greedy hand,
Has sworn to take a spoil.

He lifted up his hydra head;
He glared around by night;
He saw the golden glory shed
By many a gas-jet bright.

"Ah, ah!" quoth he, "I think I see
A chance to make a haul;
We'll come down on the quality,
Though prices shall not fall.

Though plain the ruse, they cannot choose,
But buy the gas we sell;
They must have light, or through the night
In outer darkness dwell."

So now our light grows less and less,
Until we cannot see.
A blind man in a wilderness
Were not so blind as we.

Open your eyes! Be wise, be wise!
Fill up your lamps with oil;
Take up the cry, both low and high,
Monopoly to foil.

The fact is plain, and must remain
If we refuse to buy,
And will not take the trash they make,
Monopoly must die.

T. A. H.

AMERICA'S PERIL.

There is, unfortunately, too much stern truth in these remarks of the N. Y. *International Review* for them to be passed over without attention or reflection: "Let us honestly admit the truth, and manfully apply the remedy. The peril in our American life is dishonesty. This produces the lack of confidence which is the root of panics. Scarcely involved as in the flames of a civil war. Better it should have burned us to ashes than we should survive to perish hereafter in corruptions. The urn is less offensive that the putrescence of the grave. Our very existence is at stake. American life presents an anomalous spectacle. We are socially pure and commercially depraved. Men who are upright in their neighborhood, and admirable in their homes, will habitually, and knowingly, and systematically do wrong in their business. Nay! even churches, to draw crowds and rent pews, and raise revenues, will resort not only to sensationalism in choir and pulpit, but make earth hush and heaven weep over tricks which are degrading, demoralizing and insulting to all manliness and religion. Nor is the malady confined only to men in distinguished position. It affects all classes of our republic. The tainted streams on the summit percolate the entire mountain. Of all the sins of humanity bribery is perhaps the meanest. Most other crimes are possible to a single transgressor. Here there must be two parties to the guilt the man who gives and the man who takes. Both are debased. There may be daring in robbery and courage in murder. The peculiarity of bribery is its cowardice. It sneaks, it cringes, it hides, it winds, it twists, it wriggles, it skulks. It is not a lion roaring and rushing on its prey, but a serpent lurking in the grass to infuse its poison before crushing with its coils. A man who abuses his office, warps his judgment and twists his conscience for a bribe, sells his soul by his act, and ever after lives expecting a higher bidder for himself; and he is like nitro-glycerine dangerous to his purchaser. Now it is a painful and mortifying fact, that nearly everything in our country has, in some way, directly or indirectly, been controlled by bribes. Mechanics, overseers, builders, contractors, architects, have been bribed. Clerks, merchants, bankers, have been bribed. Constables, policemen, collectors, inspectors, weighers, measurers, gaugers, postmasters, have been bribed. Lawyers, doctors, chemists, analysts, surgeons, witnesses, have been bribed. Judges, juries, legislators, governors, have been bribed. We have sometimes feared that it would be difficult to place a stone, or a timber, or a lock, or a screw, or a nail in your house that has not somewhere on its passage felt the stain of a bribe. It is doubtful whether the food which supports our lives, or the coffins which will convey us to our graves, can wholly escape contamination. The consequence is disturbed faith in each other, and sometimes a distrust of our country and our humanity, with a fear like a shadow, hut on all modern European and American societies is but the old doom of ancient Babylon and Rome. One faith alone saves from despair. That is sufficient, but not here to be discussed. Certain is it that panics and the other evils we have named are but eruptions of disease on the surface of the body politic. Our nation from our civil war has been preparing for our recent commercial disasters. The timbers of the edifice of our public credit had been secretly decaying long before the weakened structure was threatened with its crash. Many underlying sands must be washed away to make the mountain fall.

We have received the fourth number of a rather unique publication styled the *Wisconsin Lumberman*, a monthly journal of 88 pages. It abounds in statistical information and carefully pronounced opinions respecting the timber interests of that section of the "far West." It must be a very valuable publication for that section of our country and ought to be sustained. For free sample copy, address *Wisconsin Lumberman* Publishing Company, Milwaukie. Yearly subscription only $2.

QUICKSILVER.

There is ever some Mr. Plausible or other in a legislative body who seeks popularity by the introduction of some *ad captandum* bill or other; and there are always newspapers enough to take up the cry, especially when, as is generally the case, the bill proposes an apparent reduction of taxation. It doesn't matter whether the introducer is thoroughly master of the subject. If he has crammed a little bit, he knows more than the majority of his readers, and he easily persuades them that he is their benefactor. Of such a nature is a bill introduced into the present Legislature to regulate the price of quicksilver, and it, as well as the various newspapers that have commented on its provisions, have shown such ignorance of the matter that perforce we must speak. We will begin by admitting the fact that California is as full of quicksilver as a barometer. This is a fact insisted upon by the advocates of this bill, but at the same time it is a fact which utterly contradicts its necessity. There are now ten producing quicksilver mines in California, some of them having been worked for years, and others only recently developed. All of them are straining their utmost to produce the metal; and why? Because the requirements of the world are 84,000 flasks per annum, and at the utmost only between 60,000 and 70,000 flasks are turned out from the mines of every quarter of the globe. Consequently, there can be no combination, for there is no locking up of the article; there is no limitation of production, for the demand exceeds the supply. Now, let us look at the facts of the case. The tariff of 15 per cent. does not in the least affect the price of quicksilver here, seeing that it is higher in London than in San Francisco, and the real fact being that competition has kept the price of that article some $15 lower in this city than in that. The average price of quicksilver in London for the last three months has been £20 sterling, or $100, a flask of 76 pounds; add to that $15 for duty, and $1 for freight, insurance, etc., and we have $116. The average price for the like production in California has been $1 20 per pound, or $101 20 per flask; so that even were the tariff abolished, the importation of quicksilver could not begin, for the two reasons above mentioned—excess of demand and no profit in the venture. Again, if there were combination instead of competition here, why should the producers sell at a lower figure than $116, the price it costs to lay it down here from abroad! The following companies are now actively at work: The Redington, consigned to Redington & Co.; the New Almaden and New Idria, to T. Bell; the Phœnix, Etna and St. John's, to C. Langley; the Great Western, to R. E. Brewster; the Oakville, to S. C. Field; and the Calistoga, to W. Willis. Napa has comparatively but recently come into the community with its cinnabar veins, more particularly in the St. Helena mountain range, but along the coast south of the New Almaden, other discoveries have been made, only requiring facility of transportation to come into play. All these mines require capital for their development, and seek by every means in their power to derive such capital from their own resources; and this is one fundamental reason why combination is impossible, and why that silly cry which the *Bulletin* has raised about monopoly has neither foundation in fact, reason nor justice. If the tariff were taken off, quicksilver would not come down a cent a pound, and it is only when the laws regulating supply and demand are changed by some convulsion of common sense that corporate bodies will sell the produce of their mines for less than they are offered for it.

VASCO DE GAMA.

The Vasco de Gama, the first of the China Trans-Pacific line of steamers, arrived in San Francisco, only eighteen days from Yokohama. The new line has a brave inaugural, this being the fastest time ever made on that trip, although her commander, Captain J. P. Rice, expects to do better yet. She comes under consignment to Macondray & Co., agents. There has been a continuous rush of people to visit this beautiful ship since her arrival, but she will not be thrown open to the public till her immense cargo is discharged. The *Vasco de Gama* was built on the Clyde, by Henderson, Holbourn & Co., and is regarded as a model in every respect. Following are her dimensions: Length, 350 feet; entire breadth, 37 feet; depth to upper deck, 25 feet; depth to awning deck, 32 feet 6 inches; depth in hold to upper deck, 12 feet 11 inches; depth in hold to awning deck, 31 feet 4 inches; and a capacity for carrying 3,200 tons of cargo, beside her coal, her consumption of this article being 38 tons per day. She has the celebrated compound engines, one cylinder being 62 the other 54 inches in diameter. The saloons and staterooms are fitted up with every elegance and convenience. Throughout the entire vessel, in fact, from cabin to steerage, in matters of ventilation, etc., everything has been arranged with regard to the comfort and safety of travelers. The Pacific Mail Company may well look to its laurels, and interests, too, if the *Vasco de Gama*, with its magnificent appointments, its unparalleled rate of speed, and its picked officers and crew, is to be regarded as a specimen of the ships this Company will continue to give us. The Pacific Mail, with its time-worn vessels, its foolish and false economy, and its present mode of action toward time-tried and faithful servants, scarcely bids fair to be able to compete successfully with so formidable a rival.

Australasian Gold.—The imports of Australasian gold into the United Kingdom in 1873 exhibited a large increase as compared with 1872, having amounted to £9,471,601, as compared with £6,014,621 in 1872, and £6,919,480 in 1871.

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron." —*Methodist Hymn.*

Since the hegira of the Rev. Mrs. Van Cott, there has been a season of stagnation in religious circles, and the work of grace has languished. The Rev. Van de Mark preaches to full houses, the majority being drawn by the same sort of curiosity that would attract a concourse of spectators to see a double-headed snake or a devil-fish. Most people have as much curiosity to see a moral monster as a physical deformity. A number of the most prominent and respectable members of the congregation have seceded, but the majority not cherishing the belief that he who ministers in sacred things should, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion, seem inclined to stick to Van de Mark through thick and thin.

The Rev. Dr. Cunningham continued, last Sunday evening, his course of sermons on "The Seven Devouring Evils in our Social Life." The "Devouring Evil" to which he paid his respects on this occasion was Gambling. He commenced, very properly, with a definition—a thing the necessity of which every logician understands, but which preachers, as a general rule, seem to have no idea of. "Gambling," he said, "is something more than gaming. Not all who play games of skill or chance can be justly stigmatized as gamblers. You may sit down with a company of friends and take a hand at cards or dice for amusement without becoming obnoxious to the charge of gambling. In short, money, or something representing money, must be staked on a game to constitute gambling. Under this definition," said the Rev. gentleman, hailing at a Church Fair and pretences of piety and religion, is as much gambling as to buy a pool at a horse-race, or throw dice for oysters in a low drinking-hole. Betting, gift concerts, stock speculations, are gambling. Gambling in all its forms is a sin, and an evil, both socially, because it takes away a man's property without an equivalent. It is powerfully stimulating, and the stimulus is more wearing and more injurious to the nervous system than the stimulus of drink. It produces an unnatural and unwholesome excitement. Losers are incited to plunge deeper and deeper into the game under the influence of deceptive hopes; gainers grow greedy for larger gains. Embezzlement, theft, murder, suicide, are the natural consequences of gambling. The last year has shown an enormous list of defalcations, most of which may be traced directly to gambling as their cause." The preacher enlarged on these points, and made a number of others, with which most persons are familiar. The discourse was sensible and earnestly delivered, but presented nothing new, either in the way of argument or illustration.

The Rev. T. K. Noble delivered, on Sunday evening, at the Taylor-street Church, the third of his series of discourses on "Science and Religion." His subject was announced as "Humanity According to Darwin, and Humanity According to St. Paul." He said there was no real antagonism between Science and Religion, yet the young men of this generation were growing up with the belief that such an antagonism existed; that to be scientific was necessarily to be skeptical, and that to be religious was necessarily to be unscientific. The responsibility for this condition of things rested exclusively neither upon the men of Science nor the men of Religion—it rested upon both. Men of Science had not been content to confine themselves to their own pursuits, as Agassiz did, but they neglected their own business to make incursions into the field of theology *a la* Huxley. Perhaps the adherents of Christianity have allowed their love of their doctrines to interfere with their loyalty to truth. After all, truth is the best of all things, and we should not shrink from it, whatever cherished beliefs it may destroy. Professor Tyndall had been attacked because of his wish to test the efficacy of prayer by his "prayer-gauge," or praying match. But the Professor had probably made the proposition in the practical, matter-of-fact spirit of a scientific man, and meant no irreverence. Darwinism is Theistic, not an Atheistic theory. It assumes the existence of germinal centers, and is accepted by most of the younger naturalists of the day, but is rejected by Agassiz, Dawson, Dana and Hugh Miller. But if Darwinism should be proven by the discovery of further evidence—by the discovery of the "missing links"—to be true, we need not give up our faith. There is nothing in the Development Theory to conflict with the Word of God. [It will thus be seen that the religious people have been unnecessarily scared. The "Word of God" is an accommodating book, which can be made by clerical special pleading, to harmonize with any state of facts that Science can establish. The Mosaic account of Creation and the Mosaic Chronology, according to which the world is 6,000 years old, may be reconciled with modern geological discoveries. The Deluge and the Ark, Jonah and the Whale, are not "unscientific."] The Rev. gentleman then turned from Darwin to Paul. He wanted his hearers to look at Paul's theory concerning man: "Unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature, of the fullness of Christ." If *there* is not stated a clear *development* he did not know how the English language could state it. According to Paul, man was to grow and develop into a higher life. Wasn't that evolution? Paul looks to the future, Darwin to the past. Darwin concerns himself about the origin of man; Paul, about his destiny.

Dr. Max Hodenop lectured at Central Hall on Sunday morning before the Society of Free Inquiry. He said he would take for his text the whole of the historical portion (so called) of the Old Testament. What Strauss and Renan had done for the New Testament, Bishop Colenso had done for the Old. Tom Paine had failed, because the age was not ripe for so bold and outspoken a thinker. He was like a child born out of due time. The world was ready for Colenso when he

came, yet it was not Colenso, or any other man who rooted out the monstrous belief that the fables of the Bible were historical, or otherwise than silly. That absurd faith died of something in the air. Superstitions and creeds disappear without being refuted; they are outgrown, so that the men of one generation look back and wonder that their fathers could have believed such abominable bosh. Think of those forty years in traversing a wilderness that a California stage driver would put his coach through in forty hours. The Deluge occurred, according to the sacred chronology, 1656 years after the creation. He believed, that according to the Biblical narrative, Noah, with his three sons and their families, were all that escaped destruction by the Flood. When the waters had subsided the Noah family and the menagerie (embracing, we are told, a pair of all the land animals of the world, from the elephant to the mouse) came out of the Ark. The Noah family squatted on a tract of land south of Mount Ararat, on the borders of the Euphrates. He would skip the nursery tale about the Tower of Babel, and go forward to the beginning of what is called "Assyrian History." Ashur, the grandson of Noah, was, according to the chronicle, the first ruler of Assyria. In the year 2229 B. C., or 1775 years after the Creation, he built the city of Nineveh, and surrounded it with walls one hundred feet high, and one hundred miles in circumference. That must have been as big a city as London, and inasmuch as there cannot be a big city without towns, villages, and an outlying populated country, Assyria, with such a capital, must have been a prodigiously populous nation. And yet this was only 119 years *after the deluge!* In 119 years Noah's family had multiplied to this incredible extent. But the Assyrians, we are told, comprised only the descendants of Shem, *one* of Noah's sons. The children of Ham had gone off to Africa, and settled in Egypt, where, at this same time (119 years after the Flood), they had founded a populous nation; and the children of Japheth had gone in the opposite direction and laid the foundation of the Caucasian, or European nations. Dr. Hodenop proceeded in this ribald and scoffing strain for three quarters of an hour, and we regret to say that he was listened to with closer attention than is commanded by any of our evangelical preachers.

HARRY MEIGGS.

The communication in the Alta of the 11th ult. from Barry & Patten, elicited by the leader in the *Bulletin* of the 9th ult., on our old friend Harry Meiggs, has awakened general approbation:

EDITORS ALTA: The editorial in last evening's *Bulletin* is calculated to awake unfair prejudice in the minds of the people—prejudice long since banished from the minds of all men acquainted with the facts ventilated subsequent to Mr. Meiggs' departure from California. No one, intimate with Henry Meiggs, ever believed him capable of a crime; but his abrupt and forced departure, offered a good opportunity for the real criminal to direct public attention in the direction of an innocent but unfortunate man who could not reply. A prominent banker of that time in San Francisco told us that, having in his possession, some time previous to Mr. Meiggs' absence, a large quantity of city scrip, and observing such a large quantity afloat, he went to headquarters and presented the scrip, to be satisfied as to its genuineness, and was told by the proper authorities that it was perfectly correct. At that time no doubt or question had ever arisen upon the subject, and Mr. Meiggs' reputation was as good as any man's in the community. The banker made marginal notes upon his scrip, and laid it away in his safe. When the excitement came, and the forged scrip was discovered, this same scrip, pronounced genuine previous to Mr. Meiggs' departure, was condemned as a forgery. The large sums of money paid by Mr. Meiggs to creditors, powerless to force anything from him, should speak volumes in his favor; yet it is just what was expected of him by those who, twenty years ago, knew him as he was known to hundreds of San Franciscans, among whom were your obedient servants,

San Francisco, Feb. 11, 1874. BARRY & PATTEN.

TO THE PUBLIC.

28 BRUNSWICK STREET, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND,
Temporary office, 315 California street, San Francisco, DEC. 1st, 1873.

Having retired to-day from the firms of Messrs. Robert Rodgers & Co., of Liverpool, and Messrs. Rodgers, Meyer & Co., of San Francisco (California), and Portland (Oregon), we shall henceforward, in conjunction with Mr. Bernhard Von Ammon, continue to carry on business in Liverpool and San Francisco, California, as Commission and Shipping Merchants, under the style, at both places, of RODGERS, CASPARI & Co. The interests of our houses in Liverpool and San Francisco will be identical. Mr. Harold Holderness will have a share in our business, and will sign our firm per procuration. Soliciting a continuance of your valued support, Your obedient servants, ROBERT RODGERS,
OTTO CASPARI.

BANKERS: The Liverpool Commercial Bank (Limited), Liverpool. The London and San Francisco Bank (Limited), San Francisco. London Office, 22 Old Broad street, E. C.

LE ROMAN DE LA ROSE.

Poor Rose! I lift you from the street—
Far better I should own you
Than you should lie for random feet
Where careless hands have thrown you.

Poor pinky petals, crushed and torn!
Did heartless Mayfair use you,
Then cast you forth to lie forlorn,
For chariot-wheels to bruise you?

I saw you last in Edith's hair,
Rose, you would scarce discover
That I she passed upon the stair
Was Edith's favored lover,

A month a little month ago—
O theme for moral writer!—
'Twixt you and me, my Rose, you know,
She might have been politer;

But let that pass. She gave you, then—
Behind the oleander—
To one, perhaps, of all the men,
Who best could understand her—

Cyril, that, duly flattered, took,
As only Cyril's able,
With just the same Arcadian look
He used, last night, for Mabel;

Then, having waltzed till every star
Had paled away in morning,
Lit up his cynical cigar,
And tossed you downward, scorning.

Kismet, my Rose! Revenge is sweet—
She made my heart-strings quiver;
And yet you slain lie in the streets—
I'll drop you in the river.

—*Vignettes in Rhyme, by Austin Dobson.*

NUGGETS AND DUST PANNED OUT IN CALIFORNIA BY "DOD GRILE."

A copy of the above book has been forwarded to us by the London publishers. Many of our readers will know that Dod Grile is the *nom de plume* of one who for many years edited the "Town Crier," indeed, the work is chiefly composed of extracts from the *News Letter*, together with the "Ursus" of the *Overland Monthly*. We subjoin a few extracts, to bring back the memory of our late contributor:

"The Devil has not only a monopoly of the good music and the good fun, but has lately managed to acquire a controlling interest in the good writing. In comparing the religious with the secular newspapers, this fact becomes striking and apparent. The Lord's people are probably as fond of sharp, hard-sense writing as anybody, but somehow they do not manage to get much of it in their own prints, and there is reason to suspect that what they do get is supplied by the fellows on our side as during our late war the fat Federal soldiers used sometimes to supply the lean enemy with surreptitious coffee and furtive tobacco. The fact is that as a rule Straightthair does not write well, and it is to be feared he does not pay well also; else he could command the incisive pens of the mercenary ungodly, who would soon make it very lively indeed for the sinners. Now all manner of wickedness is so conspicuously indefensible so grossly and openly absurd that to be utterly exterminated it needs but to be intelligently attacked by the clever wits of the secular press, who would like no better fun than to hurl bombshells into their own camp, if they were but paid for the service. Certainly they know well enough the vulnerable points of the position, and would not be restrained from attacking those points by the common clerical fear of exhibiting a too great familiarity with their subject. We are quite confident that the world will never be evangelized until these keen rascals are brought over and the Devil made ridiculous. In about a score of years they would convert all the world, and should then be exterminated by law."

"The other day Mr. Swipes found a sack of coin. He pounced upon it with avidity, he devoured it with glad and eager eyes, he silently thanked God for hitting him from penury to affluence. Then, with a calm, unruffled composure of soul, and a psalm of gratitude in his heart, he opened the bag. Seven dollars in copper cents! Mr. Swipes counted them over, and then with a sigh repaired them in the bag and tied the string with unnecessary deliberation. Then he turned his eyes down hill and thought. He thought long and carefully. Quoth Swipes at last unto himself: 'I think I'll return this thing to the owner.' Swipes did it, and lo! the newspapers raised the song of praise. Blessed, thrice blessed, busy above all things and unspeakably splendid is the man to whom seven dollars in copper cents is no temptation! For the same shall be accounted a god, and shall have beeves, and spring rambs, and muling steeds, and much wine, a skating rink, and a canal-boat, a! the days that he lives in the land, and they shall be many. And men shall say to him, 'Let us go take a drink, for the deed that thou hast done, behold! it is an honest deed, and thou art worthy to treat.' Then our wicked Reporter shall be consumed with envy, and shall stand afar off and throw dirt, saying: * * * *

"The Cascade Mountains."—A fine painting, by Thos. Hill, is on exhibition at Morris & Schwab's popular store, on Post-street. In lofty, mountain effects, Hill is eminently successful, managing aerial perspective with the facility so invariably correct in his landscape perspective: so true that, subjected to the test of photography, they are still further complimented. The vigor and freedom of touch in this new picture, the far off summits, the water effect, the foreground and sky, all tell of the student and faithful artist.

NOTABILIA.

LINES TO A FAIR ENSLAVER.

Lady, if he beheld thy hair,
By nature dark, by art made fair,
That man were bolder far than I,
Who'd "stand the hazard of the" dye.

A midnight marriage ceremony, in which the bride and groom clasped hands over a grave in the cemetery, is the tantalizing mystery to the gossips of the town. The eccentric couple, when the knot was tied, drove off in a covered carriage and were seen no more until last Tuesday, when we met the parties, and obtained a convincing proof that eccentric as they may be, they at any rate are people of sound judgment. Why? Because we found in one of their prettily furnished parlors an Arion Piano, and the choice of such an instrument is proof positive of sound judgment. Benjamin Curtaz, of 20 O'Farrell street, is the agent.

There is a Chinese plant which changes color three times a day. In the animal world, more especially amongst the politicians, we were aware that these mutations of color were not uncommon; but this is the first time we have heard of them amongst plants. We know, too, that among things of art such transmutations occur; but we have yet to learn that the photographs of Messrs. Thomas Houseworth & Co., of the Photographic Parlors, of 9 and 12 Montgomery street, change color, or lose any of their brilliancy and tone by the lapse of time.

A Hartford man thinks, if it wasn't for newspapers, a man might get along in this world. A letter advertised for him was taken out by his wife, who happened to read the advertisement first, and as it was a communication to him from a young woman living in Springfield, and gave him a blowing up for not meeting her on the train at Worcester, last week, a little family difficulty has arisen. But for the meddling newspapers the situation would have been different.

Matrimonial history is a narrative of many *words;* but the story of love may be told in a few *letters*. But on the other hand it takes but a few words in which to tell certain facts. Such, for instance, as that Messrs. Plum, Bell & Co., of 22, 24, and 26 Post street, have the best stock of carpets, oil-cloths, upholstery goods, and furniture of any firm this side the Rocky Mountains. As an addendum, it may be observed that their prices are moderate, and their manners to customers all that could be desired.

When Mr. Wilberforce, the great anti-slavery advocate, was once a candidate for Parliamentary honors, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother, on which she was saluted with the cry of "Miss Wilberforce forever!" when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentleman, but I cannot agree with you, for I really do not wish to be 'Miss Wilberforce' forever."

Everybody in the city by this time, we suppose, has seen the magnificent portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Genoa, hanging at the entrance to Messrs. Houseworth & Co.'s Elite Studio, on Montgomery street. All those who have seen this splendid work of art have given it their unqualified praise. Now you have only to get into the elevator attached to the establishment and you are immediately taken to the rooms where a succession of such pictures are to be seen, and where you can have your portrait taken in the finest style.

Too Cool by Half.---As cool a person, under the circumstances, as was ever heard of, was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railroad accident, missed his valet. One of the guardians came up to him and said, "My lord we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man, with a Dundreary drawl; but still with anxiety depicted on his countenance. "Will you be gwood enough to see in which half he has gwot the key to my carpet-bag?"

Thanks to California's wonderful productive powers; even in the matter of fuel, there is not very much fear of the talked of coal famine in England influencing the price in San Francisco. Still, the rates here are high enough to render care somewhat necessary, and a range that is economical, as well as a good cooker, a matter of much importance. Such is the Richmond Portable Range of Messrs. George H. Tay & Co., of 614, '16, and '18 Battery street. Look well at the trade mark, R. & S., intertwined with "Co." standing thereon.

The Law of Courtship.---A justice of Guthrie county, Iowa, recently decided in the case of a citizen, who brought a suit against his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his own parlor one Sunday night, that courting is a necessity and must not be interrupted; therefore the laws of Iowa will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courting is afoot; and so the defendant was discharged, and the plaintiff had to pay costs.

The English leather market, we see, remains inactive, without any quotable change of prices. So the harness of Messrs. Main & Winchester—*the* harness makers of Battery street—is without change. Use only seems to strengthen and improve it. We were shown a set the other day which we at once declared new. No; it had been in active daily service, we were told, for over four years. It came from Messrs. M. & W., and this fact alone, we think, should prove the worth of their goods.

That which is particularly useful, and to some extremely ornamental, is a pair of Müller's pebble spectacles astride the nose. They are wonderfully clear, and reasonable in price.

When the house is not of sufficient size to require an elevator, the stairs are a matter of much consideration. There are stairs and stairs. Some seem as ugly and still as a ladder with a hand on it, others again evidence much taste in construction. This is the case with and the stairs made by Messrs. Sanborn & Byxbee, whose manufactory is over the Mechanics' Mart, on Mission street, between 1st and Fremont streets. Everything they make is durable and superior in manufacture.

It is reported that a young lady of San Francisco has the letters Y. M. C. A. engraved on the corner of her visiting cards, which she hands to gentlemen visitors. At first they suppose she belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association, but it is not long before they rightly construe the letters to mean, "You May Come Again."

When buying a piano, the qualities you should look for in the instrument are, not quantity of tone, but quality; neither too wiry nor too woolly, partly working and effect of the pedals, ease of key movement, and a large variety of tones. All these qualities in their best development are to be found in the pianos manufactured by Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., of whom Wm. G. Badger is the agent for San Francisco.

A panting deer, chased by hounds, coming suddenly upon a water brook, could not more quickly seek the cooling element than a thirsty man does the thirst-quenching Buckeye lager beer and whiskey. The best whiskey and lager beer in the city and the finest cocktails are to be had at the Buckeye. Call and test the thirst-allaying qualities of lager beer, and remember still, it opens the eye, and is as mild as milk. P. Hotaling is the agent, but it is sold everywhere.

A breach of promise case has just been settled in Detroit. Only one letter was produced in court, but that was most conclusive. It was from the "Mi hart boets only for the, mi darlink hussy." Verdict for the darlink hussy.

When the Duke of Genoa was here he spent several days in examining the various manufactories and stores of the city. Among the latter he visited the immense *magazin* of Messrs. N. P. Cole & Co., the furniture men of Bush street. On entering, he told the proprietor of the establishment that he had seen nothing in the way of furniture which was to be compared with such so much taste and luxury as is in this one modern store of a San Francisco furniture dealer.

"Imaginashun, how much indulged in," says an Eastern literary gentleman, "sees in the cloud-land of poetry. This is one way good masculines are made; a man eats oysters for breakfast day and long uses the boss belongs to him, and sure enuff, the first dark night, the boss does."

Many papers have copied out the items we gave last week respecting the extent and productions of certain oyster beds. Now let them copy this: For a plate of fine, raw, or stewed oysters the Nonpareil Depot of the Napa Soda Co., on a bit and a quarter as it has way, can't be beat, and the Saratoga Rock Oyster Saloon of Thomson Colville, on Pine street. You have the best oysters there, and are handsomely served.

A man in Indiana, on returning home from a business journey recently, found that his wife, during his absence, had run off with the furniture and departed, and the sheriff arrested him for allowing gambling on his premises.

We notice in the British Trade Journal that the prices of all European wines have been very much raised, owing to last season's crops being under the average. Against this we are pleased to see that we can supply "way-up" Napa Soda, very cheap and of superior quality. We mean, of course, the famous Gerke brand.

Bells Superseded.—At Augusta, Wisconsin, a recommendation has been circulated to the effect that church bells should be rung to call people to prayer upon "the blowing of the whistle on the steam mill."

Five tons of mail matter direct from London to San Francisco, for Australia and New Zealand, passed through Omaha on Wednesday week, but little was seen that comes to every week with more or less regularity. A large business is done by Geary street, and such envelope contents are direct for a certain quantity of the pure Napa Soda, of which this place is the depot.

A man of Monterey says he moved so many times during the year that when Nov. 1 came around he stopped at the gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be thrown in.

Rum and gin are the favorite spirits of our British cousins, and they are certainly welcome to them so long as we have the O. K. Garden Distillery Whisky when we choose. Messrs. F. & P. J. Cossin, of 528 Front street, are the agents, and they tell us that every day their orders are increasing something like 25 per cent.

Never forget that your boots are of more consequence than your gloves, and never forget either that P. Kelly, the prize boot-maker, of Bush street, fits you better than any other maker in town.

A Boston dry-goods dealer advertisers "financial crash towels."

Before genial Harry Blanken moved out to the Six Mile House, on the San Bruno Road, the place was of no particular importance; now it is the chief hostelry on that route.

Artemus Ward said of Chaucer, "He has talent, but he can't spell."

ART DOTTINGS.

By reason of the large proportion of lady students, the School of Design is to be known as the *Gal—*iery!——Who is to be the Assistant Professor, is the topic among the artists now that, in all probability, an evening school will have to be established.——All agree that Virgil Williams, as Director, is the right man in the right place, for he knows thoroughly whereof he speaks, and is, besides, a gentleman remarkable for suavity and personal magnetism.——The Graphic Club is developing much latent talent. Last "sketch night" was Hugh Humphrey's, the subject being "Morning," which was illustrated in twenty different ways, no two being absolutely alike. There was, however, a preponderance of "bed subjects." For example, Irwin depicted a male and Van De Casteele a female sluggard unwilling to get up; Narjot drew a *reveille* in the shape of a French horn solo awaking a slumbering soldier; John S. Bugbee illustrated the morning cocktail brought to the bedside by a nigger waiter, and so on.——The sketches of the Graphic Club or, at least, a selection of them—should, we think, be exhibited once in a while for the amusement and delight or the Art Association members generally.——In the "bronze" rooms of R. J. Bush & Co., immediately adjoining the Art Association, a fine copy, in marble, of Canova's "Three Graces," is on exhibition. This beautiful group is too well known from photographs, etc., to need any remarks from us. A proposition has been made to purchase it for the Art Association, and one gentleman has signified his intention to subscribe one-eighth or more of the sum at which it is valued ($800) if the balance can be made up by six or seven others. The Society has enough wealthy members to do this, and the opportunity should not be lost. The group stands on a fine pedestal of darker marble.——Thos. Hill has nearly completed a most effective view of White Mountain "Notch."——Marple has on the easel a fine study of one of the Sierra "Gaps," remarkable for its sky and aerial effects.——Bloomer has just finished a painting of a picturesque old mill in Mendocino County, from one of his evidently faithful sketches.——Keith exhibits in Nile's window a large view of "The Wasatch Mountains from the old emigrant road." It represents apparently late Autumn or early Winter, and is full of rich tints and powerful painting, besides being a very successful composition.——Quite a little exhibition by itself is now on view at the Post street Gallery of Messrs. Morris & Schwab. It includes Hill's beautiful "Cascade Lake," previously exhibited (for one night only) at the Art Association; a finished view of the interior of the First Unitarian Church, by Jos. Lee; a fine flower piece, by E. Claude, and some fifty cabinet pictures of the French school, embracing some of the most celebrated painters. There is also on view a spirited animal picture by Hahn, entitled "The Rescue." It represents a rabbit chased by dogs into a stable, saved by the heels of the horses therein.——Snow & Roos have always been celebrated for the excellence of their exhibits. At the present time, two of the finest grape pictures ever painted by Brookes are there on view. We are persuaded that works of equal merit would command, East or in Europe, twice the price at which Brookes sells such works; but then, you know, he would not readily get such luscious models for his work. A fine portrait of Gen. Schofield, by Shaw, and some excellent examples of Narjot's work are to be seen in their gallery.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH JAPAN NOW?

Has she gone back on her liberal policy toward foreign nations? It would seem so from present appearances. The peremptory decree of the Imperial Government recalling all students educated abroad at the expense of the Government was not prompted by economy, as the surplus revenue for 1873 was nearly five millions. Again, the present agitation concerning the speedy repayment of all foreign loans can have but one meaning, namely, that Japan wants no more favors from foreign nations and cares little or nothing for their friendship. Indeed the want of harmony which already exists between the Japanese Government and the Foreign Ministers arouses the fear that instead of the whole Empire being opened to foreign commerce, as we hopefully anticipated, it may be closed again as of old. Our Government has done all that lay in its power to maintain friendly relations with Japan, which we know, our overtures having been fully appreciated. But foreign governments have not, it seems, acted with the same liberal spirit. The most ancient aristocracy of the great Orient has been received with supercilious frigidity at foreign courts, whereas the American democracy, notwithstanding its aversion to equipage and pageantry, has treated them with becoming civility. We shall regret the falling back of Japan on the old system of national seclusion. It will be a reciprocal misfortune from which none will suffer more than the Golden State, with her portals open to receive her commerce.

A lady walking on Kearny street a short time ago, a gentleman's button caught in the fringe of her shawl. Some moments elapsed before the parties were separated. "I am attached to you, madame," said the gentleman, good-humoredly, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual, sir," was the equally good-humored reply.

MY ONLY LOVE.

My only love is always near,
In country or in town;
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young,
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung,
And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads,
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on, but while she leads
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice. Ah! me, it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase;
I follow, follow still; but I
Shall never see her face!

WHO RUNS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE?

The amiable young man, who without experience or standing at the Bar does duty for this City and County of San Francisco as District Attorney, is run by his assistant, who is still younger and less experienced, and, indeed, in the higher and best sense of the term, entirely lacks a legal education. Every law abiding citizen is liable to apply for the services of this brace of youthful and inexperienced officers to protect him from outrage and wrong. When he does so apply we venture the assertion that he will not be over-impressed with the value of such protection. And if he applies himself to learn how nominations are got and how far procuring one an Assistant District Attorney is chosen before hand as the price of his delicate labors, and if he further knows that the *Post* newspaper runs both these young men, and runs them badly, and deems it by that it nominated and elected them, and if he then ponders upon the glorious uncertainty of the law in general he will sell his chances of being able to bring a successful criminal libel suit against the *Post* for the smallest coin known in this country. This state of matters will need watching, and it shall be watched. Our only objection to these remarks is that they advertise the *Post* gratuitously.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

We find among the private papers of the late lamented Dr. Livingstone (forwarded exclusively to the San Francisco *News Letter*), that the Senator for Fiji has introduced a bill before the House at Uwanuvemba providing that all marriages shall be placed under State control; that no applicant shall be allowed to enter into wedlock except those who are possessed of a *mens sana in corpore sano*; that whatsoever man he be, that hath a blemish, he shall not approach; a blind man, or a lame, or he that hath a flat nose, or anything superfluous, or a man that is broken-footed or broken-handed, or crook-backed, or a dwarf, or that hath a blemish in his eye, or be scurvy, or scabbed, or, etc. This is such a curious adaptation of a passage in Leviticus, ch. xxi., v. 18-20, that we hardly know which most to admire, the great missionary ability of the Doctor, or the ingenuity of the honorable member for Fiji in turning his teaching to practical account. The bill, we think, might with propriety be introduced into our own Senate, but we should suggest to add to the list of ineligibles all idiots, thieves, paupers and ugly women. The great difficulty would be to determine what amount of ugliness should disqualify a lady from entering into the holy state of matrimony. Perhaps it might be well to appoint the *News Letter* as umpire. Thus should we have a nation free from blemish.

ENTERPRISE.

The above is the watchword of California much more than "Eureka," which has long ago passed out of meaning. It is enterprise that quickens the blood of San Francisco, and makes her head and her heart active and strong. Everywhere we have evidences of this great living and moving power. Go where you will, you constantly meet some new proof of the fact. Particularly appropriate is the name as given to the establishment of D. A. McDonald. The rightly named "Enterprise" Sawing and Planing Mills, extend from 217 to 225 on Spear street, and from 218 to 226 on Stewart street, between Howard and Folsom streets. A visit to this establishment is sufficient to convince one of the reason of the name. Enterprise and industry are seen in every department. Doors, sashes, blinds, and mouldings are all made here with taste and dispatch, and the visitor is led to inquire, "Can it be possible that all this immense quantity of stuff is used?" The answer is that so great is the business done by Messrs. D. A. McDonald & Co. that what you see in the building is only the infinitesimal portion of what is turned out every week. There is a never-ceasing flow of orders being executed. Enterprise, indeed!

LIFE.

What matter if the day be bleak—
The hill-side rough, the storm but smite;
If twilight brings the home I seek,
And yearned-for faces bless, at night,
The longing heart, the eager sight.

What matter if the day be long,
So ceaseless toil go with the sun;
The goal is for both weak and strong;
If each but work till day is done,
Then endless life and love is won.

STEAMSHIP AND COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

Since our last issue two first-class steamships have arrived from China and Japan, bringing large and valuable cargoes of general merchandise, besides Government mails, passengers and treasure. The new British steamship *Vasco de Gama*, belonging to the China Trans-Pacific Steamship Company, Macondray & Co., agents, was the first to arrive—say 19 days from Yokohama—bringing for cargo 15,000 pkgs tea and silk, 20,000 mats rice, 222 bags pepper, 100 bags coffee, 72 cases nutmegs, 50 pkgs opium, etc. This cargo is all being landed upon Front-street wharf, and *not* at Oakland wharf, as was predicted. Of this cargo 5,320 pkgs tea are for New York, 1,674 pkgs for Chicago, etc., leaving for San Francisco 7,607 pkgs tea. The Pacific Mail steamship *Japan* arrived on the 12th inst., 20 days from Yokohama, and 31 days from Hongkong. In addition to a goodly number of cabin passengers, etc., the cargo consisted of 500 bales hemp, 8,673 bags rice, 50 boxes opium, 3,000 pkgs chow-chow, 13,516 pkgs tea, 335 pkgs silk, etc., in all 26,000 pkgs. Of this San Francisco receives 4,118 pkgs tea, 12,200 pkgs sundries, and 5 pkgs silk. A portion of the cargo goes via Panama to New York—say 7,300 pkgs tea, 158 pkgs silk, 121 pkgs sundries. Overland to New York, 78 pkgs tea, 154 pkgs silk, 198 pkgs sundries; overland to Europe, 47 pkgs mdse; overland to Chicago, 1,470 pkgs tea; to Montreal, 546 pkgs tea. The *Japan* returns to Hongkong, via Yokohama, on the 2d of March, and the *Mohongo* will be dispatched as an extra steamer to Panama Tuesday, carrying the tea brought by the former for N. Y. The *Vasco de Gama* returns to China and Japan on Saturday, the 21st instant, carrying considerable flour at $6 per ton, which is also the rate now charged by the Pacific Mail Company. Competition promises to be very rife between these two companies. It is the intention of Macondray & Co. to throw open their magnificent steamer to the public in a few days, when the press and others will have an opportunity of seeing the handy work of *John Bull* in building steamships, aided by the long and skilled experience of our fellow-townsman, Samuel Hubbard, formerly in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and who was sent over to the Clyde for the purpose of incorporating into the new British line of steamers all the improvements which long experience in the China line could suggest.

A COLLEGE FOR HANGMEN.

The New York Daily Graphic says: A California hangman recently discharged his duty in so careless a manner that the head of his victim was actually pulled off, much to the astonishment and not at all to the amusement of the Sheriff and his assistants. It is very clear that we need a national normal school for hangmen, or, at all events, a national hangman who is competent to hang people in a satisfactory way. Why don't some Republican Congressman propose a bill for that purpose? The Democrats would doubtless oppose it, as a mere measure of centralization and a blow at State rights, but it would receive the warm support of every man who expects to be hanged, and deserves to be hanged comfortably, without having his head pulled off or his nose broken by premature contact with the ground.

STRIPES.

Nature, if one looks at it attentively, luxuriates in stripes. If we turn from the varied hues of the rainbow to those glorious lineal effulgences of the setting sun, sometimes cruelly crimson, again melting in their tender suffusions of pink, and at other times indulging in Circean green lines, so cold and yet so beautiful, we are ever charmed, ever lingering to gaze. To descend from the dream-life, what can be more beautiful than those striped dresses at the Ville de Paris (City of Paris)? Silks from richest looms, woven in most radiant colors, yet all with that harmony with nature that makes us dream of the sunset, and wonder at the skill that created them. And then the clean, cold linens, as contrast—the snowy Nymph to the blushing Aurora. What a contrast!

We have received the first number of Berry & Capp's *Real Estate Advertiser*, a small, closely-printed four-page sheet. It will be issued monthly.

A bad Habit to get Into—A coat that is not paid for.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

MORE WRINKLES.

Dear News Letter:—You will have to give the Rev. Dr Stone credit for introducing more wrinkles into church services, other than that of the "Press" character. Hung in the entrance to his church are two programmes, or bills of fare, and if you will allow me the space, I will briefly tell you how one of these, that for the evening, was carried out a Sunday or two ago. First part: The overture, or opening chorus, rather, was a solo and quartette, in which the words, "Jesus, have mercy," etc, were sung to a selection from the opera of *The Bohemian Girl*; 2. Prayer by Dr Stone; 3. Hymn; 4. Collection, during which Sam. Mayer escaped his contribution by playing a medley on the organ; 5. Sacred song appropriate to the times, "Song of my Soul," music of the minstrel order, between the verses, "Home, Sweet Home," on the organ. Second part: Doctrinal and sentimental remarks by the Rev. Dr Stone, apropos of the subject that "Boys will be boys;" 2. Short prayer; 3. Another hymn; 4. Dismissal voluntary, by the organist. Certainly Dr Stone has arrived at the true sense of religion when he makes it the vehicle for an appeal to the senses of sight and hearing, and his evident conclusion that in ratio as these are ministered to, without "troubling the waters" by frantic efforts to render his hearers uncomfortable and grieving through constant doses of hell and damnation, so will his church and pocket be filled, is the very sensible conclusion of "a man" of the world "and a brother"—in the *News Letter* family of shrewd common sense. Yours, W. W.

VERY GOOD RULES FOR CALCULATING INTEREST.

The answer in each case being in cents, separate the two right hand figures of answer, to express dollars and cents: 4 per cent., multiply the principal by the number of days, separate right hand figure from product and divide by 9. 5 per cent., multiply by number of days and divide by 72. 6 per cent., multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by 6. 8 per cent., multiply by number of days and divide by 45. 9 per cent., multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by 4. 10 per cent., multiply by number of days and divide by 36. 12 per cent., multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by 3.

There are certain pests that infect our streets, wharves and railway stations. We mean the cheap-John fancymen. They lead a kind of vagrant life on the outskirts of the regular stands stands which, by the way, are established by municipal licenses, and their object is to pounce upon the stranger, the ignorant countryman, the drunkard and the avaricious. The former he distrusts, the second he drives ten blocks for a distance of three, the third he bullies into paying twice the regular fare, the fourth he plunders or hands him over to his confederates, and the last he seduces by an offer of a half price ride in his rheumatic vehicle. This ought not to be. It is not right to these steady hackmen who pay for, and have earned the right to the regular appointed stands. There is a police ordinance regulating the hack stands, and limiting their number, and any hangers-on prowling on the outskirts of those limits should be told by the police to move on. His Honor the Mayor has the jurisdiction over the licensed stands, and he should see that they are respected.

Some member of the collected wisdom at Sacramento, who bought wild cat short and promised his buxom better half a new dress out of the profits, which turned out vice versa, has brought in a bill insisting that the seller shall deliver the stock and the purchaser pay down the money on every operation. In view thereof the peanut stand at the corner of California and Montgomery streets is to become a vast depository of twenty-dollar pieces, where stock can be exchanged for gold coin. Seriously speaking, how can business be conducted on that basis? Take the London Stock Exchange and look at the millions of transactions in consols that take place daily. The operations of the clearing house among London bankers are like those of the stock exchanges of the world, they strike the balance, and the difference is paid by those to whom it is counted.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Saturday, January 10th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
John Curry to Chas H Killey.....	Nw Vallejo and Laguna, n 150, w 125, s 12:6, etc.....	$ 56
David Hewes to John Flood	N Fulton, 139 e Van Ness, e 20, n 60, w to a pt 139 e from e line of Van Ness Ave, thence s 70 to commencement...	2,000
Thos Nunan to W W Paddock....	Lot 10 blk 18, R R Ave H'd	100
Jas Ballentine to Daniel O'Brien..	Se Jessie, 256 sw 9th, sw 24 x se 70, being subdiv M B 4.....	1,056
Morris Galvin to Hiram B Cook...	E Wetmore Place, 112:6 s Washington, s 25 x e 56, being subdiv 50-v 174.....	2,300
Jas Ballentine to D Callaghan	Se Jessie, 181 sw 9th, sw 25 x se 70, being M B 4.....	1,100
Thos Wallace to R H Stretch.....	Und 58-100, of Rancho Rincon de las Salinas y Potrero Viejo.....	5,000
Robt W Murphy to Mary A Murphy	E Polk, 20 n Pine, n 30 x e 62:6.....	Gift
R T Christopher to R W Murphy.	Same.....	6,250
Robt Brotherton to John Lewis...	S Broadway, 100 w Polk, w 23:6x137:6.	3,000
Wm C Ware to Adam H Murphy..	E Howard, 155 n 22d, n 60 x e 122:6, subject to mortgage for $3,000.....	1,000
J H Applegate to R Bayerque.....	Nw Mission, 200 ne 5th, ne 40 x nw 100, being subdiv 100-v 129.....	....
R Bayerque to Henry Videau.....	Same.....	2,900
R Ganzer to Augusta Petrowska..	Sw 11th, 35 se Mission, se 22:6 x sw 90, being subdiv M B 11	1
B O'Connell to Jane Clemens.....	Interest in Rancho Laguna de la Merced mentioned in deed from Jane Clemens to first party, conveyed by mistake...	1

Monday, January 12th.

Mission St E Hd Asn to H Murray.	Lot 421, Mission St Ex Hd	$ 402
J H Townsend to City & Co S Fco	Com at a pt 107:6 w Montg and 69:10½ s Jackson, thence s 2:7, e 2:3, nw 3:4 to com	521
M E McDonald to Michael Mooney	50 v 2, blk 193, Western Addition	....
John Maloney to Thomas Phillips	Lot 7, blk 7, Fairmount Tract	300
City & Co S Fco to J H Cummings	Se cor 23d and How'd, s 120, e 85, n 121, w 59:6 to beginning—sub M B 153	....
M Feustermache to A Himmelmann	Und ½, lot 99, West End Hd.....	75
Martha B Hunt to Ellen Lubbuck.	E Stevenson, 135 n 19th, n 25 x e 80—sub M B 68.....	100
M McGaughran to P B Hood.....	S Post, 102:11 e Laguna, e 25:10 x s 120—W A 201; also, n Ellis, 87:6 e Buchanan, e 25, n 120, w 12:6, s 90, w 12:6, s 90 to com.....	1
F Arata to G Demartini	Und ½, w Union Pl, 74 s Union, s 21:2x 58:9.....	1,900
Ezra T Buckman to J Benjamin...	Lots 1497, 1498, 1499, and 1500, Gift Map 3; also, s 14th Ave, 150 e R, 25x100—sub O'Neil & Haley Tract	....
Wm Hollis to A H Lochbaum	N Grove, 25 e Buchanan, e 25:9.....	3,100
Same to Louis Oestermann.....	E Pearl, 318 N Ridley, n 30x80—sub M B 22	3,600
John McNamara to W Corcoran ..	Ne Herman and Valencia, n to se l of Market, ne to intersect of s l of Hayes Tct, thence s 74 deg 55 min e 164, th to a pt on n l of Herman, 164 e fr Valencia, w 164 to beginning—sub M B 14..	5
Wm Corcoran to Henry Barroilhet	Same	5
Henry Barroilhet to S Pac R R Co.	Same	1
Saml L Theller to M M Gleason ...	W Jessie, 160 n 18th, n 25x80—sub M B 69.....	720

Tuesday, January 13th.

Isaac E Davis to Francis Berton...	S Park Lane n, 212 sw 2d, and 100 se Bryant, sw 22 x se 98	$2,000
James Smith to Mary Smith.....	Ne cor Dupont and Chestnut, n 50 x e 75; also, nw cor Dupont and Chestnut, n 25x60 to take effect and be in force from and after the death of the first party	Gift
John Moffit to Ellen Gilholy.....	Lots 829 to 834 inc, and 432, 434, 95, 96, 97, 99, 1402, 1403, 1404. Gift Map 3	500
Peter Bradley to John Coyle	S Grove, 71:3 w Laguna, w 25x120	1,900
Margaret Murphy to Mary Murphy	Lot 2 blk 1, Garden Tract H'd, to correct error in deed recorded in 721 D 250	Gift
Wm Dunphy to Mary Hamilton....	N Vallejo, 212:3 w Octavia, w 79:1½, n 137:6, e 81:2 ½, s 137:6	12,000
Moses Ellis to Elmina Dows	Nw Folsom 137:6 sw 11th, nw 247:6 x sw 72; also, com at a pt 209:6 sw 11th, and 247:6 nw Folsom, sw 11:6, se 247:6 to nw line of Folsom st, 209 sw fr 11th, thence 247:6 to com	24,000
M Cheeseman to Same	Same prop'y as desc'bed 2d in above d'd	1
Louis Dutertre to Anton Obert	W Potrero Av, 240:n Center, w 100 x n 30	40
W G Doolittle to C T Ryland	S 31st Av, 168:8 e R R Av, e 400, s 200, w 350, n 100, w 50, n 100 to com; also, E R R Av, 25:11½ n 32d Av n 25:11½, etc	1
Thos Noonan to Jas B Flanagan ..	S cor Bryant and Zoe, sw 25 x se 80	4,500
E A Walter to Gustave Mahe ...	E Montg y 114:7 s Union, s 91:8 x e 91:8	3,925
Gustave Mahe to Jos Koster	Same	4,000
Thos Donnelly to Wm Murphy	N Jersey, 80 w Noe, w 80x115, Pacific Savings and H'd Ass'n	1,100
Henry Boyen to John Dean	S Ellis, 104:9 e Fillmore, e 33:9x137:6	2,000
Thos Dornin to M S Levy.....	Nw Minna, 75 6 ne 50, ne 25x80	3,500
P B Hood to L J Hirth	S Post, 102:11 e Laguna, e 25:10 x s 120	1,300

Wednesday, January 14th.

Truman Taylor to Benj F Mcam ..	Com at a pt 68:9 w Leavth, and 102:6 s Clay, s 17.6x250	....
Same to Peter G Simpson	Com at a pt m s l of 50 v 1188,8:9 w Leavth, w 25:9 x n 17:6	....
George E Hinckley to J H Thomas	Com at the mth of Lobos Ck, thence n 60 deg w 1:81 ch, s 30 deg w 14:34 ch, s 60 deg e 17.07 ch, s 30 deg E 7.07 ch, n 30 deg e 7.07 ch, n 60 deg w 7.07 ch, s 30 deg 7.07 to com	10,000
David Stoddart to Robt Brotherton	W Polk, 100:6 Pac, n 27.8x137:6	2,000
Wm Jordan to Eliza A Jordan	Lots 10 and 11, blk G, Pac S & H Assn	Gift
J H Madison to R W Murphy	Se Howard, 0:9 ne 18:, ne 25x80 subj to 100 v 54, subj to mortg for $3,000	6,700
R W Murphy to Mary Ann Murphy	Same	Gift
C T Ryland to N Hamilton.....	Lot 24, blk 550, Bay View Tract	375
Philip H Blake to John F Byxbee .	Lot 1 and 2, blk 643, Pt Lobos Ave Hd	1,200
Same to Same	Same	1,200

Thursday, January 15th.

C T Ryland to Mrs C B Pringle...	Lots 28 and 29, blk 550, Bay View Tract	$ 750
Paul T Hd Assn to Michael Kelly.	Lot 14, blk 17, Paul Tract H'd	500
Nathan Porter to W M Leman.....	Se Natoma, 87:6 ne from sw line of 100-vara 203, ne 25x70	2,800
W D Heath to W H Lyon	E 13th, 233:4 s C, s 133:4 x 240	500
Wm A Piper Edgar to B Clark	N Jackson, 150:6 e Powell, e 15 x 62:6	1,500
Diedrich Mangels to J C Bockmann	Se Folsom and 14th, s 50 x e 75, also, leasehold interest in ne Freelon and 400, n 25x75	8,000
A J Cummings to J A Cardinell...	Lots 14, 15, 16 and 17, City Centre H'd; also, Se Noe and 18th, s 50x100	270
Anthony Maraschi to J Coughlin..	E Larkin 80 n Geary, n 23x60	2,500
Henry Ahrens to John W Wilkens	Sw 3d and Brannan, w 75 x s 25	51,000
Josephine S Norcross to G Wesson	Lots 33 and 34, blk 4, People's H'd	300
C C Nahl to H W Arthur Nahl	S Broadway, 137:6 w Montg'y, w 60:9 x s 97:6, subject to mortgage	1,500
Peoples Hd Assn to E W S Coles .	Lots 33 and 34, blk 3, People's H'd	16
Manrice Dore to Richard B Irwin..	Ne Pine & Van Ness Av, n 103:1¾x137:6	46,040
Thos McInerney to Cath Miller ..	E Old San Jose Road, sub lot 293, P Val	510
Sel Ter H'd Ass'n to Cath Strubel	Lots 462 and 463, Silver Ter Hd	891
Chas Mayne to Gustav A Scott....	S Grove w Laguna, 25x120	2,000
L Lercari to Gniseppe Spinetta....	Und ¼ n Francisco w Powell, 22.11x137.6	862
A S Hallidie to G Mitchler	N Sacramento w Jones, 12x68:9	270
J Schwendell to Mary A Chaloner.	E Kearny s Union, 12:2x60	1,000

Friday, January 16th.

Reginald H Smith to E Flanagan..	Und ¼, Nw cor D St and 34th Ave, w 240, n 272:2, n 30 deg 24 min, e 394:1, e 20:6, s 600 to com	....
R R Av Ex H As'n to W L Berry..	Lot 6 blk 39, R R Av Ex H'd	442
Wm L Berry to Julia N Pearsoe...	Same	1
Wm Hogan to Bridget Hogan	S Sac'to 45:10 w fr the e line of 50-vara 1223, w 22:11x137:6; also, N Sac'to 137:6 w Jones, w 20x70	Gift
E Celle to Donald Grant.....	S Tyler, 32:6 w Octavia, w 75x100	6,750
Masonic Cem As'n to C U of S F..	Lots 39, 41, 43, 45, in Sect 5, Oriental Av; also, lots 48, 50, 52, 54, Sec 6, Progress Av, Masonic Cemetery	Gift

Saturday, January 17th.

Edward F Ichon to C H Voight ...	Und ⅛ n Pacific, 169:3⅜ e Dupont, n 137:6x48:10	$ 5
O Kloppenburg to George Shultz .	Ne Franklin and Grove, n 171:10⅜, e 166:9, s 103:1½, w 56:9, s 68:9, thence 110 to commencement	8,000
August Hemme to Maria Barron ..	N O'Farrell, 87:6 w Taylor, n 87:6x25	10,000
Thomas Wallace to J Flanagan ...	12-100 of Rancho Rincon de las Salinas y Potrero Viejo; excepting por within the boundaries of survey patented Dec, 31, 1867, recorded in Book of Patents, folios one ten	1,000
James P Ferguson to Annie Black	Nw Harrison, 85 sw 7th, sw 25x80—subject to mortgage for $1,000	1,000
Wm Wright to Thomas Fallon....	S Union, 152:8 w Hyde, w 21 x s 65	1,700
Masonic Cem Assn to H A Man....	Lots 15 and 17 in Section 22, North Addition to Masonic Cemetery	300
Same to Hermann J Sadler.....	Lot 16, Sect 21, same	200
Odd Fel Cem Assn to H C Elliott..	Lot 17, Yerba Buena Sect Plat 6	41

Monday, January 19th.

W S Edwards to J H Jennings	Lot 5 blk 106, University Mound Tract..	$ 5
Cyrus Packard to J H Leaders.....	Lots 327 to 332 inc, and 334 and 336, Gift Map 3	900
Ferdinand Mantell to H A Wells ..	Lots 26, 27, 28, blk 5, Misn & 30th St E H	5
T D Graham to Eliz'th M Graham .	Und ½ Se Jersey and Castro, e 30 x s 114	750
Benj Goodwin to Mary Donahue ..	N Ellis, 137:6 e Franklin, e 55 x n 120 ..	500
T Donahue to David Hunter	Same	8,000
C Thon to Rob't H Cowan	Se 20th and Treat Av, e 35 x s 95	2,900
Matilda B Petery to J H Smyth	Und ¼ of und ½ n Broadway, 168.9 w Larkin, w 42:9, n 137:6, e 43:9, s 137:6 .	400
E W Burr to F D Cottle	Com at a pt 55 sw 9th and 131:3 se Mission, se 6:3x25	1
Rob't Silvey to Theo H Allen.....	S Jersey, 80 w Noe, w 160 x s 114—lots 12, 14, blk M, Pac Sav and H'd Ass'n	1,000
Joseph McGill to Mary Jane Brady	S cor 8th and Minna, se 53:10 x sw 80...	12,000
J W Haskin to Stillman Putnam ..	Se cor Stockton and Francisco, e 122:6 x s 122:6—subj to mortgage for $7,500 ..	16,000
C H Hoffman to Philo Jacoby	Lot 1316, 1318, 1320, 1322, 1324, 1326, 1328, 1330, 1332 and 1334, Gift Map 2	300
G Abraham to Philip Rosenblum..	Lots 3 and 4, blk 4; Lot 11, blk 19, and lot 4, blk 19, Market St H'd; also, lot 10, blk 7, Noe Garden H'd Union; also, lot 23, blk 92, Buena Vista H'd	3,500

Tuesday, January 20th.

Franklin D Cottle to G L W Strei .	Sw 9th, 131:3 se Mission, se 75x113:4 ...	14,000
Fred C Gummer to Sarah Gummer.	E Stockton 52 n Bush, n 26 x e 40; also, W Stockton, 96:3 n Jackson, w 93:6 x s 20:7½; also, Nw Taylor and Green, n 68:9 x w 137:6; also, E Stockton, 9:6 s Jackson, s 21 x e 78:3	5
Lyon Lipsiz to Fritz Steelarm....	Nw Shipley, 55 sw Harrison and 165 se Folsom, sw 20 x nw 75, subject to mortgage for $800	1,600
Thos S Moffitt to Olynthia Moffitt..	Lot 1 and 4, blk 41, Excelsior H'd	Gift
Same to Same.....	Lot 17, blk 13, Junction H'd	Gift
Wm Morrow to Jos H Jennings...	Lot 2 blk 106, University Mound Survey	5
Jas Thompson to W F Whittier...	N Folsom 91:8 sw Main, sw 45:10x137:6.	5,000
Thos Johnson to John G Druhe ...	Se Dupont and Greenwich, s 27:6 x e 70.	4,000
R S Clyde to John M Byrne	100-vara 21, Lagoon Survey	10
Felton T'ct Hd As'n to Elias Miller	Lot 33, blk 1203, Felton Tract H'd	170

Wednesday, January 21st.

B'd of T L Com'rs to B Gattel.....	Lots 1 to 6 inc and 15 and 16, blk 535, Tide Lands	$ 537
Same to Same.....	Lots 1, 2, 5 to 22 inc and frac'l lots 3, 4, blk 599, Tide Lands	4,560
S L Theller to Peter Bradley	W Jessie, 210 n 18th, n 25 x w 80	700
Sarah Moon to S C Hastings	S 84c to, 375 e Dennim, e 25, s 50 20-100, sw 30.84-100, n 94.10-100 to com	10,000
T A P Brown to John F Brown ...	Se Stockton and Filbert, s 67 x e 75.....	5
T S Russell to W M Fletcher	E Deviso, 100 n Tyler, n 25 x e 90.....	1,000
Silver Ter H Ass to G Slurzenegger	Lots 268 and 269, Silver Terrace H'd	941
Thos S Rosseter to Thos H Day....	E Deviso, 125 n Tyler, n 25 x e 90.....	1,000
Paul Tract H'd Ass'n to J Bergmann	Lots 14 and 15, blk 22, Paul Tract H'd..	1,000
G N Murray to S and L Soc'y.....	Se 22d and Capp, s 80 x e 122.6 lots 37, 38, Red House Tract	5,200
Wm F Price, Jr, to E F Clark	W Seymour Av, 125 s Turk, s 25 x w 90.	1,600
Marg't Caldwell to Fred'k Blessing	W Laguna, 50 s Sutter, w 62:6 x s 25....	1,750
Eliza Nagle to Marg't Caldwell....	Same	1,750
M Rosenbaum to V Strassburger..	N Tyler, 137:6 e Polk, e 57:6, n 110, nw 58, s 115 to com	Gift

Thursday, January 22d.

A Schminker to James Mackey ...	W York 231 s Park, w 100 x s 26	$1,900
Water F'nt L'd Co to C O'Donnell	N 6th Av 100 w I st, w 25x100	750
J Farnan to Patrick Hawley	Sw Moss, 300 se Howard, se 25x75.....	1,750
D F McDonald to S C De Voy.....	1 acre, McDonald Tract	250
Martha S Bell to Augusta Chapman	Lot 7, blk 4, College H'd	200
Wm Hollis to Nicolay Schneider ..	N Rondy, 150 w Carreto, w 25x100	4,100
Same to Martin Detels	Nw Ridley and Pearl, w 30x100.....	5,100
E Granucci to Fred Wieland.....	Nw Tehama, 150 ne 9th, nw 80 x ne 24..	1
Saib Sayman to Michael Joyce	Nw Tehama, 250 ne 9th, ne 25x75	2,500
David Jones to J G James	Und 1-12 sw 1st, 80 s Market, sw 60 x se 75; also, und 1-12 sw 1st 105 se Market, sw along se line Stevenson 80 x se 109; also, und 1-12 se Stevenson, 120 ne 24, se 80 x ne 41	4,000
Roger D Magee to Geo W Boyd ...	Se Hayes and Fillmore, e 22:6 x s 70....	1,250
Wm S McMurty to John H Turney	Und 1-20 North Beach blks 6, 10 and 16; also, 2 feet 50 varas 1510 and 1526 .	5,000
B P Avery to Peter Cunningham ..	Lot 5, Hamilton Square H'd m W A 358.	800

Friday, January 23d.

Noe Garden H Union to W McKee	Lots 9 and 10, blk 12, Noe Garden H'd..	$9,000
City and County S F to Same.....	Sw 22d and Shotwell, s 191, w 122:6, n 96, w 122:6, n 95, e 245 to com	....
Asa M Simpson to G W Frink.....	About 30 acres—portions of blks 841 to 849 inc, all of blk 850, 851, 852, except a piece in blk 852, cor Broadway and Cherry, said blks fronting on Jackson, Pacific, Wash'n and Broadway Sts....	....
Henry Meyerstein to Edw Newman	N Geary, 115 w Dupont, w 15.3x60	21,000
H E Leszynsky to H Rosenberg ...	W Scott, 25 s O'Farrell, s 25 x w 90	600
Ung Oh Fook to Tom Bingjee.....	E Stout Alley, 75 n Wash'n, w 62 x e 68, subject to two mortg's, in all $13,000 .	13,000
Sam'l M Wilson to Chas C Butler .	N O'Farrell, 101:3 w Laguna, w 36:4, n 94:6, e 36:4, s 94:4; also, N Bush, 216:6 e Laguna, e 26 x n 137:6	1
Mary E Gibbs to Anson Averell ...	N O'Farrell, 220 w Mason, w 27:6 x 137:6, sub 50-vara 990; re-record.....	1,950
G S Johnson to Adam Ross.....	Se Pierce and Ellis, e 30 x s 75	1,200
Marg't Farmer to J G Werlin.....	S Geary, 105.6 e Larkin, e 25.6x137.6..	2,900
Rob't Sudden to Cath Sudden	Se Mission and Erie, s 57:9, e 123, n 57:3, w 123 to com.....	Gift
B Getleson to Maurice Enkle	E Stockton 17:6 n Greenwich, n 20:4, e 45:10¼, s 2:6, e 20:11¼, s 5:3¼, e 30:8¾, s 12:6¾, w 67:6 to com	3,000

Saturday, January 24th.

Hillside H'd Ass'n to M A Furger..	Lot 39, blk 118, Hillside H'd.....	$ 500
J C Duncan to John Holahan	Lot 7, blk N, Railroad H'd No. 2.....	[illegible]
R R H'd Ass'n No 2 to Same.....	Lot 6, blk N, same	135
B'd of T L Com'rs to A Heibing...	Lot 1 to 24 inc, blk 721, Tide Lands.....	504
W D Van Buren to Theo A Lord ..	Lots 26 to 30, blk 47, City Land Ass'n...	200
F L A Pioche to C Gettleson.....	Lot 11, blk 43, City Land Ass'n.....	[illegible]
Same to B Gettleson	Lot 12, blk 43, City Land Ass'n	90
Richard S Floyd to Cora L Floyd..	Ne 1st, 103.4½ se Harrison, se 34.1½ x ne 137:6.....	6,500

Monday, January 26th.

Silver Ter H'd As'n to F Weimann	Lots 286 and 287, Silver Terace H'd	$ 891
Same to Julia Weimann	Lots 191, 192, 193, 194, Silver Ter H'd ..	1,878
A J Gunnison to Sophia Teitman	Lots 1239 to 1243 inc, Gift Map 4	500
Henry Pierce to H C Partridge	Ne 11th 100 se Mission, se 75 x ne 100	10,500
Wm Loewy to Katie Pullen	E Franklin 125 n Page, n 25 x e 97:9	2,250
Silv Ter H'd As'n to Kate Allen	Lots 465 and 466, Silver Terrace H'd	1,161
Wm Hollis to Geo Hummel	E Guerrero 225 n Ridley, n 50 x e 80	5,500
Same to Adolp Hofmann	E Pearl 373 n Ridley, n 25 x e 80	2,800
Same to Attokar Hofmann	E Pearl 358 n Ridley, n 25 x e 80	2,800
City and County S F to J Pilling	Sw Pacific and Baker, s 25:10, sw 139:8, sw 264:8, nw 30, ne 208:9, etc	....
Gardner Elliott to A Champion	E Quincy 59 n Pine, n 21 x e 53:6	3,500
College H'd As'n to Elenor Martin	Lots 1, 2, 3, 22, 23 and 24, blk 12, Col Hd	1,800
T H Selby to Simon L Jones	50-vara lots 1, 2 and 3, blk 367, W A	1
Simon L Jones to Thos H Selby	50-vara lots 4, 5 and 6, blk 367, W A	1
Unknown Owners to F Macondray	Nw Minna 117:6 sw 2d, sw 40x80	445
James Otis to Robert McGinley	Nw Minna 60 ne New Montg, ne 40x80	5,300
Reuben Feder to H Herzfelder	Nw Folsom 303 ne 8th, ne 28x100	4,000
Wm Long to Jacob B Forner	E William 87:6 s Geary, s 25x56	1,800
John W Allyne to Wm H White	Und ½ ne Chestnut and Taylor, e 137:6x 77:6; also, machinery, etc, on premises	3,000
A B McCreery to August Drucker	Und ½ N Fulton 137:6 w Devisadero, w 275 x n 275	10

Tuesday, January 27th.

James Johnston to Wm Loan	S Clay 408 e Drumm, e 63, sw 67, nw 73:6 to commencement	$ 1
Wm Hollis to Jas Wands	N Ridley 55 e Guerrero, e 25x75	3,750
Same to Jacob Ulrich	E Guerrero 75 n Ridley, n 25x80	3,750
Same to Martin Teityen	Se Clay and Fillmore, s 27:4½x90:6	1,705
Rich'd B Hall to Josephine Clifford	Lot 7, blk 94, University H'd	400
C P Geritchen to A Fenkhausen	E Fillmore 96 s Waller, s 24x81:3—sub W A 294, re-record	5
Jas Kirby to J B Laporte	Lot 19, Cobb Tract	3
Wm McBrien to Jane Drury	E Howard 1.5 n 21st, n 60x122.6	500
E Celle to Jas Dowling	S Tyler 105 e Laguna, e 35:6x137:6	3,375
Rob't McGinley to Jas Friel	Nw Minna 175 sw 1st, sw 25:5½x80	4,400
W B Swain to John C Horan	Geary 101 w Gough, w 36:6, s 120, e 40:6, n 20, w 4, n 100 to beg	200
John A McQuaid to C W Fox	Lots 12 and 7, blk 436, S S F	1,350
Isidor Gutte to John Miller	W Dupont 77:6 n O'Farrell, n 41, w 120, s 40, e 40, s 1, e 80 to beg, subject to mortgage for $12,000	25,000
C A Castner to David Irwin	W Webster 37:6 s Hayes, s 25, w 80, ne 26, e 75 to com	1,150
Great Park Hd As'n to M Carroll	Lot 31, blk 395, Great Park H'd	250
C A Castner to Alex Ritchie	W Webster 62:6 s Hayes, s 25, W 85, ne 26, e 80 to com	1,150
Marcel Peitrzycki to Jane Sykes	Lots 9 and 10, blk T, R R H'd	270
Geo K Porter to A J Allen	N Ridley 113:6 w West Mission St, w 42, n 94, s 89 degrees, e to a line drawn northerly from the pt of beg and at right angles to Ridley St, etc	....

Wednesday, January 28th.

Chas Maclay to Geo K Porter	Und 1-10 com at sw cor of Jacob Herman's inclosure, as same existed on Jan. 31, '51, which point is designated as point A in a plat of survey made by Milo Hoadley, recorded in Record A, at page 718, etc, containing 48 acs	$3,000
Eugene Celle to Sam'l Asztalos	S Tyler 167:6 e Laguna, e 37:6 x s 137:6	3,450
B'd of T L Com'rs to Jas Sherry	Lot 12 and frac'l lots 11, 13, 17, 18, and 19, blk 89, Tide Lands	1,086
Eugene Celle to A Gotz	S Tyler 142:6 e Laguna, e 25x137:6	2,300
Wm Hollis to D C Bates	W Octavia 60 n Bush, n 30 x w 100	5,000
Same to John W Griffith	S Grove 194 e Webster, e 25 x s 120	4,800
Pt Lobos Av & P H'd to O N Clark	Lots 12 and 13, blk 424, O L	1,350
Geo K Porter to A J Allen	N Ridley 113:6 w West Mission, w 42, n 94, s 89 deg, e to a line drawn at right angles to Ridley St, n from the place of beg, th along s'd line s 88:3 to beg	....
H E McBride to Solomon Levy	E Harrison 286 s 20th, s 26x100	900
P Duffy to L B Benchley	S Frank 117:6 w Mason, w 20x60	15
Timothy Oates to Cath Daly	W Alabama 100 s 25th, s 40x100	1,100
John H Turney to Pat'k Martin	N Bush 177:6 e Laguna, e 40x137:6	3,500
Same to Thos Martin	N Bush 137:6 e Laguna, e 40x137:6	3,500

Thursday, January 29th.

M W Welton to J G Ware	W Buchanan 55 s Cal'a, s 27:6x81:3; also, W Buchanan 110 s Cal'a, s 27:6x81:3	$ 500
Warren Olney to A B McCreery	Nw Fulton and Devisadero, 137:6x137:6	10
August Drucker to Same	Und ½ 50 v lots 2, 3, 4, 5, blk 512, W A	10
Jos S Friedman to Same	Nw Broderick and McAllister, 275x131:6	10
Edwd Commins to Pat'k Hurley	Se Hayes and Webster, e 27:6x120	2,400
B'd of Tide L Com's to W Parsons	Lots 1 to 24, blk 462, Tide Lands	985
Same to Same	Lots 11 and 12, blk 76, Tide Lands	780
Dan'l Fraser to Jas Miller	Lots 12 and 13, blk 131, Terminus H'd	100
Eugene Celle to M H Loewe	N McAllister 105 e Laguna, e 200x137:6	17,000
Geary St Ex H As to W Lawrence	Lots 18 and 21, blk 165, Geary St Ex H'd	700
A C Peachy to Eliz'th Halleck	Und ¼ se Washn and Montg, 137:6x122:6	72,500
Eugene Celle to T Brannan	N McAllister 82:6 w Octavia, w 25x100	2,200
G S Haskell to Pat'k Feeney	S Pine 82:6 Buchanan, e 27:6x112:6	1,200

Friday, January 30th.

B'd of T L Com'rs to L Levinsky	Lots 9 to 20 inc, blk 713, Tide Lands	$ 189
Phillip Schwerdt to W E Young	N ½ of lot 23, S F H'd, 4th purchase—30:6 on Fair Oaks St x 117:6	900
Veit Popper to T P Riordan	E De Haro 66:8 s Sonoma, s 33:4x100	1
Otis J Preston to J J McKinnon	Und ½ ne Hammond St and Only Pl, n 62:6 along Hammond St x e 45	1
August Drucker to Jos Wores	Ne cor Fulton and Broderick, n to McAllister, e 275, s 275, w 275 to com	10
Thos Nunan to Nora Daly	Lot 10, blk 18, R R Av H'd	1
Wm R McKee to Dan'l Coffey	Sw 22d and Shotwell, s 26x98	1,500
B'd of T L Com'rs to S L Jones	Lots 6 to 12 inc, 17 to 21 inc, and frac lot 4, 5, 13, 14, 15, 16, 22, 23, blk 488, T L	2,748
F Feuerstein to Mich'l Gorman	N 22d 125 w Dolores, w 25x100	525
E J Delaney to C W Davenport	N Jackson 137:6 w Laguna, 137:6x127:8¾	1
Mory Delaney to Same	Same	6,000

Saturday, January 31st.

A B McCreery to J S Freidman	Und ¼ sw Devisadero and McAllister, s 137:6x137:6	$ 10
H Rosenberg to Ellen Galvin	W Scott 25 s O'Farrell, s 25x90	650
Silver Ter Hd As'n to R Jackson	Lots 9 and 10, Silver Terrace H'd	646
Jas Daly to Pat'k Hartigan	W cor Howard and 1st, nw 25 x sw 80, subject to mortgage for $12,000	10,000
Dan'l McDevitt to J H Meredith	N Jersey 175 e Church, e 59x114	Grant
A Widman to Herman Fischer	N Howard 75 e 4th, e 50x100	5,000
Chas Harryman to J Wilmerding	Se Broderick and Union, e 137:6x137:6	3,000
A C Austin to Jas Macken	Lots 67 to 70 inc, Haladay Map A	320
City and County S F to C Elliott	Ne Colusa and Missouri, n 50x100	....
Thos Nelson to Stephen S Tilton	Nw Green and Scott, n 275x275; also, nw Scott and Vallejo, n 275x275, being 50 v 1, 2, 5 and 6, in W A 468, and 1, 2, 5 and 6, in W A 469	5
Stephen S Tilton to A R Baldwin	Same	18,000
Eben Johnson to Same	Nw Union and Scott, n 275x137:6; also, nw Filbert and Scott, n 206:3x137:6	11,000
Isaac Jessup to Same	Ne Union and Broderick, e 43:9x275	1,400
Lewis P Sage to Same	N Vallejo 190 w Devisadero, w 213:6, n 275, e 69:3¾, s to com; also, ne Green and Broderick, e 32:11, nw to Broderick, s 61:8 to commencement	3,750
A G Abell to Masonic Hall Ass'n	Nw Montg and Pine, w 160x75, re-record	....
Wm Blanding to Michael Reese	Nw Market 43:6¼ sw Battery, nw 10¾ inch, sw 73:10¾, s 61:6¾, ne 98:3¾ to beginning	40,000
Pierre V Merle to City and Co S F	S Broadway 137:6 e Dupont, e 23 x s 80	7,000
Edward Martin to Wm Merz	E Buchanan 96 n Hayes, n 24x83:3	1,500
Daniel Ryan to Wm A Bolinger	Com at inter of the fence on the w l of Ryan Tract with gov't fence wh runs along s l of Presidio reservat'n, th e 5 ch x s 40 ch, cont'g 2 acs; also, com at a pt 10 ch e of inter of fence on w l of Ryan Tract, with the fence s line of Presidio Reservat'n, etc	....
W A Bolinger to D B Spangler	Same	....
Wm Hollis to Morris Cohen	N Ridley 30 e Guerrero, e 25x75	3,750
Jas Wideman to Elise Wideman	E Webster 127:6 n Wash'n, n 25:6x80	Gift
Edward Landers to John Landers	Nw cor Noe and 16th, n 115x60	1
John Landers to Edward Landers	Und ¼ same	1
Same to Same	Und ¼ sw Bacon and Knox, w 120x100	1
Amelia Jones to Hugh Devinney	Ne cor Silver Av and King, n 150x97	1,000

Monday, February 2d.

John Monahan to Jas Lough	Nw Mission 108 sw 1st, sw 24x58—sub 100-vara 1	$5,500
Laurel Hill Cem'ty As'n to T Moore	Lot 2015, Laurel Hill Cemetery	192
V Wackenreuder to N Ohlandt	N 24th 100 e Potrero Av, e 50x100—lots 17 and 18, blk 81, P N	1,500
Thos Boyce to J B Painter	W Kentucky, 200 n Colusi, n 50x200—sub blk 398, Golden City H'd	1,600
Edw Martin to W G Buchanan	E Buchanan, 75 n Hayes, n 24x81:3	1,100
Silver Ter Hd Ass'n to H McNamara	Lot 367, Silver Terrace H'd	380
R Murdoch to Alfred A Green, Jr.	Und 5 acs—com at the center of Sec 24, T'p 2 S, R 6 W, th w 40 ch x 22 ch	5,000
Alfred A Green, Jr, to J Ricketson	Same	1,500
R R Provines to C C Moore	S Clay, 81:11 w Kearny, w 30x120—sub 50-vara 29 and 30	10
J H Fish to National G B & T't Co	W Front 91:8 s Jackson, s 45:10x137:6—B and W 66	18,000
Same to Same	N Jackson 52 e Drumm, n 40x20	4,000
Isaac Harding to Jabish Clement	S Bush 137:6 w Laguna, e 25x137:6	1,600
T P Riordan to Thos McC Harvey	W Vermont n Nevada, 33:4x100	$1,175
S I C Swezey to J B Felton, Excrs	S Fell w Laguna, 82:6x120	1
Harrison St Hd Assn to Geo Miller	Lots 30 and 31, blk 142, Harrison St Hd.	1,600
A W Macpherson to Donald Fraser	Se Bush and Hyde, 87:6x87:6	1
David E Buell to Nina L Buel	Undiv ½ se Harrison, 50 sw Rincon Pl, sw 75, se 150, ne 52, nw 7, ne 73, nw 10, sw 50, nw 133 to com—sub 200-v 74	Gift
Wm J Richardson to John A Russ	S Turk w Deviso, 75x137:6	9,000
George W Dam to Alphonso Dam	W Larkin s Sacramento, 50x100	5
F L A Pioche to Eliz F Blaisdell	Lots 45 and 46 blk 18, City Land Ass'n.	190
August Drucker to Jos S Friedman	Und 1-6th n Fulton w Deviso, 275x275	10
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to O Heman	Lot 14 blk 427, Tide Lands	91
Martha S Ball to U'n Ld & B Co	Sundry lots in south part of city	....
H P Gallagher to Rich'd Dowdell	S Hayes e Octavia, 25x120	2,800
M M Rollins to James C Kemp	E Mission n 14th, 25x80, sub M B 20	2,000
Sil Ter Hd As'n to J Laufenberg	Lots 200 and 201, Silver Terrace Hd	1,771
Golden City H'd to J G Klumple	W Pennsylvania Ave s Yolo, 50x100	35
Ed Leonard to John Wieland	Sw 10th Av nw E st, 25x100, S S F Hd	100
Jean Lacheaux to P Sontade	E Pollard Place, 117:6 n Vallejo, 20x58:6,	....
E L Sullivan to John E Magee	Subdiv 50-v 220	1,000
Wm Warner to Thos Hendry	25x120, subdiv O L 273	400
E A Sheldon to Lucy Smith	Lot 6 blk 5, Cosmopolitan Homestead	700
Michael Hayes to Eugene Celle	S Pine, 54:3 w Fillmore, 27x77:6	650
C F Marwedel to Christ Stallmann	Sw Tyler and Octavia, 412:6 x 8 inches	1

Tuesday, February 3d.

Patk Healey to John Louis Cahill	E Larkin, 77:6 n Union, n 20x60	$ 500
Chas C Nahl to A C W Nahl	Sundry properties in various parts city.	Gift.
Same to same	Sundry Outside Lands	Gift
F C Gray to Sadie Monks	E Dupont n Pacific, 27:3x58	5
Bernard Cook to Catherine Cook	E Columbia n 23d, n 26x100	1
John Grant to Jas Brereton	Nw Folsom sw Beale, 25x137:6	6,500
Chas Koch to Chas W Welby	Lots 22, 23, 24 blk 210, Gardenville H'd.	1,100
Geo Bosenberg to H Rosenberg	Lots 6 and 7 blk 2 Mission & 30th st Hd.	1,100
H E Leszynski to same	Lot 4 blk 137, University Ex Hd	500
Jas H Cutter to John Hill	Sw Sutter and Hyde, w 116:6x100	17,475
Jane A Cutter to same	Same	5
G Blau to City and County S F	Streets and highways	....
Visita'n Val Hd to F G Cummings	Lot 104, Visitacion Valley Hd	250
Same to same	Lot 685, Gift Map 2	5
J H Turney to L M Graham	Nw Clay and Walnut, n 127:8¼x137:6—W A 814	2,500
Sidney L Johnson to L Quint	Se Bay and Polk e 137:6x137:6—sub W A 30	5
L Quint to Francis S Spring	Same	500
E E Koch to George Brown	Se Masonic Ave and McAllister, e 237:6 x137:6—sub W A 650	4,000
E N Riotte to Louis Lekens	Lot 4, West End Hd	500
Silver Ter Hd Ass'n to J Ewing	Lots 372, 373, 374 and 375, Silver Terrace Homestead	440
Same to Jos Fisher	Lots 16, 17, 18 and 19, same	1,330
Same to Joseph Fischer	Lots 157 and 158, same	886
Same to same	Lots 57 and 58, same	721
Same to James Ewing	Lot 190, same	680
Same to Alice Ewing	Lots 455 and 456, same	886
Same to James Ewing	Lot 253, same	505
Same to Alice Ewing	Lots 334, 335, 336 and 337, same	300
City and County S F to G Blau	E Capp 200 n 24th, n 34:1½, ne 123:7½, s 51:9 inch, w 122:6 to commencement, being subdiv M B 154	....

Wednesday, February 4th.

Jas M Lord to Chris Nolmann	S California w Fillmore, 25 3x87 6	$ 300
Robt Morrow to O R Pearson	S Sutter 100x 106	50
Jas Welch to Thos Conlon	Lot 25 Mission St R R Hd	180
Reese Llewellyn to Car Llewellyn	E Juice n Pine, 20x60	1
C F Woodhams to Jos G Kittredge	Nw cor Broadway & Lowest etc, W A	809 2,100
John A Brown to F L Wilke	N Greenwich e Powell, 40x91 6	6,000
John Conry to Jas Day	Nw Stuart sw 3d, 75x25	3,600
Wm Norris to Chas Reed County S F	Nw Lombard nw Hayward etc, sub 100x 11	5
Charles H Rea to same	1 Webster s Pine, 21 5x21 4	1
Solomon Strem to Nicholas C Lahtz	S Sacramento w Front, 22x111 8	7,500
Sawyer Per Ass'n to D Brawley	Lots 202 and 203, Sawyer Terrace Hd	761
Same to Same	Lots 191 and 192 of same	991
Same to Hannah Wetherby	Lots 208 and 209 of same	926
J C & E Coleman to N D Arnot, Jr	Certain property in W A	10
Miranda C Wade to Jas Andrews	Lot 25, 28, 29, 30, blk 76, City L'd Ass'n	120
Say & Lee Soc to Mat Conway	S Parker, Potrero, 25x137 6	3,500
Jas Mc Conway to Geo L Bradley	Sw 3d nw Jessie, nw 40x80	11,000
Board Tide Ld Comrs to Ferd Reis	Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, blk 430, Tide Lands	2 016

Thursday, February 5th.

Silver Ter Hd Ass'n to M Wagner	Lots 185 and 186, Sawyer Terrace Hd	$ 761
Same to same	Lots 84 and 85 of same	851
Same to same	Lots 414, 415, 416 and 417 of same	1,824
R A Sawyer to Wm Hollis	Sw Pierce and Lesly, w 25, s 27 5, e etc	15,000
Edward Martin to same	50 x 2 and 3 blk 132, W A	5
M S Wetherbee to Lucie W Peckham	Lot 24 blk 8, People's Hd Assn	10
Wm Eagle to Avery Chenevard	Ne Geneva Ave se Howard, 2 x100	250
Amasa B Andrews to Wm Carl	S Sherman nw Jones, 27 6x60	3,000
Thos Kelly to Peter Kehoe	Lot 338, Gift Map 3	300
Anthony Eudaimon to Maurice Dore	Nw Howard sw 2d, 82 6x80	5,500
D P Marshall to S M Dameron	W Larkin n California, 60 3x137 6	5,100
Frank to Deeds to D P Marshall	Copy't at a pt 141 3 n Cal w Larkin 37x10	1
Benj Curtis to John P Lowell	S Eddy e Van Ness, 34 4x120	5,000
Same to Wm B Sumner	S Eddy, e Van Ness, e 34 4x120	5,000
Chas H Sawyer to H H Haight	8e Mission sw Beale, 137 6x75	1
J Wise and Jr to Dorothea Wieland	Nw Tehama nw 9th, 50x 75 6	Gift
Thos Young et als to C H Sawyer	Beach and Water lots No 346, 347 and 348	
S L Simonton to S Campodonico	N Lurton e Van Ness Ave, e 50, n 29, etc	5
M O Brien to Joseph Leggett	W Dolores s 22d, 26x125	1,000
Jos Ambrose to Michael Kelly	Lots 1, 2 and 3, blk 1, Bella Roche City	1,200
Michael Hanabry to same	Se Natoma, 100 sw 2d, 20x80	3,000

Friday, February 6th.

David Kane to Emanuel Raas	S Clay w Scott, 25x127 8½	$ 600
Wm Hollis to Edwin Davis	N Redwood e Guerrero, 25x100	4,100
Daniel Meyer to Henry M Nathee	N Broadway, 61 6 e Sansome, 15x80	1
Henry M Nathee to John Hinkins	Same	6,000
Great Paris Hd Assn to John Evans	Lot 24 blk 366, Great Park Hd	250
Mrs E Elizabeth Parr to J McKenzie	Lots 43 and 44, blk 5, Garden Tract Hd	780
J McKenzie to J P Corneau	Same	800
Chas Huber to John Esa	N Ivy e Fillmore, 25x120	1,000
W Bucks to Matilda Roberts	Nw Harrison sw 4th, 20x80, subj to mort	2,200
Wm C Ryston to Martha A Dillon	Lagunes Rancho de las Salinas y Potrero Viejo	5
Wm Hollis to Geo A Bartlett	E Pearl n Riley, 25x80	2,800
Paul Tract Hd Assn to L M Lynch	Lot 1 blk 9 Paul Tract	300
R Pelton to Isabel Guthe	Dupont s Sutter, 25x100	12,500
P B Hood to Hugh Clarke	N Ellis e Buchanan, e 25, n 120, w etc	1,000
M Guerin to Daniel Cook	N cor Mission and 3d, 20x57	33,000

Saturday, February 7th.

Chas H Sawyer to N D Arnot, Jr	N Pine e Van Ness Ave, e 33x137 6	$ 10
Peter Wintbeck to Wm McCrindle	Lots 301, 302, 303, 304, Gift Map 3	1,200
Geo N Chevers to Thos McInerney	Subdiv P N blk 256	600
Wm Hargrave to Daniel J Doonan	S Shipley w Harrison, 25x75	1,000
Lulie Stedman to Wm Booth	N Moulton P'n w Montgomery, 22 6x83 6	1,000
John Lacy to John McGuire	Se Lompoc ne 4th, ne 20x60	2,350
Wm Bosworth to same	Se Louisa ne 4th, 7x60	3
Robt Wilson to C C Voorath	E cor Mission and 13th, se 91 3, ne etc	6
Geo R Porter to same	Ne Mission and 13th, 91x137 6	
Bd Tide Land Comrs to M F Jones	Subdiv of blk 388, Tide Lands	786
Martin Bassett to R H Hathaway	Und half n 20th w Guerrero, 75x114	1,950
R H Hathaway to Martin Bazzini	Und half n 20th w Guerrero, 50x114	1,300
F S Wenstrom to Arthur Waters	Nw County and Polk, 75x120	12,500
John McGeachan to Henry Epstein	N Post e 2 w Dupont, 25x74	11,500
J J Perkins to W R Crawford	Lot 14 blk 366, S S P Hd and R R Assn	3,000
C E Driscoll to Peter Donahue	Blocks 844 and 847, Tide Lands	300

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
E C Dunning to E S Thomas	Oakland: N line of 14th street 140 west from Jefferson thence w 40x103:9	$1,650
W F Gladding to F Delger	Same: 133:3x100 nw corner of 28th and Magnolia	250
H Clark to E J Kelly	Same: W line Valley 103 s from Elm th s 60x150	4,000
E J Kelly to H & E Clark	Same: Same premises	4,500
T B Bigelow to P Flynn	Same: E line Lewis 125 s from R Roads thence s 25x125	500
D McDougal to N Murphy	Same: E line of West st 50 s from 28th st thence s 25x90	250
T B Bigelow to J Lawton	Same: 25x96 sw cor R R Av and Chester	500
G L Purdy to Daly & Ward	Same: 26 Filbert by 130	....
D McDougal to A N Gularte	Same: 50x90 sw corner 28th and Gross	500
A Hariague to M Hefly	Same: E line Franklin 75 n from 5th st n 25x75	1,250
Whitcher & Gurnett to E Donahey	Same: E line Grove 100 s from 28th st th s 25x84	200
Pac Mut L Ins to J A Bradshaw	Same: S line 8th street 50 w from Myrtle w 75x102	2,160
F G Law to W D Clark	Same: N line Sycamore 950 w from Telegraph thence w 128x216:4	3,500
J F Havens to P H Sumner	Same: N line 12th st 87:6 e from Brush e 62:6x100; also e l Louisa 211:6 s from 24th st th s 52x230 to Union	9,000
H S Hudson to V T de Fremery	Same: E line Chestnut 100 n from West Tenth street th n 151x132; also 200x300 bounded by 11th, 12th, Castro & Brush	26,800
H S Hudson to same	Same: Same	5
J de Fremery to H S Hudson	Same: N line 11th st 100 w from Castro w 50x100	5
E Clough to T Beck	Same: S line of west 14th st 50 w from Filbert thence w 30x95:6	700
J Yule to W Wagner	Same: 104x111:8 sw corner of 8th and Campbell	3,250
A J Snyder to Oakland B'k of Sav	Same: E line of Ruby 100 s from Weston st thence s 50x100	1
S & L Soc to W H Mitchell	Same: Lot 26, 50x120:3, Brown Tract	2,135
R Davis to J Davis	Same: N line of Caledonia 229:4 e from Grove th e 50x143:2	Gift
E Chanderean to Burnham et al	Same: S line 2d st 150 e from Clay th e 50x100	2,500
C O Williams to R Fillmore	Same: N line 21st st 100 w from Brush thence w 50x100	625
J Peterson to P Boogar	Same: E l Franklin, 75 n fr 7th, thence n 25x75	1,000
W F Kelsey to G J Nicholson	Same: 50x100, nw cor Grove and Elm	1,500
F de St Germain to T de St Germain	Same: 50x75, nw cor Broadway and 3d, 200x75, bounded 3d & 4th, w by Clay 50x75, ne cor 5th and Clay	5,000
P S Wilcox to E Gordon	Same: 43:4 on 21st, 126 on 22d, by 300, bet Broadway and Telegraph	3,500
Same to Same	Same: E l Telegraph, 50 s fr 22d, thence s 100x125	2,500
J Chart to A Michel	Same: Lot, 18, blk V, North Addition	:5
Whitcher & Taylor to F Hinckley	Same: 16:10x452.7, se cor 26th & S Pablo	1,303
H Tubbs to J B Scotchler	East Oakland: Blocks 77 and 78, Clinton	1
P M McLaren to L J Martin	Same: N w l Benton, 50 sw fr Jackson, thence 50x150	....
E C Sessions to W & J Sheperd	Same: 5 acres, plot 7, Watson Tract	1
A J Snyder to Oakland B of Sav	Same: N l East 21st, 200 e fr 21st Ave, thence e 125x280	1
E Taylor to M Faye	Same: Se l Clay, 150 ne from Franklin, thence ne 50x100	2,600
J Nagle to F G Nagle	Same: Blks 1, 11, and part 18, Clinton	100
C E Chipman to C M Haley	Alameda: S line Pacific Ave, 65.6 e from Euclid, thence e 97:6x153:9	570
J A Mix to N Walker	Same: Lot 6, blk 21, Alameda Park	5
E J Carlsson to C Anderson	Same: N l Encinal Ave, 100 e fr Willow, thence e 50x150	200
W E Brown to M A Rittenhouse	Same: Lots C & D, blk 9, Alameda Park	600
C E Chipman to M Hogan	Same: E l Euclid, 61:6 s fr Pacific, thence s 92:3x131; also, 92:3x52:6, ne cor Euclid and Pacific	1,450
Same to J F Bulbwinkel	Same: 61:6x65:5, se cor Pacific & Euclid	541

M Curtis to W M Brown	Oakland: 100x100, nw cor 20th & Curtis	$2,900
Same to P Haley	Same: N 1 21st, 50 e fr Curtis, thence e 25x100	500
Jennie Stewart to C W Schroder	Same: E 1 Broadway, 75 n fr 6th, thence n 25x125	4,350
W & F Gagan to G W Hume	Same: 125x53:8, se cor Telegraph Ave & 21st	5,000
G W Armes to G Meredith	Same: W 1 Alice, 1104 n fr 12th, thence n 78x180	3,000
G H Chick to E De Voy	Same: 103:9x50, ne cor 15th & Jefferson	7,000
M Curtis to Dutton	Same: 300x200, bounded by 20th, 21st, West, and Curtis	7,000
P Hd Assn to G W Armes	Same: 174x150, sw cor Locust and Webster	689
G M Fisher to C H Twombly	Same: 100x75, sw cor 11th and Webster; also, 25x25, sw cor thereof	10,000
S E Alden to E F Thayer	Oak and Tp: Lot 125, 56x120, Temescal Park Tract	250
G Andrade to H W Carpenter	Same: 4 acs, on San Pablo Ave, 4 miles n from Oakland	500
A A Russell to Daniel Wilson	Same: 23 acres, same locality	3,000
W H Cummings to E B Mastick	Same: Same premises	500
J Everding et al to A A Watkins	Same: 22 acres, same locality	5,000
J T Stratton to Berkley V Hd Assn	Same: 15 acres, part plot 84	.....
A Schottler to Julia Schottler	Same: Lot 93, blk 11, Regent S Hd Tract	Gift
A W Simpson to W Striby	Same: Lot 6, blk 7, College Hd	500
Oakland Hd Assn to C P Gaily	Same: Lot 77, blk 4, Maxwell Tract	5
C D Anderson to R Cornell	Same: 100x50, ne cor College and Yard	200
N B Byrne to J W H Campbell	Same: 5 acres, part plot 84	5
J W H Campbell to E P Thomas	Same: Same premises	900
J T Stratton to Same	Same: 9 acres, part plot 84	3,150
L W Kimball to H C Banta	Same: Lot 4, K mball Tract, S Pablo Av	275
G O Davis to W Eppelsheimer	Same: Lot 5, blk 4, S N Hd Tract	500
I H McCourtney to J Jeffery	Same: 50x105, nw cor 44th & Telegraph Ave	675
H K Moore to H W Carpentier	Same: Tract on S Pablo Rd 4 miles n fr Oakland	10
E Adams to S D Congblin	Same: Tract on and near S Pablo Ave 4 miles n fr Oakland	55,000
A Chabot to Theodore Leroy	Same: 80 acres of an undivided 2,800 acs of Hill land	4,000
Berkeley V Hd Assn to C C Brier	Same: Lot 27, 60x290, B V Hd Assn	610
C Moher to J Barker	Same: 29 acres, part plot 33	1,200
H S Fitch to C M & A E Rimkle	Brooklyn Tp. Various lots in Fitchburg	5,000
J O'Connor to Charles E Blake	Same: 5 acres, San Leandro Road, near Hight St	20,000
G W Dam to L L Baker	Same: 59 acres on Moraga Road	150
J E Brethen to Brooklyn P Hd Asn	Same: A tract on Redwood Road	5
John Dabner to M Franklin	Same: A tract	125
A & G Mayrisch to A Schroeder	Alameda: 118x240, nw cor Parn & Santa Clara Ave, near Encinal Station	5
Jose Salinas to A D Splivalo	Pleasanton: 160 acres	150
G E Smith to George Cannon	Same: Lot 2 and part of 9, blk J	200
A Bernal to C Duerr	Same: 30 acres	502
George Cannon to G B Bowman	Same: Lot 1, blk J	150
Gregorio Gomix to A D Splivalo	Same: 153 acres	150
W Y Hornet to H Davis	Washington Corners: 6 acres	925
Same to A D Biggs	Same: 5 acres	758
W Y Horner to H Crowell	Same: About 271x157	240
F D Atherton to L A Preda	San Lorenzo: 6 ½ acres	1,400
W Meek to J K Missen	Same: 40x130	150
T Livingston to F Bertram	Same: 1⅛ acres	5,175
A D Splivalo to J K Missen	Livermore: Lots 7 and 8, blk 30	225
Same to C Christianson	Same: Lots 5 and 6, blk 37	225
S B Martin to P and T Kelly	Same: 354 acres, 4 miles nw from Liv	13,268
Same to Wm Knox	Same: 320 and 360 acres, same locality	25 948
Same to M Devaney	Same: 310 acres, same locality	10,844
Same to A Baker	Same: 2,078 acres, same locality	62,349
G Cannon to J Gooby A & S Silk	Same: 306 and 149 acres	3,400
W M Mendenhall to C Acker	Same: 7, 8, and 9, blk 18	200
E J Robinson to R McGlashin	Same: 168 acres, 7 miles se from Liv	4,750
C McLaughlin to George Cannon	Same: 306 acres, 10 miles ne from Liv	1
H E Babbet to E Dyer	Same: 160 acres, 6 miles ne from Liv	1,800
A D Splivalo to J L Mitchel	Same: Lot 8, blk 19	100
W M Mendenhall to A A Overacker	Same: Fractional blk 16	50
Joseph Peter to F Peter	Near Dublin: 160, 5 miles nw from Dub	700
S B Martin to J Galway	Near same: 376 acres	22,536
S R & L W Snow to T Gill	San Leandro: 2½ acres	900
John Dabner to Joseph Cabral	Same: Lots 3 to 6, blk B, Dabner Addn	1,000
A B Lopes to John Matthews	Same: 8 acres on San Leandro Creek	2,000

Haywood Park Hd to J Callaghan.	Haywood: Lots 20 to 22 and 3, blk 5, H P H Tract	1,000
		900
F D Atherton to Trustees L Tree..	Near same: 34 acres	250
Haywood P Hd to C Moneypenny .	Same: Lot 7, blk 3, 100x150, H P Tract..	250
Same to M J Kelso	Same: Lot 6, blk 3, 100x150, same	1,350
J Bennet to D Adams	Same: Lot at Haywood	5,000
H Curtner to A Kerr	Near Mission San Jose: 36 acres	....
A J Tyler to L E Osgood	Near same: 5 acres	....
H Curtner to R Riley	Washington Tp: 2 acres	8,775
Edward Chevassus to A Machado..	Near Alvarado: 72 acres on Alameda Ck	900
E Pacheco to E Chevassus	Same: 65 acres on Alameda Creek	6,000
M Walker to M J Suares	Near Centreville: 41 acres	1,875
M J Suares to M G Day	Same: 12 acres	....
Leuba & Menu to H C Clark	Same: Various lots near High and S F Bay; also, wharf Franchise, same locality	600
J W Watson to B A Watson	Same: 75x125 e cor Strode and Harrison	3,000
J E Johnson to H Trenbly	West Oakland: S line Goss 105:7 w from Wood, thence w 75x104	4,500
W B Clement to J R Spring	Alameda: 2 lots on Pacific and Railroad ave and Euclid	150
C E Chipman to C Bartlett	Same: W line Euclid 84:6 s from Pacific, thence s 100x22	220
Same to J R Spring	Same: E line Euclid 153:9 s from Pacific, thence s 30v9x195; also, N line Pacific 99 e from Euclid, thence e 96x53:6	860
Same to W G Flynn	Same: 52:6x22 nw cor Pacific and Euclid	180
F S & J R Spring to C E Chipman	Same: 2 acres Euclid and Pacific	50
J C Whipple to Cypress Cem'ty	Road from Niles to Haywood: 10 acres.	1,250
Snyder & Chapin to E P Heald	Brooklyn T'p: ⅛ int 2 tracts, 11 acs each	2,500
T Shelden to S Levy	Livermore: Lots 5 and 6 in blk 17	250
J McDavett to H Levy	Same: Lot 5 in blk 15	165
A D Splivalo to W Singwitz	Same: Lot 12 in blk 11	125
W P Keenan to A Esden	Pleasanton: 200x254	225
Cal B S Co to W F and J M Ingalls	Alvarado: 50 acs on Alameda Creek	10,000
T LeRoy to F J Silva	San Leandro: 100x150	300
A Menges to C Mohr	Near Mount Eden: A tract	13,600
C McLaughlin to J Ignacio	3 miles nw from Dublin: 160 acres	1,120
T Leonard to C Leonard	Fitchburg: Lots 5, 6 and 7 in blk 9	600
M J Bird to R Simeon	Haywood: 1-6th interest in 90 acres	1
N Willet to F J Clark	Near Livermore: 160 acres	380
W Hoskins to J M Valdez	Oakland: Tract marsh on Lake Merritt .	100
C McLaughlin to S F & O Water Co	Near Mission San Jose: 440 acres	2,775
W Carroll to H H Lawrence	Brooklyn T'p: 1-6th acre near Sousal Ck	30
S U H'd Ass'n to E A Read	Oakland Tp: Lot 2 in blk S U H'd T'ct.	550
P J Bachelder to F Basham	Oakland: 130x52:10 se cor Market & 17th	3,000
J Ranzell to E J Lowell	Same: 100x150 nw cor Jackson and 9th.	8,900
A K P Harmon to E W Woodward	Same: E line Harrison 1014 n from 14th st, thence n 78x150	2,700
L J Starkweather to A G Ainsworth	Same: N line 10th st 107 w from Castro, thence w 43x100	4,500
Central Land Co to A V de Freitos	Same: Lot 38, Brown Tract	600
C B Rutherford to M Viard	Same: S line 16th st 30 e from Clay, th e 30x103:9	925
W H Lowell to E I Lowell	Same: 100x150 nw cor 9th and Jackson.	Gift
Pacific M Ins Co to E Caderalader.	Same: 50x123:3 se cor Filbert and 8th...	1,910
Same to C P O'Neil	Same: E line Filbert 125:3 s from 8th st, thence s 50x125	1,300
Same to L Lisinoine	Same: S line 8th st 100 e from Filbert, thence e 25x102:6	800
Same to E S Denison	Same: 50x101:4 sw cor Myrtle and 8th; also, W line Myrtle 101:4 s from 8th st, thence s 25x125	2,400
Same to A G Sinclair	Same: W line Myrtle 75 n from Railroad Av, thence n 75x125	2,000
N Giamboni to M Giamboni	Same: N line Seward 140 w fr Willow, thence w 50x135	Gift
F W F Scholl to N Giamboni	Same	2,500
E Tripp to E Avery	Same: 175:6x104 sw cor 21st and Broadway	8,000
M Dore to R H Bennett	Same: 100x150 se cor 11th and Madison.	5
W H Friend to E Babson, Jr.	Same: E line Harrison 1494 n from 12th st, thence n 78x150	3,000
Central Land Co to H H Burrell..	Same: Lot 39, Brown Tract	575
G C Potter to G E Gray	Same: ⅛ int w line Adeline 122:2 n f'm 1st st, thence s to creek x 266:6	12,500
W H Friend to S H Tompkins	Same: E line Harrison 778 n from 14th, thence n 78x150	2,500
E Babson, Jr, to Same	Same: E line Harrison 856 n from 14th st, thence n 78x150	2,600

O T Spaulding to C H Allison	Oakland: W line Chester 144 s from 5th, thence s 31:3x125	$ 1
B Maloon to J W Coleman	Same: 75x100 ne cor Brush and 8th sts	6,000
V P Terry to B Maloon	Same: Same	5
C D Bates to F A Cornor	Same: 80x150 e line Franklin n fr 14th	3,100
Wm Sohst to F Blake	Same: 50x75 se cor Broadway and 10th	15,000
Stephen Towan to M Stuart	Same: 25x100 w l Franklin 135 n fr 13th	1,500
J D How to S D Harris	Same: 50x75 se cor Harrison and 9th sts	4,100
Ed Hackett to C W Keene	Same: E line Franklin 50 n from 8th st, thence n 50x75	4,000
A P Wagner to A Herbst	Same: S line 5th st 125 w from Grove, thence w 25x100	600
J C Hays to E Hayes	Same: 24x100 sw cor Market & West 5th	900
W F Dinsmore to D M Baldwin	Oakland: N line 15th st 100 w from Clay, thence w 50x103:9	2,000
P C Bassett to H B Hobson	East Oakland: 75x150 n cor Humbert and Benton streets	1,000
John O'Connor to Eliz Rhoda	Same: Ne line Adams 100 nw fr Contra Costa, thence nw 50x140	1,000
J V Webster to G Decke	Same: Ne line Monroe 225 se fr Walker, thence se 75x100	1,000
Jacob Frederick to L M Shew	Same: Nw line Fremont 50 ne fr Monroe, thence ne 60x100	750
J P LeCount to J C DeVoy	Oakland T'p: Lot 5 in blk 3, State University H'd Tract	100
Same to Same	Same: Lot 2 in blk 4, same	100
J B Watson to Berkeley L & T I As	Same: A tract on San Pablo R'd 4 miles n from Oakland	10
J C Coughlin to Same	Same: Same premises	10
Berkeley L & T I Ass'n to H Durant	Same: 157 acres w line San Pablo R'd 4 miles n from Oakland	10
L M Peralta to Berkeley L & T I A	Same: A tract on San Pablo R'd 4 miles n from Oakland	10
H Durant to Same	Same: 157 acres w line San Pablo R'd 4 miles n from Oakland	....
C P Warren to A E Mead	Same: Lot 4 in blk V, Vernon Park	400
J Stratton to R B Nixon	Same: Lot 25, 52x100, Linden H d	300
Antoine Borel to J S Smith	Alameda: S line San Jose Av 250 w f'm Willow, thence w 50x150	....
N W Chittenden to W B Clement	Brooklyn T'p: 18 acs on se line High st and Melrose	1
Joel Russell to C Mohr	109 acs R'd Haywood to Sampson's Ldg	....
T J Edmondson to A B Grogan	559 acs on Polomares Creek n'r Hayw'd	10,000
J Brophy to T J Edmondson	250 acres on Polomares and San Lorenzo Creek, near Haywood	3,898
C Maasberg to Benj Edin	Haywood: 100x225	575
L Castro to F Noie	Same: 269:8x200	300
J H Bernal to M S Silva	Pleasanton: 55x100	200
W Y Horner to K McLean	Washington Corners: 1 acre	800
J Kottringer to C P R R Co	Strips of land near Livermore	112
A C Jenks to J Thomson	160 acres 5 miles ne from Livermore	1,600
J O'Regan to A J Goech	San Leandro: 9¾ acres	3,667
A J Gladding to Trust'ss O B of Sav	Oakland: Block L, Peralta H d Tr'st	1
R Perrin to C H Pollard	Washington T'p: The A B Forbes place	1,425
J H Van Reed to C Westphal	Same: N line 20 st 100 w fr Broadway, thence w 50x100	2,000
A Plaum to H K F Konecke	Same: 92.6x24:10 ne cor 26th st and San Pablo Av	850
J de Fremery to C E Bagge	Same: B d s by West 16th st, e by Center, and nw by Peralta	5
C E Bagge to J de Fremery	Same: N line West 16th st 80 w from Cypress, thence w 106x104:9	5
L B Huff to H E Mathews	East Oakland: 75x100 c corner Lake and Washington	2,500
C W Howard to J P Boyle	Same: Sw line Harrison 100 se fr Pierce, thence se 25x100	200
J L Wade to W Applegarth	Same: 100x180 s cor Jackson and Taylor	2,000
F Taylor to D F Hastings	Same: Nw l Clay 75 sw from East 11th st, thence sw 75x150	1,500
J Smith to M A Cohen	Alameda: Lot 4, in blk 118, near High st	1
W Hesser to C H Simons	Oakland T'p: S line Taylor Av 425.11 w from San Pablo, thence w 90x125	1
G E Hinckley to J H Thomas	Brooklyn T'p: 10 acs sw line road Oakland to San Leandro, near Fitchburg	10,000
L Lane to E Avery	Same: 20 acres on same road lying bet'n High st and Fruit Vale Av	17,982
E A Clough to M Dunba	7 miles ne from Livermore: 160 acres	1,200
D Murphy to C McLaughlin	6 miles ne from Livermore: 160 acres	960
B L O Gauvrean to S F Sav Union	9 miles ne from Livermore: 240 acres	1,300
G W Osborn to G May	2 miles ne from Livermore: 160 acres	800

P N H & E Remillard to J C Devoy	Oakland: S line 15th st 50 ft e from Jefferson thence e 50x103:9	$8,000
T P Wales to J C Martin	Same: S l Charter w fm Tel'h, 50x129:4	5
E C Sessions to T H Williams	Same: 100x100 se cor Broadway and 12th	70,000
S A Knox to S H Tompkins	Same: 40x75, Oakland H'd Tract	750
C D Bates to L G Bickford	Same: Lot 70 Buena Vista Hd Tract	275
B Maloon to P Mathews	Same: S l 15th st 75 w fm Castro..25x100	1,500
M L Stewart to C W Schroeder	Same: E l Broad'y 75 n fm 6th etc 25x125	1
F Hostetter to T McGinley	East Oakl'd: Lots 31 to 34 in blk B Lynn	500
J Wentzell to J Mackin	Oakl'd Tp: 120x100:7 adjoining Univ site	1,600
Buchanan & Durant to J W Brier	Same: 137:1x180	1,200
G Tait to M A Ayres	Same: Lots 8, 9, 10, State Univ Hd Tract	1,000
H Gurant to Berkeley Ld & T I A	4 miles n from Oakland: 16 acres	10 535
Same to same	Same: 36 acres	1,000
Huff & Mason to same	Same: 36 acres	17,900
J Martin to R Martin	Road Alameda C'k to Mayhews L'd, 2 acs	430
L E Osgood to A M Crane	Near Mission San Jose: 1¼ acres	325
Dougherty & Martin to J Green	Road Haywood to Stockton: 37 acres	1,110
M S Proam to F A S Proam	San Leandro: Lots 2, 3, Dabner's Add'n	Gift
M Lawrence to A S Frazer	Same: Lots 8, 9 and 10 of same	600
J L Kirkham to F Rose	San Leandro: Lots M & N & G M blk 24	400
J Dabner to M Mayo	Same: Lots 15 and 6 Dabner's Addition	290
D N Salmon to E Dyer	Haywood: 30x75	900
S Rogers to F Mally	Livermore: Lot 10 in blk 14	110
A D Splivalo to H Barroilhet	Near Livermore: 421 acres	4,000
F Aurreschea to J A Schwab	Pleasanton: 50:3x125	150

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METALS.	PRICES.	TEAS.	PRICES.
Pig Iron, Scotch, No.1	$18 00 @ 50 00	Japans	$ — 45 @ — 75
Bar Iron, assorted, ₱ lb	— 5 @ — 6	Oolong	— 50 @ — 85
Metal Sheathing, ₱ lb	— 24 @ — 25	SUGARS.	
Tin Plates, I C, ₱ box	13 00 @ 14 00	China, No. 1, ₱ lb	— 9 @ — 9½
Tin Plates, I X, ₱ box	14 00 @ 15 00	Sandwich Island	— 8 @ — 10
Lead, Pig, ₱ lb	— 6 @ — 6½	Manila	— 7 @ — 7½
Lead, Sheet, ₱ lb	— 9 @ — 10	Crushed, American	— 11½@ — 12
Banca Tin, ₱ lb	— 38 @ — 40	Muscovado	— 6 @ — 8
Quicksilver	1 25 @ — —	Peruvian	— 7 @ — 8
COAL.		CANDLES.	
West Hartley, ₱ ton	13 00 @ 13 50	Sperm Wax, ₱ lb	— 30 @ — 42
Australian	11 00 @ 12 00	Adamantine	— 12½@ — 17½
Cumberland	20 00 @ 25 00	SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.	
Anthracite	14 00 @ 17 00	Whisky, American	1 50 @ 4 00
Bellingham Bay	8 50 @ — —	Whisky, Scotch	5 00 @ 5 50
Mount Diablo	6 50 @ 8 50	Whisky Irish	5 00 @ 5 50
COFFEE.		Alcohol, American	2 00 @ 2 10
Guatemala, ₱ lb	— 25 @ — 26	Rum, Jamaica	4 50 @ 5 25
Java, Old Government	— 30 @ — —	Brandy, French	4 00 @ 10 00
Manila	— 25 @ — —	BAGS AND BAGGING.	
Costa Rica	— 25 @ — 26	Chicken Gunnies, 200-lb	— 18 @ — 19
RICE.		Gunny Bags in bales	— 18 @ — 19
China, No. 1, ₱ lb	— 6½@ — 6¾	Burlap Bags	— 11 @ — —
China, No. 2	— 5¾@ — 5¾	Hessian, 40-inch, ₱ yard	— 10½@ — 11
Hawaiian	— 7 @ — 7½	DOMESTIC STAPLES.	
WINES.		Wool, ₱ lb	— 14 @ — 22
Champagne, ₱ doz	20 00 @ 25 00	Tallow	— 6½@ — 7
Port, according to brand, ₱ gallon	2 00 @ 6 75	Hides	— 18 @ — 19
Sherry, do. do	1 75 @ 7 00	Wheat, ₱ 100 lbs	2 05 @ 2 15
OIL.		Barley	1 55 @ 1 65
Coal and Kerosene	— 30 @ — 40	Oats	1 50 @ 1 65
		Flour, ₱ 196 lbs	5 00 @ 6 75

PRICES OF LEADING STOCKS AND GOVERNMENT BONDS.

SAN FRANCISCO..... Feb. 13, 1871.

Stocks and Bonds.	*Bid.*	*Ask.*	*Stocks and Bonds.*	*Bid.*	*Ask.*
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1867-8	105½	106¾	Nat'nal Gold B'k & Trust Co.	125	130
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1864	104½	104½	Oakland 10s	105	—
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1862	104½	104¾	Spring Valley Water Co	85	—
Legal Tender Notes	89	89¾	Omnibus Railroad Company	—	40
California State Bonds, 7s '75	97¼	100	Central Railroad Company	55	60
S. F. City Bonds, 6s, 1855	95	—	N. B. and Mission R. R. Co	57½	60
S. F. City and Co. Bonds, 6s, '68	92	—	Front St., M. and O. R. R. Co.	20	24
San Francisco City Bonds, 7s	100	—	Fireman's Fund Insur'nce Co.	80	90
Sacramento City Bonds	30	32½	Merchant's Mutual M. Ins. Co.	80	90
Sacramento County Bonds, 6s	75	—	California Insurance Co	95	100
Yuba County Bonds, 8s	92	96	Union Insurance Co	90	92½
Santa Clara Bonds, 7s	90	93	Pacific Bank	91	94
San Mateo County Bonds, 7s	90	—	The Bank of California	125	—
San Francisco Gas Light Co.	68	68½	Pioneer L'd & L'n Association	100	100

WOODS & FREEBORN, Brokers, cor. California and Leidesdorff streets.

AND

BUREAU OF INFORMATION FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Managing Committee of the above institution have the pleasure of giving notice, that after some necessary delay, the Directors are now fully prepared to receive orders for the purchase and sale of lands of the State or elsewhere, such as ranches, private land claims, or public lands of the United States—they having secured the services of **Col. Leander Ransom**, the well-known Land Agent, who for *ten years was the State Agent for the disposition of the School Lands.* The department is now fully supplied with maps and charts, and every necessary means of information relating to operations in land. Owners of ranches and real estate properties generally, desirous of disposing of the same, will find the Placard Exchange, with its facilities, an excellent medium for bringing their estates under the notice and attention of capitalists. Those, also, who desire to make purchases, **of any of the Public Domain in the State of California**, either in large of small tracts, will be sure to be accommodated. Maps and charts furnished, and all needful information imparted when required. Large landholders desiring to sell, can have their tracts subdivided into farmer, or smaller subdivisions, with maps and accurately calculated quantities of each. Also, all kinds of printing executed with punctuality and dispatch. *Charges moderate.*

Offices open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. daily. Placard Exchange, 613 Merchant Street, San Francisco.

They have for Sale the Following Tracts or Parcels of Land, to wit:

40 Acres near Oak Grove, 1½ miles from the Railroad, between Mayfield and Mountain View.

100 Acres ½ mile south of Mayfield, lying on both sides of the San Jose Railroad. Very desirable for country residence. To be sold in tracts to suit. Contains Live Oak Trees.

320 Acres on the road from Saratoga to Pescadero, four miles from the former place.

500 Acres, three miles from the City of San Bernardino. A living stream of water passes across it.

600 Acres near the line of the proposed Railroad from Los Angeles to San Bernardino—about midway.

8,000 Acres near Anaheim, Los Angeles County, in tracts to suit purchasers. Several living Springs on it.

Also, Tracts from 80, 160, 320 and 640 acres, to suit purchasers, lying in Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego Counties, on which are Springs of good water.

1,600 Acres choice Lands in Fresno County, near King's River. This is believed to be a very desirable tract, and will be sold at a bargain.

NOTE.—Sellers as well as purchasers can be accommodated at the "Bureau," where maps, and descriptions of lands for sale, can at all times be seen. Nov. 1.

A PERMANENT PARAGRAPHIC ADVERTISEMENT.

[RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE SPRING VALLEY WATER WORKS.]

A miner's inch of water is about twenty thousand gallons. The usual price for an inch of water in the mines is ten cents. The Spring Valley Company sells water in large quantities at seventy-five cents per thousand gallons, or at fifteen dollars seventy-five cents per inch—which is one hundred and fifty-seven times the price which miners pay. Furnished in small quantities to housekeepers, the Company charges from thirty to fifty dollars an inch—five hundred times the miners' rates. IGNOTUS.

The only ELEVATOR connected with a
Photograph Gallery in the world.

Prof. O. S. Fowler.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

PROF. O. S. FOWLER,

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

THIS distinguished savan was born October 11, 1809, on the Conhocton river, a northwestern branch of the north fork of the Susquehannah river, in Steuben County, New York, in a log cabin, reared in the middle of a twenty-four mile forest, into which his father moved in 1806, in order to create a home and rear a family.

His father, a hard-working pioneer, was much respected for both his intelligence and his integrity, and always chosen unanimously as game-counter in those annual town hunts made up of two rival parties to clear that wild region of bears, wolves, foxes, squirrels, and other like pests; because all who knew him conceived that he would see even-handed justice done to both sides in the count. He was also for some fifty years a deacon in the Congregational Church, and its main stay and executive officer, as well as conductor of its religious worship, both Sundays and week days; it being too poor to employ a minister, he usually reading the sermons. He also was annually elected town Supervisor, and by common consent the referee and judge whenever neighbors failed to agree. All who knew him trusted implicitly in his strong common sense and rigid honesty.

His mother was the daughter of the Squire How mentioned in the old American Reader as having been captured by the Indians at Fort Hinsdale, on the Connecticut river, just above the Massachusetts line, and carried across the forests to Quebec, in the old French and English war of 1756. At his death he had great hollows in the sides of his head, made by the Indians in knocking him off of their sacks, when (a six year old child), he would sit down to rest on his dreary, weary, captive march.

Both he and his daughter Martha, the Professor's mother, were remarkable, as are the entire How family, for their literary talents, scholarship, and especially composing and writing capacities, which were redoubled by his marriage into the Field family, which is equally noted for its scholars and writers, of whom "Kate Fields" is a living example. This same family were noted singers, and composed several of those old tunes sung for generations in religious worship, of which "Coronation" is one. From this maternal side Professor Fowler inherited that composing gift which shines so conspicuously throughout all his works. But her piety

was, after all, her specialty, and rarely equaled, and her religious essays, which she wrote by the hundred, evince remarkable religious zeal and writing talents. His parentage was thus among the very best.

His youth was passed monotonously in a log cabin, in helping his father clear and cultivate land, he doing about all the plowing, after his tenth year, on a hundred-acre farm, full of stumps and stones, making maple sugar in Spring, and husking corn in Fall, till, when fifteen, a religious revival numbered him as one of its converts and church members, (of which he still remains an ex-member), in which he at once became eminently gifted in both prayer and exhortation; and after recovering from a severe consumptive attack, induced by riding to and from a distant religious meeting in a sudden change of the weather, after working very hard all day with wet feet in the "sapbush," he started at once for the Academy in Prattsburg, to prepare himself for the Christian ministry, he and all who heard him pray and exhort conceding that he had a call to preach the gospel. In further pursuit of this now life object, he started in his sixteenth year with only four dollars in his pocket, and his scant clothes and luncheon in his knapsack, on a four hundred mile journey to Heath, Mass., and then to Bushland, Ashfield, and Conway, where he fitted for Amherst College, which he entered in 1829, supporting himself chiefly by farm labor, and sawing, splitting, and backing hard hickory wood up four and five flights of stairs, for the pitiful sum of only seventy-five cents per cord; sometimes boarding himself, and at others in "messes" ranging from seventy to ninety cents per week for food alone. The Educational Society gave him some aid, as did also Rev. John C. Holbrook, which he promptly returned soon after graduating.

His hardihood and pluck, so characteristic of him all through life, are illustrated by this college incident: Getting up one December morning before daylight to finish carrying up his student's wood, after the close of the college examination he started on foot for Northampton, late in the evening, with only twelve dollars; spent the night in the stage office, because he could not afford a bed; rode on top of the stage in terribly cold weather to Albany, and thence to Utica; was obliged to "foot it" from there, walked in mud "knee-deep" to Prattsburg; was obliged to go "barefoot" from Auburn to Prattsburg, because his boots pinched his feet; arrived at Prattsburg about ten o'clock P. M., having walked barefoot all day in mud till evening; after that *in snow*, it beginning to rain when he arrived at Pen Yan, but turned into snow, which *froze to* his wet clothes. Yet all this exposure made him sick.

He graduated in 1834, having fallen back a year from sickness, with above the average of his class in college honors; distinguished himself in college as a debater; was generally chosen to fill vacancies, and generally voted leave to continue after the allotted time had expired. Began to write for the papers in 1828; was a frequent contributor to the N. Y. *Evangelist*, from 1830, while yet only twenty years old; was one of the most active participants in the "revivals" in Amherst College in 1831, and in Buckland, Ashfield, Bloody Brook, Whately, Heath, Charlemont, Amherst, Sunderland, and other places from 1827 to 1834, many of which originated in his religious zeal and fervor, and was credited with the "conversion" of many "sinners" to a "saving faith."

His fervent piety, his religious "zeal for the conversion of souls," as all his college mates attest, was his collegiate specialty, equaled by few and excelled by none; to which he superadded an almost equal zeal in the cause of temperance, which he evinced by lecturing on it in towns and

school districts, and obtaining several hundred subscribers to the *Temperance Recorder*, and forwarding the money without compensation. His labors in this field, beginning in 1827, on the first bugle blast blown by Lyman Beecher's then sermons on temperance, on which theme he still continues to write and lecture.

His phrenological investigations began in 1832, about the time Spurzheim landed in Boston. Its first mention roused all his naturally extreme enthusiasm to its highest pitch. Wherever he went, whomsoever he saw, he wondered within himself what this and that shape of the head signified. Though it was ridiculed in college and out by "colloquies," and in conversation, yet he instinctively *felt* that it was true; procured a bust having the organs mapped out upon it, together with "Combe's Elements of Phrenology," at first borrowed from his class-mate, Henry Ward Beecher, who still keeps them, and began their study, and soon after the practice of phrenology among his fellow students and acquaintances.

The first convincing fact he observed was on the self-esteem of two collegiates, both of whose heads projected far up and back at their crowns, or in self-esteem, so much as to be really peaked, and who were most self-conceited, and eternally talking about themselves—in fact, consummate egotists, notwithstanding that one of them was the stupidest blockhead in college. This striking coincidence between their characters and phrenological "developments" fairly electrified him with delight, and redoubled his already overwrought phrenological enthusiasm.

His first chart, published in 1833, consisted of the names of the organs and scale of numbers, to enable him to *mark* the sizes of the organs of those he examined, for which he charged *one cent* each, which about covered the cost of the chart, his examinations and markings being gratuitous. His hits even then were so numerous and striking that such numbers flocked to his rooms as seriously to interfere with his studies. He was thus the first to make phrenology a *profession*. And why not reduce it to professional practice, and give and take "fees" for this as much as for medical "examinations" and legal "opinions." What professional knowledge as useful as that self-knowledge it imparts? Still, the orthodox pulpit was his goal, till the following incident diverted him from it, first temporarily, then permanently. His classmate, Goodall, came to Brattleboro, Vt., where was then awaited the fall opening of Lane Theological Seminary, to lecture on the battles of the "Revolution," in which Goodall failed to obtain patronage, which fired this Professor's emulation to try his lecturing hand on phrenology. All night long he lay awake cogitating on this plan, and thinking over his announcement, and the next morning ordered books and a bust, got out a new chart containing definitions of the faculties in their degrees of power; got up his handbills, lectured with that enthusiasm which "took" with his auditors, and made him popular, and threw out his professional shingle, charging 12 1-2 cents to men and 6 1-4 to ladies and children, clearing $40, and thus launching his phrenological bark. He now wrote home, and had his brother, L. N. Fowler, join him, and they worked together many years. He did not yet give up, but only postponed, his ministerial purpose, yet soon found himself at the head of his profession; was followed by crowds at his lectures, and in his examining office, and gradually but finally abandoned theology, thinking he could do much more good in his new role, with the world for his parish, than in that of a village pastor. He also

found phrenology being turned to infidel account, and determined to give it a moralizing, religious direction, in which he has succeeded.

Albany, N. Y., was his next field of operation, where he wrote to his brother to meet him. The constitutional convention was then in session. Colonel Stevenson, now in command in California, one of its members, seeing his card, determined to expose this new "humbug" by submitting his own head to as thorough a blindfold test as he could devise, but left completely converted, alleging that he had found a man who knew as much about him as he knew about himself, unless, as he strongly suspected, some one had been telling the Professor all about him. Determined to make the trial absolutely conclusive, he proposed ——— a blindfold test on one of his most intimate friends, himself adjusting the blinder, and making sure that no knowledge of the subject should reach the examiner. The phrenological triumph now became complete. A single point only he thought erroneous, but his friend attested that Professor Fowler was right. Stevenson then brought in Governor Marcy, Judge Peckham, Cogswell, editor of the *Argus*, and other celebrities, partly to test, still farther, and partly because he became enthusiastic over the science, all of whom were equally astonished, and Cogswell wrote a strong editorial commendatory of the Professor's skill. His brother arriving, they worked in this new cause together in Waterford, Lansingburg, Troy, Albany, Pittsfield, etc., till L. N. Fowler started on a western and southern tour, while our Professor opened in New York city, and visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other southern cities, and established himself permanently in 1834 in old "Clinton Hall," and in 1836 got out "Fowler's Phrenology," of about six hundred pages, the first systematic work on this work ever written by any American. Meanwhile he had published several minor works.

He was now tested, for he threw out his challenges to a test boldly, by everybody, blindfolded whenever so requested, in public and private, and among others by Theodore D. Weld, who brought in John G. Whittier, Isaac T. Hopper, Arthur and Luther Tappan, Presidents Finney and Mahan, and hosts of other abolitionists, taking down and publishing notes, and redoubling the Professor's already rising fame, every sentence being a marked "hit." A party was got up in New York, of which Chancellor Kent, then second only to Marshall as a jurist in the nation, being one, just to see if he could pick out men of mark from the crowd. The Chancellor was described as being a judicial star of the first magnitude. Brady, the Irish orator and lawyer, was described as one of the great men of the nation, as he was. Starr King called incog., was told to be extra careful, or he would kill himself with hard work, which he did. Wm. Lloyd Garrison dropped in, unknown, and was told that he would make a flaming abolitionist, and was doggedly contrary, and the story, as he still tells it, is most creditable to Professor Fowler. Curiosity and incredulity brought thousands to his rooms, all of whom retired wondering that a stranger should tell them all they ever did. Tests like these, varied according to the ingenuity of the applicant, and reported from mouth to mouth, gave him that world-wide reputation as an accurate delineator of character, on which his celebrity now rests. His fame as a phrenological examiner, now coeval with civilization, was neither accidental nor ephemeral, but was won by searching tests and convincing predications. His talent as a practical phrenologist indicate true genius in that direction. Most readers must have heard some one tell how accurately he described this person,

or that, perhaps many years ago, and all have heard of him from childhood. He has really made his mark on his age and country.

He removed in 1838 to Philadelphia, where he spent many thousands in getting up his phrenological cabinet; founded *The American Phrenological Journal* in 1838; returned in 1841 to New York, where he removed his cabinet and journal; took in S. R. Wells as partner in 1845, and withdrew from the firm in 1854, as did also his brother in 1863.

In person he is nearly six feet tall, rather spare, broad and deep-chested, as straight at sixty-four, and walks with as much snap and lightness of step, as any of the young beaux; springs up two stair steps at once from bottom to top; has a complexion quite florid, but clear; shows age only in his snow-white locks, but more in his walk, manner, or speech; has a clear, wringing, clarion voice, a peculiarity from boyhood; is rather grave than humorous, and taciturn than talkative; plain appearing, with clear, sharp, grey eyes, and has a face easily remembered, because strongly marked.

As a lecturer he is peculiarly impressive. Though neither polished nor elegant, yet an intelligent listener soon becomes absorbed in his subject matter, and is held spell-bound to the close. His ideas and arguments strike right home to the common sense of his auditors, while his telling and often startling hits create frequent and hearty bursts of applause. Every sentence expresses some valuable idea or suggestion, worthy of being reduced to practice. He manifests a "silent contempt" for "public opinion" by often uttering unpopular and obnoxious truths, without seeming to care a fig for popular approbation or displeasure, though he generally carries conviction. He is direct, straight-forward, earnest, extremely pointed, and very laconic, terse, compact, bold, original, and highly instructive and racy.

As a worker he is unrivaled, unequaled. He lectures always two, and often four and five hours every day and evening, and with such spirit that rarely one ever leaves his crowded lectures, even when free, and is one of the clearest of thinkers, most cogent of reasoners, presents more food for thought, more sound subject matter in ten minutes, than most speakers in an hour; talks right to the hard sense of hearers, whom he sweeps right along with him, making them forget how late it is, and presents his ideas so distinctly that they are easily remembered and repeated. Few speakers are equally condensed or impressive, or instructive, or inspiring. And few men have been heard by as many or attentive listeners.

His office labors are still more onerous and exhausting. His rooms are usually crowded from morning till night, day after day, month after month, and year after year, now for forty years. How he endures this double strain and labor in lecturing and examining without breaking down, and even without any abatement of zeal or energy, is indeed most surprising. To be able to work thus hard, long, and effectively, forty years, is a *practical* recommendation of his doctrines entitling them to public consideration. Any one who follows him through one course of lectures and office practice in a single place, and remembers that this is but a sample of his unceasing efforts, must be amazed that flesh and blood can endure thus much, and be almost ready to pronounce such power work indeed supernatural, especially when his authorship is superadded. And all by a constitution naturally consumptive! yet every year finds him stronger and more vigorous than he was the year before. Those who

wish to be able to pile on work decade after decade will do well to learn his art, his secret, his means of enduring all this.

Authorship is, however, obviously his specialty. Beginning to write for the press almost fifty years ago, he has continued to contribute stream after stream to the great river of human intellect and sentiment. About a hundred thousand copies of his "Phrenology Proved, Illustrated and Applied," have been sold, and about an equal number of each of his works on "Physiology," "Self-Culture" and "Memory," while "Love and Parentage" have had a much larger run, and "Warning and Advice" has reached nearly *half a million* copies! and each a benefactor to every one of its millions of readers.

The "American Phrenological Journal" was got up and supported at first at a heavy outlay, though L. N. Fowler also gave it some pecuniary support, and still survives. Under his editorship it exceeded 50,000 copies, an immense sale for those times, and was quoted very largely during his editorship, and has been truly an American institution and benefaction. His self-instructor for marking and recording character has, however, outsold all his other earlier works, and exceeded *half a million* copies, and still continues to sell more and more.

His new works, "Human Science and Surgical Science," however, as far surpass all his earlier writings as a master's productions exceed his schoolboy efforts. Those were full of thought and vigorous in composition, while these embody them all revised, enlarged, yet their matter condensed and improved.

"Human Science, or Phrenology; its principles, proofs, faculties, organs, temperaments, combinations, conditions, teachings, philosophies, etc.; applied to health; its value, laws, functions, organs, means, preservation, restoration, etc.; Mental Philosophy, human and self-improvement, civilization, home, country, commerce, rights, duties, ethics, etc.; God, His existence, attributes, laws, works, worship, natural theology, etc.; Immortality, its evidences, conditions, relations to time, rewards, punishment, sin, faith, prayer, etc.; Intellect, memory, juvenile and self-education, literature, mental discipline, the senses, sciences, arts, avocations, a perfect life, etc., etc.," embraces the entire cycle of human interests, except the family relations, and gives a thoroughly scientific exposition of human nature throughout all its aspects, physical, intellectual and moral, and pushes its analysis of human life and science far beyond all previous attempts. It plants itself upon these two fundamental principles: 1st. That life must be investigated as one great whole, not in sections; all its parts as inter-related to all its other parts, as all acts and re-acts with and upon all; his anatomy and physiology as affecting and being affected by his intellectuality and morality instead of, as heretofore, discussing anatomy alone, religion by itself, intellect separately from all else human, and, 2d. That life inheres in the *mind*, which thus becomes the radiating center of whatever appertains to humanity, so that the analysis of the mind analyzes nature in general and human nature in particular. To quote from its Preface:

"Its new theories merit careful thought and inquiry. It propounds a new theory of organic formation, which shows *why* and *how* this vegetable and animal takes on this form and structure, and that animal that form; why kangaroos grow larger behind than before, but lions largest before; why and how each bone, mus-

cle, and part is fashioned just as it is; why all are alike in their *great* outline, yet differ in detail; that is, it gives the true *theory of all organic formation.*

"Its new views of pain and punishment deserve special attention. Its views of pain as a *remedial* process deserves investigation from medical men, and all who suffer from pain; whilst its ideas that the punishments attached to all legal infractions are directly calculated both to prevent the sinner and sufferer from sinning and therefore suffering still farther, and also as a *restorative* process, a *mental hygiene*, a balm, a salve, a 'healing medium,' a direct agent in producing virtue and goodness, is a nut for theologians to crack, and, for some, a *file to gnaw.*

"A new motive power, which propels and regulates the blood, the motions of the heavenly bodies, tides, etc., is also here propounded and proved, substituting *electricity* in place of Newton's centripetal and centrifugal forces.

"Its octal arithmetical system is both obviously the true natural one, and incalculably better than the present bungling decimal, especially as regards fractions and multiplication.

"Its new building materials and plans deserve notice, as do several of its other original ideas on a great variety of other subjects.

"Its vast range of subjects and its great number of truths of the utmost practical import, capable of being taken *right home* to the inner life itself, and incorporated into the daily habits of all, which leap right out upon every page, yet are taught *nowhere else*, entitle it to the profound appreciation of all phrenologists, philosophers, philanthropists, parents, and all others who desire to improve themselves or fellow men.

"It shows how to obtain the uttermost *enjoyment* possible out of life and its powers. May it enable and inspire many fellow mortals to so study and obey the laws of that one life entity conferred upon them as to redouble, many fold, all the powers and pleasures of their entire beings, throughout the infinite cycle of their terrestrial and celestial existence."

"Sexual Science, or Manhood, Womanhood, and their mutual interrelations: Love, its laws, power, etc.; Selection, or mutual adaptation; Courtship, or love-making; Married Life made happy; Reproduction, and progenal endowment, or paternity, maternity, nursing, and rearing children, and female beauty perpetuated, etc.," is, however, his most taking work, because better known and issued first. It embodies his old works on "Matrimony," "Hereditary Descent," "Love and Parentage," "Warning and Advice," etc., embraces whatever appertains to man's family relations, and is meeting with an immense and constantly redoubling sale. On the Pacific Slope it has *outsold* any other work ever offered, and its sales are now actually exceeding *one hundred and fifty thousand* dollars annually, every month's sales exceeding its predecessors. For a scientific work this sale is altogether unprecedented, and its secret is that each purchaser recommends it to his neighbors, because it has benefited himself so much.

But women, and especially *mothers* admire, even idolize it the most, and place it next to their family bible. And well they may, for it is precisely such a volume as every wife and mother requires to guide her throughout all her matrimonial and maternal relations. Every sentence breathes a desire to benefit its readers, as do all its author's other writings. These two works, which embody all his former writings, are issued by the National Publishing Co., and sold by Bancroft & Co.

How to live is the master problem here solved, from the standpoint of phrenology. Whom does not this problem concern? Never before has it been presented thus philosophically and practically. These works thus become a public benefaction.

The leadership of this science of phrenology is by common consent

accorded to him. To thus have risen from a pioneer log cabin, step by step, to the head of this science, as indeed of any other great human interest and movement, is indeed something to be proud of. And to thus keep it is even more. His reputation is already co-equal with Anglo-Saxon civilization and literature. No one is known any more widely than is Prof. O. S. Fowler, nor are any ideas to-day impressing themselves as effectively and extensively upon the thought and action of the age than his are, and his star is still rising.

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

THISTLEDOWN.

[AN ENGLISH RURAL CUSTOM.]

Long ago—a little girl,
Smooth of cheek and dark of curl,
Like my daughter's, nearly—
I gathered for my bridal bed
Many a thorny thistle head
Before the flying tufts were shed,
And saved them up so dearly.

O the happy days and dreams!
Endless Present—lit with gleams
Of a wonderous Future!
Day, and week, and month, and year,
Glide—and what know you, my dear?
And what know I? O little sphere
Of every mortal creature!

Life has pleasure, life has pain,
Passing, not to come again,
Blackest hours and brightest.
Time takes all things, all must go:
Bygones vanish—is it so?
Gone and lost forever? No!
Not the least and lightest.

In Age we laugh at dreams of Youth,
Are Age's dreams more like the truth?
And what is life but feeling?
The world is something, none can doubt,
But no one finds its secret out.
To childhood, and to souls devout,
Come the best revealing.

Gay at heart are you my child,
Gathering downy thistles wild;
Cares nor fears oppress thee;
Gathering up, for joy, for moan,
When all these Autumns, too, are flown,
The bed that you must lie upon.
God protect and bless thee!

—*W. A., in the Athenæum*

CURIOUS STORY OF A WILL.

In 1796 two English gentlemen were called upon to act as executors for a common friend just deceased. They found the will duly executed, but were extremely puzzled, on comparing the schedule of property with the testamentary dispositions, to perceive there would be a deficit of a considerable sum. The executors were so much the more surprised, as they had always known their friend to be peculiarly accurate as well as strictly honorable, and they believed him quite incapable of bequeathing a larger amount than he possessed. They searched carefully, therefore, in every conceivable place, but without finding any clue to the missing amount, beyond a scrap of paper on which was written the memorandum, "£700 to be taken out of Till." As this sum corresponded with the amount by which they were out of their reckoning, they naturally concluded that the testator must possess some strong box that he designated by the word "till," as he was not in business, and could, therefore, only intend it figuratively; still, after the most diligent inquiry, no such reserve appeared. Under these circumstances the effects of the testator—furniture, plate, library, etc.—were sold and the proceeds distributed. It was not until some time after that, still pondering on the provoking mystery, it occurred to one of the parties that the writer of the paper might have meant some book whose author's name was "Till," the more probably as it was written with a capital T; and referring to the catalogue he found there inventoried, among the folios, a volume of Bishop Tillotson's sermons, a fact which at once threw a new light on the difficulty. Having communicated his discovery to his co-executor, they repaired together to the bookseller who had purchased the library, and inquired whether he had as yet disposed of the volume in question. "I had parted with it," replied he, "but, as it happens, it has been returned on my hands, for the purchaser to whom I sent it in the country objected to pay the price, and I shall, therefore, be glad to dispose of it to you." The value was agreed on, and the book carried home, where, after carefully turning it over, page by page, bank notes to the amount of exactly £700 were found, as the scrap of paper had stated "in Till," and the intentions of the testator were carried out.—*Illustrated London News.*

When a bit of ostrich feather is found by a wife in her husband's beard, no one can blame her for being down on him.

CURIOSITIES OF SUPERSTITION.

Louis Napoleon in his will emphasizes the solemn declaration: "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I use to wear attached to my watch." This piece of fetichism would appear to have formed yet another link between the imperial exile that has passed from our midst and those Latin races whose cause he affected to represent, whose superstition he certainly shared. Indeed, the ancient Romans degraded a priest because his mitre fell, and unmade a dictator because a rat squeaked. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, because, on the opposite bank, he saw a man with a fine figure. His nephew felt confident of winning the battle of Actium, because he met a peasant of the name Nicolaus mounted on an ass. Wolsey was warned of his doom by a crosier-head; Sejanus, by a flight of crows. Dr. Johnson objected to going under a ladder. Montaigne avoided giving his left foot priority in putting on his stockings. Alexander was believed to have untied the Gordian knot with a slice of his sword. For good luck's sake, Augustus wore some portion of a sea-calf; Charlemagne, some trinket of unknown value. Mohammed was all Fate: Bonaparte, all Star and Destiny. Cromwell believed in September 3d, and Louis Napoleon in December 2d. Sulla called himself Felix, the favored child of Fortune, and Timoleon turned his house into a Temple of Chance. Alexander, if we may credit the account of Quintius Curtius, was terrified by blood flowing from inside his soldier's bread during the Siege of Tyre in 332 B. C. His seer, Aristander, foresaw in this crimson efflux of the vital stream out of the commissariat a happy issue for the Macedonians; and the warriors, thus nerved, took Tyre. From the year 1004, the alarming spectacle of the bleeding Host, and bread, as well as the bewitched bloody milk, several times in each century gave simple folk a scare; thus, it was noticed in 1264, under Urban IV. at Bolsena, not far from Civita Vecchia; and Raphael has taken this for the subject of his picture called the *Miraculo de Bolsena*, which is, at all events, a miracle of the pencil. In 1383, when Henrich von Bulow destroyed the village and church at Wilsnack, drops of blood were found eight days afterwards on the Host placed on the altar. But the victims of superstition have the bump of casuality remarkbly developed; and in 1510, thirty-eight Jews were burnt to ashes because they had tortured the consecrated Host until it bled. Again, the sight was seen on the Moselle in 1824; and in 1848 the famous Ehrenberg analyzed the terrible portent. After stooping with his microscope over the red stains on bread, cheese, and potatoes, this savant declared that they are caused by small monads or vibrios, which have a red color, and are so minute that from 46,656,000,000 to 884,737,000,000,000 distinct beings adorn the space of one cubic inch. Unfortunately, when, in 1510, thirty-eight Israelites, as we have seen, were burnt to ashes, no scientific Ehrenberg existed to point out to their superstitious butchers that what they called a proof of the consecrated Host being tortured until it bled, was merely due to aggregation of hungry red insects. No doubt there was a deal of imposture in alchemy; but this in itself will not account for Henry IV. prohibiting alchemy, for God-fearing Henry VI. eagerly encouraging it; for Pope John XXII. being an alchemist; for Louis XIII. of France making a Franciscan monk his grand almoner, as the reward of a hundred years' reign promised to his credulity by that pretender to the discovery of the grand elixir; or for Jean de Lisle expiating by an early death in the Bastile his bold attempts to persuade Louis XIV. and his ministers that he possessed the gold-making stone. Among the wide circle of influential believers that alchemy thus entranced were Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, and St. Thomas Aquinas; and even the transcendent intellects of Leibnitz, Spinoza, and Verulam. However, in pursuit of this phantom, Roger Bacon casually stumbled on the composition of gunpowder; Geber, on the properties of acids; Van Helmont, on the nature of gas geist or spirit; and Dr. Glauber of Amsterdam, on the uses of the salt which bears his name. Thus was the alchemist the victim of fetichism, the slave of superstition, the worshiper of science, the conqueror of power. How much of alchemy was an imposture, how much of it was an enthusiasm, it is impossible to say. The secular practice of the science may be gleamed from M. Geoffrey's demonstration before the Royal Academy of Sciences in 1722, that alchemy was a matter of false-bottomed crucibles, hollow wands filled with gold, perforated lead, and soldered nails. The religious theory of the science may be gathered from Faber's *Propugnaculum Alchymiæ*, published in 1644, wherein occurs the statement: "The stone of the philosophers is, by all the authors who have treated of it, esteemed to be the greatest gift of God on earth. As, therefore, it is so mighty a gift of God, the most necessary thing, in order that man should attain to a knowledge of its excellence and worth, is wisdom, which is bestowed by God on very few." Macaulay praises Verulam for his "fruit," his aim at substantial results. The meteoric iron which fell at Agram, in Croatia, was capable of being forged into nails—a meteor that ought to be known as Bentham's meteor. Judged, however, by results, as Lowe would say, Roger Bacons gunpowder-producing alchemy has not been an unalloyed blessing to mankind.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Some of our readers who have lived fifty years may be glad to know what they have accomplished in that time. According to a French statistician the average man has at that age slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, spent 1,500 in eating, and been sick 500 days. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, and 4,600 pounds of vegetables, fish, etc., and drank 7,000 gallons of liquids.

ORIGINAL POEM BY EDGAR ALLEN POE.

[**We have great satisfaction in being able,** says the London *Mirror*, through the courtesy of a valued contributor, who has made the life and works of America's most original poet a life-study, to present our readers with a poem which has never appeared in any collection of Poe's works, either in England or in the United States. The poetical works of the author of "The Raven" are so few and so choice, that any addition to the number of them will, we are sure, be eagerly welcomed. For the satisfaction of readers on the point of genuineness, we may give the history of this piece. When Edgar Poe, in 1845, acquired sole possession of the *Broadway Journal*, he commenced republishing his poems in it, but without any signature. Most of these pieces have been included in the various collections of his poetical works; but the following, "To Isadore," appears to have been overlooked by all his many editors, who, indeed, have for the most part contented themselves with what came to hand, without troubling to hunt over the dusty files of old papers, not easily accessible. This poem is thoroughly in Poe's style, and some of the lines are singularly beautiful. The third stanza is a perfect gem, equal to anything in the collected works. The endings of the third and fifth verses are thoroughly characteristic of the poet's earlier style.]

TO ISADORE.

Beneath the vine-clad eaves,
Whose shadows fall before
Thy lowly cottage door—
Under the lilac's tremulous leaves—
Within thy snowy, clasped hand
The purple flowers it bore—
Last eve, in dreams, I saw thee stand,
Like queenly nymph from Fairyland,
Enchantress of the flowery wand,
Most beauteous Isadore!

And when I bade the dream
Upon thy spirit flee,
Thy violet eyes to me
Upturned, did overflowing seem
With the deep untold delight
Of Love's serenity;
Thy classic brow, like lilies white,
And pale as the imperial Night
Upon her throne with stars bedight,
Enthrall'd my soul to thee!

Ah! Ever I behold
Thy dreamy, passionate eyes,
Blue as the languid skies,
Hung with the sunset's fringe of gold;
How strangely clear thine image grows,
And olden memories
Are startled from their long repose,
Like shadows on the silent snows,
When suddenly the night-wind blows
Where quiet moonlight lies.

Like music heard in dreams,
Like strains of harps unknown,
Of birds forever flown—
Audible as the voice of streams
That murmur in some leafy dell,
I hear thy gentlest tone;
And Silence cometh with her spell,
Like that which on my tongue doth dwell
When tremulous in dreams I tell
My love to thee alone!

In every valley heard
Floating from tree to tree
Less beautiful to me
The music of the radiant bird,
Than artless accents such as thine,
Whose echoes never flee!
Ah! how for thy sweet voice I pine;
For uttered in thy tones benign
(Enchantress!) this rude name of mine
Doth seem a melody!

—*Edgar A. Poe.*

JUDGES AND COUNSEL.

The marked improvement both in the matter of tone of Dr. Kenealy's address to the jury in the Tichborne case, since the Lord Chief Justice felt it necessary to administer to that learned counsel a solemn reproof and warning, affords another example, remarks the *Graphic*, of the beneficial influence of that discretionary power over the course of judicial proceedings with which our judges are invested. No one who has read from time to time the reports of this protracted investigation can fail to have been struck with the necessity for some check in the interest of the public upon the privileges of the bar, which in the eyes of some critics appear to be paramount over all other considerations. The privilege, for example, of speaking freely in pleading without fear of an action for libel, might easily be made an intolerably nuisance without some restraint more powerful than the "sense of professional honor," which experience has unhappily shown to be sometimes an insufficient guarantee for decency and moderation. When the characters of witnesses are assailed without reasonable ground—when imputations of base and unworthy motives are made upon "no tittle evidence," it is not only the right but the duty of a judge to interpose a protest, and, if needed, a severe censure. It would otherwise be very easy for an unscrupulous counsel practicing at the criminal bar to establish a sort of terrorism sufficient to deter all but persons of the strongest nerves from entering the witness-box, and it is obvious that any counsel who had acquired a reputation for scaring away inconvenient witnesses in this way would not be likely to want business of a certain sort. But the public have a deep interest in the protection of honest witnesses; and the judge who, mindful of this fact, interferes on their behalf, will assuredly carry with him the sympathy of all decent persons.

OUR PACIFIC STEAM FLEET.

To the man experienced in commerce who really *thinks*, there is no sign so promising to the future of San Francisco as the fact that for the first time in our history we are beginning to use just the kind of sea-going steamers that will win us business. Two years ago or more, the *News Letter* pointed this out with a power and distinctness that has brought consternation into the ranks of the gamblers in Pacific Mail stock on Wall street, and more than this, our unanswerable facts have reached the capitalists of London and the ship-builders of the Clyde, and we have the result in the arrival in our waters of the *Vasco de Gama*, as the first of a fleet of powerful vessels of great speed, combined with marvelous economy. Hitherto this nation has been blackmailed out of $1,000,000 per annum to support a line of old wooden hulks that could not be maintained even at that costly figure, and withal failed to procure us commerce. Becoming convinced of these evils, the *News Letter* over two years ago printed an article entitled "Plain Truths About Steamship Lines." That article received very prominent notices from the London *Times* and New York *Financier*, and was copied by *Mitchell's Maritime Register* and the Glasgow *Mail*, and for the first time attracted attention abroad to the splendid field existing in the Pacific for steamship enterprise. Then came to our shores that personification of capital, B. Green, Esq., Governor of the Bank of England. He had read attentively the *News Letter's* article, and made many inquiries to satisfy himself that it was all true. He saw, inquired, believed, and then proceeded to take action. He returned to England, formed a company, commenced to have steamers built, one of which has just earned and received a warm welcome from our citizens, and in the end we believe he will revolutionize steamship matters in the Pacific, and create for this port a commerce that will soon make glad the hearts of our real estate men, and of all others truly interested in San Francisco. To have started such an enterprise in the face of the great subsidy given to the Pacific Mail Company might sound to some people like a rash or even mad act. Not so, however, to the man who has posted himself in regard to the great achievements of the steamship world during the past ten years! Iron hulls, propellers, surface condensers and compound engines have worked marvels within that time. side wheels, wooden hulls and old-fashioned walking-beam engines have long Since had their day, and exist nowhere save on this Pacific Coast, where, from our position as a central port, it is our great duty to use the most economical and effective means of securing commerce. The fact is, steamers of the *Vasco de Gama* build can afford to run against the wooden side-wheelers, allow them one million dollars per annum advantage, and then beat them in every respect, even to the paying of larger dividends. Can this all be so? To Californians who have been busily engaged in other affairs these statements may seem startling. Yet they are true! Why, in the matter of coal alone the million dollars is saved, to say nothing of the greater efficiency and the consequent increase of income. Steamers that can carry as much dead weight as the average vessels of the Pacific Mail Company are being built upon the Clyde to make twelve knots per hour upon an average of 32 tons of coal per day. The Pacific Mail boats are scheduled to make but eight knots, and don't always do it, yet they consume an average of from 55 to 60 tons of coal per day. Let any one figure this all out, and he will find that the difference exceeds $1,000,000 per annum. Then iron vessels need little repairing, whilst wooden ones are always costing money, and require renewing every few years. The propellers save ordinarily 20 per cent. in time, and there is a consequent saving in the keep of passengers, and a greater number of voyages can be accomplished in the year. And then, above and beyond all, the steamers compete successfully with rival routes, and so win us trade and commerce, which ought to be the true object of all steam lines. The moment we can deliver mails between Yokohama and London in 32 days, and between Melbourne and London in 42 days, we shall equal our rivals via Suez in point of time, whilst the advantages of our better route, milder weather and the sights of America will turn the stream of travel and commerce in our favor, and lead to other grand results which none but a traveled man can form any idea of. In this simple question of effective steamers there is involved matters of such practical consequence that the subject will require to be treated of again and again. Meanwhile, we are progressing.

The French Freethinkers.—It is melancholy, says the *Catholic Times*, to find that those most illogical of men, the Freethinkers of France, cannot find better fields for the enunciation of their opinions, or more fitting scenes for their demonstrations, than the graveyards of their country and the funerals of their friends. The last remaining son of the poet Victor Hugo was interred at Père la Chaise on Sunday last, and the event was turned into a species of freethinking saturnalia by many thousands of Parisians. The dead body was thrust into the earth without rite or ceremony of any kind, but with many evidences of human sorrow—in fact very much as children would bury a pet canary, or sportsmen a favorite spaniel—and M. Louis Blanc delivered an oration on the merits of the deceased, which was received with "repeated bursts of applause and loud clapping of hands." Could anything more heathen be conceived, even in the advanced heathenism of the nineteenth century?

The taxation of England amounts to $109,500,000 on real property and $226,700,000 on personal property per annum.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Not with the thunder of the battle round him
He passed before the Lord;
Not by the cannon's grand emancipation
Has his free spirit soared;

But as the pinions of night were lifting,
Ere through the dawn she fled,
The billows of Eternity swept downward
And closed above his head.

Asleep—those silent, mighty depths engulfed him—
Who wakes for us no more;
The morrow's sunlight only found the vessel
Stranded upon the shore.

But the grand spirit, robed in sorrow's purple—
Who asks where that is now?
Look on the smile that lights those frozen features,
Look on that placid brow!

O men, with Judas-souls, who kissed and robbed him,
Fruitless your treachery!
By the strong heart that broke beneath dishonor,
In Death, he conquers ye!

See how the reverent faces throng around him,
Guarding his martial bier!
Behold his proud career's vindication
In yonder veteran's tear!

O loyal friend, through Death's serene oblivion
Can Friendship's voice ne'er reach?
For those kind ears that suffering ne'er found deafened,
Has not our mourning speech?

Beyond the jasper gates that close between us
Canst thou not hear our cries—
That, like the breath of flowers of passion trodden,
Through the dim air arise?

Oh, no! The perfect peace of God enfolds him
In limitless blue deeps;
For him life's reveille shall sound no longer.
Pass on. The soldier sleeps!

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

It has always been considered the peculiar province of the historian to award to those to whom the world, in their own time, has treated rather hardly, that meed of praise which is justly and properly their due. Sometimes, however, the journalist has a chance to speak well of a man—although, alas for the frailty of human nature, not as often as he would wish—and no one rejoices more when this is the case than he. More particularly the *News Letter*, for it has always been our aim to honor any one when we could do so fairly and without prejudice to the reputation of another. We are led to this train of thought by the bill lately introduced by that truly noble man, General Winn, in the Legislature, to pay him for moneys disbursed during the years '48 and '49 in Sacramento, in aid of the wounded and to bury the dead. What man is there who would object to paying taxes to reward General Winn for the time when he worked for Priest, Lee & Co. at sixteen dollars a day, making coffins for the dead? What man would object to his receiving money for the time when, in 1849, the General arrived in Sacramento dead broke, when he reflects that the world certainly owed the General a living (he being, as the old man said of his cat, one of God's creatures); and as he never could make it himself, according to every rule of finance the debt has gone on accumulating ever since. What matter is it if the General has lived on the strength of that time ever since? Will any man say that that is any reason for not paying the money? What matter is it if any one should say that they can find lots of men who will be willing to work for sixteen dollars a day, and sign a bond at the same time never to petition the Legislature for any reward for their heroism in doing so? What matter if the General *has* lived on the people all his life? Does that not show he is right in his demand? Nay more, does it not plead the great rule of precedent in his favor that he should continue to do so? We hope that no one will attempt to prevent the passage of the bill, for we are convinced that it is one which is thoroughly in accordance with our laws and the general style of administering them.

The English Sunday is usually quoted by Parisians as the acme of dullness and *ennui*. They do not, however, always find their own capital perfect in this respect, to judge by the following letter by M. Victor Bourredon explanatory of his reason for ending his life by a pan of charcoal. "I kill myself because I cannot stand Sunday. Kindly let my family know of this.—V. Bourredon."

THE SECOND BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER III.

1. Now there was in Phrisko, even in the city by the sea, a strong man and a subtle, who was chief over the watchmen on the walls thereof and the watchmen of the gates, even the Pleece.

2. Whose name was Theodore, and he was called Kok Reel, for in the language of the people of the land of Jonbool, Kok Reel being interpreted meaneth the male kind of fowl that is small in stature but loud of voice, and had not yet got courage. But Theodore was a meek man and a quiet and he feared the scribes.

3. For aforetime had he dealt in wine and strong drink, and had sold unto the people phortierod and rhawtgut, wherefore was he loved of all they that dwelt on the coast, even the coast which is called in the language of the people of Phrisko, Barberry.

4. For he was a pious man, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, and he searched the scriptures and read the words of Solomon the wise king, "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts." And he said, "Lo will I give strong drink unto them that are poor that they may perish off the face of the earth and forget their misery."

5. And it came to pass that it was the time when the men of Phrisko did get up in the midst of those whom they would have abused of the scribes, that certain of them got together and said unto each other, "Lo, we will get up Theodore whose name is Kok Reel, that he may be elected chief over the watchmen of the city and they who guard the gates, even the Pleece. Peradventure he may be elected, and then will he be gracious unto his servants and those whom his servants love." And they who said this were of the tribe of Gham Blurs.

6. Now the Gham Blurs were thieves.

7. And after many days did Tcharli, whose surname was Yung, write in his book that Theodore, who was called Kok Reel, was gracious unto the Gham Blurs. And that he spake unto the lewd women of Phrisko in that each of them make a Bah where they sold phortierod and rhawtgut unto those that were sorrowful in spirit, so that they should forget their sorrow and be merry. Wherefore Theodore got great gain.

8. And this saying of Tcharli, who was called Yung, was noised abroad among the people, and when Theodore, who was called Kok Reel, heard of it he was sore afraid.

9. And he sent a messenger unto the Gham Blurs, saying, "Behold now, we have read how Tcharli, who is called Yung, afflicteth me in that he hath discovered how I do deceive the people. Be gracious now unto thy servant, and be ye honest for a little time. Peradventure Tcharli, who is called Yung, may stop writing in his book and thy servant shall have peace. Then may ye again win the money of they that are foolish of heart." And they hearkened unto him and did in all things even as he had said.

10. Yet did not Theodore, who was called Kok Reel, forget how Tcharli, who was called Yung, had afflicted him; wherefore, when Benjamin the Scribe, of the tribe of Naphtali, did write bitter things of Tcharli, who was called Yung, so that Tcharli was angry, and his spirit was troubled, Theodore, who was called Kok Reel, did send unto Tcharli, saying:

11. Behold, now, thou didst abuse thy servant, and sore afflict him, and cause him to seem small in the eyes of the people, and did bring to light hidden things, and did hurt him, and make him to be sore afraid.

12. Yet is thy servant a pious man and a godly, and, as he is still in fear of thee, thy servant is willing that my Lord should use the watchmen of the city even as he will. Peradventure my Lord will be gracious unto his servant hereafter, when he remembereth what his servant hath done.

13. Therefore did Tcharli, who was called Yung, take certain of the watchmen of the city, even the Pleece, and with them he did go unto the office where Benjamin the Scribe, of the tribe of Naphtali, did write.

14. And being there did keep certain men who were servants unto Benjamin the Scribe, of the tribe of Naphtali, even from the tenth hour until the setting of the Sun.

15. Wherefore did the people say, Why is this. So this man Tcharli, who is called Yung, doth break the law. But others said, Could Tcharli do this of himself. Go to, ie Theodore, who is called Kok Reel, guiltless in this matter. We trow not.

16. And Dhavish, whose name being intepreted signifieth, Answering-in-a-loud voice, was judge over the people of Phrisko, and he was a cunning man.

17. And when the trial of Tcharli, who was called Yung, and Meichel, his brother, and of Benjamin the Scribe, of the tribe of Naphtali, was ended,

18. He said unto them, Give unto me three hundred pieces of silver, then shalt ye go free. But aforetime had he charged they that were servants unto Benjamin five thousand pieces of silver.

19. Wherefore did the people say, Did he not aforetime charge the servants of Benjamin the Scribe five thousand pieces of silver, and did they shoot at any man, or cause men to be imprisoned against the law? Is this justice? But others said, Make not so much noise. Is not Tcharli a Scribe, and is not Dhavish a cunning man, and wise in his generation? Wherefore, they did put their fingers unto their noses, and shut one of their eyes. And they that saw them, said, Oh, for such is the manner of the men of Phrisko.

An English wag asserts that machinery is the most modest of all things, since it almost always travels in cog.

A CYCLE.

If he had come in the early dawn
When the sunrise flushed the earth,
I would have given him all my heart,
Whatever the heart was worth.

If he had come at the noontide hour,
He would not have come too late;
I would have given him patient faith,
For then I had learned to wait.

If he had come in the after-glow,
In the peace of the eventide,
I would have given him hands and brain,
And worked for him till I died.

If he comes now the sun has set,
And the light has died away,
I will not give him a broken life,
But will turn and say him "Nay."

A SUGGESTION WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

Alas! poor shad, last of your race in California waters, I love thee well, not only when with silvery flash thou glidest through the blue waters of the Bay, but also, a little better, when "planked upon my plate." 'Tis then my love for you is hightened by an appetite such as is only enjoyed by those who lead an active and out-door life. Poor shadow of a shad I you are not the only fish whose race is so nearly run. The tom-cods, smelts, herrings, rock-cods, and all the rest of the fish that used to abound in this fair Bay of ours, are all nearly as badly off as yourself. I suppose you think because we have brought you here from the stormy Atlantic to the smooth Pacific Ocean, and given you a free ride across the continent into the bargain, we are bound to protect you from all your enemies. Well, *I* will do what I can.

People of California, more particularly of San Francisco, I appeal to you. Have the act protecting the seals at the mouth of San Francisco Bay repealed, and save the poor lone shad and the different species of fish of this and adjoining bays. You will then have fish at the same price you used to pay some years ago, over one hundred per cent. lower than the price at the present time.

TO THE PUBLIC.

28 Brunswick Street, Liverpool, England,
Temporary office, 315 California street, San Francisco, Dec. 1st, 1873.

Having retired to-day from the firms of Messrs. Robert Rodgers & Co., of Liverpool, and Messrs. Rodgers, Meyer & Co., of San Francisco (California), and Portland (Oregon), we shall henceforward, in conjunction with Mr. Bernhard Von Ammon, continue to carry on business in Liverpool and San Francisco, California, as Commission and Shipping Merchants, under the style, at both places, of Rodgers, Caspari & Co. The interests of our houses in Liverpool and San Francisco will be identical. Mr. Harold Holderness will have a share in our business, and will sign our firm per procuration. Soliciting a continuance of your valued support,

Your obedient servants,

Robert Rodgers,
Otto Caspari.

Bankers: The Liverpool Commercial Bank (Limited), Liverpool. The London and San Francisco Bank (Limited), San Francisco. London Office, 22 Old Broad street, E. C.

"Dens" of Amusement.—Paris theaters are universally admitted to be at present, without exception, the most uncomfortable places of amusement that any one can visit. The boxes are so small that the chairs have to be taken out to allow the ladies to enter, and the balconies are so narrow that it is scarcely possible for a gentleman to pass to and fro; and in most theaters ladies are not admitted to the stalls. So that what with the private boxes being all in the shade, and the best dressed ladies thus being placed behind the balconies, and the stalls being filled with black coats (unrelieved even by a white tie), a Paris theater is neither pleasant to the eye or feelings. And when you see that densely packed mass, and you know how difficult egress is, you cannot prevent yourself imagining what would happen if a cry of "Fire!" were to startle the audience.

The Plague of Books.—We find that in the course of last year there were published five hundred and seven new fictions and two hundred and twenty-one new poems. Let us reflect for a moment on all that is implied in this statement. How many poets and novelists are there in existence whose work has the smallest pretentions—we will not say to immortality—but to be read by any but the author's friends? If a foreigner were to ask a well-informed Englishman for a list of the most distinguished of those seven hundred writers, how many could be mentioned off-hand? We will leave it to our readers to suggest the particular names which would occur in either department of art; but it would be extravagant to say that during the last year twenty poems or fifty novels were published which any rational human being would care to rescue from the waste-paper basket.—*Saturday Review.*

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Overwhelming Longevity.—During the year 1873 fifty-two persons over ninety years old died in New Hampshire. Of these one was one hundred and two years, one month, and twenty days; one was one hundred years, one month, and nineteen days; one was ninety-nine years and ten months; three were ninety-eight, one over ninety-seven, one over ninety-six, four were more than ninety-five, eight were more than ninety-four, four over ninety-three, ten over ninety-two, five over ninety-one, and the remainder were in their ninety-first year. Twenty-one of these were females. The united ages of the fifty-two amounted to four thousand eight hundred and fifty-four years, ten months, and ten days, making an average of more than ninety-three years. No record is made of any one even one day short of ninety.

Mary in Russia certainly is not Marie, but Mariya (pronounced something like Mahrr-ee-yah), a far more rich and sonorous version of the honored name than the French Marie. If the latter be her true name, the Emperor Alexander II. must have been guilty of as great an eccentricity in exchanging the national for the French form, as an English nobleman who would have his son baptized Giovanni, Wilhelm, Jacques, or Pedro. If she was really baptized as "Mariya," surely we ought to call her by either that beautiful word (not very easy, perhaps, for English lips, but which English ears would soon learn to regard as one of the richest renderings of the name) or by plain English "Mary."

Temperature of Children.—Experiments in a large number of cases, made by M. Roger, show that at the moment of birth the temperature of an infant is 40 degrees centigrade—that is, equal to that of the medium in which it lived—but it soon decreases to 35, and in the following years it varies from 36 to 38. The typhoid fever is the sickness in which the temperature is the highest, varying from 43 to 41; in pneumonia it is 39, on an average, and in eruptive fevers it varies with the periods of the disease. In only one disease—the hardening of the cellular tissues—is there a very great decrease in the temperature.

New Implement for Putting out Fires.—A new implement for putting out fires was exhibited before the officers of the Fire Department, New York, Dec. 20th, in the repair shop of that department. The invention consisted in a revolving nozzle to be attached to the ordinary pipe, the effect of which will be to scatter the water in the form of spray, completely deluging a large surface in a few moments. A plot of ground, having a circumference of a hundred feet in the yard, was covered with water without moving the hose. It will be at once supplied to the New York fire companies.

The German Journal of St. Petersburg, in a leading article on the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, says: "The union of the Russian and English reigning families forges the last link in a chain of family alliance, embracing the whole of Europe, viz., England, Russia, Prussia, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany." "Moreover," continues the same paper, "the august ladies, although possessing less political influence in our day than formerly, yet continue to exercise a beneficent mediation in the interests of peace."

The Tichborne Case.—An estimate of the outlay already incurred in this case gives to the jury $13,000; to the shorthand writers, close on $10,000; to the printers, nearly $20,000. The prosecuting counsel—five in all—have swallowed over $70,000. Some of the witnesses for the prosecution received very large fees—one $5,000, and another $3,500, and a third $2,500. Of course they came from Australia and Chili. Altogether the "little bill" on one side alone, when it comes to be added up, must reach close on $750,000.

An Affectionate Cat.—Instances of the affection of the dog for his master is common enough; let the cat get credit for the following:—A few weeks since D. E. Nichols, of Cherryfield, Maine, died, and shortly after the funeral the family cat was observed for several nights to leave the house and return the next morning covered with mud. On following the animal it was discovered that she went directly to the grave, where she had dug a hole to the coffin in the endeavor to find her kind master.

The Christian Union is disposed to do justice to Communism. It says our duty is not done if we simply repel those who roughly assail the social fabric. On us rests the responsibility of seeing that its defects be made good, its foundations made to square with Christ's law of love, its every detail made to yield the utmost to justice and beneficence. It must not be left to our children to fight down an atheistic and selfish Commune; we must anticipate that work by building more perfectly a Christian society.

A remarkable man, claiming to be the Messiah, has recently appeared in Arabia, where his fame has spread far and wide. He came forth from the desert, where he spent many years mortifying the flesh, and he pretends to work wonders and perform miracles, and give the evidence of his divine mission. He has a melodious voice, remarkably brilliant eyes, and a fascinating appearance, and is winning followers.

In the matter of the ocean race between the *British King* and the *Three Brothers*, the real fact of the case is that the British ship reached Liverpool on the 14th, having left here on the 25th October, the American craft anchoring off Havre on the 17th, having left on the 24th October. The *British King* would have reached her journey's end much sooner, had her rate not been materially slackened on account of the barnacles and seaweed, the accumulation of a trip around the world.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The Town Crier doesn't desire to have any unpleasantness with the Dashaways or with Mr. Delos J. Howe, who delivers what are, by courtesy, called "lectures" before that highly intellectual association. But, by the fiat of the great Bendigo, we do not propose to have the general public nauseated over its breakfast by such thrice triturated stuff as this fellow Howe discourses two or three times a month before the total-abstainers. We have no objection to Howe's drooling about "the press" and "the honor and integrity of the true journalist," and the like, as long as he can wag his tongue. If the audiences at Dashaway Hall have a relish for rhetorical, weak tea and literary slops, they have a right under our glorious Constitution to indulge their sickly taste. So long as this Howe confines himself to the task of edifying only the simpletons who go to hear him, we have no right to complain. But when he runs around to the newspaper shops and furnishes "a synopsis of my lecture" for the morning papers, where the blockhead of said synopsis stares the innocent reader out of countenance, it is something too much, and we are not going to tolerate it. Our present purpose, however, is merely to give this journalistic wild ass a gentle hint to desist from inflicting himself upon the general public. We will not on this occasion say anything calculated to wound his feelings; but let him beware how he offends again. We will only remark in concluding that we were led by a morbid curiosity to search for a grain of sense in his last windy outburst of word-multiplying eloquence, and found nothing but rhetorical blubber. He assumes that he knows the theory of high-toned journalism, and has practiced it in its purity during a long lifetime. And yet, if we are correctly informed, he learned the art under the noble McCarthy and the immaculate Macdonald, on the old *American Flag*, the lowest specimen of gutter-snipe journalism ever published in California. And the fellow sets up for an elocutionist, too, we are told, and has undertaken to instruct aspiring Dashaways how they should "explode their vowels," and "sound their subtonics" if they would thrill the forum, or shake the senate. His own voice, we are assured, is a happy compromise between that of a cracked cow-bell and an asthmatic forge bellows; while his oratorical action is suggestive of the gesticulations of an ancient scarecrow moved capriciously by the wind. We acknowledge that we are wroth with this bumptious fellow, and if we were to give way to our sinful impulses we should probably be betrayed into some unpleasant personalities. We are thankful, however, that we have been able to restrain ourselves, for we consider everything that savors of personality both unchristian and ungentlemanly. We shall therefore take no further notice of this thick-witted lump of imbecility and conceit, this thrice-sodden dunce and addle-pated pretender until we catch him reporting his hashed drivel again in our morning paper. If he repeats that enormity we shall probably give way to the solicitations of the old Adam that lurks even in the gentle bosom of the *Town Crier*, and indulge in some reflections upon this Howe, which he may possibly regard as unkind.

On Wednesday last the *Town Crier* stumbled upon several of his bosom friends who had been wont to greet him with cheerful aspect. Now, however, there was a general depression of appearance and frowsiness of look about them that made him feel as though he had met a funeral. They said they had been to church. If they spoke truly they must have had an uncommonly lively time of it, for they looked as if the shepherds had grabbed them by main force, carried them to the back yard, and rolled them in the ash barrel. And, seeing how these men who were Christians had submitted themselves to such unseemly indignities, we lifted up our voices and rejoiced within ourselves that we were not even as these damphools. At a period in our young life when we were helpless we had been afflicted with baptism; but since we have come to the age of reason we have carefully avoided church baths, and we take kindly neither to a dip in the baptismal font, a smearing of Lenten ashes, nor the anointing of holy chrism. Neither do we partake willingly on Wednesdays, Fridays and Ember Days of the fish of the sea; neither of lobsters, mussels, crabs, oysters, clams or sturgeon, all of which we have frequently beheld regaling themselves upon the succulent corpses which abound in our bay. But we sit afar off and deride these mortifiers of the flesh, and we indulge the inner man with juicy steaks and rare roasts, and tempt these mortifiers of the flesh as they discontentedly munch their bloodless food, for our palate, like theirs, yearns for the good things of this life, and, unlike theirs, will have them. Yet the Great Dispenser, who goes back on his own in a way truly discouraging, rains blessings upon us, in that we do see fit to take tender care of the bodies he has seen fit to place in our charge. And we are endowed with all the good things of this earth with wit and wisdom, independence, influence, brains and circulation. Could sackcloth and ashes, stale fish and ranting prayers do more for us?

The versatility of the popular mind is evidenced in the reward advertisements. One comes boldly out and makes his price. Another temptingly promises that no questions will be asked. A third vaguely hints that a certain person was seen to pick up a certain thing on a certain night. A fourth promises a reward, but is delightfully indefinite as to its amount. The rule which we ourselves have strictly and successfully followed through life is to let the finder advertise. If our property is found by the right kind it is sure to come back to us in this way. If the other fellow gets it, it never comes back anyhow.

We were looking to-day at a man in Montgomery street, who held a bunch of those bright colored little balloons in his hand which he was offering for sale. A sudden and careless movement caused one of them to catch upon a pin in his coat and it became a shriveled, unsightly, flabby, little dull mass of gelatine. That is exactly what the De Youngs have done with the *Chronicle*. They made an incautious move as regards the *Sun*, and that insignificant unknown luminary has collapsed their inflated wind bag. Never was error so fatal. Their journal was so illusory, so falsely swollen by their own puffing, sustained only by most ethereal props, that at the first prick, even of the most ignoble weapon, it suddenly collapsed. And the bitter self-reproach is that they drew down that vulgar attack. Now that they have made fools of themselves and suffer accordingly, they snap at other people and whine for credentials as to character. Like the schoolboy caught prigging apples, they say, "Please, sir, the other boy stole more last week," and in utter meanness they actually indorse the *Bulletin* in its Bancroft advertisement, which is the essence of impudence. We have neither time nor space this week to expose the reasons of those booksellers' innuendo as regards the *News Letter*, other than to refer to our past exposé of their obscene publications, but as the *Chronicle* has taken the *Bulletin* under its wing, we propound the following conundrum: Did or did not the *Evening Bulletin* agree to advocate the Atlantic Railroad swindle on condition that they were to have $100,000 of the bonds for the service, and are their heads sore or not sore because they didn't make the raffle? As for the *Chronicle*, its days are numbered, and its proprietors can return to Rag Fair to collect materials for another libelous sheet elsewhere, but not in San Francisco.

"**My friends,** I am a goin' to glory. I shall soon be settin' at the right hand of my Father. I leave you here below in your troubles, for I'm a goin' over to de oder side ob Jordan. You've got to stay here and suffer, the Lord knows how long. You've got to have hard trials and sickness; and you've got to die at last after all. But in five minutes all my pains and troubles 'll be over forever and ever; and I'll be a settin' at the right hand of the Lord, a playin' on a golden harp. O my poor friends, how I do wish you was in my place." Such were the last words of Thomas Sankey, a colored saint and confessor, who recently died—rather suddenly—at Montgomery, Alabama. Thomas was fully persuaded that he had made his calling and election sure. He had not led an exemplary life, having been addicted from his youth up to various modes of enjoying himself which the law harshly characterizes as crimes. His conversion came late, but his dying words forbid us to doubt that it was genuine. When Thomas concluded, the Sheriff pulled out his pocket handkerchief, and the drop fell.

There is a period of adolescence when scribbling comes as naturally as the first downy fringe. It is the *Town Crier's* painful duty to announce to the unhappy parents that the disease has broken out in Berkeley, in the form of a magazine, but whether its development is due to Sallie Hart or to a persistent course of poor food, has not yet been ascertained. At any rate, they have it in its worst form, for every writer in this wonderful serial has discarded English with a noble scorn, whilst from the utter irrelevancy and wild meaninglessness of its poems, Swinburne must be the favorite volume under every pillow. Witness

> "Thou cenotaph for fauna dead
> In every land, thou storied vault
> For mammals long extinct, world thoughts
> Arise to him whose foot hath strayed
> Where Cenozoic twilight," etc.

As a specimen of idiocy in the vocative singular, this certainly is sublime. Swinburne's wickedness, however, is left out, and the poets have confined themselves to his indefiniteness, for their productions are of the goody-goody order, and their little outbursts of would-be naughtiness are to downright badness as the Russian tea of a lady's kettledrum is to the raw whisky of a big Irish spree. The *Town Crier* objects to people assuming a wickedness if they have it not. It sits as awkwardly on them as a Cardinal's hat on a circus clown. The wit of these embryotic gentlemen is of the consistency of school coffee, in proof of which readers are invited to peruse the page called Collegiana. Take it for all in all, we can recommend only the first two pages to the general reader. They contain advertisements only.

"**Is there a God?**"—*Post*. We admire the *naivete* of the pigmy journal in propounding this question, and contrary to our wont will respond civilly. A careful searching of the columns of the *Post* leads us to decide that there is not; but a glance at the back numbers of the *News Letter* mournfully compels us to acknowledge that there probably is. Else why our Droppings from the Sanctuary?

It is written in the chronicles of the week that Eugene McCarthy shot his brother-in-law. At first we were strongly tempted to make the time-honored joke about the peace of mind which would have visited the bosom of McCarthy had he shot his mother-in-law. We desist, for the simple reason that he has no such relative. The jest would have lost its point.

We consider the action of Chicago, in permitting ninety-five pairs of twins and one litter of triplets to be added to its population in one short month, highly reprehensible. The Lord did commend his creatures to increase and multiply, but he don't want the whole multiplication table thrown in his face in one calendar month.

The National Reform Association, convened at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is much concerned for the honor of Almighty God. The Convention thinks it a scandal and a shame that "God is not recognized" in the Constitution. The Rev. T. P. Stevenson said that religious ideas were being assailed by infidels and atheists, and "were giving way before these attacks." In his opinion, "the only way to arrest this fearful evil was to secure the formal acknowledgement of God by the State." The reverend gentleman insisted eloquently on the efficacy of this measure. But we are afraid he over-rates the good results that might reasonably be expected to flow from it. We are afraid that a bare recognition by the State wouldn't afford much aid or comfort to the Lord. If Mr. Stevenson would back up his measure with a law establishing a star-chamber, and an inquisition authorized to take energetic action in the good, old-fashioned way, it seems probable that the skeptics might be silenced, if not convinced. Infidels and atheists, however inaccessible to ordinary theological argument, are not deaf to the persuasive logic of the rack, the gridiron, and the thumbscrew.

It is rarely the Town Crier's good fortune to be able to bestow a word of praise upon any church, congregation, or preacher. When such happy chance does occur we give our approval with the same unction that we do blame. Wherefore it is that we say the late course of the Central M. E. Church is as frankincense and myrrh in our wicked nostrils. That the payment of a church debt by its own congregation is one of those deeds which shine in this wicked world with the light of a blazing star. And from this day forth, when a snuffy-nosed woman with a leather reticule puts her head in at the door, or a cadaverous-looking object, with high cheek bones, invades our privacy with a gospel text, or a fresh, blooming young girl parts with a large scrap of her modesty in church begging, we shall point to Bishop Peck and the Central M. E. Church. There! We have spoken one good word for the gospel-slingers, and if we're not let off one basting for it when we go to our last long roast, our confidence in the interfering powers is thoroughly shaken.

The Town Crier is happy to announce the approaching return of A. E. Head, Esq., the great real estate and mining operator. He has been away nearly two years, traveling in the old world and devoting his active intelligence to the study of the governments, constitutions and social conditions of Europe, Asia, and Africa. He is expected to arrive next week, and we understand that a committee, composed of Messrs. Ralston, Latham, Morrow and the Regents of the University, together with many of our first citizens, intend offering Mr. Head the use of Pacific Hall, in order that he may unfold to them the treasures of knowledge he has acquired during his absence. We can predict that his "What I Saw in the Great Pyramid of Cheops," "My Observations in the Catacombs of Rome," "Six Weeks in the Nubian Desert," with "My Theory of the Musical Memnon," will form a series of most interesting traveler's tableaux.

We are somewhat astonished at the sameness of the *Chronicle's* headings in its interesting accounts of the gutter-snipe war. With unflinching boldness, incredible hardihood, and commendable constancy, it has each day called its whilom *protege* and his companion "Dirty Birds." Now if the *Chronicle* had a forte it was its strong appellatives and their qualifying adjectives. Wouldn't it be a wise change to dub them "Soiled Kangaroos," "Stained Hippopotami," "Filthy Dromedaries," "Gorged Vultures," or upon a pinch a pair of "Foul Ichthyosauri."

Mr. J. S. Cox arrived last night. He is the private secretary of Mr. Hatch, the President of the P. M. S. S. Co., and is sent out with a double magnifying pair of binoculars to look into the management of the company on the Pacific Coast. As Mr. Higgins, the present too efficient agent of the company, is Mr. Hatch's factotum, we are sure that everything will be found satisfactory, even to the enormous flag which almost envelops the new offices, but we tremble for that hundred dollars a month which the pure *Bulletin* found so extravagant a payment for our columns of ads and notices.

The local papers have finally dubbed Mr. Sumner Bugbee an impressario. No one can understand the immense relief this statement gives us. During many weary ponderings upon the subject our mind has swayed between Jack-of-all-trades and what is it, but it never occurred to us in our wildest moments to point the way to a man's destruction by making him imagine himself a creature of that kind. Heaven knows what they will make of him next; a School Director perhaps, or an investigation witness, all with equal propriety.

The pulpiteers assembled in Convention at Pittsburg insist that "American politics must be Christianized." Now, with all reverence for these saintly men, we submit that they have not begun their evangelizing work at the beginning. Let them commence their pious labors by "Christianizing American religion;" that accomplished, it will be in order to attend to the politics. When the devil is exorcised from the Church, it will be time enough to hunt him out of Congress and the Legislatures.

It is presumable that Director Spaulding feels that he has utterly annihilated our redoubtable Colonel by pitching into him as William Henry Lyman Barnes. The Colonel does take a good deal of the alphabet to himself, but then the All-Wise has seen fit to endow him with a little more head and something more in it than it is his custom to bestow on the average School Director, whose pudgy capacities entitle him only to the pudgy signature, A. S. S.

DUTY.

[BY JOHN A. DORGAN.]

The lady of the legend olden,
  In a dragon form imprisoned,
  With many-colored scales bedizened--
Violet, crimson, green and golden—
Doomed her weary wierd to dree
  Lonely in some desert fearful,
  For the chamion waiting tearful,
Who should give her kisses three,
  Who should nerve himself to death,
  Who should dare her poisonous breath,
And from the foul enchantment set her free.

Her name is Duty—still she liveth;
  Still in lone'y pain she waiteth;
  (Dreadful form, which each one hateth!)
But she weepeth and forgiveth.
Only one can set her free;
  Will he sigh and pass her coldly?
  Or will he dare the venture boldly—
Give the awful kisses three—
  Find the loathly horror fled—
  Blushing loveliness instead,
And in his heart delight and victory!

—*Scribner's, for November.*

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

The Toronto Globe publishes a letter from Mr. Roberts dated from San Francisco, December 5th, in which he states that he and Mr. P. Beresford Hope have crossed the American continent on British territory, with the exception of the short canal at the Sault St. Marie, which is on United States territory. They landed at Quebec in May, and proceeded *via* Toronto to Fort Garry, by way of the Georgian Bay, the north shore of Lake Superior, and the Dawson Road. They left Fort Garry on the 24th of July to cross the plains to Fort Edmonton by the way of Forts Ellice, Carleton, and Pitt, and arrived there on the 4th of September, riding on horseback, and carrying provisions and baggage in the common Red River carts. From Edmonton they started with a pack train of nine horses for Jasper's-house, and crossed the Rocky Mountains by the Yellow Head Pass and Tete-Jaune Cache, and down the Cranberry, Albreda, and North Thompson valley to Kamloops, where they arrived on the 5th of November. They proceeded by stage to Yale, and thence to Victoria by steamboat, arriving there on the 15th of November, just six months after landing at Quebec. In their long journey they encountered no difficulties except such as are common to travel in unsettled countries. They had tolerable sport among the prairie grouse and wild ducks, but were frightfully tormented by mosquitoes. They had the usual trouble with perverse pack-horses, but the great scarcity of food in the forest, and the bad packing, soon reduced them, not only to a state of subjugation, but dejection, and of the 14 horses used between Edmonton and Kamloops only 7 reached the latter place, and of that number only two were fit for a day's work. Between the Macleod and the Athabasca rivers the travelers were caught in a snowstorm, and were detained one day, and had to travel the whole of the next day through snow 12 or 14 inches deep, but otherwise they had remarkably fine weather, having had only one thunderstorm in the night and two wet days during the three and a half months' journey. From the lateness of the season and the low temperature in the mountains, all the rivers were low, and there were none of the dangers and difficulties in crossing them which Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle experienced in their adventurous journey over the same ground ten years ago. "Throughout the journey," writes Mr. Roberts, "we received the greatest kindness and assistance from the officers in charge of the Hudson Bay stations, without which, indeed, our journey could not have been attempted. We were also much indebted to Mr. N. Moberley and Mr. Selwyn (who were at Tete Jaune Cache, on their survey of the Yellow Head Pass), for much kindness, guidance, and assistance. It would be trespassing too much on your space to give our impressions of the country through which we passed, but I must express our convictions of the fitness of a very large portion or the north-west territory for agricultural purposes, and, without pretending to any knowledge of engineering, but from a practical knowledge of railways in Switzerland and other parts of Europe, our belief that the proposed Canada Pacific Railroad is a perfectly practical undertaking, and one which is not only necessary for opening up the country, but for the consolidation, and, indeed, for securing the very existence of the Dominion."

Commend us to the noble Granger for an ensample and embodiment of true modesty. Ever since his emergence upon the political stage, he has been howling like a lycanthrope, in whom the wolf largely predominated over the man, against appropriations to railroads, appropriations to benevolent institutions, appropriations to anything, and now comes shambling into the State Senate in his shirt sleeves, reeking with sweat, and with his cow-hide brogans redolent of the compost heap behind the stable, and in the name of "the masters of the Grangers of Los Angeles and San Bernardino" demands an appropriation for a Granger's Exposition! And he'll get it, too; for verily it may as well be understood now as later that these fellows are our masters.

New Post Office Arrangements.—Henceforth Newspapers and pamphlets sent by post, indorsed with the name of the sender, and marked with the number of papers the package contains, will not, as formerly, be charged with letter postage.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Board of Supervisors have decided, in rather a high-handed manner, to attend to matters in general, and to the Board of Education in particular. The Board of Education, in a series of elaborate whereases, have resisted any such interference, and politely requested their official brethren to keep their fingers out of their pie. We don't know that the Board of Supervisors have any such right, but it is a positive relief to know that some one intends looking after the educational idiots, who are constantly taking a length of rope which does not belong to them. The schools certainly should be managed according to the will of the people who pay for them. Yet the consideration they receive is exemplified in the recent case of the abolishing of the languages from the list of studies. The resolution was passed so summarily and without warning that no one had a chance to lift a hand, and, in their ignorant stubbornness, they refused to reconsider their motion after all San Francisco lifted its voice. It serves San Francisco right for placing a set of empty noddles (a tremendously vacant one at their head) where there should have been men of common sense. Every one is acquainted with the little job in the School Department in the matter of furniture, supplies etc. Therefore, no one will be surprised to learn that the School Directors, taking a lesson from the Police Commission, intend revoking all certificates and ordering a fresh examination, when there will be a discreet dropping of all friendless teachers whose political patrons have passed away with the change of empire. They don't charge for the examination ostensibly, but they make a neat little percentage on the paper issued in the form of certificates. Trust them for not losing. They are making a terrible pow-wow about retrenchment just now, and affecting to dispose of all rented rooms by consolidating classes. We read whole paragraphs of these consolidations, and they seem a very fine thing. They do fill up the Lincoln basement, in dungeons where teachers and scholars have contracted low fever, rheumatism, neuralgia and other pleasing consequences of abiding in damp vaults, and they crowd a pack of babies into the Denman Grammar School, that second monument of educational folly. But they don t fill up a twenty-class building, where little straggling classes are gathered – classes of twenty and thirty, where the law allows sixty. And why? Simply because one or two of the schools in rented rooms are not to be disturbed, being presided over by favorites. One of them, an estimable lady in herself, is the daughter of one great man and the sister of another. Both big men have gone to their long rest, but "shatter the vase if you will," etc., the prestige of her blood hangs to her; and what with her friends and her antecedents, they won't disturb the lady in her rented rooms, lest, losing a class or two, she lose five or ten dollars off her salary. Another set of rooms, rented at an exorbitant price, is occupied by a school presided over by a lady who has carried things with a high hand for some time. Her influence with Boards and Superintendents is incomprehensible, unless it is that, being a daughter of Rebekah, she gives them the grip. She not only holds her rented rooms, but she is in every little job. She haunts the educational rooms like a ghost, and if there is an examination, she pockets fifty dollars for services rendered. The whole system of substituting is delivered practically into her hands. She has a band of young girls in her charge, who are to take the places of absent teachers, at two dollars and a quarter per day. It is rumored that the young ladies who have many political friends have always much to do, but the friendless rarely earn, or are put in the way of earning, their little two and a quarter. Every one is acquainted with the recent freak by which the whole power of electing a teacher is practically placed in the hands of three men. Comment is unnecessary. Comment on any part of the proceedings is possibly unnecessary. But people can't help seeing all these things, and wondering, "Can such things be?"

BALS MASQUES.

On each of the first three days of this week there has been a masked ball, and each has been of a different kind. On Monday was held that of the Italian Benevolent Society, which partook of the nature of a carnival, albeit a carnival on a small scale. There was an abandon and freedom of fun about this ball that invested it with that sense of rollicking jollity that is not experienced in the usual *bal masque*, and which is certainly the right spirit in which such affairs should be conducted and enjoyed. On Tuesday came the ball of the Teutons, and this was remarkable for the originality, brilliancy, and variety of the costumes. Trust a German to enjoy himself. On Wednesday the Eureka Social Club held theirs, and this was of the order select, or as near as it could be to that. Pleasant, of course, exceedingly so, but it lacked the freedom of the first and the brilliancy of the second. Of the three, the Italians, although not much of a success, was certainly managed in the right way. No unmasking, or at any rate unmasking *ad libitum*, should be the order. To be sure it is often a matter of pleasant surprise to find out who this blue domino, or that Roman peasant is, but how much oftener is unmasking a thing of disappointment. Keep up the idea of the costume by all means, and don't help in taking the gilt off the gingerbread by prescribing a certain hour in which Jeanne d'Arc turns out to be Miss Jones and freckled. Lord knows there's plenty of disillusionizing going on now-a-days without the committees of masked balls lending their help thereto. Besides it spoils half the pleasure, and, there are many who say, all the fun.

LAST EVENING—A FRAGMENT.

To say that the Caledonia Ball last evening was a most enjoyable and successful affair, is but to pass a somewhat commonplace remark, and one that looks and reads too much after the fashion of a set phrase. We will therefore be original. From the white canvass on the floor to the gay streamers floating from the ceiling; from the tips of Ballenberg's bow to the curl of Chief MacDonald's whiskers; from the costume whose fair description would require all the terrible, secret knowledge of a fashion reporter, to the plain dress, charming in its simplicity, and called dowdy by many of the gentler sex; from the mazy, merry-go-round of the waltzers to the slower and just as pretty movements of those who danced only squares; from the growl of the double bass to the squirl and squeak of the bag-pipe; from the unpinning of looped-up skirts to the last shawl and cloak; from the bursting of a new glove to the clink of the glasses at supper-table; from the springy young woman who "danced every dance" to the limp and sorrowful ancient maiden who had only one name down on her programme, and that her brother's; from petticoats stiff as buckram to petticoats flabby as a paper collar after a hot day; from blue eyes that melted to black eyes that burnt; from—— What, copy? O, here you are!

Objectionable Clauses in the New Charter Relating to Education. —The clauses in Sec. 11, of the chapter on Public Instruction, to wit: "That the Superintendent of Common Schools shall advise the teachers in relation to their duties, and the books of elementary instruction to be used," is liable to misinterpretation as conferring upon the Superintendent the authority of directing teachers to use in the elementary branches such books as he shall think fit, which would be contrary to the school law, as no such a power as the selection of text-books for Common Schools in any department can be vested in the Superintendent, but rests entirely with the Board of Education. The abuses which might follow from this stretch of power, the little and big jobs which might arise, together with the continual change of elementary books, to the great hardship of poor families, are indeed terrible to contemplate. There is no necessity whatever for the Superintendent to advise teachers as to what books they must or can use in the primary departments. The school manual, of which every teacher is provided, contains a list of the books that may or shall be used in every respective grade as prescribed by the Board of Education, both State and Municipal. There can be no ignorance in this respect among teachers. And it is neither the province of the Superintendent to inform teachers of their duties, which are likewise detailed in the school manual, but simply to admonish them when they fail in them, and to report to the Board if the abuses are not corrected. It seem singular that clauses, so liable to misinterpretation and productive of great evil, should have already crept into the new charter of our city. We are disposed to be charitable, but really it looks as if the insertion had been made by a wily hand.

NEW BOOKS FROM A. ROMAN & CO.

NANCY. A Novel. By Rhoda Broughton, author of "Cometh Up as a Flower," "Red as a Rose is She," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. The International Scientific Series. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE TWO ADMIRALS. A Tale. By J. Fennimore Cooper. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

We received, by the City of Melbourne, Messrs. Reed & Brett's Auckland Almanac. These gentlemen are the publishers of the *Auckland Evening Star*, and the almanac is a very creditable publication of 164 pages, full of varied information—local, legislative, commercial, emigrative and statistic. We cannot help clipping the following from its "Garden and Farming Calendar:"

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make your *beds* early in the morning; *sew* buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake up* any grievances; protect the young and tender *branches* of your family; *plant* a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully *root out* all angry feelings, and expect a good *crop* of happiness.

We notice with pleasure the appointment of Mr. David Watt, of Grass Valley, to the position of Superintendent of the Empire Mill and Mining Company. Mr. Watt is so well and honorably known amongst all connected with mines and mining matters that this simple statement will be quite sufficient to convince our readers that the affairs of the Empire Company will be superintended in the spirit of all honesty and justice. They who know the ex-Senator and his brother, Controller Watt, with whom Grass Valley is, as it were, incorporated, will fully comprehend the value of the late appointment.

BLACKMAIL.

A noble knight rode through a town
Armed, and equipped from toe to crown
In mail like nigger-skin;
And on the pennant of his spear
A legend, traced in letters clear,
Ran thus: *I fight to win.*

As he pressed onward through the crowd,
With lusty lungs he cried aloud
To all within his hail:
"I am the knight who in despite
Of wrong or right, will win the fight—
I am the Lord Blackmail.

"If any wish to prosper here,
Let them at once employ my spear—
I fight for one and all;
Many will curse, but what care I,
Or why should ye care? for 'tis by
Their cursing that they fall."

But every man did hide his face,
As though it were a great disgrace
To look upon Blackmail;
But, though they looked not, many heard,
And some men called him *Dirty Bird*,
And thereby hangs a tale.

For when the day had changed to night
The men who, when the sun was bright,
Had been the first to cry:
"Down with this sable-armored knight
Who dares proclaim that Might is Right!
Down with him!—let him die!"

These very men crept one by one—
Their names were *Chronicle* and *Sun*,
Alta and *Bulletin*—
And paid the warrior his fees
To help them earn their bread and cheese,
To fight their fight, and win.

Each thought the other did not know
That *he* would to the stranger go
To ask so mean an aid.
But O! 'twas most exceeding thin—
De Young, MacCrellish, Pickering,
And Fitch, ye have been paid [speak,

To hold your tongues when ye might
To help the strong, to crush the weak,
To pander to the dove
Whose wings were soiled. O, Pharisees!
Down, down upon your spavined knees
And pray to Him above;

Or better, rub old Satan's palm
With hard, metallic, yellow balm—
Anoint his barbèd tail
That he may make your hell less hot;
But O! we beg of you, do not
Blaspheme your friend *Blackmail*.

T. A. H.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL ECLIPSED.

The St. Louis Republican publishes an account of a trial involving a most marvelous question of identity now progressing in Court at Malone, Franklin County, New York. The story goes that Willis Peyton, a farmer, 40 years of age, went South two years ago to peddle a patent spring bed, leaving a wife and several children, some of whom were well grown. At Terre Haute he spent some time, and after leaving that place he lost all consciousness, but after a time realized that he was in a hospital at Evansville, Indiana, recovering from small-pox. He was then bald, and when he resumed his clothing every article appeared to have been made for a much smaller man. The pantaloons, which he recognized as his, were at least six inches too short. He could get no trace of his money, watch, model spring bed, or other effects. When he was released from the hospital he went to a friend, who spurned him as an impostor. He looked in a mirror and doubted his own identity. He first thought of suicide, and his next thought was of home. The latter prevailed. On the way he was taken ill again, and once more all the world was a blank. He finally arrived at his own door after an absence of two years. Willis Peyton's family believed him dead. The Willis Peyton who had left that threshold two years before had light hair, nearly red, and a very scanty beard, and was thin in flesh. The Willis Peyton who now knocked at the door was much taller, rounder, and had brown curly hair and a heavy beard. He knocked and was invited into the house of the "Widow Peyton," and took a seat. Looking at Mrs. Peyton, he said—"I suppose you don't know me, Addie?" She answered, "No, sir, I do not; who are you?" The man burst into tears, and said: "You'll not believe me, I know, when I tell you; but it's got to come some time, and might as well now as not. I am Willis Peyton." Mrs. Peyton shrank from him, ordered him out of doors, and two of her sons and a hired man took him to the nearest Justice, who sent him to jail as a lunatic. He was first tried by a commission of lunacy, and was adjudged perfectly sane. He is now being tried before the surrogate on the question of his pretentions as the husband of Mrs. Peyton, and the owner of the Peyton property. He has shown marks on his person, related instances of his private family history, recalled circumstances in connection with old associates, all tending to prove the truth of his claim. And the "Widow Peyton" sits in the court-room, by turns looking at the claimant to her bed and board, and crying as witness after witness avows his belief that the strange man is Willis Peyton. She has told her friends that if he really was Peyton he may have the farm, stock, and everything but herself. Sometimes during passages of the trial he implores her to look again and see if she cannot recognize one feature and acknowledge him as her husband, but she refuses, and his earnest, appealing face suddenly becomes clouded by despair. He says if the suit terminates in his favor he will only ask a living off the farm, and will never intrude upon his wife and children, unless they voluntarily recognize him.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

GEMS FROM THE TROPICS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

HONOLULU, Feb. 7, 1874.

Dear News Letter:—Lunalilo I., King of the Sandwich Islands, is *pau* (the native for utterly extinct). He died on the 3d instant, from a pulmonary complaint, in the 40th year of his life, having reigned a little over twelve months. He now lies in state, and will not be dipped in his mother earth for a month. There has been no serious demonstrations of affection made to his remains, after the first flow of sorrow. The missionaries call him Lunalilo, the Amiable; history will write him down as Lunalilo, the Imbecile. Lunalilo came to the Throne amidst the acclamations of his people, to whom he promised a share in the Government. He did not confer a single office of trust or responsibility upon one of his countrymen; treated them, as if they were, like himself, mental imbeciles, and died without having done a single act that will save his name from oblivion or ignominy. There is no people in the world, whether semi-barbarian or civilized, who demand dignity and lofty heroism in their rulers more than the Hawaiians. This is an extraordinary fact, but their whole history is proof thereof. Lunalilo was body and soul at the mercy of the American Missionaries, and a weak, vacillating, worthless Ministry, made up of Major-General Charles R. Bishop, Minister of War and Foreign Affairs; Ebenezer Obadiah Hall, Minister of Interior, and Frank Justinian Judd, Attorney General. Robert Stirling, a sturdy Scotchman, Minister of Interior, was the only honorable exception, as a man, in the whole heard of parasites which infest his late Majesty's domesticated menagerie.

The King left no successor, and a struggle is in progress for the possession of the throne. There is an almost unanimous public opinion in favor of Prince David Kalakaua, a scholar and a gentleman in the true sense of the word. If he does not make an able and energetic king he will wofully disappoint the hopes of all the intelligent men who have the honor of his acquaintance. But there is a rival in the field. Queen Emma has been brought out by "My Lord the Bishop of Honolulu," as the candidate of the Reformed Catholic, or English Episcopal Church. The "English party," greatly in the minority, is making a heroic fight in her behalf, and has aroused her retainers to action. Bishop Willis, a most insignificant-looking man, who is the very picture of Christianity on its last legs, has astonished everybody by this bold movement. He has completely upset all the calculations of the American missionaries, who have nothing to say for the first time in half a century. They dictated formerly, now they are so poor that even the humblest Kanaka will not do them reverence. They are, in a word, on the stool of repentance, and let us hope, for Christ's sweet sake, that they will have "a good stool." The contending parties are actively at work, everybody is mixed up in politics, even everything seems to be interested and excited.

The British man-of-war *Tenedos* is in port, as is the United States war steamer *Tuscarora*. These dogs of war are watching the contest eagerly. The entire cosmopolitan population is aroused. Natives of all classes, Frenchmen and Fijians, Americans and Patagonians, Germans and Samoans, Englishmen and Maoris, Dutchmen and New Guinea Negroes, etc., etc., are all warmed up to the strife. There is a healthy mental current afloat which is a god-send to this dull, stupid, but virtuous public. The streets are crowded with multitudes, but so far peace and order prevails. There can be no doubt as to who will be the victor in the special session of the Legislature which meets on the 12th instant to elect a king. Prince David will wear the royal cloak of the Kamehamehas. In so far as American and English interests are concerned, the diplomatic representatives of the United States and England are not only watchful in their diplomatic offices, but mix themselves up in local politics as freely as the Kanakas. For some reason, which the gods have not yet explained, United States Minister resident, Henry A. Pierce, is a warm advocate of the claims of Queen Emma. This brings astonishment and indignation to the American camp. Her Majesty's Commissioner and Consul, General John Hay Wodehouse, is exceedingly active in Her Majesty's interests also. Thus, while the American eagle and the British lion may in good claw each other in politics, their high representatives in Honolulu lovingly unite in behalf of charming woman. The millenium has come. Woman has been a frequent source of war, has always been a pleasant pest of man, but is it not consoling to think that sometimes, by her grace, exquisite manners and irresistible charms, she has the magnetic influence of reconciling two amiable old men. Well, all is well that ends well, as we hope the present struggle may. The next mail will bring you the result, a result which, let us hope, will give the Hawaiians a chance to govern themselves. Their monarchs and themselves have been too confiding, and hence toadies, parasites and lickspittles, religions and political, have been fattening upon their rot.

B. A.

The taste of the period was illustrated by the Chicago boy who applied at the bookstore for something for his father to read. He was offered a nice thing in the way of Bibles, at which the irate youth exclaimed, "Bibles! Do you think the guv'ner is going to be hanged? Give me a dime novel, one with an Injun scalpin' a soldier."

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF SCIENTIFIC INDUSTRY.

The above is the title of a new organization formed in England, with the Earl of Derby for its President, and for its Directors the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl of Malmesbury, the Duke of Sutherland, Colonel Patten, the Hon. John Bright, Sir Thomas Bazley, and many well known members of the English Parliament, all of the prenamed taking an active interest in the affairs of the kingdom. Lord Derby inaugurated the Society at Manchester in a remarkable speech, which, though not foreboding, yet at the same time carried a deep and significant warning. He began by disclaiming that the Society was political, or that it even had anything to do with the traditional contest between labor and capital. Its sole object was to develop the industrial resources of the country. Increase of national wealth means greater comfort for the poor, better means of education, diminished pauperism, a lengthened average of human life, an ultimate decrease of dissipation, though at the first blush it would appear the contrary, but above all and that which conduces the most to civilization, a greater command of leisure. England is proverbially called a rich country, and yet £30 sterling, or $150 per head for her twenty-two millions, or £150 ($750) per annum per family, is the utmost average in that land. It is even a question if France is not equal to England in point of wealth, and it has been said that taking into account the advantages of climate, cost of living and labor, France is the richest country in Europe. She has lately shown proof of an amazing elasticity. One thing is very certain, and that is that the average incomes are greater in the United States than in England, and that in manual and agricultural labor they are ahead. And there is one serious matter to bear in mind. England's prosperity depends on causes which may or may not continue to operate. In all ages the liability of commercial and industrial supremacy to pass from one country to another has grown into a common-place. Tyre and Sidon, Venice, Florence, Holland, Spain and Portugal, are all evidences of the truth of the assertion. By a series of most favorable political circumstances, England got a start in foreign and colonial trade which she has not yet lost. Steam power, machinery, railroads, have all combined to confirm her greatness. For the last hundred and fifty years, a combination of circumstances not likely to occur again have tended to aggrandize the wealth and commerce of England, but now there is no foreign tyranny to drive citizens of other countries to seek lands where a more liberal Government prevails, and, indeed, if such were again to occur, such citizens would probably seek their new homes in the new worlds of America and Australasia. England has not gone back, but other nations have advanced. There has been continued advance on her part, but her competitors have followed on her footsteps. The effect of present and past success has been a demand for labor greater than the supply, and that has been still more greatly increased by the tendency to emigrate. The future foreign industry will employ English capital as well as English skilled labor, itself only furnishing ordinary workmen. In the old days, a protective duty would have impeded competition, but it is impossible now to go back to such primitive means. What, then, remains for England to do? We search underground for material to create heat, and heat stops our working. And yet the economy of heat as applied to machinery is the problem of the day. In that island, with its population of twenty millions, including women, children, the sick, infirm and disabled, there is a collected power of more than five hundred millions of men. Not so in China, not so by the French agriculturist, who supports his family by painful labor on his patch of land, expending thereupon an amount of physical exertion equal to a hundred fold its amount of mechanical force. Machinery must take the place of manual labor, involving at the same time increased mechanical skill, just as at the present day it requires more training to work an Armstrong gun than it was to handle one of Nelson's old ten-pounders. What the Society proposes is not so much Scientific Education as Scientific Industry. It proposes premiums for Industrial Improvements and Exhibitions, where such industry can be encouraged and stimulated. The world has hitherto been learning from England, and she must remain the leader, the teacher and the inventor in Scientific Industry.

Gone.—At Yarmouth Port, Massachusetts, February 16th, Capt. John Eldridge, brother of Oliver Eldridge of San Francisco, aged 76 years.

No one familiar with the shipping trade of New York but has known as a household word the name of Captain Jack Eldridge, who for years commanded one of the "Old Line's" Packet ships between New York and Liverpool. First in the employ of Woodhull & Minturn, and subsequently with Grinnell, Minturn & Co. No one who ever knew him can forget his remarkable personal appearance and physical strength. With a heart tender as a woman's towards the sufferings of others, he combined a character for intelligence and integrity that has never been questioned. His brother, Captain Asa Eldridge, was lost while in command of the missing Collin's steamer *Pacific*. The remaining brother, Captain Oliver Eldridge, has lived too long amongst us as agent of the P. M. S. S. Co. to need further allusion. As a family they have always been prominently connected with the commerce of New York.

The Danbury News states that a New Haven editor spent last Sunday in Slawson, and attended church. When the contribution-box came around he was in a doze, but, on being nudged, hastily exclaimed, "I have a pass."

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

It is reported that the Turkish Government has ordered the construction in England of an iron-clad corvette at a cost of $600,000.——Foreign commerce in Salvador, which had fallen off since the great earthquake, is reviving, and the work on the railroad is progressing.——Public opinion in Peru grows stronger every day in favor of a separation of Church and State, and of abolishing compulsory religious teachings.——The journals of San Salvador assert that the forces Salvador has in front of Comayagua in Honduras, are there merely to see fair play.——The city of Brussels has concluded a loan of 70,000,000 francs with the Bank of Paris, the Societe Generale, and other financial establishments.——The total number of Roman Catholic bishops and priests in England and Wales is 1,662. The total number in Great Britain is 1,893. The total number of churches, chapels, and stations in Great Britain is 1,253. There are eighty-six religious houses for men, 268 convents, and twenty colleges.——Peruvian dates to the 13th ultimo announce that the locomotive has reached the City of Puno, proving that the railroad connecting Lake Titicaca with the Pacific is now an accomplished fact. The capital of the Incas, Cuzco, is to be reached by a branch line, and work to that effect has been begun.——The Emperor of Russia will visit England next April.——The wife of James Anthony Froude, the historian, is dead.——It is reported that General Dorregaray, chief of staff to Don Carlos, has been murdered.——The vessel *Abraham Lincoln*, from Cardiff to Messina, has been wrecked.——The London *Standard* says a Consistory will be held at Rome in June, when eight more Cardinals will be appointed, including Archbishop Manning.——A grand dinner was given recently by the Czar of Russia to his royal visitors. In a speech he said, "The Emperor of Germany, the Queen of England, the Emperor of Austria, and himself, would preserve the peace of the world." The Prince of Wales bowed his acquiescence, while Emperor Francis Joseph answered by reiterating the sentiment.——Dr. Beke, the English traveler, reports that he has discovered the true Mount Sinai. It is situated one day's journey northeast of the village of Akota, Arabia, at an altitude of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Dr. Beke says he found the remains of animals that had been sacrificed. He also discovered Sinaetic inscriptions, which he copied.——Ledru Rollin is a candidate for the French National Assembly.——Dispatches from Hongkong say the Government has prohibited the publication of the *Progress* newspaper.——Arrived at Hull, ship *Otago*, from Portland; and at Havre, ship *Three Brothers*, from San Francisco.——The British Minister at Madrid has had a long conference with Laguesto, Minister of Foreign Affairs, it is supposed on the subject of the British vessel seized and retained in a Spanish port.——Victor Hugo dyes his hair, waxes his mustache and paints his eyebrows, and is said to fall in love with every female he meets.——There is an establishment in Paris whose sole business is to make over and recurl feathers. The business done is enormous.——At the request of Americans residing in Berlin, Rev. J. P. Thompson is to deliver a lecture descriptive of the late anti-Catholic meeting in St. James Hall, London. He will also repeat his speech delivered on that occasion.——The London *Athenæum* recently contained an advertisement, offering to buy old artificial teeth.——Sir Charles Dilke, who is said to have paid $5,000 for Watt's fine portrait of Mill, has gracefully offered it as a present to Miss Helen Taylor, Mr. Mill's step-daughter.——The Parisians' love for black toilets is on the increase. For street wear there is scarcely anything else to be seen, and for dinner and evening parties they are universally adopted.

AN EPITAPH.

I will be rich! I said,
And, I am poor;
I will be great!
And I am least of all;
When I am old, said I,
And I am dead;
I will be loved!
And I am clean forgot;
I will be wise!
This one truth have I learned:
That death alone was certain in my life.

SUTRO TUNNEL.

Drifting is soon to begin from a point of the tunnel 9,100 feet towards the mineral region. We notice in this week's report of the Sutro Tunnel Company that shaft No. 2 will be down to the tunnel level by next May, or in about three months. Then they will begin to drift east and west from the tunnel level. The west drift towards the Comstock will be watched with great interest by all mining men, as the surface on shaft No. 2 shows a line of croppings of a very large extent and almost parallel to the Comstock croppings. Several assays were obtained from these croppings. This west drift of shaft No. 2 is 9,100 feet from the mouth of the tunnel and will cut this ledge indicated by the croppings at a depth of 1,041 feet. By law of Congress the Sutro tunnel owns 4,000 feet of all ledges outside of the Comstock.

A cynical writer says: "Take a company of boys chasing butterflies; put long tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world."

INVOCATION TO THE NEW YEAR.

[BY TENNYSON.]

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace,

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

"MUSINGS."

It has been our fortune to have read many pieces of mingled bosh and stupidity, but never have we met with anything equal to the article in last Sunday's *Chronicle*, entitled, "The Gladiator," and signed, "Celia Logan." This bit of mingled affectation of being "an old traveler" (one of Mark Twain's) and school-girl sentimentalism and sickly romance begins by reciting the fact that Miss Logan had seen all of the great sights of Europe, and had in fact seen too much, for she had lost all interest in them, until she got to Verona where a miracle was wrought, in that she got up some feeling about the Amphitheater in that place. She gives us at this point some quotations from the compositions on "Italy," "The Dying Gladiator," "*et hoc genus omne*" (to quote from the *Alta*) of the school-girl aforesaid, and then tells us the reason—that it has been kept in better order by the "patriotic Viennese," leaving us to infer that had she had a panorama or good magic lantern or even some well executed show bills, she might have been moved to tears. She felt no emotion in Rome or Venice, that home of romance, nor in Athens, if she went there, nor in fact anywhere until she arrived at Verona, but there she "thrilled as imagination lifted her back to the historic past." Her imagination has worn out since or else she did not use it as she wrote. And then at the theater, "I who never thrill, nor gush, nor weep, nor applaud, have been, despite myself, startled into feeling, in the amphitheater scene in the Gladiator." Not by good acting, nor anything of that sort, but merely because she remembered the place at Verona where she felt so much. What a beautiful exhibition this is of the principle of association. What she ever goes to a theater for, if the finest acting can make no impression on her, is one of those mysteries that can never be solved; and alongside of that comes another, why the De Youngs ever allowed such an utterly ridiculous article to be printed in their paper. It would make no difference to Miss Logan what the play might be, she would never applaud. None of the most beautiful touches of Shakspeare, the insanity of "Hamlet," the jealousy of "Othello," the remorse of "Macbeth," the grief of "Lear," all of these, as portrayed by Forrest, Macredy, or Booth, would not have the slightest effect on her, but the wild ranting of a very muscular barbarian "startles her into feeling." We are sorry for this stony-hearted female, and advise her to hunt for some good, lively earthquake, because to a "blase" individual like herself, a new sensation would be a perfect blessing. One thing more: Did it never strike the Logan that what she calls the "adolescent civilization" of New York is quite as old as the civilization of Rome or Athens, or does she believe that civilization is a term to apply to the earth of a country and not to the people. As to the actors at the California, Miss Logan evidently judges them from the dresses they wear and not from the art that they possess, for she calls Mestayer "the noblest Roman of them all." We do not blame Miss Logan for doing this, because it merely shows what a thorough woman she is, but we advise her in all friendliness to let some gentleman read over her manuscript before she sends it to press, or else in mercy to the long suffering public, not to send any at all.

London, February 14th.—Taylor's Pantechnicon and Furniture Repository, in Belgravia, covering an acre of ground, was burned last evening. The fire broke out at 4 o'clock P. M., and raged until midnight. Then it was only stopped by the engineers demolishing walls, and thus prevented its progress. The building alone was insured for $1,000,000. The total loss, including the contents of the burned structure—consisting of pictures, mirrors, five hundred carriages, and a vast amount of goods of various kinds—is estimated at $15,000,000. Five houses and several large stables adjacent were partly destroyed. There were a number of accidents, and two firemen were killed. The fire attracted an immense and unruly crowd, and it became necessary to call out the military to preserve order.

THE IMPERIAL TROUSSEAU.

The correspondent of the London Times who was deputed to describe the royal wedding writes:

It is to the good nature of one of the most agreeable of Court ladies—alas! I cannot spell her name that I owe the glimpse I had, in company with Colonel Colville and Lieutenant Ramsay, of this garden of millinery. Piloted through a succession of the never-ending saloons of the Winter Palace, we came at last to the ante-chamber to the Salle Blanche. In this very large room broad low tables were ranged, spread with the wonders of the wardrobe of the Imperial bride. Who shall describe them, and where shall one begin? Here is a table spread with dozens and dozens of pairs of the most dainty shoes in the world, from long white satin boots, sashed up the front, to small slippers, smart with bows and buckles. A pair of these last was ornamented with a pretty sort of gold work on silk, the peculiar manufacture of one Russian town. Trays of pocket-handkerchiefs, edged inches deep with beautiful lace, and worked with the Imperial monogram; piles of petticoats, awfully and wonderfully tucked and plaited and embroidered; exquisitely worked linen of marvelous woof and cambric as fine as floating cobwebs, lay in orderly heaps on every side. Blankets were even there, and some embroidered furniture for bed and table looked rare enough to be put under a glass case, and far too fine and fragile to be ever "sent to the wash." If one could have brought away the patterns of a row of fascinating little caps hung on stands, how acceptable they would have been to ladies who love to perch these taking shreds of lace and ribbon on the tops of their heads! Gloves are gloves all the world over, at least to look at, but in hosiery there is some room for art and luxury. It seemed impious to look upon shining and delicately tinted silk stockings, marked with the initial letter of the most beautiful names in the world under an Imperial crown, and one passed on to expend admiration and wonder on an endless array of lace at 1,000 roubles an archine, and ribbons, quilted white satin baskets, and other mysteries. But the next room, the great Salle Blanche, from the ceiling of which depend immense chandeliers of glittering glass, contained the real glories of the *trousseau*. Here were the dresses and the bonnets, and the cloaks and the furs. Fifty morning dresses of silk and satin and velvet hung on stands, and their rich tints side by side were a rare study of color. How the dresses were made I shall not attempt to say, further than that their trimmings and puffings and plaitings seemed most daintily and cunningly devised. The colors were exquisitely matched, though in one or two instances the gowns seemed to lead rather than follow the fashion. If I may venture a criticism, I would repeat a remark made by a lady, whose own toilet of perfect taste gave her the right to an opinion, who thought some of the dresses rather heavy and old-looking, with all their splendor, for a young girl. The gold and silver embroidered white and blue velvet gowns, with long trains for court, are goodly to look upon, though they must be weighty to wear. The dress of blue velvet embroidered with gold braid is a sort of feminine uniform *de rigueuer* in the Winter Palace for the Imperial family on great occasions.

The wedding dress was, of course, the center of interest, and was of white satin, with pointed hanging sleeves, and covered with silver embroidery. It has a long train, and is a glorified specimen of the Russian national marriage costume. It is a rich and glittering robe, worthy to clothe a Princess and a bride, but it will be half concealed by a still more Imperial wedding garment of purple velvet trimmed very deeply with ermine. This also has a trailing skirt; and on her wedding day the Grand Duchess will indeed need the services of the four Chamberlains and the Ecuyer who are to bear her train. Dressing-gowns of every description, from the *bona fide* robe to be put on on getting out of bed to that which is merely a costly gown in disguise, were there, and many more devices of female ornament than I can remember. For comfort out of doors there were tippets and jackets and cloaks of precious fur, and one sable cloak in particular worth its weight in gold, and perhaps much more. A cloak of white Astrachan, many Cashmere shawls, and dainty opera cloaks

> Worthy to be furl'd
> About the loveliest shoulders in the world,

littered the tables luxuriously. But I must come back at last to the dresses, "things of beauty," at least, if the caprices of fashion prevent them from being "joys forever." As though the milliners had exerted their skill till "the force of fancy could no further go," there was not only a whole regiment of dresses *in esse*, but a large number *in posse*, in the shape of a row of rolls of silk and velvet. Even as it is I have not mentioned the bonnets, a whole bevy of which were becomingly arranged on a table to themselves; nor must we tear ourselves away without glancing at the portentous row of great purple Russia leather traveling trunks, suggestive of immense payments for extra luggage. A number of persons had been invited to see the *trousseau*, and I fear that if one could have looked into the ladies' hearts one would have detected some coveting of the Grand Duchess's sable cloak and other things which were hers. As a Briton, one felt a quiet satisfaction that all these splendid clothes were for English wearing.

Spanish Proverbs.—"He who has nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a wife." "From many children and little bread, good Lord deliver us." "A fool is never a great one unless he knows Latin."

THE TRICKS OF TRADE AS PRACTICED IN ENGLAND.

The practice of coloring or "facing" tea is so notorious that it ought to deceive nobody. Habit and imagination enable us to perceive that a peculiar and grateful flavor is imparted to ordinary black tea by an infusion of green tea at a higher price. Speaking generally, the true green tea comes from Shanghai and the false from Canton. Dr. Hassall gave lately an analysis of an article which, with commendable honesty, was announced as "handsome made Canton gunpowder, to imitate true Shanghai Ping Suey gunpowder." This sample was "strongly magnetic," containing 48.46 per cent. of lie tea—"earthly matter partly in the folded leaves." It was faced with turmeric, Prussian glue, and a white mineral powder. The ash of tea was 23.69 per cent., whereas the ash of good tea is less than 6 per cent.; so that extraneous matter must have been largely introduced into it. Dr. Hassall mentions in the same number of his journal dust or siftings, which he says is usually genuine, and is sold at a very low price. It is not known to the public at large, and much used for mixing. The public, if they were sensible, would infinitely prefer this mean-looking tea-dust to handsome made Canton gunpowder. It is an interesting question whether China and other accessible countries can grow enough tea to supply the world. If they can, we should prefer to receive their tea and leave their dirt, of which we have an adequate provision at home. If they cannot, we had better adopt Cobbett's principal and stick to beer. At present one analyst tells us that our tea is "faced;" another finds "living organisms" in the water with which we fill our kettles; and a third suggests that our milk may have been adultered with water drawn from a well polluted by infiltration of sewage. Our beef is probably horse-flesh, and our mustard is flour colored with turmeric and seasoned with capsicum. A few years ago, says Dr. Hassall, genuine mustard was scarcely to be met with in the market. The manufacturers made three qualities of mustard, distinguished as "fine," "superfine," and "double superfine." They all consisted of the above ingredients, and the first-named contained the least mustard, while even the "double superfine" contained a good deal of flour. The value which all trades attach to names is remarkable, considering that neither dealers nor customers expect realities to correspond to them. The commonest kind of sherry must be marked "V. S. O.," and mustard largely composed of colored flour ranks as "double superfine." Perhaps the reason why genuine articles are hardly ever sold in England is that the language has no epithets sufficiently magnificent to apply to them. It was alleged by a correspondent of the *Times* that wheat flour improves mustard, on which Dr. Hassall observes that in the "fine" article of commerce, which contains least mustard, there is most flour, which seems to him extraordinary if the flour is only used to improve the mustard. A practice analogous to that of "facing" tea is whitening bread by means of alum. If a West End baker made bread from the best wheat flour and used no whithening matter the bread would be yellowish, like the home-made bread of a country-house, and his customers would reject it. An example somewhat similar is that of putting sulphate of iron into beer to give it "head." It is to be feared that our grandmothers were addicted to what they called "greening" pickles by putting them into a copper vessel. We need not dwell on the familiar atrocities of colored confectionery nor upon the use of red lead in cheese. But a new horror has been added to the list by the author of a little book on the Adulterations of Food, who has discovered that mushroom ketchup is adulterated by "the juice expressed from the livers of putrifying horses." After this it is almost a relief to revert to the old theory that ketchup was made out of crushed blackbeetles. Among the probable ingredients of butter is "rag-pulp," and straw-pulp is largely used in making jam. We do not find that this author sanctions the popular idea that calf's-foot jelly (recommended for its strengthening qualities to invalids) is made out of old combs. He tells us "plain spirit" is produced from grains at the distillery, and it becomes gin, brandy, or rum, at the pleasure of the rectifier. Many so-called wines, he says, contain the genuine article in only a homœopathic proportion. This statement is indisputably true, and it leads us to inquire whether the wine-merchants are to be treated on the same principle as the tea-dealers. If they are, the unlucky grocer who sells both articles is likely to be doubly punished.—*Saturday Review.*

Importunate Ludwig.—Mr. Ludwig Pulvermarcher—a most execrable name—is a clerk in a Detroit dry goods store. Ludwig is a handsome fellow, and well the rascal knows it. Having discharged his duties to the satisfaction of his employers on Thursday last, Ludwig drew on his kids, embraced his delicate cane, and sauntered leisurely up Miami avenue. He had his eyes about him, and would have sworn that everybody was stunned by his appearance. Suddenly he saw some ladies at a window smiling. Ludwig thought they were smiling at him, and so raised his hat and smiled at them. Then the ladies laughed. This was enough for Ludwig. He boldly crossed over and entered the house. The ladies requested him to leave. He smiled again, remarked that the request was altogether "too thin," and quietly took a seat. Then one of the ladies retired to the next room, and returning, pointed a revolver at Ludwig's head, promising to blow that ornament from its place if its owner did not vacate the premises. Ludwig took the hint and left. The next day an irrate husband sought him out and completely spoiled his good looks by divers kicks and knocks which were very uncomfortable and decidedly rude. Ludwig now seeks relief from his bruises in damages.

JUDGE PETROLEUM.

Many years ago we went to the Geysers. Judge Stanly had been there a day or two before, and, with his habitual craving for notoriety, had filled one or two pages of the stranger's book with twaddle. It was a touching account of a butterfly which he had seen hovering over the devil's cauldron, and afforded him an opportunity to introduce resurrection from the dead, immortality of the soul, angels soaring to heaven, etc., etc. Two old ladies, who had the water laid on, wept copiously; another gushing young thing declared that it was perfectly divine, but the serious part of the matter was that there wasn't a word of truth in it. It was, in fact, an emanation of a vanity-diseased brain. Of like nature is this groundless, wicked, harmful charge against our worthy Mayor and equally estimable Treasurer. The erratic, yet mischievous, Judge fancied he saw Mr. Otis hovering over the bottomless pit: that Mr. Hubert was on the brink of Tartarus, and that nothing but denunciation and impeachment before the Grand Jury could save the city from ruin, and them from utter destruction. And so, in tearful accents and with broken speech, he comes before the Grand Jury to discharge his "painful but important duty," having previously, and with malice aforethought, sent a copy of his accusation, in addition to a most foul letter addressed to the Board of Supervisors, to be inserted in an evening paper—his pet organ. And the organ ground out the charge and the special letter with unctious satisfaction, the performer in the meantime turning up the whites of his eyes, and accompanying the Judge's production with most edifying remarks of the "who would have thought of it," or "I always had my suspicions that there was something wrong" sort. There is one delightful sentence in Judge Stanly's slander, which shows how very narrow and limited his moral perceptions must be. He says: "A public officer having the custody of public moneys, and being naturally and *laudably* desirous of improving his own private fortune, borrows a large amount of the money in his custody for investment in stock. The motive which induced the act is not a bad one; *on the contrary, it is praiseworthy*, but the officer is, nevertheless, an embezzler and defaulter." To us there is an obliquity of moral vision and want of logic, marvelous in this paragon of a Judge: he praises the robbery, but imprisons the thief; lauds the assassination, but hangs the murderer. It is a left-handed way of getting out of a low, dirty, mean, backbiting calumny, instigated by a narrow, envious, vain and morbid intellect, fostered by the underhand influence of a jesuitical sheet, which, having its own private grudge to avenge, and its own axe to grind, makes use of this miserable scapegoat of a judicial blunder to further its ends and cast a slur on a man whose blameless life and honorable reputation is too well known here in San Francisco to allow the slander to have any effect. But that is not wherein lies the mischief. The scandalous imputation against our chief magistrate has gone abroad, and thousands who don't know his great worth and integrity will believe in the aspersion upon the credit of the city, as well as upon one of its principal merchants. Therefore it is our duty as a community, as a fraternity of citizens regardless of politics, nationality or personal feelings—to come forward unanimously and denounce the false accusations and vile innuendos against our Mayor and Treasurer. Fortunately for us and for them, no breath of wrong can be urged, and no charge, however frivolous, sustained.

THE GOVERNMENT GOOSE.

The Government is the victim of the people. The citizen-subject has an abiding faith in the infallibility of the doctrine that the Government is a goose which he is in duty bound to pluck the moment he has the opportunity. The Government official toils fewer hours and pockets larger wages—to say nothing of the perquisites, always worth the picking—than when in the employ of a private firm. Our venerable Uncle Samuel is an easy taskmaster and a liberal paymaster. He is besides careless of his wealth and over-confident in the honesty of his stewards. The good, easy old soul, is robbed by high and low. The knave official plucks the Government and the honest official—if there be such—is ranked by his fellows as a fool, who likes money but lacks the "moral" courage to improve the opportunity and steal it. No government in the world is so generally pilaged as that under which we enjoy all the comforts and some of the discomforts of a land where the people select their public servants, more on account of their poetical bias than because of their reputed honesty. He who works for the Government expects to receive much and return little, and he is seldom or never disappointed. All contracts of whatsoever nature are made on this basis. No matter about the specifications, no one expects they will be complied with, and on this point no one is ever disappointed. The Government contracts for a granite Branch Mint building in San Francisco, and receives a brick structure with a thin outside covering of sand-stone, the slabs set up on edge. The Government levies a tax of so many cents per gallon on all whisky manufactured in the country, and pays its servants large salaries to collect the revenue and see that no one violates the law. Result: many of those paid to enforce the law accept bribes from those who wish to trample upon it, and the Government receives less than half its due in revenue. Thus they go. All plucking that silly old goose—the Government.

No other living thing can go so slow as a boy on an errand.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Monsieur Adrian Izar, the celebrated French billiard player, gave one of his scientific billiard entertainments in the Newcastle (Eng.) Town Hall recently, before an appreciative assembly. Though an "expert" with the cue, his favorite mode of play is by spinning the ball from between the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand, and he has this great advantage over his opponents who use the cue, that he can move his ball from any part of the board and spin it from whichever side of the object ball shall be most favorable for the intended cannon or hazard. The first item in the programme was a cannon game of 150 points up, wherein Mr. G. H. Banks, of the Black Boy's Billiard Rooms, received 50 points start, and wielded the cue in opposition to the powerful thumb and fore-finger of the French professor. Nothing remarkable was done until the Frenchman strung together 11 consecutive cannons, shortly after which the game was called, 88 in all. Here Banks, by some good play, got away a little, his following shots being particularly good; but it was only on sufferance, however, and Monsieur Izar made his 150 points while Banks only reached 139. Next followed an ordinary game at billiards of 500 up, the cue, again wielded by Banks, receiving 200 start. This time Banks again played well, though his luck was rather against him, his highest break being 42; while the professor, who seemed able to repeat a losing hazard in one of the corner pockets any number of times, won, after a marvelous exhibition of skill, by nearly 150 points, his highest break being a good all-round one, in which he scored 137 points.

New Year's Crimes in Paris.---The New Year has opened well in Paris—1. A soldier blew his brains out with the contents of his chassepot at the "Caserne de Reuilly." 2. A person detained for drunkenness, in the police-station "de Plaisance," hung himself. 3. At the "Hotel du Rhone," a traveler put a revolver to his head and pulled the trigger; the ball penetrated some distance. 4. A working man suffocated himself in the "Rue Leon." 5. A gentleman residing in the "Rue de Geatilley" suspended himself to the bolt of his window. 6. An individual threw himself into the Seine from the "Pont des St. Peres." 7. A telegraph clerk also took a voluntary bath in the river. 8. A newly-born baby was picked up in the "Rue Bruand" dead and neatly folded in a paper parcel. 9. A fire took place at the office of the *Paris Journal*, causing no small amount of damage; and there were railway accidents, robberies, stabbings, and various other crimes, offences, and catastrophies enough to fill up a whole month in the ordinary course of nature.

A Pump.---Talking of drainage, a wonderful pump has just been constructed to be employed on the reclamation of the Ferrara marshes in the North of Italy. The marsh which is to be drained extends over an area of nearly 200 square miles; but to drain this does not seem quite so hopeless when we are told that the first pump (now completed) which is to be used can raise more than 2,000 tons of water per minute. It is exceedingly easy to write this down, but to calculate the quantity of water raised in a week, a day, a month, or a year, is a sum which only an ingenious examiner of a Civil Service candidate would luxuriate in. In mild terms, not too bewildering, it is calculated that the wondrous pump will raise in one day six times as much as is the whole water supply for London, and that the delivery of water in a single day would suffice to fill a reservoir a mile square to a depth of about three feet nine inches.

Manual of the Chinese Language.---A very curious book is just now in course of publication by two French firms and Messrs. Trubner & Co. of London. It is a manual of the Chinese mandarin language, compiled after Ollendorff's method. The editor is Monsieur Charles Rudy, of Paris, a member of all the principal Asiatic and linguistic societies. The object of this publication is to teach Chinese to all who speak English. The pronunciation has been one of the points most carefully noted, several small reading-books of tales and fables accompanying the series, which both in idea and execution is certainly original.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A statue of the Virgin, nearly 20 feet high, is about to be erected at Havre. It will be placed just at the highest point of the road by which the Germans were intending to enter the town, and will bear, in golden letters, the following inscription:—"Havre. Preserved from the Prussian invasion, 1870—1872." The first date is that of the "vow;" the second, of the "subscription," which proceeds from the ladies of Havre, who thus attributed to the Virgin a miraculous interposition in behalf of their town.

A Present for a Prima Donna.---Mdll. Albani, on the occasion of performing lately in an opera at Moscow, was called before the curtain at the end of the second act and presented with her monogram, 3 feet in hight, made of fine camelias, orange blossoms, hyacinths, and laurel leaves, to which was attached a butterfly of large dimensions, to be worn as a diadem. This was composed of brilliants and rubies, a large emerald forming the body of the butterfly, and the whole being set in gold.

Seamen Refusing Duty.---At a Justice of Peace Court held recently—Messrs. Tasker and Hunter on the bench—John Johnson, Wm. O'Hea, Wm. Harry Northcott, and Jas. Middleton, seamen on board the barque *Roscdale*, were convicted of refusing to proceed to sea, and were sentenced as follows:—Johnson to ten weeks' imprisonment with [illegible] imprisonment each with hard labor.—*English paper.*

THE UNATTAINABLE.

It chanced that as I wandered on my way,
One summer's day,
With thoughts that tended unto fancies quaint,
I came anear a streamlet running clear,
Like school-boy glad what time he flies restraint;
And on its brink
A contemplative ass had paused to think.

He stood reflective, gazing far away,
As who should say:
This slumbrous summer noon is nowise fit
For aught of toil its brightness to assoil;
But in the lap of dreamy thoughts to sit
And gather so
Such peace of mind as lazy asses know.

Quite lost in contemplation deep was he,
Nor heeded me;
One ear did somewhat droop, as with the weight
Of portly fly, which gravely hung thereby,
In seeming comfort and contentment great;
Nor deemed that he
Was otherwhere than erst a fly should be.

"O ass," I said, "what perfect rest is thine,
What peace benign!
Dost thou not know such leisure cannot last!
Hast thou no fear of blows still due thee here,
As debits on the page by fate forecast?"
He offered no reply,
But with his hind-foot calmly brushed that fly.

"O ass," I said, "the pleasant hours are few
Thy journey through.
Dost thou not dread what yet may come to pass?
Methinks perchance thine utter nonchalance
May be because, in truth, thou art an ass,"
Thus I, in brief;
He naught, but used his tongue for handkerchief.

"O ass," I said, "canst thou not teach to me,
Serenity,
And full enjoyment of the passing hour?
Without or vain regret, or ceaseless, weary fret,
Toward what future ills may darkly lower?"
He turned his head.
Full-solemn wink-ed he, but no word said.

Nor have I ever learned the potent plan,
From ass or man,
Of how to rest content with present good;
Without forebodings vain, or retrospective pain,
To mar the most complacent peaceful mood:
Nor is it true,
That any folk but asses reach thereto. —*Peleg Arkwright.*

THE CHAMPION TELESCOPE OF THE WORLD.

James Lick, the wealthy Californian, who has recently delighted the scientists of that State with his notion of erecting a model observatory in the higher Sierras, has now set those gentleman fairly beside themselves with joy by promising a million dollars to furnish it with the champion telescope of the world. The new Clark telescope at Washington, which has been the theme of so much descriptive writing, of late, cost only a matter of $30,000, and will compare with this proposed monster as the pocket spy-glass of the tourist with the mammoth instrument of the observatory. Just how large the new telescope can be made, it is impossible at present to say. Experiments must be made with glass, and the most careful investigation will be needed in order to determine the feasibility of constructing a lens of the extraordinary diameter and focal length required. The *Scientific American* points out the capability of a twelve-foot objective with a focal depth of 120 feet; which, with an eyepiece of 1-20 inch focus, would give a magnifying power of 28,800 times the linear dimensions, or over 800,000,000 times the surface of a body. This would bring Mars, so to speak, within 1,000 miles of us, and make it appear 100 times as large as the moon. As for the moon, let the reader seriously think of having that satellite within eight miles of him, so near that, if inhabitants there be, he can see them. Even if no more astonishing discoveries be made, the effects of volcanic action upon the surface will form a prolific field of study.

The Governor-General was present at a skating tournament in the Victoria Rink, Montreal, on Saturday, Feb. 21st.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Ever since the Town Crier won his laurels as Senior Wrangler he has had a potent weakness for logic. He is no idolator of genius, nor worshiper of heroes. When he made his first bow to the "Iron Duke" his pulse did not go a second faster. When he shook hands with General Grant he asked that illustrious man for a light without a perceptible tremor in his voice. But for the man skilled to make the worse appear the better reason, the man who can prove that two and two make five, that railroads are a curse to a country, or that newspaper proprietors publish their journals because they love the dear people, and not because they want to make money—for the man who can demonstrate such absurdities as these we profess the profoundest veneration. Hence our overpowering reverence for that great master of argument, Mr. Pickering, and hence our admiration for those powerfully reasoned editorials in the *Call*. And this brings us—by a rather circuitous route, be it confessed—to Grandpa P's last logical feat, in which he proves that there is no necessity for a police force of patrolmen, because thieves and other criminals on the streets will keep out of the way of the officers. "Our protection, therefore," argues the editor of the *Call*, "does not lie in an increase of the street police, but in a few experienced detectives, who will ferret out the criminal and bring him to punishment." It is of no consequence about preventing burglary or murder, not the least; the great end to be aimed at is to catch the burglar and the murderer after the mischief is done, and send him to State Prison or the gallows! Verily, an this be not logic, then is not a sucking pig a thunder-voiced Numidian lion.

No doubt Senator Farley's motto is, like that of General Jackson, "It is better to be right to-day than to be consistent with yesterday." It was but yesterday that the Senator was clearly of the opinion that the gutter-snipe editors of the blatherskite press ought to be compelled to come before the Legislative Committee and make good—if they can—a few of the lies they have been telling the foolish people about the railroad. But when Governor Stanford asked the Committee to subpœna Morrill and Anthony, of the *Union*, and Fitch and Pickering, of the *Bulletin-Call*, and give them a chance to enlighten the Committee, the same Senator Farley replied that he had conversed with one of the editors, who declared he had no statements to make, *of his own knowledge;* that all the information the editors had was "confidential," etc.; and finally, that he, Senator Farley, didn't think it worth while to summon the editors. Now, this looks to us like a shameful backing down, and a cowardly concession to the gutter-snipes. Those unclean and clamorous birds acknowledge that they have been making injurious statements about the railroad without any knowledge as to the truth of such statements. They have been doing the very meanest kind of lying—lying at second hand—upon information which they decline to disclose. Pah! the falsehood is rank! It is a lie to conceal a lie. They will not reveal their informants, because they have none to reveal. Anthony informed Morrill, and then Paul informed Jacob. Fitch informed Pickering, and the reciprocative Loring whispered back the pleasing tale into the ear of his other self.

The Thumb-suckers are in great tribulation lest the ladies who have lately inaugurated a temperance movement should invade their sanctum. Last night they held a meeting, and passed the following resolutions (we copy verbatim): "Wareas, the ladys of the city and county of San Francisco have inorgerated a movement for the sirpreshion of bars and likershops; and wareas, it has bin reported arround town that a site of hard drinking is dun in the privit rooms of this club, therefore *Resolved*, That a comity of one be apointed to call on the said movement, and represent their two; that nuthing but ginger pop, sodey water and likorice jeuce (with nutmeg greatins for flaver) is ever indulged inn. It was unanimously resolved that the 'man who dances with his hat,' being socially, morally and intellectually best fitted to 'fill the bill,' he should constitute said committee." The *Town Crier* learns from outside sources that one fellow introduced a resolution threatening the ladies in question with exclusion from society, should they insist on visiting the club. Three other youngsters jumped to their feet to second the motion, but, before a vote was arrived at, a big fellow in the room came to the front and desired to be informed "who the deuce constituted society, anyhow?" Both the question and the inquirer (especially the latter) being rather ticklish things to answer, the four society sharps thought it advisable to subside. The motion was withdrawn.

The town starves for a new sensation. Hepworth Dixon, that sagacious observer of our "tricks and manners," thinks that America gets over a sensation and yearns for another sooner than any other nation. He declares that of all civilized people, the Yankees are the quickest to forget yesterday. According to the perspicacious Hepworth, a legitimate nine days' wonder generally expires in this Land of the Free about sundown on the third day. Now it is a fact, that of all American communities, that of San Francisco forgets yesterday the earliest, and is the least economical of its sensations. Already the *Chronicle-Sun* sensation has lost its gloss and freshness. The Stanly-Otis sensation will probably last over Sunday. Next week we shall hunger for something new to accelerate the public pulse, and the noble Napthaly is going to furnish it. He proposes to throw himself into the breach and to give us something to talk about, by delivering a lecture at Platt's Hall, on "Sensation, and Sensational Newspapers." It is expected that the shootists of the De Young family will be on hand to make things lively.

"**The Nederlandsche Onderlinge Hulpvereeniging** has been incorporated!" cried Mrs. *Town*, rushing into our sanctum yesterday and waving a paper wildly in her left hand, while with her right she clasped the youngest *Crier* to her maternal bosom. "Great Hevings!" we shouted, leaping up, "how many!" "O, save the children, *Town*," shrieked the partner of our care and caresses, flinging her disengaged arm around the neck of him who bore the yoke of married life so meekly; "I know I've not been as good a wife as I ought, but in this dreadful moment, forget that I ever provoked you, and think only of our progeny. Remember not my nagging, but O! think of your mother-in-law, and save her! Only let us get out of this dreadful place, and I *swear* you shall have a latch-key. O, *Town*, dear, I never told you I was engaged twice before I married you, but you'll forgive me at this critical moment of time I know; and Bob Wheatley did kiss me at the Eureka Ball, but he never shall again; and I will wear stays if you'll only save the children! Ou-u-u!" With this she fainted, and thanking God for one moment's peace, at any rate, we laid her down and looked at the paper. Her thumb-nail was buried in this paragraph: "Articles of incorporation of the Nederland-sche Onderlinge Hulpvereeniging were filed to-day. The purposes of the corporation are charity and benevolence." We laughed, but when she came to and found out her mistake, we didn't. But seriously, it is a fortunate thing for future generations that at the time Mrs. *Town* did not require a footstool when she sat down. Such a horrible piece of barbaric lingo would do for even a stronger minded female than her, if the maker of all things had seen fit to curse the earth with such an affliction.

That boy Slupsky, who was shot through the head by another boy, some week or so ago, is still alive, it seems, and is likely to come round again. Now, isn't this enough to shake even the *Town Crier's* belief in an All Ruling Providence when such things are allowed to be? By right and proper, that boy should be dead and buried by this time. There are too many boys, far too many; and when the *Town Crier* heard of the mishap he thanked his God that such things as pistols had been invented. Again, he says there are too many boys, far too many. Little rascals running into mischief and scrapes here, little beggars pestering the life out of one there, always prying and peeping, and getting into the way everywhere, boys are the eleventh plague. Mrs. *Town* says all children should be born girls, and to a certain degree her lord and master (out of the house) says "Amen" to that. There is more innate mischief, wickedness, deceit, craftiness, lying and love of evil doing in a boy than in any other living creature—barring a wildcat and a yellow jacket! Therefore, when that boy Slupsky was shot through the head, it was considered by the *Town Crier* a special and all-praiseworthy act of Providence. And now it is written that the boy Slupsky is going to recover! This is the last straw. Hereafter the *Town Crier* turns Atheist, and goes regularly to hear Dr. Stebbins.

Some anonymous correspondent sends the *Town Crier* a piteous appeal to use his influence in "putting a stop to the idiotic utterances of a fellow signing himself 'Corry O'Lanus,' in the columns of the *Golden Era*." Now, although the *Town Crier*, as a rule, makes it a point to pay no attention to anonymous communications, yet was he so moved by the urgency of the request that he took the trouble to ferret out the paper wherein the Corry Thingumbob gushes, and read the last of his messes. The consequences have been most disastrous. Ever since the awful moment when he became convinced that Paddy O'Lanus was really and truly trying to be funny, the *Town Crier* hath been so wretchedly and dismally unwell and sick that he has not been able to muster enough strength to whip even the cat. But by next Friday he hopes to be sufficiently recovered from this frightful attack of nausea to scarify this stultified driveler in the manner he deserves. Really and honestly, until yesterday morning the *Town Crier* had not a proper appreciation of the merciful qualities of San Franciscans, in that they have allowed this thundering idiot to be at large so long. *Gott in Himmel!* doesn't Corry A'Sinus know that there is a ward in Stockton for the addle-pated!

We first beheld the "Little Sisters" at the Calico Ball, when we admired their courage in appearing in a hideous black cambric dress and white mob cap. We never did exactly understand their use till they explained themselves in the *Alta* with the usual whine. Somehow these Christians can't serve the Lord even to the least of the little ones without drawing down their mouths and begging. Is begging one of the cardinal graces? Bah! Go home to your mothers every one of you and get a good spanking, which will send you warm to bed and leave the unblushing effrontery, the hardihood, the lack of soft modesty, to the regular doers of church begging, who are older in its disgusting ways than you! Try to get to heaven without the contribution box for a passport. If your innocent faces and soft hearts can't get you in without the rattle of Peter's pence, come with us down the other way. We'll give you a lively Virginia reel on gridirons, and never a harp or a wing in the way. Admission free. No reserved seats.

A Kearny street milliner advertises her goods for sale on account of the death of Miss Fogarty. If our memory in regard to the date of this young woman's decease serves us rightly, she hasn't flesh enough on her mildewed bones to give a famished crow a picking. If any one wants to buy a bonnet because Miss Fogarty can't sell them any more we raise no objection; but if this is to be a new dodge in trade we beg leave to announce that we have several back numbers of the *Mail Bag* for sale on account of the death of a respected ancestor, Methuselah. It would perhaps be well to premise that they are chaste and useful reading, the old reprobate having had nothing to do with the editing or publishing thereof.

The De Youngs are after Stanly. The bottom has been knocked out of their sensations of late, and now it would seem that the mantle that has so long unadorned their shoulders is to fall upon Stanly, and hide the judicial ermine of our County Judge. As sensation mongers, the De Youngs are dead; and now comes the noble Stanly to the rescue. In his new line he is an undoubted success. The fellow is worth a good salary. Come, Charley, how much will you stand? The *Chronicle* must be resurrected at any cost. Take Stanly! You could never create a sensation that would last three days. His first attempt has completely distanced you. It has already run five days, and has not ended yet. Who knows, with such a beginning, what he may yet become in the sensation line? Secure his services, by all means, Charley! He is evidently just the man the *Chronicle* stands badly in need of at this juncture.

Medical High Jinks, Feb. 28th, 1874.—BOHEMIAN CLUB ROOMS, Feb. 23, 1874.—Members of the Bohemian Club are invited to a clinic over an apoplectic Punch Bowl, in *rigore mortis*, on Saturday next, February 28th, at 9 P.M. sharp, when, in addition to the careful diagnosis of this plethoric patient, the heart and brains of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes will be subjected to a careful dissection by some of the most renowned Bohemians. The labors of the club having been heretofore directed by *live* sires in its post mortems of *dead* authors, a change of programme is proposed for this particular occasion, and the autopsy of a living author will be presented under the auspices of a dead sire; it is therefore incumbent on all true Bohemians to come early, that those who are sober enough for the solemn ceremony may see that he be decently interred. C. T. DEANE, Sire.

A great many nice little boys and girls were very much disappointed because there was no procession on the 22d of February. The truth of the matter is, George Washington never drove the snakes out of America; then why the blank should we have a procession? The hatchet business has been played on us long enough. A man that couldn't get around a yarn about a little old cherry tree could not hold office in these United States, in these days of back pay and free passes. Let the spirit of the immortal George sleep the sleep of the just. We shall not disturb him again, even with one company. Things shall be brought to their basis. One-half the town shall shut up shop and fast on Atonement Day. The other shall lay aside their shovels and picks and march to the tune of "Wearing of the Green," on the 17th of Ireland.

A careful perusal of Miss Olive Harper's letters to the *Alta* gives us accurate information as to the expenses of that young woman's journey. We have ascertained how many "bits" she spent between here and the Rocky Mountains, how many greenbacks she lost sight of in New York, how many shillings she parted with in England, how many francs and sous she disposed of in France, and how she traveled eastwardly at a kreutzer and florin rate. We have also ascertained with how many colds in the head she has been afflicted, and how many times her marvelous brain has been paralyzed with headache. That strict adherence to truth so natural to the *T. C.* compels us mournfully to acknowledge that this is all the information we have derived.

The Liliputian venture, known as the *Post*, has commenced yelping at the heels of the Chief of Police. The *Town Crier* cannot, of course, say whether it has opened this attack from a want of sense, or at the bidding of its masters and reputed part owners, the De Youngs. Perhaps it will be as well to look at the fact as the result of both "considerations." The *Post* is but the tail of the *Chronicle* kite, and when Charley De Young says "thumbs down," George immediately stands on his head; a fact, by the way, which will perhaps explain why the latter gentleman so strikingly resembles old Uncle Ned, of minstrel fame, in the matter of not being blessed with o'ermuch of a capillary crop on the summit of his cranium.

We are pleased to note a revival of the swill-milk discussion. We don't object to a dairyman's honest profits as long as he confines himself to water, but the swill we feel really justified in protesting against. The "infant puling and puking in its mother's arms" is a familiar and beautiful sight, but our gorge rises at thought of the little thing smearing its bib with swill. It is true we have noticed an appearance of bonaugh-claughber on the baby's front, but not being swill sharps, did not quite understand. By all means, dear doctors, give the babies sweet, clean, healthy country milk. But couldn't you manage to smuggle in a little of the old kind for the teething squallers, the chronic colics and the cross-eyed babies?"

One Manning advertises an oyster house "patronized by all the respectability." Has this young man no friends? Does he not know that such advertising wittly paves the way to fearful bankruptcy? For ourselves, we have not been cast to any great extent among the society so mentioned, but a sojourn among them in our early and pious youth teaches us that they do not much incline to oysters. The oyster hints at late hours and dissipation, revelry and merrymaking, and bears with it no hint of the contribution plate. Advertise the other kind, my boy, and you'll draw a full house.

What popular song would be an appropriate present to a policeman of this city? "Thou Art so Near and Yet so Far" (when wanted).

"Slipper" Makers.—People who throw orange skins on the pavement.

CHANSON.

Here through this wood my saintly Angelette
Goes, making spring-time blither with her song;
Here, lost in her own thoughts, she strays along,
While on these flowers her little feet are set.

Here is the meadow, and the gentle stream
That takes new vigor by her hand carest,
As, loitering, she gathers to her breast,
Th' enameled flowers that o'er it's wavelets dream.

Here singing I behold her; there in tears;
And here she smiles; and there my fancy hears
Her sweet discourse, with boundless blessings rife.
Here sits she down; and there I see her dance;
While with the shuttle of my vague romance
Love weaves the warp and woof of all my life. —*Ronsard.*

A COLONIAL HANGMAN.

Among other remarkable men who passed away in the year just brought to a close was one who deserves mention as having, although born in this country, devoted many years in the antipodes to a work of great utility. William Bamford, who died the other day in Melbourne hospital, had been hangman of the colony of Victoria since 1857, and also held the honorable office of public flagellator until seized one day with an asthmatic attack when wielding the cat. Mr. Bamford, who was seventy-three years of age when he died, had himself in the days of his youth received 300 lashes when serving in the 23d Fusiliers at Gosport, of which regiment he was a member for twenty years, only leaving it, indeed, on account of some irregularity of conduct, which led to his being transported to Van Diemen's Land, where he arrived in the *Royal Sovereign* in the year 1841. Having served his sentence, he proceeded to Victoria, to the "diggings," and remained unnoticed till 1857, when he volunteered to hang an old murderer, named Mason, in Melbourne, and from that time until just before his decease he executed all the criminals sentenced to death in the colony, with only one exception. It was Mr. Bamford's practice to keep count and mutter after an execution the number of his fellow creatures he had assisted out of the world. After executing a black man at Ballarat on the 11th of August last he was heard to ejaculate in a hoarse whisper, "Seventy-one." In appearance he was not prepossessing, and his claims to personal beauty were not hightened by the absence of one of his eyes, which he unfortunately lost in a row at Melbourne about fifteen years ago. His habits were not, strictly speaking, temperate. Yet there must have been something very "taking" in his conviviality, for after an execution he was wont to spend his money freely with "a degraded lot," who were on the look-out for him when he left the jail. On receiving notice that he would be wanted for a hanging, he would, with singular abstemiousness, voluntarily imprison himself for two or three days and sleep off all traces of intoxication. After pinioning a condemned criminal, he invariably murmured in his ear the words "God bless you!" and on one occasion, when the man executed died instantaneously, a sweet smile was observed to steal over his face as, leaning over the drop and looking up at his work, he remarked, "The best job in the country; that makes forty-seven."

SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

In 1721, a statute was passed imposing a penalty of £5 upon the *wearer*, and £20 upon the seller of a piece of calico. Fifteen years later this statute was so far modified that calicoes manufactured in Great Britain were allowed, "provided the warp thereof was entirely of linen yarn." In 1774, a statute was passed allowing printed cotton goods to be used on the payment of threepence a yard duty; in 1806, the duty was raised threepence-halfpenny. This was done to prevent the use of calicoes interfering with the demand for linen and woolen stuffs. The law for burying in woolen was of a similar character. The following extracts from a London News-letter, dated August 2d, 1768, are curious. [Note—Chintz is simply *printed calico.*]

"Yesterday 3 tradesmen's wives of this city were convicted before the Rt. Hon. the Ld. Mayor for wearing chintz gowns on Sunday last, and each of them was fined £5. These make 80 who have been convicted of the above offence within 12 months past.....There were several ladies in St. James' Pk. on the same day with chintz gowns on, but the persons who gave *informas* of the above 3 were not able to discover their names or places of abode.....Yesterday a wagon loaded with £2,000 worth of chintz was seized at Dartford in Kent by some custom-house officers. Two post-chaises loaded with the same commodity got off with their goods by swiftness of driving."

The effect that such a restriction in choice of dry-goods would have on the ladies of San Francisco in the present day is too fearful to contemplate. Senator Roach himself could not pacify them. It would be necessary for counter-jumpers to arm themselves with boarding-pikes before they denied the required article. Hairless husbands would abound.

SECOND BOOK OF CHRONICLES.---CHAP. IV.

1. **Now there was in Phrisko** a judge whose name was John, of the tribe of the Dahm Phooles, and he was a tarheel. And there were many of his tribe in the city, yet was he one of the Elders.

2. Who was a vain man and puffed up with his own conceit, and who thought that he was a great man in his generation and wiser than the sons of God, and of the people was he accounted a vain thing.

3. And the reason of it was this: Aforetime when the people did set up in the midst those whom they would have abused of the scribes, all men did say we will have John to be judge, and for this and because the scribes reviled him not, he likened himself unto a god, and bowed himself down before his image and worshiped himself.

4. And chiefly did he like to hear himself talk for that he thought that he spake better than Aaron the High Priest. And when the scribes wrote in their books the words of John, then did his heart rise within him and he said unto himself, Lo, I am magnified in the eyes of the people, and his spirit rejoiced.

5. But all men would say, Behold it is all words and no sense. But others answering them, said, Is he not of the tribe of the Dahm Phooles, and when they heard this they did hold their peace.

6. And after many days John did commune with himself in his bed and took counsel and said,

7. Behold now, this long time have I not done anything in the sight of the people nor have they heard my words. On the morrow do I make a stump speech unto the Ghranjury and the scribes will write my words in their books. Lo will I say that Jasmes, whose surname is Oh Tish, and who is chief over this city, hath deceived the people many days.

8. And I will write unto the Elders of the city and say unto them this thing, wherefore shall I have honor in the sight of all men.

9. And on the morrow he arose and did even as he had said. And for fear that the scribes should not write his words in their books, he sent unto Phitch, whose surname was Deekum, the letter to the Elders of the city before they had received it, and this was accounted a vain thing by the people.

10. Then arose Jasmes, whose surname was Oh Tish, and he spake unto the Elders of the city, and said unto them, Give ear unto me, O ye that rule Phrisko, and hearken unto my word, O ye Elders of the city in that I declare unto you this day all that John of the tribe of the Dham Phoole hath done.

11. For aforetime did he speak unto me that I should do certain things, and I withstood him, saying I am ruler in Phrisko, and I will not hearken unto thee, wherefore doth he bring this accusation against me this day out of the evil that is in his heart, and for that he may make a senzashun and be hearkened to by the people.

12. Judge therefore between us this day, O ye rulers of Phrisko, and if I have sinned against the people reprove thou me. But as for this man, God do so to me and more also if I forget all that he hath done this day. And when he had made an end of speaking he sat down in the midst of them.

13. And then arose one of them that was an elder, and spake unto Jasmes, who was called Oh Tish, and said: Let not my Lord be troubled, nor his spirit be vexed within him, at the thing which John hath this day said. Do we not all know of what tribe he is, and have not we and the elders aforetime listened many times to his words, and did any man ever see anything come of it. We trow not, neither will it this time.

14. And John had also written that he that kept the gold and the silver of Phrisko had transgressed the law, and he wrote how aforetime he spake unto Hawdyter of this thing.

15. Now Hawdyter was a good man, and an honest, and the people trusted him, yet did John deceive him in that he trusted John for the law. And he hid himself, so that he might spy out what he that kept the gold and the silver of Phrisko would do. And being hid, he saw many things.

16. Now, although John was a Judge, yet was he not a lawgiver, and being a vain man, and a shallow, he knew not as much as the people thought, so many times did he show unto the people that he was worthy to be an elder of his tribe.

17. For aforetime had the lawgivers of Phrisko said, and they wrote it in a book, that he that kept the gold and the silver should put it into a room, and put a seal upon the door thereof, and guard it closely.

18. But he that kept the gold and the silver did receive some for they that ruled Kaliphorny, and for the custody of this was there yet another law made different from the first.

19. Wherefore was it shown that he was guiltless in this matter, both he and Jasmes, who was called Oh Tish, in all that John, of the tribe of the Dahm Phooles, had said unto the Elders of the city.

20. And when the people heard these things, they said, Go to, now hath John found a mare's nest, and others said, Lo, he thinketh it to be a mountain when it is but the heap caused by a little animal and a small. Behold, doth he now show that he is an Elder in his tribe? And they laughed him to scorn.

The American plug-hat is used to measure potatoes in by the Sandwich Islanders, while in San Domingo it serves as a nest for setting hens.

SUNBEAMS.

Charming is that faculty of the human mind which enables one to drop into poetry like Mr. Wegg upon any occasion, no matter how prosaic, which throws a soft light of romance around bread and cheese, and irradiates the commonplace soul with beauty. Such is the faculty possessed by a noble poet of Chicago, who was recently informed that Madame Nilsson had thoughtfully built a shelter for her cows on her land at Peoria. Mindful of the catastrophe which led to the destruction of his native city, he immediately burst into this wild and beautiful frenzy of verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do the morn and eve between, and not by the dim, religious light of the fitful kerosene. For the cow may plunge, and the lamp explode, and the fire fiend ride the gale, and shriek the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten pail!"

"**John,**" said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you ever take a drop yoursel', meenister?" "Yes, John; but you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Very true," said John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Weel, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

On a tombstone in South Carolina is the following beautiful tribute to departed worth:

> "Here lies the body of Robert Gordin,
> Mouth almighty, and teeth ackordin;
> Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder,
> If he opens his mouth, you are gone, by thunder."

Some useful lessons or examples may be found in the most simple occurrences. At the Terre Haute depot recently, an old lady attempted to get off while the cars were in motion. A gentleman standing near the door prevented her. "Let her go," exclaimed a kind-hearted passenger; "if she gets killed, it will be a warning to somebody else."

It isn't always best to call things by their right names. A young gentleman called a couch dog a Dalmatian hound, and was informed by his *fiancée* that if he could not refrain from profanity in her presence they must henceforth be strangers.

> **If your neighbor's hens** are troublesome
> And steal across the way,
> Don't let your angry passions rise,
> But fix a place for them to lay.

The matrimonial season is about to commence, or at least we should judge so, as one young lady in town says she wishes it would rain marriageable young men for about a week or two, so that she might get one. Hope she will succeed.

"**What is a more exhilarating sight,**" asks a Vermont paper, "than to see eighteen handsome girls sliding down hill on an ox-sled?" "Nineteen," says the experienced editor of the Boston *Post*.

Waiting for things to turn up is unphilosophical as well as unprofitable. Things will turn up just as fast and as often while you are working as while you are waiting.

A dry-witted soldier of the 10th Vermont, during the war, was heard to pray once, when the bullets were falling in showers, as follows: "Oh, Lord, make me as thin as a knife."

The Green Briar (Miss.) Herald, in suspending, says: "Hang this town! Hang all men in it—throw the rest in the river, and plant the town site with cucumbers!"

A pack of wolves in Sherbnne County, Minnesota, chased a couple of lawyers five miles, and the New Orleans *Republican* thinks it showed a lack of professional courtesy.

A philosopher says that "A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star."

By way of discouraging people from importing any nasty epidemics, Dover, Vermont, has starved out its only physician, and sold its town hearse by auction.

The Courier-Journal says that the Kentucky Legislature is "a settin' an' settin' an' settin', an' doin' nothin'—like a hen on a porcelain egg."

The little boy at his first concert innocently asked, when the soprano was called back, "What's the matter, mother? Didn't she do it right?"

The editor of the Panama Star apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper by saying that he had to haul off to dig buckshot out of his legs.

We have heard of a scandal. A man kissed his wife in the hall, in the dark, by mistake.

A certain man has a watch which he says has gained enough to pay for itself in six months.

[From the San Francisco News Letter of Feb. 28th.]

THE NEWS LETTER AND BULLETIN HIP AND THIGH.

More than seventeen years ago, the *News Letter* began to be. In the hour of its birth, it proved itself a giant in its struggle with the *Bulletin*. The spite, malice and all uncharitableness which have ever characterized that venomous sheet, was brought to bear at once with the intention of overwhelming the new aspirant for public favor. The *Bulletin* proprietors, however, reckoned without their host. They little knew the steering capacity or the grit and determination of the man at the wheel. Face to face we met them on the very threshold of our existence as a newspaper, and from that hour to this we have never bowed the knee to Baal. We knew them to be false gods, worshiped only by those who love spite and venom. Others, who ought to have known better, have fallen down and worshiped. Not so, however, with the *News Letter*. On the 20th May, 1857, the proprietor of this paper wrote as follows:

Some ten months since (20 July '56) when issuing our first *Letter*, the *Bulletin* pretended to know that Palmer, Cook & Co. were behind the scenes in the establishing of the *News Letter*, and that they had supplied the cash to produce it, with about a dozen other unmitigated falsehoods. To crush effectually this public liar we walked into the Superior Court and made affidavit to the end that the whole of the statement made by the *Bulletin* was a *tissue of the grossest lies from beginning to end;* but would it be believed that the blacklegs and swindlers, or rather city scavengers, who conduct this print, after lying through thick and thin, had the effrontery to charge and receive from us the sum of *five dollars* for the insertion of the contradiction in their own sheet. Out of their *own peculiar* vocabulary, is not this "thieving and swindling" with a vengeance. The original title of the City Mud Cart is supposed to have been that of the *Evening Bulletin*, but is altogether lost, and but rarely known under that name. The origin and history of the Mud Cart is patent to us all; the late "never to be sufficiently lamented" but indiscreet King William being in desperate circumstances, failed in his earnest endeavors as a "wrecker" to get the funds of the bankrupt estate of Adams & Co. into his hands, and carry on his old trade of "shaver"—Cohen and Jones as Receivers, believing that the moneys would be in much safer keeping with Palmer, Cook & Co.—which nobody can deny was the case, as James King of William was at that time offering, per advertisement, to keep our citizens' tin boxes, empty or otherwise, in his large iron chest at the rate of fifty cents per month. Out of this excruciating state of things arose a mountain of malignant hatred towards the house of Palmer, Cook & Co., and a commencement made with whining hypocrisy upon the credulity, feelings and confidence of the 9,000 deeply injured creditors of Adams & Co., who *for a time*, with unexampled hypocritical cant, were prevailed upon to believe that they had been cruelly swindled, and that their only honest advocate was the *Bulletin*. This was the *premier pas* of this knavish print. After which it lashed a poor devil into madness, just out of Sing Sing prison, and *manufactured* an *assassin* outright. The public know the sequel. Its malignant course of virulent stabbing of private reputations, its scurrilous bluster, its dishonesty in denying the insertion of statements by the injured in defense of their characters, because they would weaken their own falsehoods, are well known to the whole of us. In no other civilized community would such a journal be tolerated for a day without consigning the owners to prison. What journal, let us ask, has circulated such exaggerated statements of our condition throughout the East and Europe, and made California the laughing stock of the whole world, until it became a by-word either of ridicule, scorn or terror? What paper has thrown back our city ten years? What has destroyed confidence between man and man, creating heart-burnings, strife and envyings? What pen is it that has so ruthlessly assaulted unoffending females and innocent men! What has frittered away Adam's & Co.'s estate, by irritating the legal men on both sides? What was laughed down and treated with derision by the Vigilance Committee when a revolution and provisional government were proposed? We answer the *Bulletin*, or City Mud Cart. This journal, therefore, born in bankruptcy, swaddled in slander, fostered in venality, fanned by excitement, whose praises are as blistering to honesty as the cancerous kisses of the crocodile which swelters in Nilotic mud—this slimy sheet we pronounce it, and we care not if we stand alone in condemnation, is a fraud and a cheat, a delusion and a curse to this community.

That was our opinion in '57. The years that have rolled by since then have served only to strengthen it. For, has not the *Bulletin* urged the repudiation of the State debt, the upholding of squatter claims, and later on was it not the champion of Stanford, and then did it not turn round from motives of private spite and bite the hand that fed it? During the war did they not spout false patriotism, the price of which was $100,000, paid by the hardly pressed Government of this country in the hour of its direst need? Then, have they not recently advocated, for $100,000, the Atlantic and Pacific swindle? Have they not attacked many a good man and sent him to his grave? The good, the true and the noble have always been hated by the *Bulletin* proprietors, and thus they have shown that statement to be thoroughly true which says, "A newspaper is only the reflection of its editors." Out upon the vile mirror of evil! this murderer of reputations!! this moral assassin of our truest and best citizens!!!

A large lot of English tweed overcoats and Scotch cheviot suits, O. K., just received by Purdy & Litchfield, corner Washington and Sansome streets.

JUDGE STANLY'S FIREWORKS.

Judge Stanly must be considerably astonished to find his latest petard recoil upon himself with such unexampled force. The doing of the deed and the manner of the doing of it have redounded to his discredit so thoroughly that the fun of all his future fireworks is entirely spoiled. Where are we to look for stainless purity if not in the judicial ermine? Where for dignity and disinterestedness of motive, if not on the judicial bench? A word lightly spoken can never be recalled, and a bitter one does not lose its venom because spoken out of petty jealousy and personal malice. The news will go the world round that our Mayor and Treasurer are defaulters, although the attack upon the latter gentleman is merely incidental, its virulence being reserved for the Mayor. Mayor Otis stands at the head of a large mercantile firm, whose transactions are carried on in every part of the world. How are strangers to know of his twenty-five years' record of faithful and unswerving integrity, and that he is a man in this community whose word is his bond? The harm done him—abroad, not here—is almost irremediable—American credit being looked askance—and the insulting manner of it almost unpardonable. At first, people scarce understood the object of Judge Stanly's attack, but developments prove that the *Bulletin* is at the bottom of it. The facts are palpable. The extraordinary communication which should have been laid before the Supervisors was issued in the *Bulletin* hours before the meeting of these authorities. Had the impugned gentlemen been really guilty, or really suspected, neither the *Bulletin* nor Judge Stanly would seem to have had much regard for the interests of the city. Both recalcitrant officers, together with their booty, might have had five hours' start ahead of justice. The whole affair was a palpably and meanly malicious trick of the *Bulletin*. That concern is neither a comprehensive nor versatile affair at best, but is peculiarly endowed with a concentrative spite, to which it devotes its whole talent since the failure of the Atlantic and Pacific swindle. It is a snapping and growling dog in the manger. It has never lost sight of the men of the One Hundred who opposed that magnificent fraud, and it has never let slip a chance to injure them. It is a little foxy withal, for it tries hard to draw the Bank of California into trouble by publishing it as the only receiver of the public moneys, when it is well known that the checks were distributed through all the banks in the city. It is not the fashion of the *Bulletin* to come straight to the point; it deals in lies which are half truths, and "are harder matters to fight." It whips the devil around the stump, in point of fact. It is a skulking foe. It dogs its victim stealthily, and hits him in the back, that he may not know who dealt the blow. It hides itself behind gulls and catspaws, and makes an ass of a Judge as easily as it tries to make a rogue of an honest man's reputation. It subserves the public weal to its private interests, and carries its conscience about in its breeches pocket. Thank Heaven! it will not be long amongst us! It has outlived its usefulness, and has become a doting, gibbering sheet. It is the old Diggly-bones of the press. The press itself, by its indignant protests against Stanly's petroleum, has given it a telling blow. The merchants of San Francisco, whom it has abused and insulted, have combined against it. They met yesterday to take action in the matter, and it will be but just if they conjointly discontinue their subscriptions and advertisements. Then will it be in its last throes. It has had an opportunity of making a reputation equal to that of the New York *Tribune*. The day is past when the *Bulletin* can make or unmake the reputation of Mayor Otis or any other citizen. *Requiescat in pace!*

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Emperor of Russia has issued the following Manifesto on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna:

"Be it known to our faithful subjects that, relying upon the blessing of the Almighty and with the assent of our beloved consort the Empress Marie Alexandrovna, we have consented to the marriage of our beloved daughter the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna with Prince Alfred Ernest Albert of Great Britain, Duke of Edinburgh, and that this union was solemnly accomplished, on the 11th of January of this year, according to the orthodox rite. In making know this event, so gratifying to our parental hearts, and in recommending the future lot of our beloved daughter and her consort to the all-powerful protection of the Lord of Lords, firmly trusting to His mercy, we are strongly convinced that all our faithful subjects will join their prayers to God with ours for a happy union and prosperous future for the newly-married couple.

Given at St. Petersburgh on the 11th of January A. D., 1874, and the 19th year of our reign. "ALEXANDER."

Sergeant G. H. Bates, of American flag-notoriety, has hatched a plan for poultrytying the British Isles. He writes to the *Daily News*:—Import 2,000 live and healthy prairie chickens into England, Ireland, and Scotland; let them loose in grounds favorable to their existence, and they will produce more of their kind in seven years than there are at present inhabitants in Great Britain.

When is a young lady like a whale?" When she's pouting.

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CRY.

Disraeli has said there is nothing like "a good cry" with which to win an election. Disraeli ought to know. And it would seem that he *does* know; for hasn't he just obtained a good working majority of fifty? At our last State election the *Bulletin*, and the Dolly Vardens generally, raised the cry of "unjust discrimination in freights and fares." Frightful were the pictures that were painted. Certain worthy business men were to be ruined; and individuals in the interests of the C. P. R. R. were to be made rich by "unjust discrimination." This cry was uttered in so many different forms that Governor Stanford, though conscious of innocence, might well have felt like Warren Hastings when he exclaimed that "the speech of Burke made him almost feel as if he were guilty." Yet to what a miserable point the whole thing is reduced at last. On Thursday evening last, the Senate's Committee on Incorporations met to consider the question of freights and fares. The whole State had been searched from end to end to find witnesses to prove even one single instance of that "unjust discrimination" which all the Dolly Vardens knew so much about during the election. Stanford was there, and in this manner did he ask his enemies in vain to come forth and prove their assertions. We quote from yesterday's *Call*—may the eternal one forgive us for doing so! "Governor Stanford asked the committee to subpœna certain persons in the matter of discrimations. There are firms in this town which have had an opportunity of knowing if such discriminations exist—Earl & Co., Booth & Co., and others. *Irwin*—I am not aware that any of these firms has made any charges. It would not be pertinent to summon them. *Stanford*—But I am anxious to assist the committee in finding out if there be discrimination; I assert there is none. *Irwin*—That is not really the question before the committee. We are here on a bill regulating freights and fares. *Stanford*—But I have not yet seen the author of the bill, or any other person before this committee who has given a reason why this bill should pass, and if there is discrimination we would like to know where it is. *Farley*—It is not our province to subpœna everybody in the country. We have given publicity to our investigation, and requested the attendance of persons having grievances. The newspapers have made general charges, and if no evidence is brought to us, you may presume that the charges are ill-founded." Comment upon so miserable a *fiasco* is needless. To this miserably impotent end comes that villainously false cry from which the *Bulletin-Call* Dolly Vardens have profited so largely. It would now be an interesting algebraic calculation to determine how much the State has lost in money and credit by "the cry" which gave us the Dolly Varden party.

SHE KNOWS HOW IT IS HERSELF.

Old Granny Alta is growing wise in her old age. In looking around for a specific for the Nation's troubles, she has stumbled upon the exact remedy needed to cure her own disease. Yesterday, after a great struggle, she thus delivered herself: "It would seem evident to a private individual engaged in business for himself, or to a firm, however much business they are transacting, how much-soever their gains increased, that if, after years of hard experience and toil, upon reckoning up their yearly business, its increase and its profits, they should find the latter very large and annually increasing, but that their expenditures were also increasing in a sort of geometrical ratio to their profits, that the same course, if long continued, would bring them to bankruptcy, there would probably be but one conclusion at which they could arrive, and that would be that they must radically change their system, put a check upon their outlays, expenditures, squanderings, or make up their minds that before a very long time they would have to go through a Bankruptcy Court. If they had not gone stark mad financially, they would at once commence to curtail expenditures, discharge clerks whose services could be dispensed with, reform their domestic system, putting an end to useless, or mere fancy gratifications of tastes and appetites, and in every rational way practice economy until at least receipts should equal expenditures." Dear Granny, learn wisdom from thine own teachings. If thou hast not gone "stark mad financially," reduce expenditure. Do it wisely, however. Get rid of all the dead beats and bummers. Employ the best talent, which thou can'st only obtain by paying the best price for it. The "cheap and nasty" has almost run thee into the ground. Awake, O Granny! and learn that true economy consists in paying the best price for the best article, and that hangers-on, who toady and fawn upon thee, and take advantage of thine old age, cost much money and do thee injury instead of good. Then keep clear of "outside" investments. Thy head is not level enough to dabble in Savage, and thy strength now is insufficient to carry Saucelito and other dead weights. Lop these all off. Stick to the shop and it will in the end stick to thee. Take the advice thou hast given to the Nation unto thyself. Many there are who have a soft side for thee, amongst whom the *News Letter* is one. Do all these things and thy friends will once more take hope in thee, and be ready to believe that thou mayest be saved even at the eleventh hour, and will aid thee and lead thee back to the paths of financial virtue and safety.

Married.—In this city, February 25th, by Rev. Dr. Stone, Theodore A. Harcourt to Fannie A. Rulofson.

TO A FRIEND NEWLY MARRIED.

Somewhat like brother and brother,
We have lived as children, we two;
The milk of Art, our mother,
Was strong, and our bands were few.

If not in each jot and tittle,
We lived as the seraphim,
But sometimes swerved a little,
Till the white of our wings grew dim.

We had right to be pardoned, brother;
We erred, we suffered alone.
You have done with that now: another
Has joined her life to your own.

When she lifts her face to your face,
When you look in her innocent eyes,
Look well and think for a space,
In our quiet English wise.

Of the paths to be trod and untrod,
Of the things to be done and undone,
Of the honor and manhood and God
That protect the white flower you've won.

San Francisco, Feb. 26, 1874. W. M. F.

RESENTING AN INSULT.

The commercial capital of California goes before the world this week in a very peculiar attitude. Her City and County Judge makes official proclamation that San Francisco is governed by felons; that her Treasurer is an embezzler of the public funds, and that her Mayor is a thief, who cannot be trusted to count twenty dollar pieces. A red levin-bolt out of a clear sky could not have produced such amazement and consternation as has Judge Stanly's most remarkable charge to the Grand Jury, accompanied as it was by a communication to the Board of Supervisors, embodying an insult to the Mayor, so gross, and apparently so studied, as to suggest that it was the writer's deliberate purpose to be offensive, and that he had employed his utmost skill and ingenuity in searching for expressions best calculated to sting and humiliate the objects of his malevolence. It is quite impossible for any one to read Judge Stanly's letter to the Board without coming to the conclusion that its outrageous language was inspired by intense personal animosity to the Mayor, and was studiously framed with a view to be as insulting as possible. It is pervaded by a tone so vicious and vindictive as to make the writer's *animus* apparent to the dullest apprehension. Medical authorities tell us that ungoverned hate sometimes unseats the reason. How bitter in this case must have been the secret grudge, the unappeasable malice, that robbed this high judicial officer of his judgment; that blinded his discretion, and made him deaf as an infuriated adder to the voice of prudence? How insanely he has permitted his bad passions to betray themselves! Where was the cunning with which common malevolence seeks to become the more efficient for mischief by assuming the disguise of candor? Does the Judge realize by this time that his poisoned shaft has fallen innocuous partly through his own folly in making so clear a revelation of the meanness of the motive that impelled it? Does he see in the overwhelming expression of sympathy with the objects of his unprecedented attack, and in the fierce lightnings of popular indignation that focus upon his own head, the natural effect of malice that has overshot its mark? Had he contented himself with charging the Grand Jury that in his opinion the letter of the law had been violated, and submitting the matter to the consideration of that body in temperate language, free from exaggeration or passion, he would not to-day find himself the object of the reprobation of the entire community, nor experience the necessity of secluding himself from the public gaze until the tempest he has stirred up shall have time to spend its fury. But when, not content with denouncing two citizens of irreproachable antecedents and unblemished character as felons, he hurled a brutal insult at the chief executive of the city by declaring that in future, he, Judge Stanly, would refuse to count the treasury moneys in his company, because he believed he was capable of stealing. When he did this he was guilty of an outrage so coarse, and evincing such intemperance of passion, and malignity of spirit, as to demonstrate at the same time his utter unfitness for the exercise of judicial functions, and his eminent qualifications as a sensation-monger for the *Chronicle*, or better still for a position on the editorial staff of the *Bulletin*, as chief maligner and vituperator of all such citizens as refuse to bow their necks to the gentle yoke of Pickering & Fitch.

WOOD MOSAIC CARPETING.

One of the latest novelties is a carpet made from wood. Its characteristics or leading features are such as have been made familiar in tesselated pavements and encaustic tile mosaic work. The entire thickness of the sheets is not over a quarter of an inch, and these are firmly glued in sections of about four inches broad on stout serviceable canvas. Thus, when lifted, the carpet has, so to speak, joints four inches apart throughout its length; and it can be folded up into incredibly small space with the utmost ease. Notwithstanding the frequency of the joints, however, when the wood mosaic is properly laid—as it can be by any housemaid—it presents an utterly seamless surface, compact as an oaken floor, and impervious alike to water and dust. When used alone, as it is capable of a high polish, and is easily kept in order, it gives an air of luxurious warmth and richness to large apartments. Taken with other carpetings, it forms an admirable setting for very brilliant designs in center pieces. The mosaic is made in webs 12 yards long by from 9 to 27 inches broad. The patentees are Messrs. Gardner & Son., 36 Jamaica street, London.

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

The great religious event of the past week has been the grand flank movement of the Van de Mark constituency. Alpheus Bull and nearly all the other men of respectability who hold to the hideous and demoralizing doctrine of universal salvation, deserted the "First Universalist Church" when they found that the chaste matrons and tender virgins of the flock clung all the more fondly to their "beloved pastor" because of the amorous irregularities proved against him in the ecclesiastical trial in the City of Brotherly Love. Alpheus Bull, being not only a solid man, but a man with a natural and wholesome antipathy to nastiness, even when flavored by piety, couldn't go the unctious Van de Mark. Accordingly Alpheus and the decent Universalists put up a little game on the amorous Van, and imported Dr. Miner, a Universalist big theological gun, with the amiable intention of running Van out of town. Dr. Miner arrived, and he has now started an opposition church. The chaste matrons and tender virgins of Van's flock were in great consternation. But Mrs. S——, the chastest matron of the whole flock, who loved Van with a holy and unctuous love, that had no flavor of sinful passion about it, suggested to her saintly pastor that under the circumstances it would be a good dodge to drop theology (which is not popular in this community) and commence a series of lectures on the "American Poets." Van listened with meek docility to the advice of his female Mentor, and commenced last Sunday evening with a lecture on Whittier.

The lecture showed very clearly that Van's ideas about poetry were as loose and wild as his ideas on the subject of theology. He commenced by saying that in this period of the world's progress the poet was destined to share the work of the priest. This idea was stolen by the pious parson from Professor Tyndal, who says in one of his recent essays that henceforth the world must look to its poets to fill the gap left "by the retrocession of the theologic tide." The pious and original Van then remarked (without any acknowledgement of his obligations to Tyndal) that such poets as Whittier, Wordsworth, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Adelaide Proctor were more powerful educators of the moral sense of mankind than the preachers. He intimated that his own personal obligations to the poets were very great. That if there was anything great and good and noble in his own character, if there was anything in his life and career calculated to raise the average standard of morality, it was due more to such poets as Whittier than to such preachers as Beecher, Stone, and Tallmadge. The lecture of the reverend gentleman showed that his real knowledge of poetry is quite as superficial as his knowledge of theology. Nevertheless, the general average of his flock are sufficiently ignorant and destitute of polite culture to be easily fooled by just such a shallow sciolist as Van de Mark. In short, he is both morally and intellectually quite a good enough pastor for such a silly flock.

We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with "Professor W. H. Chaney," the distinguished author of "The Prayer to the Devil." But we cheerfully recognize him as one of our kind. "My prayer to the devil," says Professor Chaney, "on the seventh night of my debate with Elder Miles Grant, having called forth a very unanimous groan of horror from the superstitious idiots calling themselves 'Christians,' I have concluded to stir them up more, by printing the sulphurous petition, with some comments upon prayer in general." Here is Professor Chaney's

PRAYER:

"O Lucifer, bearer of Light! O Beelzebub, Lord of Scorpions! O thou monarch of the Bottomless Pit! I beseech thee to hear my prayer. Thou knowest, Old Cloven Foot, that by thy wondrous power thou hast in all time possessed the heart of those calling themselves Christians with murderous fury, so that they have slaughtered more than seventy millions of men, women and children in the name of the Lord. Remember, O potent and beneficent Prince of Brimstone, that when thou stretchest forth thine arm, the feeble God of the idiotic Christians cannot stand before thee for half a second. Therefore, O Beelzebub, strengthen the hands of thy servant. Fill his mouth with words of wisdom, that this audience may become convinced that thou art a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering devil."

Such was the Professor's prayer, and Satan lent a listening ear.

We ought to apologize for our absence from Grace Church the last two Sundays, but the fact is, there have been so many rascals and rascalities demanding our attention of late that we could not give proper attention to our church duties. Last Sunday we were in place again, and were rejoiced to find the congregation still on the increase, and nothing abated in interest. Dr. Platt is constantly making new friends and adding to his already well established popularity. Those who have not already heard him should avail of the earliest occasion to do so.

An Arch Rejoinder.—At Muskoka, Joseph Arch met with a Yankee squaring some pine trees for exportation. "You're an Englishman?" it was asked. "Yes, I am," he replied. "Wall, I never knew one of your people who could square timber well enough for us." "You never did?" said Arch; "lend me your axe." Without any aid, Arch took the axe and squared the timber to the full satisfaction of the critics. He was offered $45 a month to cut timber.—*N. Y. Times.*

A NEW "LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT."

When Psyche lost her Lord, the Lord of Love,
Weeping alone she wandered,
Listless, by every well-known field and grove,
And on her lost Love pondered.

Lastly by Lethe's stream her footsteps strayed;
And "Oh!" she said, in sighing,
"That I might dip, and my past life be made
Like dreams with daylight dying!"

The big tears, from her blue eyes raining down,
Fell on earth's pitying bosom:
Sudden there sprang amid the sedges brown,
Blue as her eyes, a blossom.

And o'er her head, soft rustling sweet and low,
As though some bird's wing fluttered,
In those loved tones whose loss was all her woe,
"Forget-me-not!" was uttered.

No more: no sight, no touch: these words alone:
And "Ah!" she cried, "forget thee!
Nay, but half Love in our glad life was known;
Half Love is to regret thee.

"Forget thee! Nay, these flowers my tears begot
Shall be to me a token
Of Love: they shall be called Forget-me-not,
The name to cheer me spoken."

So well, sweet river flowers, we welcome you,
Earth with faint sadness scenting—
Born of the tears from Psyche's eyes of blue,
For her lost Love lamenting. —*Spectator, F. W. B.*

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The Herald of Health for March discusses healing by prayer in an article by John Keily, who thinks that, considering the testimony of the best physicians against medicine, it is hardly reasonable to condemn as utterly baseless the idea that prayer may be a remedial agent in some cases, as those mentioned in connection with Pastor Blumhardt and Dorothea Trudel. W. T. Clarke writes about the wastes of life in a thoroughly practical way. Charles H. Brigham ventilates on foul air. The excellencies of oatmeal are set forth at length. Other papers are timely, and the editor approves the new temperance crusade. He says the women "do not pray so much to God as they do to the liquor dealers themselves. They try to create in the liquor den, the hell-hole, an atmosphere of aspiration for purity, holiness, health. They breathe forth with great earnestness their strongest desires for the attainment of their object. If done as it should be done, what man, nay, what incarnate fiend, can resist the prayers and entreaties of a band of sober women bent on so grand an achievement? What liquor-seller would not wince under the song of one hundred woman conveying sentiments of tenderness and love, and filling the air with sweetness and melody where before had been only the cursed oath, the bitter jibe, the low, vulgar ribaldry. It would be like letting sunshine in where darkness and filth had reigned."

Widows Avaunt!—The following is a veritable petition signed by sixteen maids of the town of Charleston, S. C., and presented to his Excellency Governor Johnson, of that province, in the year 1733: "The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten:

Whereas, We, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows and our own youthful charms thereby neglected: the consequence of this, our request, is that your Excellency will, for the future, order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have the preference.

This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will permit no further insults. And we, poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray."

Dress.—In choosing a warm dress, get it light. How lightly animals which have to endure great cold are clothed! What is lighter than feathers or fur! A bear can teach us a lesson of civilized science, and a goose impart wisdom. When you wish to be protected from wind as well as cold, wear, under a woolen or furry fabric, the thinnest impervious texture you can get. Then you have an arrangement similar to that with which the animals of cold climates are provided—namely, thin skin and thick feathers or hair.

It is well known that with Spanish ladies fans have a language, are veritable semaphores, and can express, according as they are held, or rather worked, whether a lady is married or single, a widow, or not disinclined to remake the experiment. They can be made also to express whether the lady is willing to flirt a little, and for what quality she esteems you. France for a long time employed jewelry, rings especially, to symbolize similar sentiments, and promises to return to the practice. It was the cost that killed the custom. A ring worn by a lady with pearls and garnets indicated a sad heart; a Gordian knot in plain gold was an advertisement for a wife or husband; a doubt upon the sincerity of a lover's intentions was a ring in the figure of a snake, with a precious jewel in its head; good faith and the absence of all suspicion were symbolized by two hands joined together—as is to be met with on tombstones erected by widows to their lost partners—in simple gold.—*French Correspondent.*

Recorder Hackett greatly surprised an ex-policeman recently. Last week this person, who was then a policeman on duty in Harlem, arrested a quiet citizen for no offence whatever, and beat him with his club in the most furious manner. The next day he resigned from the force; but having been in turn arrested on the complaint of his victim, he was tried before the Recorder and sentenced to seven years and six months in the State Prison. That a policeman should be punished at all for indulging in the amusement of clubbing an unresisting prisoner is sufficiently astonishing; but that he should have received a sentence at once so heavy and so thoroughly deserved must have astonished the public hardly less than it did the culprit himself.

Wonderful Progress of the United States.—A man at our elbow in the vigor of life says he recollects the day when in the United States there was not a mile of canal nor railroad, nor such a thing as a steambort thought of. That before the completion of the New York canal he passed down the Mohawk river, from Utica to Schenectady, on a sloop, through rude locks at Little Falls. That he was in Buffalo, New York, when only one stea mer navigated the lakes. That he was in Cleveland, Ohio, when it contained 500 inhabitants, and no harbor. That he was in Washington City when the first telegraphic message arrived from Baltimore, being the first in the United States.

The Glasgow News tells us that the winter herring fishing in the Firth of Forth has been prosecuted by the Newhaven fishermen with very favorable results for some time past. From Newhaven as many as 60 boats have been shooting their nets regularly in the vicinity of Inchkeith, and this fleet has been augmented by numerous sail from Fisherrow, Kirkcaldy, Burntisland, etc., increasing the number to upwards of 100. It is common for the boats to capture from 4,000 to 9,000 fish each per night, and as the prices have been from 5s. to 8s. per 100, the fishermen are being fairly remunerated. As an instance of their success it may be mentioned that single boats net as much as £60 in a week.

A Novel Toilet.—The Princess Gortschakoff wore a robe at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh which is described as follows: The robe and train are of white faille, covered with tulle, entirely *drapee*, that is, puffed but not *bouillonnee*. Between each gathered width is placed a long band, or panel, of bronze-colored plush. The bronze brightens in hue as it turns towards the train, and here becomes the green Florentine shade. The trimming to this is an overskirt, or spacious veil, of powdered tulle, caught by pecking humming birds. The introduction of plush and tulle, mixed, produces a very unlooked-for effect.

The following additional appointments of members of the new British Government are announced: Duke Abercorn, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Thomas Edward Taylor, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Sir Charles Bowyer Adderley, President of the Board of Trade; George Sclater Booth, President of the Local Government Board; Algernon Fulke, of Egerton, Naval Secretary to the Admiralty; James Sowther, Under Secretary for the Colonial Department.

A young man named Lemot, and his mistress, Augustine Attagnant, formerly an actress at a minor theater, have been found guilty of forging notes of the Bank of France. The man, in whose favor the jury found extenuating circumstances, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and the woman to hard labor for life. Several members of the jury have since signed a memorial praying for a modification of the woman's sentence.

The Paris Figaro states that a large number of persons, mostly young men of the *bourgeois* class, have lately disappeared, and that no traces of them have yet been discovered. In every case the relatives and friends declare that they are unaware of any reason for evasion, and the missing persons appear to have left their homes for their usual avocations.

Letter Carriers.—The city carriers, during the month of February, delivered 130,678 letters and 9,837 postal cards, received by mail; also, 69,158 letters and 18,739 postal cards, deposited here; also, 50,756 newspapers, received by mail. During the same time they collected 101,509 letters, 31,566 postal cards, and 25,663 newspapers.

At the Glasgow Police Court recently, two milk-dealers, named respectively Mary Lindsay or Hamilton, and James Oliphant, were each find 10s. 6d., with 30s. of expenses, for selling 1d. worth of sweet milk adulterated with water.

A CONCEIT.

O touch that rosebud! it will bloom—
My lady fair!
A passionate red in dim green gloom,
A joy, a splendor, a perfume
That sleeps in air.

You touched my heart: it gave a thrill
Just like a rose
That opens at a lady's will;
Its bloom is always yours, until
You bid it close.

SECOND BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER IV.

1. And there dwelt in Phrisko, even in the city by the sea, certain men of the tribe of the Pie on Ears, which is, being interpreted, phortyniners, and they had their heads set backward between their shoulders, so that they saw not anything save that which was past.

2. Great men in their own imagination, and wise in their own conceit in that they believed that they upheld the city of Phrisko on their own shoulders, and they did chiefly fear the tribe of the Phiftyites.

3. For they were stronger than the Phortyniners, and there was war between them.

4. Now, aforetime had the tribe of the Pie on Ears been got together for that they should keep the records and books and archives of Kal O Phawrny, and that they might the better do this thing had they builded an house and made themselves into the tribe, and they did make speeches one to another, and pour out drink offerings, and were constantly before the people, so that they deceived them many days.

5. And they did take fine linen and embroidered on it in many colors the similitude of the beast, and they called it their God, and its number was two score and nine. All this did they do for that they might keep the books and the records of Kal O Phawrny.

6. Now, there were no records. Wherefore did they keep themselves?

7. And they did continually meet in an upper room, and did play zevin hup and hukr, for they might get drink offerings of the phortierod and rhawtgut made by Theodore, who is called Kok Reel, and when they got them they poured them out in honor of the Beast.

8. And in the beginning, when the people were deceived, it was accounted a great thing to be a phortyniner, so that when such a one said, Lo, I am of the tribe of the Pie on Ears, they that heard him did pour out drink offerings to the Beast; whereby did the phortyniner accomplish the desire of his heart.

9. And they did honor unto themselves for that they were not phiftyites.

10. And, after many days, it came to pass when the Tych Phlatt was finished that the tribe of the Pie on Ears said unto themselves and unto the people: Behold! now have we done great things for Phrisko. And they took counsel one with another as to how they should show their glory in the eyes of all men.

11. So when any man did come into Phrisko over the road that was called Tych Phlatt, the phortyniners did receive him and did make great feasts and poured out drink offerings without number unto the Beast, whereby they got great honor.

12. And after many days they said, Now will we go, each man to where he was born, for that we may receive again all of the feasts that we have given, and get our own with usury.

13. But when they came into the places where they had lived aforetime, and looked to get the feast and the drink offerings, behold they got nothing, for the people did not know them as phortyniners, but only as Bhummers, wherefore they laughed them to scorn.

14. So they said, one to another, Let us now return to Phrisko, for that a little honor is better than none at all. So they came back.

15. And certain of them saw that they received not as much honor as aforetime, and that no drink offerings were poured out unto the Beast; wherefore they took counsel one with another, and went unto Jasmes, a good man and rich, and said unto him:

16. Now this Jasmes was he that built an inn in Phrisko; and when they said, By what name shall we call it? said unto them, Call it by my name, for then shall all men know that I, Jasmes, did build it, and they did in all things even as he had said.

17. Give ear unto our cry and hearken unto our prayer, O Jasmes, for that we declare unto you what evil we have fallen into. It is known unto our Lord how that aforetime all men did honor us, and did pour out drink offerings unto the Beast, and how thereby we did get the desire of our hearts, but now they do it not; now our Lord hath much gold and silver and lands, and his servants have nothing. Let our Lord give unto his servants lands and gold, for that his servants may build them another house in which to keep the records of Kal O Phawrny. Then shall our Lord have praise of all men, and his servants shall once more rule Phrisko.

18. So Jasmes did even as they had said. But the people spake unto each other, saying, What is this thing that Jasmes, who built the inn, hath done this day? Lo, hath he given money to build an house to keep the records of Kal O Phawrny, and behold there are no records, but only this tribe of the Pie on Ears. Now hath he done a foolish thing in our sight.

19. But the Phiftyites rejoiced greatly, for that they said, One day shall we conquer the phortyniners, for that we be more than they, and then shall we have great spoil.

SOUL-MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust;
The sweetest cords, adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust;
We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
Upon the self-same strains,
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share.
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And, side by side with those we love,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fate fulfills,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the distant hills.
The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below,
Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

—*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

WRESTLING.

What is it in our nature that causes us to take up and continue an excitement as soon as it has attracted our attention? A few weeks ago an athlete came here from the East and overthrew our strong Pacific champion, whereupon a French gladiator challenges another Phorus of the arena and world-wide challenges are advertised in all the newspapers. The members of the Olympic Club go into more rigid training, and shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee our ingenious youths strain every muscle. It is an amphitheatral epidemic. Yet there is a wrestling more subtle than all this, a deeper, harder, sometimes more dangerous strife. It is the wrestling with oneself, when heart and mind and reason are strung to their highest tension. We saw an example of that the other day. The City of Paris (Ville de Paris) had imported some exquisite dresses. Nothing so beautiful and in such perfect taste had ever been here before. This house, always in the van, has this season surpassed itself. A lady was there young and lovely; she longed for one of those dresses, and was wrestling with herself whether she should buy it or not. The struggle was fierce, short and decisive. With a flush of pleasure she entered the robe room. She had conquered herself, and we went thoughtfully home.

A "Centennial" Almanac.—A copy of "The Virginia Almanack for the year of our Lord God 1774" has been discovered, which thus winds up the twelvemonth: "December, like the fag End of a bad Market, comes last of all, making a great Hole in that which was gotten in the other three Months; for toward the 25th we may expect to hear of a great Mortality among the Hogs, Sheep, Geese, Capons, Turkies, etc., who show so much Respect to those poor Sufferers that they set them up at the Table, (after they are already roasted) among the best of their Guests, to make them merry at Christmas. Much good Liquor will likewise be consumed this Month, and (if the Weather prove cold) a Deal of Coals and Wood, not to mention the Devastation that would follow."

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The venerable Monroe Ashbury, San Francisco's trusted Auditor, sometimes called "Father Ashbury," because, we presume, of his long connection with our City Fathers, is a man worthy of being watched at all times by those who wish to learn a wrinkle or two. Honest, in a certain sense of the word, he is to the back-bone and spinal marrow. Not one cent of the city's money will ever come out of the Treasury illegally if he knows it! No! rather than that he would sooner his right hand should rot off and that the rest of his body should be given to the birds that prey. Therefore, as the world goes he is a wonderfully honest man. Yet there is a higher honesty to which even Father Ashbury has not reached. Become one of the party with which it is assumed he is acting—we say "assumed," for no one ever knows what party really has his sympathy—and you will early find yourself in a trap of Ashbury's placing. If you are energetic and in earnest, Ashbury will stir up your warm blood, lead you into a scrape, and when you are well into it you look around for your guide, counselor and friend; but, lo! he is nowhere to be found. The wily old politician knew of an underground channel, and has escaped. Ask Alick Badlam! If you happen to belong to the same public body with him, and prove equal to his good intentions towards you therein, and adroitly avoid the kind invitation he sings so sweetly:

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy."

If you heed not the charms of the charmer, charm he never so wisely, you will then find that your popularity is cause of jealousy to Father Ashbury, and he will be laying underground mines for you all the time. Ask Jim Adams—that is if the scales have fallen off his eyes yet. If you are a popular Mayor, and have some difficulty in "working" your Board of Supervisors, Ashbury is just the man to "fetch and carry" for you. Ask ex-Mayor Selby! Although he is rather soft on the old man, because he was useful, and hasn't been found out in that quarter yet. If you are acting with him as a Commissioner of Audit you may distrust your own judgment in consequence of previous mistakes; you may be an earnest official and rather inclined to let your indignation boil over, and for these reasons you will probably be the more liable to rely upon the quiet and cautious manner, the experience and rectitude of your colleague. If that colleague is Ashbury he will have taken your measure to an inch. Not an impulse of your mind but he will be acquainted with. He will first excite your imagination, and then perch himself, like the Syrens of ancient story upon rocks ahead, and lure you to your destruction. Ask Stanly! He knows ere this. Yes! watch Ashbury—that is if your eyes are quick enough to keep him in sight. You will learn how always to be on top of the popular wave.

The same inscrutable wisdom which forbade the yoking together of the horse and the ass has seen fit to establish an indissoluble bond of union between parsons and petticoats. To the dimity part of the team we can urge no objection. We can swallow a woman any time; but the stomach recoils and sickens at thought of the lantern-jawed, white-livered gospel whiners, who are men only in so far as the tailor makes them so. Although Paul advised a little wine for the stomach's sake, although the wine cup is red on the communion table, although the meek and lowly himself started an amateur distillery when his liquor gave out at Cana, we had intended to favor the women's temperance raid. We were perfectly willing to publish appalling pictures of boots teeming with boa constrictors; of hats filled with bricks, enough to finish the City Hall. We had carefully constructed a patent double barreled back action prayer to be delivered on the whisky premises, guaranteed to hoist alcohol out of the casks with the force of a Vallejo elevator. We had resolved to forswear our morning eye-opener; our mid-day smile; our comfortable night-cap; our casual nips. We had decided to lend to the cause the influence of this pure, progressive, powerful pamphlet. But, alas! the published reports of the meeting disclose the mournful fact that there is something rotten in Denmark. That rottenness is Van de Mark. We refuse to have this man's nastiness slung further in our faces. We have had our fill of it, and it don't digest. If Van de Mark don't drink whisky then must there be something good in whisky. If Van de Mark is to rant and pray there must be something bad in prayers. And if the women still run after him there must be something bad in the women. We are wicked and they don't run after us; but, then, alas! our wickedness is all of the brain. We never were taught any other. And as we decline to give our support to the ladies who will be judged by the company they keep, we transfer it to the other side of the house, and say, O, Supervisors, when ye shall be presented with a petition, and O, barkeeps, when ye are invaded there is but one way to deal with these blatant reformers: Give to each and every one a milk punch, which is innocent in appearance, but wonderful in effect, and you will establish a new line of custom.

The Singalese language stands in the front rank of all spoken tongues—so far as names of places are concerned. In the Veyaloowa district there is a village termed "Galliappocondaracirrhacoombera." Another hamlet close by is styled "Keenlooliagagollepoodama." A few more are "Ouseklilapoodamakanda," "Boodoogeykondegamowa."

The following was picked up on the sidewalk by our office boy. He dutifully brought it to our office and presented it to us. We, equally dutifully, present it to our readers, or rather a portion, as the original is very voluminous. It seems to be in the form of a diary, and runs as follows: Sunday, March 2d.—Damp, disagreeable day; quite in accordance with my own feelings. Am sadly disappointed that little job miscarried. Thought it was really well put up. Must have bungled it somehow, but believe it was more Fitch's fault than mine. Told him to be careful. Reminded him that Otis was popular, while we—well, least said soonest mended. Fitch insisted on rushing things; talked of the power of moral suasion exercised by the *Bulletin;* said "Now, Judge, just keep your eye on me, and take your cue as I give it, and I'll pull you through." Through, indeed! Here have all the papers been crucifying me for the last week nearly, and Fitch himself gone back on me. Have half a mind to show the sanctimonious bilk up. 'Twouldn't pay, though. Guess if I did, the *Bulletin* wouldn't confine itself to "moral suasion." Had begun to think the affair had blown over, when yesterday the *News Letter* came out on me stronger than ever. Twigs the little game with Fitch, too. * * * Strikes me forcibly 'twould have been better let alone. Pretty rough on me, too, for the citizens would have thought it all done for their advantage but for such scandalous exposure of the tricks of trade. Cannot write half what I feel on the subject, even though it will never meet any eyes but my own. * * * Guess I'll go up and see what Fitch is doing. Will make him write something in my defense, but he is so d - d cautious. * * * Just as I thought. Fitch blames me, and me only. That man is as cute as a pet fox. Called the whole thing "highly unwarrantable," as if he had not put me up to it. *O tempora, O mores!* Guess I'll let Otis alone and steer clear of Fitch in future. *Experientia docet.*

The Alta, it would seem, has conceived the idea that our dearly beloved Pickering, imitating MacCrellish unwisely, dabbles in stocks betimes, and has given vent to the idea in a way which has aroused the aforesaid Pickering's slumbering ire. The *Call* refutes the base calumny in a few sentences replete with dictatorial and editorial magnificence. He dabble in stocks, *he* soil the immaculate purity of his patrician fingers with the questionable produce of California street, or prostitute the enlightened columns of the *Morning Call* to serve his interests in a wildcat speculation. Far otherwise. Note the grandiloquence with which he dispels the baseless libel. Pickering knows nothing of stock. God bless your innocence, Granny *Alta*. You should know better than to make such an assertion. Does not Monday's *Call* say, "We do not even know who owns the mines"—and surely the *Call* would not lie. The same paragraph says, further: "We employ a gentleman." Pickering knows nothing of these things, does not wish to know them. He could not bring down his mighty mind to mere questions of dollars and cents, and stock valuations. He "employs a gentleman" to do all this for him, and doubtless something else. He reminds us of the old woman who (Pickering-like) ran some publication in London early in this century, and who was once offered by Lord Byron, who wished to do her a kindness, a poem for her paper. Her reply was eminently *Pickerickian*. "Lor', my lord, we keeps a poet!" The author of Childe Harold wilted at once before this immeasurable superiority.

It is just possible that the committee of gentlemen who met the other day to take action on the Stanly outburst of ill-temper are arrant noodles, and that the *Bulletin* is a wise, just, high-principled and reliable sheet. But we can't for our lives make any one take this side of the question. Our friends persist in telling us that it is a bad, unscrupulous, vindictive journal. That it is a lying, thieving, scoundrelly concern; that it is not wise enough to lift its eyes and see that the representative intelligence, influence and wealth of San Francisco has condemned its relentless course; that its mad, useless efforts to impugn the character of other honorable gentlemen are laughable; that its omission of the principal paragraph of resolutions was a childish trick, unworthy its past prestige; that its return to the attack reminds one of a certain filthy saying regarding the returning of dogs to that which their system has rejected; that it lost its backbone, its shred of decency and B. P. Avery all together; that it dies hard; that it wriggles like a snake in its death struggles, and that children say the tail never dies till the sun goes down. Would it be polite of us to dispute with our friends?

We are pleased to hazard the remark that westward the course of civilization takes its way. The originality of these lines may be questioned—the truth of them is indisputable. The Women's Temperance Reform is playing the deuce with the corner groceries, and the panel game has been successfully inaugurated. The latter is the consideration which makes our breast to swell with pride. For years we have envied New York this accomplishment. We have sedulously kept up with her in the matter of rings, frauds, corrupt officials, packed juries and emotional insanity. But this one superiority of hers has been as the thorn in our side—as the blister on our flesh. We have our Barbary Coast, our slums and dives, and at last our panel game. Gentlemen of up-town proclivities, it is our happy privilege, on the experience of one of your fellow reprobates, to warn you to travel light in the matter of trowser and vest-pocket fillings. The panel is here.

It gives us more than usual gratification to learn that Michael Reese, Esq., has become the purchaser of the great picture which sold for $10,250, and that it is his intention to present it to the Ladies' Benevolent Society.

The ponderosity, pomposity and verbosity of the Alta-Bulletin quarrel has kept us in amusement for a week. We have seen a couple of spavined old horses who had outlived their usefulness quarreling in a field. We have enjoyed the mock prize fights in a minstrel show. We have sympathized with the unhappy supes in a play who have been obliged to cross unpracticed swords. The movements of all were agility, ease and grace compared to the labor with which these two old sheets show fight. They dabble in as mild English as a couple of clergymen disagreeing in a synod. They stand behind the bars of discretion and pull mouths at each other. Come out of your shells, you superannuated old turtles, and let fly a torrent of good terse English. Abuse each other roundly. For decency's sake be bold enough at least to cry damphool, and we'll all clap hands and cry hear, hear, and believe every word of it.

A political squib, quite beneath the notice of anybody has been circulated by the Stanlyites since yesterday in large numbers. Its distribution is money thrown away. The thing is weak in its attempt to make the worse appear the better cause. It totally lacks the force of impassioned language that is essential to the success of a political squib, and the only reason we refer to it is to show how hard up the Stanlyites are for a defender. It accuses us of writing "six ribald attacks upon the Judge" in our last issue. Will it be believed that it was the self same Bohemian who now makes the accusation that wrote one of them? And that one would have been the severest if the writer's ability had been equal to making it so. It will be found at the top of the eighth page of our last issue, under the caption "Resenting an Insult."

We consider the action of Director Donovan, in discouraging marriage among the schoolma'ams, highly reprehensible. An extended course of observation leads us to the conclusion that these young women do not sufficiently indulge in that holy sacrament as matters already stand. There is an unwholesome preponderance of celibacy among them. It is their custom to cast curious eyes on the genus homo. It is not the custom of the genus homo to cast curious eyes on them. Their profession is apt to cultivate an acerbity of disposition not favorable to their matrimonial chances. Therefore, do not shut the gates on them altogether. Besides, what is to become of the prospects of those nice young men standing about town, who are perfectly willing to be gobbled up and supported out of the school fund?

The picture called 'A Spanish Fandango,' which is prominently displayed in the window of one of the picture stores on Kearney street, and which has been puffed up by many of the dailies, especially the *Alta*, as being an original by Miss E. A. Rockwell, is neither more nor less than a copy of a somewhat celebrated painting by the German artist A. Kindler, entitled 'Fandango.' A woodcut of this painting appeared in 1873, in No. 3 of the *Ueber Land und Meer*. The only difference between the original and the copy by Miss Rockwell is in the stonework forming the background, where the Californian has substituted sundry indistinct smudges for the elaborate fresco pattern of the original.

As You Like It.—A New York correspondent says: "We have more varieties of weather in a day here than any other country can boast in a season. It snows, it thaws, it gets warm, it blows up cold, it clears off. It is so foggy that you can't see the opposite houses. It sleets and freezes, and you go to bed with shutters banging and a bleak winter night in full blast. You wake, and little boys have on white pantaloons, and the women are streaming past to matinees with light silks and fans, and at five in the afternoon you see anxious parents standing at theater doors, carrying furs, over-shoes, blankets, and hot bricks, to bring Araminta home without freezing her pink nose off."

An Arch Rejoinder.—At Muskoka, Joseph Arch met with Yankees squaring some pine trees for exportation. "You're an Englishman?" it was asked. "Yes, I am," he replied. "Wall, I never knew one of your people who could square timber well enough for us." "You never did," said Arch; "lend me your axe." Without any aid Arch took the axe and squared the timber to the full satisfaction of the critics. He was offered $45 a month to cut timber.—*New York Times.*

A business man's letter to the head master of his son's college runs as follows:—"Sir—Yours to h'd & cont's noted. Don't want son to study 'str'n'my. 'Twon't pay. Also stop Latin & Greek. Boy'll p'ck up L't'n words 'nough, make money 'nough without L't'n and G'k, etc. No use. Put boy through on Dr., Cr., ct., pr. ct., cl'r house, Railr'ds, etc. When term ends send boy and books by N. W. R., 3rd class, with L'd'g in hat. Draw sight d't for Money."

A very good hit was made a day or two after an election by one of the defeated candidates. A gentleman approached him with, "Well, Mr. ——, how do you feel?" "Well," said he, "I feel, I suppose, pretty much as Lazarus did." "As Lazarus did!" said the first speaker. "How is that?" "Why," said he, "Lazarus was licked by dogs, and so was I."—*Court Journal.*

"I wouldn't, when I am married, enter into housekeeping in the kitchen department, nor be a cook for the whole world!" exclaimed a fashionable young lady to her betrothed lover. "Of course not," he replied. "If you were to cook for the whole world, you would never get through your work; but you'll be able to manage it nicely for our little family."

COURT CHAT.

Northumberland House will be pulled down by June—that is the last report. Londoners will live to see a curious sight when a great street is opened to the Embankment from that side, and a splendid view of the shot-towers at Waterloo Bridge is obtained. There is no doubt that traffic will be greatly diverted into that direction. Amongst the improvements spoken of now as certain is a large central street cutting through the heart of Drury Lane. A few days since Northumberland House was given into the hands of the contractor, and, in a short time, the great marble staircase, the pride of the northern dukes, and up which, it is said, one "proud Percy," who must have been a sort of Hotspur, endeavored to drive a coach and four, but found a difficulty in turning, will be a thing of the past. A few weeks more and the lion of Northumberland, which, for so many years, has looked out for its prey with its tail erect, and has shared the attention of sightseers with Nelson's column, will be taken down, and no more dukes and nobles will be found in the central districts.—*Court Journal.*

"Asking Papa" Ad Libitum.—It is said that Sir Walter Campbell, who was lately in a mercantile firm in New York, wished to marry an American young lady, of good position in the Empire State. Upon his applying to the young lady's father, the parent stated that he always referred all those questions to his wife. The mother in her turn stated that she must refer it to the Duke of Argyll. The Duke pleaded that, considering his connection with royalty, he must consult his eldest son. The Marquis could do nothing without the Queen's consent. Her Majesty felt that the issue must be referred to the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, as head of the family. The Duke rejoined that, since the recent changes in Germany, he looked upon the Emperor William as his sovereign, and must bow to his advice. The Emperor said he could do nothing without Prince Bismarck's opinion; and Prince Bismarck declared he had no opinion at all, one way or the other; and so the question—to marry or not to marry—was brought to a dead-lock.

Mr. Henry Melville, whose will has just been proved, recommends that immediately after his decease his books, papers, manuscripts, etc., should be secured by Mrs. Maria Gibbs, and that she would, without loss of time, apply to the Crown for a patent to use the masonic symbols on planispheres and celestial charts, by which the original of the Sacred Bible and other mysterious works can be interpreted: and then goes on to say: "The patent having been secured, I recommend that application be made to the British Government by the said Maria Gibbs for a commission of inquiry to determine whether the knowledge should be made public, or retained for a certain time (to be determined by such commission and the said Maria Gibbs) and then made public. I recommend that copies of my manuscript works should be made, and that no one copyist should be allowed to transcribe more than one book, and that such copying should be executed only in the presence of the said Maria Gibbs."

Mr. Gladstone was returned for Greenwich by 225 votes less than recorded for Mr. Boord, the elected Conservative representative. Among Liberals, Mr. Otway, Mr. Guildford Onslow, Mr. Rylands, Mr. Bonham Carter, Mr. W. Fowler, Sir R. Torrens, Sir C. Wingfield, Mr. Edgar Bowring, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. White, Mr. Magniac, and Mr. Jacob Bright, have lost their seats. Among Conservatives, Sir John Pakington, Mr. E. B. Eastwick, Mr. R. N. Fowler, Col. Pease, and Capt. Engledue, have been defeated. Among Conservatives who receive anew parliamentary honors are: Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, late Governor of Bombay, Mr. Forsyth, and Sir Charles Russell, V. C. Among Liberal accessions are: Sir Henry Havelock, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Edward Jenkins, Mr. Trevelyan, and Lord Arthur Russell.

Sir William Stephenson, at the request of Mr. Lowe, has stated that there is no foundation for a statement that Mr. Lowe "issued instructions to assessors" of income tax "throughout the country to take no man's word, to accept no return as truthful, but simply to make it the basis of a higher and purely imaginary assessment." Sir William Stephenson adds that he is not aware that Mr. Lowe at any time interfered in the remotest degree, directly or indirectly, with the assessment or collection of the tax, and that the allegation is equally untrue as regards the action of the Inland Revenue Department.

It is stated that peerages are about to be conferred on Mr. Angerstein, who represented Greenwich in several Parliaments, and the Hon. O. W. Stanley, late M.P. for Beaumaris, and the uncle of Lord Stanley of Alderley. It is also rumored that Mr. Alderman Lusk, the Lord Mayor of London, will receive the honor of a baronetcy on the arrival in England of the Duke of Edinburgh with his bride.

Fatal Accident at an Election Meeting.—Last week an unfortunate accident occurred at Kneighton shortly after the Marquis of Hartington arrived there for the purpose of addressing the electors of that portion of the Radnorshire boroughs. As his lordship was being drawn in a carriage from the station to his hotel by a crowd of boys, one of them was knocked down and killed.

Among the pocket-handkerchiefs in the *trousseau* of the Duchess of Edinburgh there is one that was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867 in the Italian department. It was purchased last year in Italy for 12,000 francs by the Czarina, and is said to have cost the embroiderer seven of the best years of her life and her eyes into the bargain.

Garibaldi and Lord John Russell.—The following telegram from General Garibaldi, dated Caprera, the 20th of January, has been published: "The name alone of Lord John Russell is a voucher for all that is good and true. I desire to have my name associated with the meeting for expressing sympathy with Germany against the Papacy."

Religious Education Candidates in England.—Upwards of 170 of the subscribing members of the National Education Union have appeared as candidates for seats in Parliament. This fact strikingly illustrates the wide-spread interest taken in the question of religious education.

Irish Candidates and Women's Suffrage.—All the candidates for the representation of Belfast are supporters of the claims of women householders to the Parliamentary franchise, and also of the claim of women householders in Irish boroughs to obtain the municipal franchise.

Sir James Colvile, the senior judge of the Judicial Committee, is suffering from measles. According to the latest accounts, Sir James is much better, and will shortly be able to resume his judicial duties. Baron Pigott has been indisposed, but is recovering.

In deference to a wish of the Duke of Edinburgh, the ball to be given by the City of London to His Royal Highness and the Duchess of Edinburgh, in honor of their marriage, has been deferred until after the Easter holidays.

Baron Meyer de Rothschild, of Mentmore Park, Bucks, who formerly represented Sandwich in the House of Commons, is reported to be sinking fast. He has for some time been suffering from a painful illness.

The Lord Chief Justice, in his summing up in the Tichborne trial, has been constructing an entirely new narrative, and guiding the jury to deductions on many points not heretofore noticed.

The Financier understands that the Treasury have granted a superannuation allowance of £900 a year to Sir Thomas Fremantle, late Chairman of the Board of Customs.

Capt. Maunsell has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for the assault upon the Duke of Cambridge.

M. Emile Ollivier has returned to Paris after an exile of three years. He is said to be the hero of the time.

Archbishop Manning will be made a Cardinal in March.

TROWSERS FOR GIRLS.

A discussion has arisen in the pages of the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* in regard to the revival of the practice of ladies wearing trowsers, which used to be very prevalent in England formerly, but has of late years fallen into disuse. One lady writes: "I read with pleasure the letters on the subject of children and young ladies again taking to this pretty, modest, and becoming fashion of wearing long white trowsers, for to my taste nothing is so becoming as a pretty little trowsered foot appearing under the skirt of the petticoats. A little foot enveloped in a neat white trowser looks very bewitching. These long white trowsers for ladies are not the fashion (and we know what that means) in England, but they are still very much worn on the Continent. I wish to see this modest and pretty fashion come again in use, for nothing to my mind is so unsightly and wanting in modesty as the present fashion of dressing children, whereas long white trowsers would be vastly more becoming and modest. I think that long white trowsers should be worn by young ladies who no longer wear short skirts. These trowsers should be quite plain for wearing in the daytime and in the street, but those for evening wear should be made of fine cambric, or muslin ornamented with embroidery, lace insertion, or heavy rich lace frills or flounces, according to the taste and means of the lady herself. What could look prettier or more modest than to see a pretty, small, trowsered foot, in silk stockings and a neat sandaled shoe, appearing under the skirt of a muslin dress, the ankles buried, as it were, in several rows of the lace frills or flounces of fine cambric or muslin trowsers? Surely, also, when a young lady of eighteen or nineteen is dancing it is more modest, as it is certainly very becoming, to see the limbs hidden in lace-frilled trowsers of cambric than the present fashion."

A decidedly rough looking individual applied for a license as a teacher of a school from Troy, recently. "Do you think you can manage a school?" inquired the examiner. "Well, I guess so," said the applicant imperturbably. "If I can't, I can knock the spots out of the youngsters." The vacancy still exists.

Japanese officials are beginning to try their hand at proclamations in the English language. Here is an example:—"The trees cutting, birds and beasts killing, and cows and horses setting at free in the ground belonging to Government are prohibited.—(Signed) OSAKA FU."

AD CHLOEN, M. A.

[FRESH FROM HER CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION.]

Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your hose;
And your brow is like the snow;
And the various things you know,
Goodness knows.

And the rose flush on your cheek,
And your algebra and Greek,
Perfect are;
And that loving, lustrous eye,
Recognizes in the sky
Every star.

You have pouting, piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate;
But for your cerulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams, mixed with Whewell
Then, some day,
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an Artium
Magistra.

A SHOCKING BAD HAT.

We learn from newspaper slips and private letters of a rather ridiculous occurence in Norwalk, Ohio. The hero is a prominent and much respected deacon —Deacon C., we understand. The other Sunday he started for church with an old hat on his head. It was an easy hat and the old gentleman enjoyed it. It appears there are pegs to hang hats on in the churches there. He thus disposed of his head-gear on reaching the church, and took his seat with the congregation. When the service was over he lingered as is customery and proper for deacons to do. He finally reached the porch, and stopped for his hat, and any respectable citizen can imagine the horror he experienced on beholding but one hat left, and that a most dilapidated and scandalous looking article. He could feel his blood boil within him as he looked at it and thought of the mutton-head who owned it, and had walked off with his glossy beaver instead. He said out aloud that the owner of that hat was a mutton-head, and ground his deaconish heel into the floor, and felt much relieved by so doing. Then he tied a handkerchief about his head because the old hat was much too large for him, and he could not wear it, even if flesh and spirit had not revolted against the spectacle. He told the sexton that that hat must have been built in a dry dock, and the only thing that troubled him in the matter was how a man with a head of that size got into the church anyway. Then he stalked majestically homeward, with the red handkerchief wound about his head, and the detestable hat held at arms' length ahead of him, and altogether forming a spectacle that fastened the attention of every beholder. Arriving home, he extended the obnoxious article toward his wife, and waiting an instant for her to take in the awful enormity of the offence, he explosively shouted, "Look at that villainous rag!" The lady looked at it, and was astonished. "I don't wonder you are sick," he howled morosely; "it makes me sick to think of the bull-head who owns such a smoke-stack palming it off on me, and taking my new beaver for himself in *mistake!* (he ground this out with withering sarcasm). A pretty mistake I must say when his miserable rag is big enough to cover a cart, and filthy enough to make a crow sick." "But that's your every day hat," asserted his wife, in still greater astonishment. "*My* hat!" gasped the amazed deacon, staring at her with his eyes half way out of their sockets, and then laughing hysterically, and shivering from head to foot. "Certainly it is," persisted his wife, "and here is your best hat," taking that article from its accustomed place, and holding it out to him. Without a word the miscrable man sank into a chair, and after staring blankly at his wife for a moment, slowly said: "The ways of Providence are past finding out; rub my head, Matildy."—*Danbury News.*

WHY DISRAELI MADE A SEAT FOR LOWE.

Mr. Disraeli, refering to Mr. Lowe's attack upon him in his speech on re-election for the University of London, spoke of Mr. Lowe as one of those "professors" of whom Prince Bismarck was anxious to rid Prussia. He had no sympathy with the people, no respect for tradition. He has confidence in his own individual infallibility; but from the first moment of his entry into public life—and I will prophesy that it will be the last—he has offended the English nation, which can have no sympathy for a man who is proud of having no heart. He is a most ungrateful man, for he would not be in Parliament were it not for me. Were it not for me the London University would not have had a member. Everybody was opposed to it. My colleagues did not much like it; the Conservative party did not much like it; but, more strange than anything else, the whole Liberal party were ready to oppose it. But I, with characteristic magnanimity, said to myself, "Unless I give a member to the London University Mr. Lowe cannot have a seat." It was then impossible for him, and probably still is, to show himself upon any hustings with safety to his life. I said to myself, "There is so much ability lost to England," and I pique myself always on upholding and supporting ability in every party and wherever I meet it, and I also said to myself, "One must have an eye to the main chance. If I keep Mr. Lowe in public life—and this is his only chance—I make sure that no Cabinet, even if it be brought into power by an overwhelming majority, can long endure and long flourish if he be a member of it; and, gentlemen, I think what took place perfectly justified my prescience.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE IN HONOLULU.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Honolulu, February 14, 1874.—Nothing is more agreeable to the modest, unassuming men who have made the *News Letter* a scourge and terror of hypocrites, social, religious and political, than to prick the balloon of human vanity. From its illustrious founder and editor-in-chief down to the writer of this brief Christian epistle, there is a zealous emulation in carrying forward the good work. In the field in which we are individually engaged as an unsanctified and unholy missionary, there is a good deal of pricking to be done. It is a labor of love with us, and since God and the *News Letter* is on one side, victory will perch in attitude sublime upon our banner. I specially invoke the aforesaid great power in heaven, and the aforesaid great power on earth to my aid, because I am going to speak of woman—woman, whom St. Augustine calls a serpent, and whom Dante immortalizes as an angel. I am to speak of her as I find her in Honolulu, far away from her British hearth and American hotel, for as yet we Americans have no homes in the real meaning of the term. The grand characteristic of the Yankee woman here is that at a sitting she can talk a man to death, and seems to delight in so doing. Religion, scandal and the literature of daily papers are the three weapons with which she tortures her victim. The only hours of peace a man has is when this expert parlor oratoress is "out a-shopping," or sleeping that sweet sleep from which, awaking in the early morn, she exclaims to her careworn spouse, "Jonathan, you must contribute two bits to the missionary fund to-day, and buy me that new bonnet at Mrs. Smith's millinery store. It's a beauty; only ten dollars. Do, that's a dear, good man." Poor Jonathan must toe the mark, or else there's a volcanic eruption of words as terrifying to his ear as the roar of foaming lava from the crater of Kilauea. The Cockney woman here is a supremely happy creature, if she can only find something to say about "the vulgar American ladies." She fairly itches to get her tongue into her thin-skinned sister. They will scandalize each other for forty-eight consecutive hours, and rise up from the *seance* as fresh as bruisers newly sponged. The Cockney lady exhibits contempt with the curl of her lip; the Yankee lady with the tip of her nose, the skin of which she twitches, by what is known in scientific language as the *panniculus carnosus*, a movement of skin-twitching peculiar to horses, asses and other domesticated animals, when troubled with flies or cuticle eruptions. And yet, to see these women at church on the holy Sabbath day, with clasped bibles in their hands, and the name of Jesus on their lips, and one could not think that butter would melt in their mouths. They are such modest, pious-looking creatures, and more closely resembling Dante's angel rather than St. Augustine's serpent.

Marriage among foreigners here is after the Parisian style. They are entirely affairs of convenience. Love is second-handed, from the fact that every Christian man who has lived here any time has had a native mistress or mistresses, according to the capacity of his desires and pocket. When he temporarily tires of her or them, and wishes to marry "a white woman," he does so because the church or circle of society in which he moves ostracizes him if he rebels against wearing the matrimonial yoke. The wife thus taken into partnership knows all about the previous life of her husband, but as long as she is furnished money for shopping, a carriage and servants, she places her nose to the grinding-stone gracefully. And indeed, after marriage the husband keeps up the old relations with his native mistress or mistresses. This is so notorious here that I wonder if your readers have not heard of it before. I spoke of carriages, and must add that every beggar of a foreigner here, except the honest ones, has a carriage, in which he and his roll about the coral-paved streets, to the great delight and amazement of the simple natives. To have a carriage and a horse or horses to match, popularly means that the owner is head and ears in debt and stands high in the church. The ladies, who in their natural state were chambermaids, governesses, etc., dress very richly, but somewhat loudly.

By a deep look into society, as constructed by the foreign scum of this metropolis, you discover three things lacking: First, an innate love of virtue; secondly, an earnest longing for the eternal salvation of Kanaka souls; thirdly, a blind persistence in straying from the narrow path in which the writer walks, and which leads to the bosoms of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and other prominent citizens of the past. Wanting these, you find in the same society an inordinate love of vanity, a lip religion and an insane desire to see an American twenty-dollar gold piece or a British sovereign. There are exceptions to all rules, and so I state, with a feeling akin to ecstasy, that there are a few splendid, liberal souls here—Germans, Americans and Englishmen—and a few foreign ladies, who are ladies in the true and elegant sense.

Yours,

ADONIS.

A correspondent from Munich mentions that the King of Bavaria has recently sent several photographers to Versailles for the purpose of taking exact copies of the decorations, etc., of the palace. The King of Bavaria intends to reproduce them in a country villa he is now building near Munich.

What Next? is the name of a paper published in Chicago. What next?

CREMATION.

This room is my small mausoleum,
The ultimate goal of my kin,
Arranged like a model museum,
Where each man a last home may win.
For years we have practiced Cremation,
'Twas always a fancy of mine;
And here's each departed relation,
In strict chronological line.

Each man has his vase, saint and sinner,
Enshrined like the classical Lar;
And here with a friend after dinner,
I join in the tranquil cigar.
I'm safe from all cynical strictures,
They're all of them folks of my race,
Not bought like the family pictures
A *parvenu* hangs in his place.

I think the apartment is pleasant,
The ornaments, too, are *en suite;*
That hour-glass you see was a present
From Bolus of Requiem street.
It holds what remains of Aunt Lizzy—
The notion, I think, is sublime;
Humanity's ashes are busy
In place of the sands of Old Time.

That vase holds my uncle, heaven bless him!
Though now of his presence bereft,
I look at his ash, and address him
With thanks for a legacy left.
If ashes feel any emotion,
His surely must thrill, for I've shown
A nephew's sincerest devotion
In Latin as pure as his own.

That rose-colored glass in the corner
Recalls such a sweet little thing,
Who left me, a lachrymose mourner,
To wear a memorial ring.
In spite of hermetical sealing,
A curious feature I find,
Her volatile nature revealing—
Her ashes are stirred as by wind.

Yon great vase, that holds a good Tory,
So staunch to his colors and true,
When leading his party to glory—
His ashes by rights should be blue.
He was great at the toper's gay battles,
Though gout caused him terrible groans;
I fancy that vase sometimes rattles
So gaily he "rattled the bones."

The last vase is empty, for feeling
Its shape was exceedingly chaste
(And I'm glad of the chance of appealing
To any observer of taste),
I kept it; through winters and summers,
It tenantless stands on the shelf,
Oblivious of any new-comers—
I mean it one day for myself.

—*Graphic.*

A LADY BUTCHER.

We are inclined to think Danbury has made a stride in the matter of woman's rights that will astonish everybody and edify many. We have a woman who butchers. We might have worked around to this declaration in an elaborate and interesting introduction, but the fact is so amazing that we could not write with any calmness or think with any precision, with it staring at us. This young lady is about to marry. That is, she is engaged, and a woman in Redding is weaving her a rag carpet. As nothing more confirmatory than this can be produced, we feel safe in affirming that she is about to marry. The object of her choice is a farmer. The farmer does his own killing, as all well informed farmers do. The young lady is aware of this fact, and in her strong devotion to the farmer she is learning to butcher. Every Friday afternoon she accompanies one of our butchers, a personal friend, to the slaughter. Here, with her dress pinned up, her sleeves rolled, and her hat very much on one side of her head, she flits about in the midst of the thrilling gore, and unimpassioned tallow and so forth. She has already killed four lambs, cutting their throats so artistically as to charm the burly butcher beyond all description and to fill every well balanced mind with reverential admiration. Next Friday she tries her maiden hand on a small calf, and expects to extract the vital spark from its body in a way that will win its eternal gratitude. In dressing bullocks—or rather in undressing them—she is becoming quite an adept, and already excells the butcher's boy who has been in the business for nearly a year. But she particularly shines when the animal's throat is cut, and with the animals tail in her hand, and her neatly-gaitered foot on the animal's side—pumping the life current out of the dying body. The butcher says she looks like an angel then, and we can readily understand how she does. In a week or two she will try her hand at knocking down a bullock, and will be successful without doubt. But we hope, and we are unselfish in the expression of it, that the laurels she is winning will not turn her head, and fill her with aspirations above her station. It will be a sad day for the farmer if success thus affects her—it will be a worse day for her. Better that she had never known the delicious sensations of prodding a lamb's throat, or the wondrous power of pumping gore. But we envy the young farmer the mellow Sunday evenings in her society, the beaming of her slaughter-house eyes, and her tender discourse upon hides, leaf-lard, tripe, plucks, and other bits of scenery. To press the lips which have caressed a gory knife, and to clasp the delicate fingers which have plowed through the steaming contents of a defunct animal is an ecstasy that no one can contemplate—on a full stomach.—*Danbury News.*

The American plug-hat is used to measure potatoes in by the Sandwich Islanders, while in San Domingo it serves as a nest for setting hens.

THE GREAT AURORA BOREALIS OF 1872.

On the 4th and 5th of February, 1872, there was observed over a large portion of the globe a remarkable aurora. The Italian Government ordered the Florence observatory, which is under the direction of the celebrated Donati, to communicate with its foreign consular agents, and to report as to the duration and extent of the phenomenon. The result is shown, after more than a year's correspondence, in an elaborate and interesting report from the learned professor, which we propose to epitomize for the benefit of those who may be interested in the subject.

The report opens with a slight sketch of the various theories of the cause of polar light, from the meteoric problem down to the electromagnectic and solar nebuke supposition, after which it gives the questions propounded in the consular circular, which were as follows:

1. During the night of the 4th or 5th of February, 1872, was any phenomenon visible depending either upon polar or electric light?
2. At what hour, local time, did the phenomenon become visible?
3. At what hour did it attain its maximum luminosity?
4. At what hour did it commence to decline and finally disappear?

Answers came to the Florence observatory, through the Italian Ministry, from forty-six different stations, amongst them, Shanghai, Bombay, Alexandria, Damascus, St. Petersburg, Rome, Sicily, Edinburg, Bordeaux, Dublin, New York, Philadelphia, West Lester, Union Ridge, and last, but not least, from our own little Santa Cruz in California. Then again from Australasia; reports arrived from Melbourne and Eden; also, from the Mauritius and the Society Islands, that is to say from sixty to eighteen degrees north latitude, and from twenty to thirty-seven south latitude, in all of which places the celestial phenomenon was visible and noted. In Shanghai it looked like a distant conflagration in the sky. In Taganzog it was magnificent, lasting five hours. In Damascus the people thought it was a fire. The same at St. Petersburg where the maximum was from eight to ten. Professor Henry wrote from Washington that the aurora was seen from at least a hundred stations in the United States, but that unfortunately few notes or observations had been made upon it. Nevertheless, Waterville, Maine, sent notice of a splendid display. Dover, Delaware, said: "A large space of rose colored light extended along the horizon from N. W. to N. E." Our Consul here in San Francisco, Signor Cerruti, after some research, heard that Mr. G. Madina, of Santa Cruz, had noted the phenomenon, and that gentleman was kind enough to furnish him with the following report: "During the evening of the 4th of February, 1872, I observed at Santa Cruz, Lat. N., 36 deg. 57 min.; Long. W., 122 deg., from Greenwich, at eight in the evening, indications of an aurora borealis, which traveled northwards. At half-past eight the aurora was at its maximum, after which up to nine it gradually faded away." The aurora was especially brilliant at Melbourne, lasting from 3 A. M. till sunrise. By answers from South America, the aurora was not visible in that portion of the globe.

From the various returns it appears that the polar light commenced to be visible in Southern Australia, and passed over to the northern hemisphere. Professor Donati sums up with the following deduction: "The luminous phenomenon of a large aurora borealis, which was noticed over a vast space of the globe, on the night of the 4th and 5th of February, 1872, was first visible in the East, and passed over to the West, and was visible at various points of the earth nearly at the same mean time, at the same time with a tendency to anticipate such hour in proportion as it progressed from East to West."

PAGODA HILL.

Among our pious friends there must be many who yearn for a spice of novelty in the style of Sabbath preaching now prevailing in this godly city. To such we have a suggestion to make. Take the 10 o'clock Oakland ferry; stop at Broadway station; seat yourself comfortably in the Telegraph Avenue horse-car; get out at Temescal, and then take a brisk walk of a mile to Pagoda Hill, Vernon Park, where you will hear such sermons in the oak groves, running streams and rocky caverns, dells and grottoes as you have not listened to for many a day. Besides, if you want to secure a delightful homestead, our friend, Ross Browne, will show you all the fine points of the neighborhood, as you may see by reference to his advertisement in to-days issue. A look at his own gorgeous residence, which we have seen on paper, and therefore know to be the most picturesque villa on the Pacific Coast, vividly suggestive of Thibet, China, Tartary, and the Kremlin of Moscow, will alone amply repay the trip.

Erie, Pennsylvania, is one of the liveliest towns in Western Pennsylvania, and is a great railroad center. Last month the freight receipts at this point were two boxes of sardines and a bag of oats, but this month it will be nearly double that.

A watering-place paper says, "That very few bathers bathe at the West-End." Most people had an idea they bathed all over.

BUGABOO BILL.

[*Respectfully dedicated to those promulgators of true sentiment and pure English, and indefatigable discoverers of "Jewels in the Rough," Hay, Harte & Co.*]

Yes, Bill was a rum un, he was,
But splendid at killin' a bar, [mus,
An' though not in the habit of raisin' a
When a muss *was* riz he was thar.
He warn't so han'som ter look at,
For his face bore many a scar
Of gunshot wound and bowie-knife,
Got in a battle around the bar.

He had many sins, I grant yer,
An' his speech was rough, it's true;
All men has their failures, mister,
An' of coorse Bill had his'n, too;
But, stranger, his heart was a good un,
As I think you'll agree with me [Gulch
When you hear what he did at Bugaboo
When out on a kinder spree.

We was drinkin' at Uncle Purdy's,
For the weather was powerful warm,
An' we was jist a layin' the dust
An' gittin' ourselves in form [Bill,
For the ev'nin's work, when in walks
An' jist in a bit o' play
He coolly spits in Joe Sykes's face
In a sociable sorter way.

Now, if Joe had asked Bill to take a drink,
An' had wiped his face an' smiled,
There would ha' bin nary a muss that day,
But Bill was a fool, an' got riled.
So instead o' knucklin' down to Bill,
He giv him his left on the jaw,
An' o' coorse in a jiffey Bill was atop
O' Joe on the bar-room floor.

Now Joe was a very small-made man,
An' though mighty quick to shoot,
He had left his gun at home that day,
While Bill stood full six foot,
An' was heeled with a wicked bowie-knife
Which he flourished over Joe,
Who knowin' he must pass in his checks,
Lay quiet to meet the blow.

But, stranger, I told you Bill's heart was
Though hid by a ragged coat, [big,
An' he waited a second, an' then, says he:
"Look hyar, I won't cut his throat;
He has a wife an' he has a child,
It would kill them both outright
If I was to cut a gash in his neck
An' they was to see the sight."

So, stranger, Bill stabbed Joe under the vest,
For the sake of his wife and child,
An', stranger, I think the angels looked
From the heavenly gates an' smiled
To see that so rough a man as Bill
Could have so soft a heart;
But, stranger, it is not only the rich
That can act a noble part.

T. A. H.

SMUGGLING.

A high tariff and a carelessly guarded port offer exceptional facilities for carrying on smuggling. It *is* carried on, and that in a very bare-faced manner. Just now there is considerable commotion in the East in reference to the large seizures made there. For some time the commerce of the ports of New York and Boston was carried on in a very loose fashion, until at last the attention of Congressmen was attracted to the matter. A bill was speedily passed into an Act providing for special agents, or a kind of Custom House detectives. As they were liable to be bribed by large importers, so in proportion the moiety accruing to them from a successful seizure was increased. This worked wonders. Special Officer Jayne alone netted $200,000 in the first year, and no less a haul was made than that of the Christian house of Phelps, Dodge & Co., with forfeitures amounting to a quarter of a million dollars, which they paid in coin rather than submit to an examination. Whilst all this is going on in the East, the port of San Francisco is as quiet as if we were all as innocent as sucking doves. But we are not. Very special are the advantages of our bay for smuggling. It is due to the honest merchant that such practices should be exposed. Paying in full the duties levied by law, he is unable to contend against the man who does not. What are our customs officials about? They are so tardy that information might be sent to Washington, special officers obtained, and seizures made ere they would awake to what is going on in their very presence. What matters it that goods are taken out of bond here, sent for a short voyage, and returned free of duty as ship's stores? Why should sleepy officials notice that certain vessels are frequently landed filled with opium? What necessity have they for observing that American vessels arrive as from coasting voyages, whereas they have really met a foreign ship and received her cargo of what would otherwise be dutiable goods? Honest merchants who pay their duties would do well to club together for mutual protection, and employ a smart officer to look after these things. Meanwhile, the Collector of the Port may, if he so desires, pick up lots of information lying loose around the Custom House.

The Chicago ministers of all denominations are going to meet once a month to cultivate brotherly love over sandwiches and coffee and such things. Such meatings are decidedly good for the inner man.

THE CITY HALL.

Should work on the City Hall be continued or suspended? is a municipal nut that people so far have not been able to crack. A good deal of random statement, pro and con, has been indulged in by the daily papers- a million or two, either way, being a matter of small importance in their calculations, apparently. It is time that the public should know just what it will cost to finish the new City Hall, and then judge whether it is best to do the work at once, or let it linger along for a dozen years, as has been proposed.

First, it is well to see what the condition of City Hall finances is. From the statement of the City Hall Commissioners, made up to December 31st, and as rendered to the Legislature, we find the indebtedness to be as follows:

Warrants unpaid, and interest	$403,202 05
Amount payable on existing contracts, to build and cover in Hall of Records, and build walls of main building to the third or Court floor, including all iron work	269,997 22
Total	$673,199 27
From this is to be deducted the amounts receivable from the sale of lots, and balance in hands of the City and County Treasurer, as per same statement	$328,414 78
	$344,784 49
Add for incidental expenses, say	5,215 51
Total	$350,000 00

Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, then, will be the indebtedness of the city, when the existing contracts have been completed.

The next important question is: What will be the cost of completing the building after these contracts have been fulfilled? This has been shown as definitely as possible, under the circumstances, by various estimates. Those made by A. Laver and John Wright, at the instance of the City Hall Commissioners, were respectively, $2,019,172 and $2,258,596. Farquharson and Gaynor, at the instance of the Board of Supervisors, estimated the cost at $2,648,879. (In the estimates of Laver and Wright, as here given, the items for Court fittings, boundary fence, and incidental expenses, are added to the figures given by Farquharson and Gaynor for the sake of comparison, the former architects having omitted estimates upon them.) We learn further that a prominent contractor of the city has also made an estimate, and offers to complete the building according to the working plans and detail drawings, with the specifications as prepared by A. Laver (those made use of by Farquharson and Gaynor in their estimate for the Board of Supervisors) for the sum of $2,175,000. This contractor is willing to give bonds of half a million for the performance of his work, in which is included laying out of the grounds, fittings of the Courts and offices, boundary fence, etc., and all within eighteen months. Adding to this $2,175,000 the indebtedness of $350,000, we find that the amount to be provided for, if the building of the City Hall is to proceed, is $2,525,000.

Among the clearest plans offered by those who are in favor of proceeding with the work, is that the city should, to provide for this $2,525,000, issue thirty-year bonds, bearing 7 per cent. interest per annum. The following is an abstract of a calculation, showing the method on which it is proposed to issue the bonds, and the interest that the city will have to pay thereon annually:

1st year, say on $1,000,000 at 7 per cent	$ 70,000
2d " " 2,000,000 " "	140,000
3d and subsequent years, say on $2,525,000 at 7 per cent	176,000
Less amount, rents for Courts and offices now paid by city and county, for which we are now taxed	40,000
Leaves for additional tax required	136,000

To provide for the payment of these bonds when they become due, it is proposed in this plan, that after the fifth year a Sinking Fund of $50,000 per annum be invested in undoubted securities—notably, the above mentioned bonds whenever possible—and to earn, say 7 per cent per annum; which Sinking Fund, with interest, will in twenty-five years amount to $3,162,434—which will not only redeem the bonds, but leave a balance of something over five hundred thousand dollars in the city's favor.

At the present taxable valuation of the city and county, such a tax as these bonds and the Sinking Fund would entail, would be almost too heavy to be borne. But a new estimate, based upon experience, places the increase in the value of property at 20 per cent in each five years. Taking this as a basis for the calculation, we find that the tax rate per $100 valuation would be as follows (deducting the rents we are now paying, and would continue to pay in the event of the City Hall remaining unfinished, and adding the amount of the Sinking Fund after the fifth year):

1st year	3¼ cts	11th to 15th year	6 cts
2d "	6¾	16th to 20th "	5
3d "	6¾	21st to 25th "	4 3-16
4th and 5th years	6¾	26th to 30th "	3¾
6th to 10th "	7¼		

To be more explicit: the total amount of tax required to be raised to meet both

interest on the bonds and to provide for the Sinking Fund, as proposed, will be as follows:

1st year	$ 70,000	11th to 15th years	$186,750
2d "	140,000	16th to 20th "	186,750
3d "	136,750	21st to 25th "	186,750
4th and 5th years	136,750	26th to 30th "	186,750
6th to 10th "	186,750		

Here then is a clear statement of what it will cost the city and county of San Francisco to complete the City Hall, so far as can be ascertained from official estimates and reports.

So far, we have seen no plan for completing the Hall approaching this in definiteness, or one that makes the burden of taxation rest so equably upon the taxpayers of to-day and those to come. Two million one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars will give to our citizens a magnificent City Hall, finished and complete.

It is needless to enlarge upon our necessity for the building. Aside from the scattered and incoherent system of Courts and city and county offices that now disgraces the city, and entails an annual expense of forty thousand dollars for rents, the necessity for a secure and fire-proof building in the place of the present unsafe Hall of Records, is one that has been long apparent. The present litigation over titles in Chicago is a pointed example of what would occur in this city were a fire to visit the present City Hall. Whether or not the new City Hall shall be completed, is a question of such importance to San Francisco, that no false economy should stand in the way.—*Real Estate Reporter.*

THE UNJUST JUDGE.

Is there any sensible man in this community who does not know that Judge Stanly's recent invective against our Mayor and Treasurer was unfounded, injudicial, and if not absolutely untrue, was a complete suggestion of falsehood? It was designed to create a belief that these officers had clandestinely withdrawn nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars of the city's money from the Treasury, and loaned it to one of the banks upon a corrupt agreement with the borrowers, that one of the culprits should receive interest on the loan, and the other extended business accommodations in the way of discounts. It was pronounced with evident bitterness of spirit, and with all the heat and passion of an advocate. It was a sweeping accusation, burdened with the strongest and coarsest terms of condemnation, and would hardly have befitted the pronouncing of sentence, had the arraigned officers been convicted of the crimes charged by the County Judge. The personal opinions of John A. Stanly, spoken in private circles, have an intrinsic value, which is tolerably well understood. The utterances of the County Judge, dealing with the Grand Jury of the county from the Bench, acquire a momentum and weight far greater than the former, and should never be prostituted to the creation of a prejudice and misunderstanding. The hasty and vindictive Judge is the pest of the administration of law. His favorable judgments are apt to be impeached on the ground of partiality; his condemnations on the score of prejudice. He only is fit to wear the ermine who can be at all times dispassionate and unselfish. If it is his duty to see that public wrongs are exposed and punished, he should act and speak only after the strictest scrutiny, after all the facts are calmly weighed and investigated, without raising false issues born of personal prejudice and pique, and with an honest determination to deal justly with the reputation of those before him. When such a Judge acts, no human tongue can censure him. His is the very voice of the law, and his wounds are not the unlicensed and cowardly stabs of the assassin, but the well-considered punishments of public justice. He strikes at the good name of no man, save where the offence is established, for he knows that good name is part of the common property of all, in the loss of which every citizen suffers. And when he brings before him a body of his fellow citizens to direct their attention to high crimes in high stations, he will do his duty fairly, frankly, fearlessly, stating not a part of the facts, but the whole case, just as it is—the good and the bad—the exculpatory as well as the accusatory facts, and leaving to the Grand Jurors the duty which the law has impressed on them, and not on him. We are no apologists for criminals in office. We believe that the higher the station the worse the crime, and for that very reason we join with the Grand Jury and the opinion of the entire community in declaring that the conduct of the County Judge in this business was utterly inexcusable and indefeasible. In saying that public opinion has had but one expression, we of course except that of the petroleum throwing tirades of the Press. They were, doubtless, accessories before the fact, as they have ever since been the aiders, abetters and persistent advocates of our County Judge, and daily cast their deadly firebrands at the reputations and personal integrity of two public officers of this city, when they know their accusations, insinuations and charges of corruption are as baseless as malicious.—*The Alta.*

A lady of Marseilles has received an addition to her family. The child—a female—has a cat's head. The mother is a good-tempered and good-looking woman. It is a catastrophe.

DROPPINGS FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Like holy oil which did drop down
Upon the beard of Aaron."—*Methodist Hymn.*

During this last week all of the reverend gentlemen have waked up to the fact that the temperance movement is in our midst, and the consequence of the waking is that they have all sailed in, in order to lead. Personally, we are sorry for this, because we had hoped that the encouragement by the Church of the dishonesty of stealing a man's time and custom without paying for it would not be shown out here, but we see that the custom of centuries cannot be stopped in a week, even in our city.

Dr. Cunningham preached in the Tabernacle, on Tyler street, on the "Woman's Temperance Movement." He professed to find "the finger of God" in the rapid rise and spread of this thing, and immediately afterwards adds, "it is eminently a woman's movement." This of course leads us to the conclusion that the reverend gentleman considers the female sex as God's representative on earth, at which we are somewhat surprised, because we had always supposed that the clergy kept this high honor (in their estimation) for themselves; but, at the same time, thoroughly agree with him, as we think that the ladies are much more divine than the black coats. He then thanks God for it—the movement, we mean; some men would thank God for being hanged without judge or jury, so there is no accounting for tastes. And then he says: "Law will come in in the progress of the reform, more as a result of it." And just here he is thoroughly right, because there will certainly be lawsuits in this business before it is done, although this is scarcely what Dr. Cunningham meant, the race of prophets having all died and left their mantles to the *News Letter*. He thinks that another great element in this movement is the power of prayer, and speaks of Prof. Tyndall's prayer gauge theory as having been overthrown by the work in Ohio. Curious how differently you can see anything when you use the "eye of faith." We innocently imagined that it was chiefly the effect of personal magnetism, combined with "freeze out," just as we have always thought the scenes at a negro camp meeting were the effect of human enthusiasm and bad whisky. But, now that we know better, we will have an opportunity of seeing whether the "power of prayer," combined with the "finger of God," mixed and taken in large doses, will have a permanent effect or not, and also of trying Prof. Tyndall's idea on a large scale. We shall watch the result with interest.

The Rev. Mr. Dunn preached on the same subject in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church. He said, speaking of intemperance, "It was a monstrous evil, as shown by the text, long before the Savior came on earth," but forgot to put in that He of Nazareth contradicted this, as his first miracle was making wine and his last act was to give to each of his disciples a good large drink, big enough to put them to sleep, although it was so cold that the Roman soldiers had to have a fire. He also wrestled with the prayer business, and spoke of the movement as being like the children of Israel's passage of the Red Sea (we suppose the connection was suggested by the water), and then said that it was a "hopeful sign" that the movement recognized the divine aid; according to some men, anything will succeed that recognizes the divine aid, and we suppose that is why wickedness gets along so well, as we are told that even the devils fear and tremble. He thought that if the movement succeeded, women ought to be granted the franchise; same way in which you tell a child, "Be a good boy, Tommie, and God will bless you, and I will give you some cake."

The Rev. Mr. Jewell made the original remark that the Gospel was revolutionary, and said that there was nothing in it to prevent the destruction of every drop of spirits in San Francisco. Perfectly true, providing it is paid for, but is there not something like "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and how would the clerical chaps like to have their little humbugs shown up by an army of praying women, and if their Lord and Master Jesus Christ is anything like the man he is described to be, the man who cursed the fig-tree because it had no fruit on it out of the season, how will he like this reflection on his own conduct at the marriage at Cana. Unfortunately for these pious people, unless it is paid for, the Gospel and the Law will conflict, and it being the fact that the Law has more strength than the Gospel, that will have to go to the wall amid the howling of the godly. His concluding piece of advice, "not to be afraid of ridicule," was entirely unnecessary, as most of his hearers were wrapped up in that mantle of Christian conceit, thicker than the hide of a rhinoceros or the breast-plate of righteousness (Query: Is that the breast-plate aforesaid?), that it would require a meat-axe to get through instead of the needle points of sarcasm.

The Rev. Mr. Van de Mark tooted his little horn again last Sunday. It isn't fair, Van, to abuse a man simply because his little amusement does not happen to be your pet vice. You shouldn't make such an awful row simply because Jones likes his cocktail. You should remember that the public think him far the cleaner of the two morally, and have some regard for them by shutting up.

At Central Hall the Reverend Wormsley Wool preached on the subject of the "Veracity of the Old Testament Histories." He thought that those histories were not historical. He didn't believe in the scriptural account of the deluge. He didn't think that account was rational or philosophical. He didn't believe in the

Biblical account of the Tower of Babel business. He thought the whole thing was d—d nonsense. He didn't believe that even in that age of the world there were any people so weak-minded as to imagine that they could build a tower that would reach the skies. The reverend gentleman had serious doubts about the Red Sea story. He didn't believe a word of the Mosaic narrative. He didn't believe that the world was "made out of nothing," and he didn't believe that it was made in six days. He thought that it was a tolerably respectable sort of world, and that six days was too short a time to do the job justice.

BEN JONSON AND DRUMMOND AT HAWTHORNDEN.

For two or three weeks, at all events, Drummond had Ben Jonson all to himself. There would, doubtless, be friends from Edinburgh, perhaps Scot, of Scotstarvet, and two or three more, asked out every other day to make dinner company for the great man; and again, once or twice, Drummond and Ben have trudged into Edinburgh together in the forenoon, or walked together by cross-roads to the house of some neighbor of Drummond's. But then, even when there were other guests at Drummond's table, Ben would be the principal talker; and, when Ben and Drummond walked briskly together in the winter weather by the paths in the glen itself, close to the house, or in the highway or cross-roads near, Ben would still be talking and Drummond chiefly listening. You must remember also that Drummond's was a bachelor's household, and that, when he and Ben were alone together in the evenings, and the candles were lit in the chief room, and the supper was removed, there would still be wine on the board. Then, if you know anything of the two men, you can see the scene as distinctly as if you had been peeping through the window. You can see the two sitting on snugly by the ruddy fire far into the night, hardly hearing the murmur of the Esk and the moaning of the wind outside, but talking of all things in heaven or earth, Ben telling anecdotes of his London acquaintances back to Shakspeare, and reading scraps of poetry, and pronouncing criticisms on poets, and Drummond now and then taking out a manuscript from the desk and modestly reading as much as Ben would stand, and Ben helping himself and going off again, and the noise and laughter always increasing on his part, till Drummond at length would grow dizzy with too much of it, and light their bedroom tapers by way of signal. And next morning you may be sure it would be a late breakfast, and Ben would be surly and taciturn for a while; but gradually he would come round, and the day's work would begin again. As surely, I repeat, as if you had been a spy sent to watch, this is what went on in Hawthornden House during the fortnight or so when the great Ben from London was the guest of the cultured Drummond.—"*Drummond of Hawthornden,*" *by Professor Masson.* (*Macmillan.*)

POWER OF CONCEALING PAIN.

There is nothing so remarkable in a man as his power of concealing mental torture. What is unsaid is ever nearest and greatest. The soul is beset by some hideous remorse, consuming care, warnings of disease, fear of death, rejected love, vile pecuniary distress, or the anguish of anticipated shame. The dark thing is not merely in the background; its presence never withdrawn, its grasp never wholly relaxed, it occupies the citadel of thoughts and feelings; and all that is beyond its sway is but outlying and unconsidered precincts. Meanwhile the man plays his part in society as other men do: is polite, gay, affable; and if he is really a strong and able person, is as much like his ordinary self, himself before this dark thing had any hold upon him, as it is possible to be.—"*Ivan de Biron.*"

Miss Neilson is pretty—very pretty. "A thing of beauty" though she is, yet she must, in the nature of things, fail to be "a joy forever." Like the flowers of the field, that spring up in a day, then bud and blossom, die and are forever forgotten, she, too, will soon pass away. The Egyptians preserved the lifeless forms of their kings, but the expression that represented the life and the soul of the man was not there. Science in modern days in the hands of such skilled artists as Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson has altered all that. Now you may have a picture with all the expression of life that will last forever.

Parepa Rosa is dead; yet liveth in all the grandeur of tone with which it accompanied her living voice, the piano she played when in this city. Christine Nillson was pestered out of her life whilst touring in this country to give certificates of merit to the owners of the different pianos she had touched. She invariably declined. She met with many admirable instruments, but she never secured perfection. Cause why? She had never been fortunate enough to put her tiny feet under one of the exquisitely toned pianos, made by Hallet, Davis & Co., and of which Wm. G. Badger, 7 and 13 Sansome street, is the agent.

A Vermonter, who four years ago caught the smallpox and kindly gave to some of his neighbors as much of it as he could spare, is now being sued by them for damages.

ONLY A SAD MISTAKE.

Only a blunder, a sad mistake;
All my own fault, and mine alone;
The saddest error a heart can make –
I was so young, or I would have known.

Only his rare, sweet, winning smile;
Only a lingering touch of his hand;
I think I was dreaming all the while
The reason I did not understand.

Yet somewhere I've read men woo this way;
That eyes speak sometimes before the tongue;
And I was sure he would speak some day:
Pardon the folly, I was *so* young.

Was, I say, for now I am old;
So old, it seems like a hundred years
Since I felt my heart growing hard and cold
With a pain too bitter and deep for tears.

I saw him lean over the stranger's chair,
With a warm new light in his beautiful eyes,
And I awoke from my dreaming then and there,
And went out of my self-made Paradise.

He never loved me, I know, I see!
Such sad, sad blunders as young hearts make.
She did not win him away from me,
For he was not mine. It was my mistake.

A woman should wait for a man to speak
Before she dreams of his love, I own;
But I was a *girl;* girls' hearts are weak;
And the pain, like the fault, is mine alone.

ARJEL.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

MOLLY ON THE MOVEMENT.

Dear Old News Letter:—You haven't heard from me for two or three years, and of course I could give many reasons (where is the woman that hasn't them ready), for my lack of correspondence; I have been out of the country, have been married, have had a baby, have broken my arm, have been shut up in a mad-house, have been dead and buried, in short, anything to excuse a genuine, growing, and now almost chronic, fit of idleness. But this woman's crusade, against corner grocery drinking and intemperance in general, has roused me from my torpor, and I must have my say in the matter. You may remember how I was down upon the Women's Convention, and how I despised the strong-minded feeble ones; but this is a different matter. It's true I see some of the old stagers, and can recognize some of those lymphatic feminines one was wont to see at Platt's Hall, yet they are in good company, and behave well. As for going round and praying at grog-shop doors, that's all bosh and religious excitement, and may be ranked with revivals and hysteria in general; but I go in for suasion and reason, such as was displayed by the deputation of women in the Board of Supervisors last Monday, and more than that, I uphold the gentle home influence joined to a cheerful household. Half the men are driven out by their wives, who either go gadding about themselves, or fill their houses with Gaddites. I look upon the corner grocery bars as the worst of all, for they are chiefly snuggeries where men sit and sot all night and spend money that belongs to the home, and lose the strength that fits them for work. That is one of the evils, and which can only be reached by Legislation. But there is another which comes more annoyingly home to us, and that is servant tippling, and there is only one voice, and that rarely or never heard, that has power to check it. I mean the voice and exhortations of the Catholic priest. By far the greater number of our female servants are Irish and Roman Catholics, many of them excellent, hard-working girls, but many of them, especially after they have passed the age of thirty, take to drinking, and their usefulness is lessened, and more disagreeably still the liquor always flies to their temper, and the cook or chambermaid becomes unbearable. With one exception, and that was Father Buchard, I have never heard intemperance denounced from the pulpit. On no occasion have I known it to be the subject of private remonstrance. It is a delicate subject which the good fathers either look leniently upon, or else fear to approach, lest they lose their congregation, but at the same time it is a curse to the household, and an awful nuisance to the mistress. Besides, our own little comforts are never safe, and the mild stimulants that one takes as stomachics, or for one's health, are ever being poached upon, in other words, the girl who drinks generally prefers missus' bottle to her own. As regards the master's, my opinion is that a good dinner well cooked is one of the best things to keep a man from over indulgence. Tickle his palate with savory meats and he won't have to stay his stomach with strong drinks. He will feel happy, contented, healthy, and homeful after a satisfactory dinner. The same applies to his other moiety, only it depends upon her whether such is the case or not. This, then, is what I want: Suppression of the corner grocery bars, gentle female persuasion to keep men from drinking too much, priestly influence both from the pulpit as well as through domiciliary admonition to women servants, a well spread table and a happy home, and it will do better for male and female, for high and low, for rich and poor, than all the praying and sniveling and indecorous public exhibition, that women in their enthusiasm and love of excitement, can get up or invent. Yours, as ever, MOLLY.

Would you examine the greatest spectacle of the age? If you would, then go and see Muller's Brazilian Pebble Spectacles, to be had only at 135 Montgomery street.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

His Holiness the Pope, and the other gentlemen interested in the ecclesiastical establishment at the Vatican, it seems to us, are fighting against gravity. It is certainly very hard to keep our gravity when we reflect on what they actually think it is possible to do in this, the latter part of the nineteenth century. The Pope and the "Black Internationals" are pursuing the same down-hill road that the Brahmins pursued hundreds of years ago; we look with confidence to a like result. Old bones and relics are excellent things in their own way, or rather were excellent things, but bless his dear old heart! His Holiness does not perceive that these things have been fairly "played out," and are as little regarded by human sparrows as an old weather beaten scare-crow. If anything deserving of respect is to be done, His Holiness will have to "try back." He is not aware of the fact that there are newspapers and railroads existing in the present day, and that it is therefore useless to try on the old game—shut your eyes and open your mouth. The Catholic laity will most surely take this matter into their own hands—it is time they did so! They will doubtless be able to find men willing to preach Christ rather than the Pope, and religion rather than dogmas and priestly "rot." A priest is a priest and a snake is a snake. You cannot change the nature of these vermin; it is the people—the only fount of religion in its highest sense—that we look for a thorough purification of the tainted air that surrounds the professional "medicine man." The "infallible" farce is too much for any ordinary man! 'Tis true that most of the "darkies" who opposed this adage in the beginning have now, priest-like, turned round and are ready, at the altar, to swear that they believe it: we opine just about as much as they believe anything supernatural. In England, all the priests (and their dupes) are working tooth and nail for sectarian education—as might be expected. We see by official returns, that of this particular kind of social vermin, there are one hundred and thirty-five distinct species in England, differing in everything except a common desire to warp the mind of the young, and make them fanatics, bigots, and unreasoning fools. The professional devil dodger is a curse and a nuisance. It would be well for the world if the priests—of all the sects that afflict mankind—were tied neck and heels and thrown into the sea. The less "religion" a child is taught to believe the better—the greater chance there is for Nature to inspire it with a little humanity.

We are perfectly aware that it is high treason to insinuate that the country members of the Legislature are not the quintessence of perfection. We are perfectly aware that they are exceedingly touchy, and that it is only necessary to say "San Francisco" to send up such a howl from the clodhoppers' throats as would make the cries of all the damned in Hades seem plaintive murmurs by comparison. We know full well that the infinitesimal part of an inch in Siskiyou or Inyo is of more consequence to this sensitive tribe than all the covered area of the metropolis. We are fully acquainted with the fact that the whole united posse of hobnailers would like to cram their fists down our editorial throat when we make the suggestion we intend to make. We know, too, that any benefit which may accrue to our unhappy city through any action of the united wisdom of California is as gall and wormwood and concentrated bitterness of myrrh to the country members. We know that we are a set of blank upstarts, and they don't know what the blank we want so blank much for anyhow. Yet in the teeth of all these prodigious facts, we dare to say that although the legislative session lasts but three weeks longer, and although San Francisco pays three-fourths of the taxes of the State, she has been let as thoroughly alone as if she contributed not a pennyworth to the treasury. Her water, her gas and her harbor are precisely where they stood before the Legislature convened. These facts we give to the bumptious country members' consideration as being, to say the least of it, devilish odd.

The last time we had occasion to address Miss Sallie Hart through the flippant paragraphs of the *T. C.'s* column we were fatherly enough to suggest a spanking for the little minx, and professed our willingness to see it done. We are sorry to announce that she has not yet been attended to. Whether it is her extraordinary stature, her innocent blue eyes, or her abundant pink hair that touches the millstone hearts of those legislators, we do not know. But this we do know, she is carrying things with a high hand, and the Queen of the Lobby, as the pert little creature has come to be called, may take it into her head at any time to do away with the entire press, excepting the *Woman's Journal*. For our stomach's sake we hope she may not join the temperance movement. She has more go-ahead in her in one minute than the Supervisor visitors in one month. Gentlemanly legislators, we are willing to revoke the spanking clause, but ask your respectful consideration for a bill granting to Miss Sallie Hart a set of household furniture and all the appurtenances thereof. Your further peace will be insured, for nothing short of a kitchen stove and a full cradle will ever keep that young firebrand out of politics.

One Gerlach, of Jackson street, has closed the bar in his grocery store. Either Gerlach has no spunk or he intends to sell cheese, indigo and clothespins enough to the whisky raiders to more than compensate for the lost drams. Out upon Gerlach! We like better the little Dutchman who, in twisted English and befuddled rhetoric, throws the gauntlet at the women. We're anxious for a little tilt. There's too much chin music already, and that not prayers. Beside that, our sympathy is with the grocers, for selfish motives perhaps, for if we are to have no corner-grocerymen who keep snug little whisky corners where politicians most do congregate, out of what in the world are we going to make Supervisors?

It is wise to educate children under cheerful auspices. It helps to make them merry of disposition, full of quips and cranks, and all that sort of thing. What will the rising generation say, then, to Freeman's contemplated addition to the school fund? The unfortunate wretch who groans for long hours in the dismal misery of a dentist's chair contributes so much to teaching some young hoodlum the multiplication table. Every extracted molar helps one of our boys through a sum in fractions. Every plugged cavity assists one of our girls through a page in physiology. Algebra, rhetoric and physical geography are to be worked through with cast-off teeth in various stages of decay to act as milestones. Brilliant idea. Why not build the school fund up to something great and powerful? Levy a school tax on every clip of the scissors in a barber's hand, or every cut of the knife in a chiropodist's fingers. Or—masterstroke of all—why not, in this prolific climate, make it to reach Rothschild magnificence by levying a tax on every new baby—twins half-price? Now let the doctors have at it to defeat this, Freeman's next bill!

Lost—A scrap of morality. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to the office of the *Call* or *Chronicle*, whence it disappeared while those two delectable journals were engaged in fighting about it after the manner of a couple of the pets in Æsop's menagerie. Near sighted people are cautioned against spending their strength in looking for it, as it is so covered up with scraps of filth, slander, lies and other newspaper vermin, that it may be discerned only by the most farseeing. It is also so minute of proportion that the heedless gazer would never discover it, albeit it is the custom in other journals to shine out like a star. The public is warned against putting any credence in the protestations of the *Call* or *Chronicle* canvassers, who each claim the possession of this mystic charm. It may be in the press-room. It is not in either of the papers. They have lost all of it except the shred of self-respect which leads them to pretend to fight under its standard. They assume a virtue if they have it not, which is about the most thoroughly decent assumption we ever knew to emanate from either of them.

The Bulletin has drifted into a new stream of meaningless babble. The Stanly rivulet has dried up, and the Harbor Commission is its latest dribble. O, sloppy, soppy, sappy *Bulletin*, it is enough to drown any one in your muddy waters when you once take up their cause, for though you are wishy-washy and sluggish, you have eddies and whirlpools and under currents. The present Harbor Commission does turn in more money, much more money, than has hitherto been the custom, but then it leaves the wharves rotting to perdition, and when those who come after shall mend and tinker them up, you will raise your voice till you are hoarse and bawl extravagance! The present Commission is honest enough, perhaps, even if they are Stanlyites, and Pickeringites, and Fitchites, but they are not the only honest men in the world, Heaven be praised! As for you, oh! *Bulletin*, with your eternal drip, drip, when you once spring a leak, the festive hoodlum has in his vocabulary a verb in the imperative mood particularly applicable to you: Dry up.

It is now ascertained, beyond all question, that the young man whose custom it is of a Sunday morning, gorgeous in fine apparel, to march with measured tread and stiffy gait away down one of the central aisles of Trinity Church, when the service is far advanced and the usher's work is done, is not a brother of that great Unknown who drew to him the wondering gaze of passers-by along the streets of San Francisco, a year or two ago. The young ladies of the choir have long entertained the opinion that he must be one of the circus men, and that he cannot divest himself of the idea that he is not always arrayed in dazzling tinsel, and passing in grand review before the admiring eyes of the thronging urchins. But the *Town Crier*, whose judgment is never questioned, thinks that he is one of those nice young men who so hanker after admiration that, conscious of a want of personal merit sufficient to attract it to themselves, are content to attract it to their well-cut and costly clothes.

The lady reporter of a daily, while trying to ingratiate herself among the alcoholic sepulchers the other night, that she might report the secrets of a meeting from which her brethren of the pen were excluded, was mistaken for a man. Shades of grace and symmetry, what diabolical monstrosity can this be? What length of limb and thickness of joint must be there! What a tread and what a voice she must have! What a length of stride and what a bonyness of outline! What a gruffness, what a coarseness, what an altogether outlandishness must be there when this sylph was mistaken for a man among the ill-favored crowd whose custom it is to take part in popular movements. Immortal Jove, defend us from a creature whose sex is a conundrum to her own sex. Not any, thank you! Don Juan is our favorite poem, and we are willing to set our wicked feet in his path, but give us a dimpled darling of whom we are sure. Doubt on such matters is frightful to think of, much less endure.

The assurance of the dailies that Ensign is quite a handsome fellow and very innocent looking removes a burden from our minds. It has always been our dread that our safe would be picked by an old-fashioned villain of true regulation style, bent brows, matted hair, dark rolling eyes, and a soiled neck handkerchief. The tranquillity, the peace of mind which envelops us when we learn of the pleasing appearance of the lockpicker is something beatific. It is quite an honor to be robbed by such a well-looking man. It is our intention when he shall go into business again to leave fifty cents or so (greenback) in our safe, that amount being all we can conveniently spare from a much depleted pocket book. Such good looking people require encouragement.

The feelings of the goodly citizens of San Francisco were trifled with last week by an unfounded rumor that Thomas Ansbro, the private detective, was dead. He says he is not, and we are mournfully compelled to believe him. The gentleman's unlucky announcement prevents the publication of an obituary, which, although it might have electrified his relations, would have given to the world a paragraph destined to live in the annals of literature as a wholesome denial of that time-worn absurdity, *del mortuum*, etc. A perusal of it would scarcely be conducive to the revived corpse's peace of mind, and we don't intend to let him see it for fear he become angered and refuse to die at all. We have put it away on our Toodles' shelf, and earnestly hope that a benign Providence will shortly give us a chance to produce it.

The Tittels are again in Court. We knew there was a fearful void somewhere—that something was not in its accustomed place. We saw lawyers sitting around listlessly, and observed a puzzled look upon the Judge's brow, as if he were looking for his spectacles, or something quite as familiar. We know now what this sense of emptiness in Court meant. There was no Tittel case. But they are back, and all is serene. May their quarrels keep green, say we, for the hungry lawyers' sakes, and abate no jot nor Tittel in their violence. Excuse haste. We rarely make a joke so vile as the last, but the case was urgent, and we couldn't miss the opportunity.

It is opined that the speedy raising of the snow blockade was due to the presence of Col. Peter Donahue. The powers above evidently did not know this gentleman to be concerned in the railroad. Had he chosen to dispatch a telegram upward, the snow would not have fallen, for it is not the custom of the Lord to lay even an obstructing straw on Peter's rail. Happy Peter! Couldn't he manage to pass a little of the favor around? We never call upon the Lord ourselves, except by proxy, and we are quite willing to give the job to a successful railroad man.

Modesty, we believe, is a common attribute of a Supervisor. The modesty of the present Board is something stupendous. During their short time of official experience they have among other steps decided to run the Educational Department, do away with the Assessor's office, and abolish the City Hall Commission. Their next step is a mantter of speculation. It is a question whether they will remove the National capital, extend the Presidential term, take a hand in the Ashantee war, or appoint a ruler over the Sandwich Islands.

Eldridge's little auction joke about the multiplicity of Delilahs, and the scarcity of Samsons, has gone the rounds of the dailies and been duly laughed at. We ourselves have indulged in a little inward cackle at the thought of the poor work Delilah with her shears would find to do among our acquaintances, than whom a balder lot of scamps never existed. A frightful thought crosses our innocent mind. Can it be that this sparseness of locks is the result of many Delilahs?

Two of our most industrious and talented typos contemplate immediate departure for the new Samoan El Dorado, but will likely remain here baffled with the consideration that "it's a long ways to swim."

Our "Notabilia" man has become in a very innocent way more indebted to Houseworth than he ever expected to be. Last week our "notabilia" writer announced as follows: "We saw one of the prettiest girls we ever met in San Francisco the other day. She looked quite happy. We wondered what was the cause of it, and soon found that she had been at Houseworth's, 12 Montgomery street, where she had had her likeness taken in the highest style of the art. She said she was going to have a life-size one taken, and her beau, Willie, must have one to match also ere they married, and they meant to have the whole family taken, it would be so nice to have them now as well as in years to come." Early on Monday that lady called upon our "Notabilia" editor, and brought along a sister prettier than herself. And now Houseworth may expect an order from another pair.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!! Hallelu-jah!!! The war is over, and peace once more with jentle wings broods o'er the precincts of the City Hall. It was a Union Range that did it—one of those magnificent specimens of the culinary art and mechanical skill sold by J. De La Montanya, 214, 216, 218 and 220 Jakson street. It seems that the friends of our honest Mayor and upright County Judge, after vainly endeavoring to come to an understanding, at last hit upon the following—but the story, however interesting, would be too long for these columns. Let us rejoice and be happy in the result: Long may our goodly city be blest with such wise rulers, and long may the flag of J. De La Montanya wave while he keeps such splendid cooking apparatus.

The Three Tables.—A traveler recently stopped at a wayside inn in France, where they sold two sorts of wine, called "first table" and "common table." "I tried them both," writes the traveler, "and found them lamen-table."

PRAIRIE RELICS.

How did it come here ' this skull on the desert ;
It's hard to tell, mister ; some greenhorn, maybe,
Who fell foul of Injuns, or run out o' powder,
For powder is breath on the prairie, you see.

Strange ! Why yes, guv'nor, I reckon it seems so
To you, for you're green, but our chances is slim,
Who live on the prairie, to die with our boots off,
Though old hands is apt to die gamer than *him*.

Me and my chum on the Gila last Summer
Seed signs of a death as was what I call game ;
An' I only hope, pard, that when I kick the bucket,
The record I leave will be somethin' the same.

I remember the place, it was in a small holler,
Just close by the stream, where two cottonwood trees
Seemed to bow to each other and then draw up proud-like,
A-bendin' an' raisin' afore the light breeze.

We was ridin' on slowly, when sudden our critturs,
With ears prickin' forrard, stopped, snortin' with fright ;
An' peerin' ahead I seed down in the holler
A-gleamin' among the long grass, somethin' white.

Says Jim : "It's a skeleton ; some blarsted Injun
Has passed in his checks an' bin left here to rot ;"
An' then he dismounted and walked up to prospect,
An' then sings out : "If there ain't two, I'll be shot.

An' one on em's white, by the 'tarnal Jehovah,
(Leastways he *was* white, for the duds that he wore
Still stick in small scraps to his bones, and show that much),
An' t'other's a redskin." Jim said nothing more.

But, stranger, I looked, and I seed in a jiffy
How these two had strnggled an' died in the strife,
For the white was atop and his ribs held an arrer,
While his bony right hand clutched the haft of a knife,

With its blade deeply sheathed in the breast of the Injun,
Who o' coorse had first shot from the cottonwood tree,
An' then jumped the hunter, I reckon, to scalp him,
But jumped him too quick for his own good, you see.

Jim wanted to bury the bones of the white man,
But I wouldn't let him. He made his own grave
On the bones of the man he had killed, so we left him
Still holding his knife in the breast of the "brave."

T. A. H.

AMERICANS AT THE OPERA AT NAPLES.

We often poke fun at the Hinglish ; here is a poke back : "Nothing at the opera amused the party of three English more than another party of four Americans who sat behind them in the pit. All the seats are numbered arm-chairs, and you buy your number at the pay-p'lace, and go to it with the easiest direction on the ticket itself. We were early, and the four places of the Americans were on the row next behind us—all together. After looking about them for some time, and seeing the greater part of the seats empty, because the audience generally wait in a café which is part of the theater, one of them said, 'Waal, I dunno—I expect we ain't no call to set so nigh to one another neither—will you scatter, Kernal; will you scatter, sir?' Upon this the Kernel 'scattered' some twenty benches off, and they distributed themselves (for no earthly reason apparently but to get rid of one another) all over the pit. As soon as the overture began in came the audience in a mass. Then the people who had got the numbers into which they had 'scattered' had to get them out, and as they understood nothing that was said to them, and could make no reply but 'A—mericani,' you may imagine the number of cocked hats it took to dislodge them. At last they were all got back to their right p'laces, except one. About an hour afterwards, when Moses (*Moses in Egypt* was the opera) was invoking the darkness, and there was a dead silence all over the house, unwonted disturbance broke out from a distant corner of the pit, and here and there a beard got up to look. 'What is it neeow, sir?' said one of the Americans to another, 'some person seems to be getting along again streem.' 'Waal, sir,' he replied, 'I dunno; but I 'xpect 'tis the Kernal, sir, a holdin' on.' So it was. The Kernal was ignominiously escorted back to his place, not in the least disconcerted, and in good spirits and temper."—"*Life of Charles Dickens.*"

The more the merrier is an axiom that is agreed to as clever, yet the suspicion that Othello entertained of Desdemona's faithlessness to him did not make the Moor the merrier.

GOLD AT SAMOA.

Quartz Reef Discovered Running 3,000 Ounces to the Ton.

On Monday last we received under a special inclosure a copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which contained the following announcement, which is of great importance to this coast:

GOLD AT SAMOA.—Earl Granville has communicated to the Geological Society an extract from a dispatch from Mr. Williams, Her Majesty's Consul at Samoa. Mr. Williams states: "The afternoon before I left (Samoa), samples of gold in quartz were put into my hands, found by three Englishmen in a valley about three miles from the Port of Apia, but not having visited the spot, I cannot vouch for the discovery, though I have every reason to believe that the gold is there. I have had the samples assayed, and the yield is at the rate of 3,000 ounces to the ton.

Since the receipt of that statement, telegraphic communication has been had with London, and a Director of a leading bank telegraphs, in cypher, as follows:

"Williams' report is voluminous, and more than confirms the paragraph from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Distinct reefs found. Ownership of land said to be disputed. Ship of war being sent from Sydney. A rush imminent."

Upon the absolute truth of this news our readers may certainly rely. It will be noticed that it is first given in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal known throughout the civilized world as reliable. Then it emanates from her Britanic Majesty's Consul at Samoa, or, as the group is commonly known here, the "Navigator Islands," who appears to have taken the responsibility of leaving his post to telegraphic the news to the Foreign Minister, Earl Granville. It will be observed that he guards himself with the caution usual in English official intercourse, but he states broadly *the fact* that he "saw the samples assayed, and that they yielded at the rate of 3,000 ounces to the ton." It will be noticed, too, that it was only "an extract" of Mr. Williams' dispatch that Earl Granville, for the purposes of publication through an official channel, had sent to the Geological Society. It is evident from the telegram that "distinct reefs" had been found. Mr. Williams would telegraph cautiously, having before his eyes the dread evils of an unsuccessful inroad of miners. In that case he would assuredly lose his official head, and even bring Earl Granville under the censure of the House of Lords. A diggers' rush is of course inevitable from the Australian side, if not from this. The Samoan group of islands, now evidently destined to attract that attention which they ought long ago to have received for more substantial reasons than even the discovery of gold, are situated in about fourteen degrees South latitude, and are in the direct line which the Australian steamers traverse, and are usually sighted by them. No doubt those vessels will now stop at Port Apia going and coming, and the new Eldorado will be reached easily enough. Nothing will be wanting except a tent and tools. Never in the history of gold digging has the precious metal been found in such a paradise. The climate averages the year round from 70 to 80 degrees, and is highly praised by the Europeans residing there. The trade winds that blow constantly keep the atmosphere fresh and vigorous. Missionaries have been there over thirty years, and in addition to the the British Consul there is a United States Consular Agent there, Mr. J. M. Coe, brother to the gentleman of the same name who was recently a member of our Board of Education of San Francisco. The natives have completely submitted themselves to the teachings of the missionaries, and are docile and always glad to welcome the arrival of Europeans. If quartz crushing is really to become an active industry, a country with more abundant water power it is difficult to imagine. The product of the group consists of oranges, bananas, bread fruit, guavas, sugar cane, pineapples, Sea Island cotton, coffee, etc. The standard works having reference to these islands are those written by Mr. Williams and the Rev. Dr. Turner, and no doubt are easily procurable for purposes of reference. Upolo, the chief island of the group, has mountains rising to about two thousand feet. Savaii and Tuituila are particularly mountainous. It will be remembered that it was in connection with these islands that a company was originated in this city by a notorious and recently bankrupt firm. Fortunately, this discovery has remained in abeyance until that rotten concern has been got rid of in bankruptcy, else there would no doubt have been all sorts of claims to titles set up. There is no fear of that now. There is a clear road for all comers, for the natives will accept the smallest possible compensation for their lands. The British Consul will doubtless, as he always has done, act in harmony with his American *confrere*, and the presence of a British man-of-war will enforce their edicts. This will serve well enough to keep the peace until proper laws can be framed. Having regard to the present happy condition of the native race, it is to be hoped that the importation of spirits will be made a penal offense. Whatever may come of this gold production—and we thoroughly rely upon the source from which the information comes—it is certain these lovely islands present other substantial attractions. Cotton or sugar growing there is highly profitable. The unhappy auspices under which these islands some three years ago came before the public of San Francisco, has perhaps done much to repel the interest they would otherwise have attracted. We have now supplied about all the information we have on this subject. The daily press, with their wonderful telegraph arrrangements, may affect to pooh-pooh our information. Well, that's all right: it may please them and it won't hurt us. But when they get through pooh-poohing, if they will obtain the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has already reached this city, they will find the paragraph for themselves. If they will then telegraph the editor for his authority, they will undoubtedly find that he has an unquestionable one to give.

LOGIC.

"He who would thrive must rise at five."
So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it, for if
He who would thrive must rise at five,
it most follow naturally,
He who'd thrive must rise at four;
and it will insure a consequence that,
He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this latter would outdo,
Will rouse him at the stroke of two.
And by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that
He who'd never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.
But the best illustration would be
He who'd flourish best of all
Should never go to bed at all.

OUR NEW POSTMASTER.

Although the nomination of Col. Coey, as Postmaster, has not yet been confirmed at the moment of writing, it is a foregone conclusion. We have been peculiarly fortunate in Mr. Stone, and that we shall be no less so in Col. Coey is a matter of certainty. During the internecine war of North and South, he fought on the loyal side, and his record is that of a hero. He entered the service in 1862, at the age of 21, and served in the army of the Potomac until the termination of the struggle. He served with distinction in the battles of the Wilderness, and was wounded in the leg at the battle of Laurel Hill, a fight in which he had at a moment's notice to assume the command of his regiment, the Colonel having been killed. In February, 1865, at the battle of Dabney's Mills, Coey was badly wounded in the face and was disabled for some time, but returned as soon as able, and went through the closing scenes of the war. He came to California immediately after the end of the war, his health inducing him to seek our balmy climate. He was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue by President Johnson, and confirmed by the Senate. Johnson, however, went back on him immediately on learning that he was chosen delegate to the Chicago Convention, which nominated Grant for President, and refused to sign his commission. He was afterwards appointed Postmaster by President Grant, but the nomination was not confirmed. Stone was appointed his successor. In 1872 he was appointed Appraiser by the President, but the Senate adjourned without taking action, and the office remained vacant until 1873. The President had intended to reappoint him Appraiser, but it was finally decided to reappoint him to the position of Postmaster at the expiration of Stone's term. During the eleven months that Col. Coey held this position he inaugurated a number of changes and improvements. These and others have been since carried out by Stone, who will most assuredly leave a very worthy record behind him as a most efficient officer. Among these was the removal of the ladies' entrance from the rear of the building to the front—a most desirable step for the fair sex. He also inaugurated the system of free delivery—a boon to all citizens, and invaluable to laboring men, those in the outskirts or at a distance. We hail the appointment of Coey as a simple and long delayed act of justice to a somewhat badly treated young man, who certainly deserves much at the hands of his country. In private life Col. Coey, like most—may, say all—heroes, is known as a most retiring and modest gentleman, and in active life one who will carry out any needed scheme of reform with determination and firmness. These old soldiers don't make bad civil officers, after all.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

We have nothing to add to those trenchant little narratives so full of suggestiveness, so rapid in action. The humorous self-consolation of the fox who found the grapes sour which were out of his reach (although in itself one of the highest examples of the fable, and containing the germs of a more subtle art) the folly of the dog who snapped at the shadow of his bone, and thus lost both shadow and substance—or that invincible dull force beyond all argument of that king of beasts who has made "the lion's share" into a proverb—are too perfect for anything but simple repetition. We cannot improve upon them, nor develop them; for those sides of the mind, against which their wonderful satire is directed, are exactly as they were when Æsop wrote, and any addition to his rapid tale must be a disadvantage to it.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Man respires, aspires, conspires, and expires.

THE PORTRAIT OF EDGAR A. POE.

In presenting our readers with a poem by Mrs. Whitman, it will not be deemed a breach of confidence to point out what is already well-known to American *litterateurs*—that its authoress is the subject of Poe's beautiful lines "To Helen," beginning, "I saw thee once—once only." Under the designation of "one of the most brilliant women of New England," her name was at one time frequently associated with that of the author of "The Raven:"

Slowly I raised the purple folds concealing
That face magnetic as the morning's beam;
While slumbering memory thrilled at its revealing,
Like Memnon wakening from his marble dream.

Again I saw the brow's translucent pallor,
The dark hair floating o'er it like a plume;
The sweet imperious mouth, whose haughty valor
Defied all portents of impending doom.

Eyes planet calm, with something in their vision
That seemed not of earth's mortal mixture born—
Strange mythic fates and fantasies Elysian,
And far, sweet dreams of "fairy-lands forlorn"—

Unfathomable eyes, that held the sorrow
Of vanished ages in their shadowy deeps,
Lit by that prescience of a heavenly morrow,
Which in high hearts the immortal spirit keeps.

Oft has that pale poetic presence haunted
My lonely musings at the twilight hour,
Transforming the dull earth-life it enchanted
With marvel and with mystery and with power;

Oft have I heard the sullen sea-wind moaning
Its dirge-like requiems on the lonely shore,
Or listened to the autumn woods intoning
The wild sweet legend of the lost Lenore;

Oft in some ashen evening of October
Have stood entranced beside a mouldering tomb,
Hard by that visionary lake of Auber
Where sleeps the shrouded form of Ulalume;

Oft in still starlight nights have heard the chiming
Of far-off mellow bells on the keen air,
And felt their molten-golden music timing
To the heart's pulses answering unaware.

Sweet, mournful eyes, long closed upon earth's sorrow,
Sleep restfully after life's fevered dream!
Sleep, wayward heart, till on some cool, bright morrow
Thy soul, refreshed, shall bathe in morning's beam.

Though cloud and shadow rest upon thy story,
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time, as a birthright, shall restore thy glory,
And heaven rekindle all the stars that fall.

—*Sarah Helen Whitman.*

The drinking horn of King Witlef was a very celebrated piece of dining room furniture, and if chronicles be true, that social monarch did full justice to its proportions, whatever were the contents. A little later, a flagon of home brewed ale was the principal feature of the festal board, and songs were sung and stories told, and roystering generally was the business of the hour under a malt influence. When the brewers went into business, ale became a plebian drink, and was banished from patrician tables. Wines began to come from across the seas, and our worthy grandfathers and their immediate ancestors colored their noses and coaxed the gout with rare old port and dry old sherry. But as civilization continues to advance, the refinements of the dinner table increase, and the mercureal tendencies of the age are particularly evidenced in the increased daintiness of the palate. Those heavy liquors which clogged the brain and stupefied the faculties have given way to the light clarets and inspiring champagnes. For many years the vintners of France have been struggling to reach the perfection of champagne. "La Perle de la Cuvée" and "Dry Monopole" are the wonderful results of their efforts. These are the wines upon whose sparkle the connoisseur looks with knowing eye. There is a flash of wit in their every bead, and never a headache in the morning. What more in the shape of wine can the heart of man ask? All the world knows that Louis Eppinger, 113 and 115 Halleck street, is the sole agent for these celebrated wines. Anything is the richer for its rarity, and the more sought after, which accounts for the throngs that daily wend their way to this palatial liquor house.

The Editor of the Mining Gazette has discovered that only four varieties of fish are found in Lake Superior, viz., good, bad, indifferent, and bull-heads.

SECOND BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER VI.

1. And about this time there arose in the land of Unclepsalm men who worshiped false gods, and who did deceive the people many days, and they were called by the name of their god, Grand Jah.

2. For Grand Jah was the name of the god that they did worship, and whom they declared unto the people, in that a multitude did bow the knee before him and worship him.

3. For they said, Behold now, oh people, and give ear unto us, O ye that till the ground, in that we declare unto you this day what our god is. Great is our god, and worthy to be praised, and wonderful and mighty, doing things the like whereof no man hath seen before, nor shall, therefore shall all honor, and power, and praise, and dominion, and strength, be unto our god, even the Grand Jah, forever and ever.

4. For that shall any man desire to be great, or wise, or good, or rich; or shall he wish to be what he was not, let him bow the knee unto our Grand Jah, and it shall be even as he wilt.

5. And many of they that listened did bow the knee unto this false god; and whereas they were men who did till the soil, and had never done anything to show that they were great men, did imagine that they were worthy to take their seats with the money changers and they who were merchants in the city.

6. And it came to pass, after many days, that the followers of this false god, Grand Jah, did say unto themselves, Lo, now, this long time have other men besides ourselves made money, and have thereby fed themselves, their wives and their little ones, their cattle and the strangers that be in their gates. Go, to, shall this thing be. We trow not, for that we do intend to make all the money ourselves.

7. But when the people said, Can ye do everything? Behold, ye be tillers of the soil, and have ye never done anything else. How then can ye do what these men do? they answered and said, All this is true. Never have we done what these men do, but we be worshipers of the Grand Jah, and our god is able to help us.

8. Now there was in the city of Puri-ko a man whose name was Phryd Landor, who was tall of stature and mighty, and his strength was as the strength of ten men; as aforetime was known unto Tcharli, who was called Yung.

9 And he was reviled both day and night by they who did worship the false god, Grand Jah, for that he had helped them and had been gracious unto them, and had spared not himself for that he might do good unto them.

10. And aforetime had they bowed the knee before him, and said unto him, Let our Lord have compassion on his servants and help them, because his servants are poor and needy. Let our Lord, therefore, loan money unto his servants that they may buy corn and oil for themselves, their wives and their little ones. Then shall our Lord have praise from his servants for evermore, and behold when his servants are able will they repay with usury.

11. Lo, he did so. And when the worship of Grand Jah arose in the land then did they that had been helped turn them around and revile him day and night. Yet did he laugh for that he said, Lo, have I them here. And he opened and shut his hand.

12. And they that worshiped Grand Jah did say unto themselves, Now will we be rulers in this land, and chiefly will we put an end to the road that is called Tych Phlatt. Now Tych Phlatt did carry all of the corn and wine and oil of those that worshiped Grand Jah, and because it did say unto them, We will not pay for doing this thing but rather shall ye pay us, they said it was an unjust thing and should be put an end to.

13. And he whose name being interpreted signifieth escaped from bondage, and who was of the tribe of which John was an elder, did say unto the lawgivers of the land. Put an end now unto Tych Phlatt, for that we who worship Grand Jah do ask it.

14. But the people said, Ye be too forward, ye men and worshipers of Grand Jah, for that ye think yourselves to be even as gods. Go to; shall this thing prosper that ye shall rule this land? Behold, are ye all of the tribe of John. But the false god abode in the land many days.

If you would enjoy California take early morning drives and see the splendid teams. Our visitors from the East express their surprise at the beauty of horses and the excellence of the turn-outs generally. The charming mornings and evenings in our unequaled California climate delight all comers, and render a drive a real pleasure, but none are satisfied if they return home without having visited "The Villa," near the Golden Gate Park, where breakfasts, lunches, etc., may be obtained from the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg.

As evidence that the mating season is fast approaching, and in anticipation of the many marriages that are to take place in San Francisco, as announced in our last week's issue, we observe that *N. P. Cole & Co.'s Furniture Warehouse on Bush street* is being thoroughly repainted and otherwise arranged for the reception of the young aspirants to housekeeping when making their selection from their choice and varied stock of elegant furniture and bedding.

DAISY'S VALENTINES.

All night through Daisy's sleep, it seems,
Have ceaseless rat-tats thundered;
All night through Daisy's rosy dreams
Have hurrying postmen blundered,
Delivering letters round her bed—
Portentous letters, sealed with red, [head—
And franked of course with due Queen's
While Daisy lay and wondered.

But now, when chirping birds begin,
And Day puts off the Quaker,
And Cook renews her morning din,
And rates the cheerful baker,
She dreams her dream no dream at all
For, just as pigeons come at call,
Winged letters flutter down, and fall
Around her feet, and wake her.

Yes, there they are! And each and all.
With studious art dissembled,
(Save Grandpapa's dear stiff old scrawl,
That scorned disguise, but trembled;)
And which is his, her young Lothair's,
Who wooed her on the schoolroom stairs
With three sweet cakes, and two small pears,
In one fair pile assembled? [

'Tis there, be sure. But truth to speak
(If truth may be permitted),
I fear that young "gift-bearing Greek"
Is scarce for fealty fitted;
For has he not (I grieve to say),
To two loves more, on this same day,
In just the same emblazoned way,
His transient vows transmitted?

He may be true. But, Daisy dear,
That even youth grows colder
You'll find is no new thing, I fear;
And when you're somewhat older,
You'll read, no doubt, of one Greek boy
Who "wooed with gifts" a maiden coy
Then took the early train to Troy,
In spite of all he'd told her.

Yet wait. Your time will come. And
Obliging Fates, please send her [then,
The nicest thing you have in man,
Sound-hearted, strong, and tender;—
The sort of man, kind Fates, you know,
That feels how shyly Daisies grow,
And what soft things they are, and so
Will spare to spoil or mend her.

—*Graphic.*

THE SOCIETY OF SEGREGATED TOPERS.

It affords us great pleasure to chronicle the formation of a new society, the ultimate result of which may promote the great cause for which many of the superior sex are now fighting. The organization to which we allude has had, informally, its votaries in all times, and is founded on the grand principle of "Every man for himself and God for us all." It is adapted as well for the stripling who has but just commenced the downward path on lemonades or Queen Charlottes as for the hardened sinner with a cast-iron receptacle who requires six cock-tails before breakfast. It is simply this: to drink alone, and never by any chance invite others to imbibe, *except on the same basis.* To such men, the great "social evil" of San Francisco is that by general custom one who wants to refresh has not unfrequently to call up all his friends present, thus not merely going 2 L himself, but dragging them with him. Many good men delight in this. Yet did the wise men of the East—from Chicago—do this? Not muchly; they paid ten cents apiece and took a good square half tumbler. They said within themselves, "Let us discourage this nefarious traffic; let us drink up all the whisky; let us bankrupt the bar-keeps!" They said that a "party" was a singular substantive, and proved it! and the good feeling between them was as that of rival carpet-baggers or *commis voyageurs* approaching a one-horse town, or of the dogs and cats in a "happy family" at feeding time. Here, sadly enough, it is far, very far, different. The rule is to drink gregariously, chivalry forbidding imbibition *solus* (except where there is nobody around). Two of a trade hobnob over the social cup; religionists of anything but a "Co."—the hard-shell Baptist and the soft-brained Ritualist—take it together as straight as the narrow path; Dives treats Lazarus, to the manifest advantage of many an old-time bummer. And now, how trembleth the latter, as in his troubled dreams liquor and lunch disappear together, leaving naught but snakes! Yet are there drawbacks to the system. Many a good citizen who devotes just so much daily to treating his friends in a quiet way, will now, on the same money, go home right royally full, while some of the more or less impecunious ones he used to call up will go to their roosts so disgustingly and sullenly sober that their wives will never, never—no, never!—join the Woman's Crusade.

N. B.—Since the above was written the society has disbanded. Its members, preferring to be alone in a crowd, refused, in all but one case (the candidate for the Presidency), to subscribe the initiation fee of ten cents.

A listening ear on the sea shore receives impressions of long, deep sounds never to be forgotton, and unlike anything any one ever heard before. We have said these sounds are not to be forgotten. Yet last season we knew an exception to this rule. A lady residing with her husband at a watering place was returning from the sands a little before dusk. On the way home she heard an Arion Piano exquisitely played. Later in the evening her husband asked her "if she would ever forget those murmuring sounds of the everlasting ocean." She promptly replied she "never would have forgotten them if she had not heard that Arion Piano, the tones of which would last as long as memory." These pianos are to be obtained at the agency, B. Curtaz, 20 O'Farrell street.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

A REVERIE AND AN INTERVIEW.

An interview of an extraordinary character took place this week, that for reasons best known to themselves the daily press have entirely ignored. Perhaps as they were such deeply interested parties their sense of propriety forbade their giving publicity to the affair. We are under no such obligations, our motives being as pure as those of the immortal Pickwick when he ordered "chops and tomato sauce" of the widow Bardell. We disdain to keep silence when our duty as well as our inclination is to speak out. On Sunday afternoon last we sat before the embers of a dying fire. Nicholas Nickelby lay on a table by our side. We had just finished the concluding chapter of that most suggestive of books. We were thinking of the mutability of all things. The *News Letter* we felt assured would live forever; but the hand that fostered it into being might soon cease to impart its life-giving vigor, and dog Jack's tail might ere long end its last wag in response to, and in sympathy with, the last movement of the pen that created and has so long controlled these columns. This being our humor we fooled it to the top our bent. We were just the kind of man in respect to whom Sterne said he would walk five miles on foot to shake his hand. We "gave up the reins of our imagination" to the thoughts of the hour, and was "content to be pleased, not knowing why nor caring wherefore." Passing hastily in review before us long lines of press battles many won and some lost—we paused occasionally to think of the marches and counter marches, the attacks and repulses of 18 years of newspaper encounters in San Francisco. Looking back along the whole period, we failed to see one hour when there was not enough of duty to do, and of bread and cheese to be had for the winning of it by industry rather than by strife. Why, then, the necessity of the strife? we asked. Echo only answered—Why?

Here our reverie came abruptly to an end, and left us in a reasoning rather than an imaginative mood. We reasoned with ourselves in this wise: "The outcome of our imaginings is plain enough and true. All this strife has been needless. Be it ours, in these our last days, to end this savagery." We pictured to ourselves the happy era when the lion should lie down with the lamb, and when the young child should play at the mouth of the cockatrice's den. To our practical mind, a worthy purpose is no sooner conceived than we attempt to realize it. So at once we went direct to the means to secure the end. We determined to begin with a grand banquet, given at our own expense, at which, by right of seniority, we would preside, and at which all the newspaper proprietors worth naming should be present, to listen to our safe counsel, fraternize together, bury the hatchet and smoke the calumet of peace. The whole plan developed in our brain with marvelous rapidity. The following Tuesday should be the eventful day, and 8 P. M. the precise hour, when should be realized an occasion pregnant with good to the world. The large room of our Placard Exchange is always beautifully decorated for the purposes for which it is intended. Soon it was made resplendent, like unto the dining-hall of an Eastern monarch. Mine host of the Maison Dorée transferred his ablest assistants to Merchant-street, and came along himself as the embodiment of culinary skill. Wagon load after wagon load of the world's luxuries soon filled our large establishment. The choicest wines, selected from the stock of our largest importers, were placed in ice chests. Arrangements were made for the issue of an extra *News Letter* next day. Additional type-stickers were engaged, and the ablest stenographers were to be ready to take down and supply to the astonished world the words of amity and good-will among newspaper men, which should hereafter be esteemed the occasion which, of all others, had brought peace to this hitherto much-afflicted city.

The preparations were all ready—the day, the hour arrived! We were wondering who should be the first guest, when, who should drive up with his beautiful pair of black ponies but our esteemed friend Loring Pickering, Esq. Our brother alighted and gave us a fraternal grip, that assured us that he at least entered into the spirit of the occasion. Here was a noble beginning! The lion, without evil intent, was asking the lamb into his den. Presently we heard a rap at the back door; it was MacCrellish. Then came the DeYoung brothers, linked arm in arm. They wanted to bring Gus, but his name does not appear at the fore; besides, we were afraid of his pistol. The *Sun* being dead, and not knowing where Naphtaly was to be found, he was not invited, although we are bound to admit that the De Youngs made it a point of honor with us to find him if possible. Then came Woodward, after having nursed his wrath for many years to keep it warm. He, however, called next door, at Gibb's saloon, to take a glass of lager ere he was equal to the occasion. He came puffing and blowing up the stairs, looked askance at everybody, gave an abrupt nod of his head, and then sank into a chair. Harry George came along, though we hardly reckon him one of the fraternity. He has only been a "newspaper ruler." It yet remains to him to prove himself a newspaper *owner*. We asked him along, however, because a friend of ours begged the favor for the little fellow. Phil Roach came to represent the *Examiner*, and we were glad of it, as he is about its best representative. And then came last, but not least, that great and good man, Deacon Fitch himself. Now the party was complete.

We took the chair ourselves. Clad in superfine black, with a white necktie, we said a grace specially prepared by our *Town Crier* for the occasion. Congratulations were showered upon us from all sides for having so well acted a part quite new to us. The dinner was one fit for the gods, and what more need be said on

that point? We here cease our personal description, and the chief of our stenographic corps takes up the narrative.

Ample justice having been done to the viands, especially by Harry George, the cloth was removed, and the venerable Chairman arose and spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the Press:—We will offer but one toast on this occasion—this, I may say, glorious occasion! which shall be heard of to the uttermost parts of the earth. We *are* the press of this city—that is, we are the men who have made the press what it is—and I hope, friends, we have no need to be ashamed of our handiwork. ["Hear! hear!" from Deacon Fitch.] I am glad Brother Fitch agrees to that, for if he isn't ashamed of his papers, none of us need be. [Much laughter and clapping of hands by MacCrellish.] Well, I am glad to see our friend Mac. in a lively humor. If he would only give up reading the *Alta* and visit the *News Letter* occasionally, he would soon again be a happy man. ["Oh! oh!" from MacCrellish, and applause from all the rest.] Yes, I say there is something congenial about the *News Letter* which ye all feel. [Here Harry George became violent, and ejaculated, "I'll be d—d if I do!"] My friend George is becoming a little too emphatic—a way he has, which amounts to nothing. He knows that I know better than the *Alta* how the *Post* cat jumps; but that is neither here nor there. [Cries from Mr. Pickering, "Yes it does; we want to know all about it."] No; I can't tell even my greatly respected friend *all* my secrets. Indeed, it is one of the secrets of my business to be able to keep secrets well. [Laughter, and much applause from everybody.] I wonder where all of you would have been ere this if I had scattered secrets broadcast? Friends, I call ye all to admit that I have maintained your secrets excellently well. Pickering once confided to me why he quarreled with Stanford [here everybody looked wise], and how many times he had felt sorry since. ["Oh! oh!" from MacCrellish.] Yes; and, Mac., you needn't say much! It is better to fall out and be honored, than to betray and ever after to be distrusted. ["Hear! hear!" from Harry George.] Will Mr. George please paddle his own little canoe? It's only a very little one, but it's quite as much as he can manage. If he don't, I'll have to—[Mr. George subsided, and the rest of the sentence was drowned in the applause of the company.] As I was saying when I was interrupted, I know a secret or two. You know, gentlemen, you have each and all at one time or another trusted me. You knew I might dislike you, and yet be true to the secret imparted to me. That's my character, and all San Francisco knows it. Ye all knew it, and so, often have ye come to me in trouble and in distress, and I relieved ye. Pickering, there, wanted a little squib-firing off on MacCrellish, and made the *News Letter* the depository of it. Well, we always fired it. [Much laughter, in which Mr. Pickering heartily joined.] Then MacCrellish has been about my most frequent visitor. He had little secrets pretty nearly about everybody he wanted exploded, and we exploded them for him. But the explosions never did him any good. People always found him out. Why, gentlemen?—I ask you, why? Simply because he couldn't keep his own secrets. [Cheers, during which Mac. looked at Wood. and Wood. looked at Mac.] Then there is the Deacon, there; he never had many secrets to impart. His great trouble was to have secrets suppressed. [Applause, and a voice from Mr. Pickering, "That's just like him!"] As to my youthful friends the De Youngs, I could have had all Naphthaly's secrets for them at a much cheaper price than they will now have to pay for them. Well, gentlemen, why do I refer to these things? It is because I see what a hollow and unwise institution *our* press—that is, *your* press—is. Hypocritical yourselves, ye all rush to the *News Letter*, knowing that we abhor hypocrisy. Now, let this thing cease. There is room enough for all of you to thrive in San Francisco. Stop trying to cut each other's throats, live decently, and it shall be happier with all of you than it is at this moment. I give you, gentlemen, the toast of "The Press."

Drank with all the honors, amidst enthusiasm that seemed as if it never would end. When silence was restored, Deacon Fitch arose, and in slow, melodious tones, said, he understood that banquet had been given by their host, who had something good about him after all [applause] in order to bring about a better feeling among the press, and to cause a cessation of hostilities [hear, hear, from MacCrellish]. Now he was naturally a man of peace, but he was not for "peace at any price." His slow old partner could look after the *Call* and manage his young and—and yes, he would say it—his enterprising friends, the De Youngs. But for himself and the *Bulletin*, before he should cry quits with the *Alta*, he required an apology for attacks made upon his character, not as a newspaper man, but as a Christian? Here MacCrellish jumped from his seat, shook the deacon by the hand, and his apologies almost choked his utterance. Woodward sat as stolid as a block of wood. The Deacon proceeded to say that he would be better pleased if the other person who came from the *Alta* office would apologize. Here Woodward arose, calm and collected, raised his huge fist, and brought it down with sledge-hammer force upon the table, making the glasses fly where they were never wholly found again, and emphatically exclaimed, "Never! never! I apologize! I have too much of the old stubborn Dutch blood in me for that. I'm not like Fred., changed with every wind that blows 'To-day, yesterday, and forever' is my motto. No apolgizing in me, Deacon, you learnt that years ago when you sent Simonton to ask me to withdraw that affair about Czapkay attending you." Here the Deacon sprang from his seat overwhelmed with passion. So soon as he could speak he said, "You cheesed-faced old * * * go home and get that receiver out of your office, and then come and talk to men who pay their debts." Woodward here laughed, shook his sides, and said, "Ah! ah! Deacon, that won't do; it don't strike home like the Czapkay affair. You got

it for more than one way that time, Deacon, eh?" Here Charles De Young arose, and Harry George fell under the table. Mr. De Young proceeded to say that if he had been insulted by the Deacon, he had at least enjoyed a sensation, and it was well known he was great on sensations. Here Pickering, who had his head on the table, was heard to snore. This so enraged *the* De Young that he went for Pickering, and then ensued a scene.

COURT CHAT.

The First Court Ball in Brussels.—The first Court ball of the season took place at the Palace, and was numerously attended. From the plain exterior of the palace nobody would suppose it to be such a magnificent building inside, but in reality it is one of the finest palaces in Europe, and right well does His Majesty King Leopold II entertain his guests. About 1,800 were assembled on Wednesday week, and there were a great many crowned heads, including some 30 or 40 English. The King and Queen entered the reception-room about eight o'clock, followed by the Comte and Comtesse de Flandre and their suites. The Queen wore a dress of yellow satin trimmed with black lace and ornamented with diamonds, and the Countess de Flandre wore sky-colored silk trimmed with beautiful Brussels lace. The Belgian ladies dress splendidly for their balls, which certainly rival Paris, and in general taste perhaps excel it. Of course for the first Court ball of the season every dress was fresh, and the effect extremely brilliant. Everybody wore long dresses, very long trains, and would not observe one of those ruffle suits or walking dresses which seem to be much worn in England, but here are only considered for morning dresses. White satin dresses, much trimmed with lace and tulle, were most prominent, and quite white dresses immensely trimmed with flowers are the favorite ball dresses this winter. One beautiful white tulle or net dress was specially noticed had literally an upper skirt of long drooping acacias. The King and Queen are very popular, and made some pleasant remark to each person who was presented to them, and in their own language to the English. When I was presented the ladies by the Mistress of the Robes and the gentlemen by the Lord Chamberlain, Mr Savile Lumley, H. B. M Minister, the Royal Family moved away to the ball room, and dancing commenced and was continued without leaving off into the night. Refreshments were served in the beautiful corridors lofty lined with rare exotics and flowers. At about 12 the Royal party proceeded to the supper room, which, in spite of the size and the well-arranged tables, was at first a little crowded. Every delicacy was provided, but the white part for which the Court is famous, was perhaps most appreciated by the connoisseurs. The whole suite of magnificent reception rooms were thrown open the whole evening, one room in particular meeting general admiration, being composed entirely of malachite and hung with crimson satin.

On Thursday, February 5th, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the other imperial guests visited the Cathedral of the Assumption of the Virgin at Moscow. The Emperor entered at the porch nearest to the palace with the Princess of Wales, the Duchess the Prince of Wales and the Crown Princess of Germany, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Crown Prince of Germany and the Cesarevna, the Grand Duchess Alexis and Vladimir, Prince Arthur, the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, etc. So they then advanced, preceded by priests, towards the altar, the choristers chanting. After a short service the Emperor entered within the royal gates, and soon returning passed towards a little chapel on the left of the screen. A sacred image and cross were presented to him, and, reverently bowing, his Majesty kissed each; in the same manner he saluted the cases containing various relics. The Duchess of Edinburgh and the Grand Duke in turn did the same. A visit was paid to a shrine in another corner of the cathedral, and the Imperial party then returned to the palace in the same order in which they had come. The Princess of Wales was dressed in a fawn-colored silk dress, trimmed with dark fur, and she had a bright green feather in her bonnet. The Duchess of Edinburgh wore a pale pink dress and ermine cloak, with a bonnet of white tulle and pink roses; and the Cesarevna was in a robe of russet velvet, open in front, over a petticoat of sea-green colored silk, with a feather, and velvet bonnet of the same colors. At the opera in the evening, the Duchess of Edinburgh was dressed in white with diamond and ruby ornaments; the Princess of Wales and the Cesarevna wore pale sea-green colored dresses with pearls and diamonds; the Crown Princess of Germany was in a dress of ruby velvet, and amongst her ornaments were a necklace and earrings of pearls of remarkable size.

Louis Kossuth, the once famous Dictator of Hungary, is now in Turin, where he supports himself by giving lessons in German, English, and Hungarian, earning less than £40 a year. He is very old, his hair entirely white, his cheeks wan and hollow, and his eyes utterly dimmed. His wife and children are dead, and he is left alone in his old age. A visitor thus describes his room: "Against the rear wall stood a narrow plain bed. On the walls hung portraits of Mazzini and Louis Napoleon. On the book-shelf by my side I noticed Hugo's *Année Terrible*, Kinglake's *Crimea*, and ten or twelve well-worn grammars. On a table, close to the bed, lay a loaf of bread, and a plate of dried meat."

The Duchess of Aosta's health is making rapid progress. The princess, already in full convalescence, can walk about her apartments, and has resumed some of her favorite occupations.

The following address has been presented to the Duchess of Edinburgh by Prince Mestchersky, the Marshal of the Russian Nobility, on their behalf: - "Madam—We most respectfully beg your Imperial Highness graciously to accept the congratulations of the nobility of Moscow on the occasion of the marriage of your Imperial Highness to his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, as also the assurance of our heartfelt wishes that the domestic happiness of your Imperial Highness may be stable and enduring through all the years which Divine Providence may grant you, and that in place of your own family and country, your Imperial Highness may find in the land of your adoption the undisturbed tranquillity of wedded life. We not only hope, but firmly trust, that in that new country resistless and ever-changing time may extend the priceless warrant of your Imperial Highness that protective force which evolves the future from the present, and that under its shelter each succeeding period of life may be spent in the greatest bliss which God allots to man. We venture to recognize in the very entrance of your Imperial Highness into the Royal house of Great Britain a guarantee of the fulfillment of our most cherished hopes and wishes; in England, as in Russia, the reigning house is bound up with the people by indissoluble bonds, and the subjects of Her Majesty the Queen are accustomed, as we are, to see in the home of the monarch the embodiment of the best and highest features of the national character, which values the peace and happiness of the domestic hearth as deeply as the basis of those time-honored institutions which have been invio ably preserved for the common weal by a long series of successive generations."

Napoleon and Paris.—A Paris correspondent writes: "Undoubtedly the dead Emperor is much regretted in Paris. The good that he did lives after him, and the mighty amount of evil is interred with his bones. One sees on all sides mourning-draped pictures of him, some in rich and elaborate black frames, others with the letters R. I. P. They may tear down the eagles of the Empire and erase the crowned N from the public buildings, but till they efface the wide new boulevards and net Paris over again with a tangled web of narrow streets—till they sweep away the new part of the Louvre, the Opera House, and hundreds of other improvements—they cannot efface the signature of their dead ruler from off the city. After all, he was the sovereign of their choice—he suited them. Virtue and patriotism are but *jade* qualities beside address, cunning, duplicity, and, above all, extravagance. There be those who sigh for the good old days of gaiety and luxury and vice—for an Emperor with twenty mistresses, princesses with forty lovers, a court with a million scandals. Patience, gentlemen, the good old times once existed before, in the reign of Louis XV., and they may return again."

Mr. Forster denies point blank the statement that a baronetcy, or any other Court honors, were offered to Dickens by the Queen; but the Queen sent for him to Buckingham Palace in 1870, had a most friendly chat with him, and gave him her book on the Highlands, with an autograph inscription. Her Majesty said she, as the humblest writers, would be ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest, but that Mr. Helps, being asked to give it, had told that it would be valued most if given by herself. After this he went to a Royal Levee, and his daughter was presented at the next Drawing Room.

The Duke d'Aumale has not, as was reported, been made Commander-in-Chief of the French army; but it is said that he is to be rewarded for his services in the Bazaine trial with an important military command. It seems that a general staff in imitation of the Prussian staff is to be organized, and that the Duke is to be placed at the head of it.

It is stated that her Imperial Highness the Comtesse d'Eu, heiress-presumptive to the throne of Brazil, is in a condition which will, it is hoped, secure the succession after her death through her own line. As the Princess justly enjoys general popularity in the empire, the realization of this hope will be a subject of universal satisfaction.

The Lord Chamberlain decided to grant the license to the Criterion, suggesting, however, certain slight alterations, which will, of course, be made at once. The theater will open on or about March 21st, with a new play, entitled *An American Lady*, from the facile pen of Mr. H. J. Byron.

Lord Yarmouth was one of the Conservative candidates for South Warwickshire. "Yarmouth bloaters" on poles were freely displayed at Leamington by his lordship's political opponents.

Notes couched in rather sharp language have been exchanged recently between the German and American Governments.

The lovely weather we usually enjoy at this season of the year looked as if it had departed, but the signs now are that it is returning. The earth is becoming covered as with a coat of living green. The birds warble forth their songs of praise and thanksgiving. All around is instinct with joy and happiness. But if you would have your house tastefully and beautifully carpeted you must make your selections at the carpet, upholstery, and furniture warehouse of Plum, Bell & Co., 22, 24 and 26 Post street. All colors, all varieties, and all qualities to suit all tastes may be found there.

A critic was ignominiously expelled from the Boston Theater for hissing a danseuse who was attired in stars and stripes, on the ground that it was "an insult to the flag."

THE WOMEN.

Wer nicht liebt wein, weib, und gesang,
Der bleibt ein narr sein leben lang.—LUTHER'S MOTTO.

The ladies came down like a wolf on the fold,
And their toilets were gleaming with purple and gold,
And the gleam of bright eyes was like stars that we see
When we tipple blue ruin in sweet Barbary.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host at the grocery corner were seen,
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host in ten minutes in dudgeon had flown.

For the man at the grocery had closed up his ears,
He was perfectly prayer-proof, he hardened at tears,
And the hearts of the fair ones wax'd deadly and chill,
As they glanced at the prospect in that whisky mill.

For there lay the drunkard, his mouth open wide,
As he clutched at the bottle of gin by his side,
And the foam of stale lager lay white on the floor,
And cold as the spray on the wave-beaten shore.

And there lay the bummer disheveled and grim,
What good were the prayers of the righteous to *him?*
And the ladies do nothing but vacantly stare,
The Bibles unlifted, unuttered the prayer.

And the women of Frisco are loud in their wail
That their war with the gin-god is destined to fail:
And the good old King Rotgut still sits on his throne,
Where the *wiser* reformers will leave him alone. T. A. H.

A GRACEFUL ACT.

In July last, when the officers of the American ship *Crusader* were indicted by the United States Grand Jury, in this city, for cruelties practiced upon Swedish and Norwegian sailors, during the voyage from New York to San Francisco, the Scandinavian Society and G. O'Hara Taaffe, Esq., Consul for Norway and Sweden, solicited the services of Col. W. H. L. Barnes to assist in the prosecution. The trials of the Captain and Mate of the *Crusader* under the indictments occupied more than three weeks, and excited much public attention. After their termination, Col. Barnes declined to receive remuneration for his services from the society, which is a purely benevolent and charitable organization, though freely tendered and pressed upon him. The Scandinavians were, of course, highly appreciative, and the Consul, in an official report to the Government of Norway and Sweden, took occasion to refer to Col. Barnes services and action in the premises. Yesterday he received, through the Consul, the famous "Norwegian Gold Cross of *Sanct Olaf*," with the Diploma of His Majesty, King Oscar, appointing him *Chevalier of that order*. Such an honor has been very rarely, if at all, conferred on a foreigner. The cross is exceedingly handsome. It consists of an elaborately-worked gold crown, studded with small emeralds and rubies, beneath which are crossed swords of gold and enamel, and a twelve-pointed star of gold and white enamel, in the center of which is embossed in gold on crimson enamel the rampant lion of Norway. On the reverse center is the inscription, "Ret og Sandhed," emblazoned in gold and crimson enamel. The letter transmitting the cross and diploma was very gracefully worded, and should give our San Francisco Counselor great satisfaction, as it does us, to record this signal evidence of high appreciation on the part of King Oscar, of services rendered in the cause of his humblest subjects.

THE SUM OF EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

Abdarrahman the Third, the possessor of the magnificent palace of Azzahra, at Cordova, wrote thus: "From the commencement of my reign to the present moment I have carefully numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to fourteen. I have reigned fifty years, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and esteemed by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasures, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to complete my felicity. In this situation, and during this long space of time, I have not been able to enumerate more than fourteen days passed without being embittered with trouble and uneasiness. O man! learn to make a just estimate of this world and of the pleasures which it affords!" Such was the experience of Abdarrahman the Great.—"*A Summer in Spain,*" *by Mrs. Ramsay.* (*Tinsley.*)

Many a man thinks it's virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it's only a full stomach. One should always be careful, and not mistake potatoes for principles.

MELBOURNE WIT AND HUMOR.

We are in receipt of two copies of the Melbourne Punch, which came to hand round by way of Suez, England and New York, in sixty days. This antipodean "chip of the old block" worthily maintains, in the sunny southern hemisphere, where it seems to have found a congenial home, the credit of its ancestor of Fleet street, London. To be sure its wit and humor have not the genuine American ring. The wit is purely English, and the original fund of humor has decidedly not improved by exportation. We are sorry to see a slavish copying of everything British by the colonists. We admit that if they must *copy*, it would, take it all in all, be difficult to find an original more worthy of imitation. But why copy at all? Why not venture out into fresh fields and pastures new? America has done this in a thousand ways, and, as might have been expected, has not always succeeded. Yet in this very matter of wit and humor she is as far ahead of England as England is ahead of her in the higher branches of literature. Let our antipodean friends strike out new paths for themselves. We have heard it said that in regard to the advancing thought of the age, they are where Englishmen were twenty years ago, and that instead of following up inductive paths for themselves, they wait to be quite sure what is the mind of "the old country," and so, lagging behind, the visitor is astonished to find in a young, go-ahead and industrially active country, a race of Englishmen "behind the times." But this is a digression from the question of their wit and humor. We supply a few examples:

In the Colony of Victoria the magistrates are all appointed by the Governor upon the advice of his executive. The position is an honorary one, and only the very highest class of citizens being usually selected; the right to use the initials J. P. (Justice of the Peace) after one's name is looked upon as a rise in the social scale and prized accordingly. Mr. O'Shannessy, a noted, able, and worthy Irishman came into power, and he found that very few of his countrymen were upon the roll of magistrates for the Colony. Loyal ever to the sons of the Emerald Isle, he set to work and added a considerable number of the best of them to the list. Good and true men they undoubtedly were one and all—but fit administrators of the law they certainly were not. In respect to the new magistrates many funny stories were soon set afloat, of which the following are a fair sample:

Two men had a quarrel in a liquor saloon. They adjourned outside to settle the dispute. The first man being from Connaught, immediately seized a lump of stone and let fly at the head of his opponent, who dipped his head and missed the stone, which went through an expensive plate-glass window and did much damage. One of Mr. O'Shannessey's magistrates was called upon next morning to determine which of the two should pay the cost. The evidence clearly showed that the aim was a good one, and that if the second man had not dipped his head he would have been struck. "Therefore," said the mag strate, "he must pay the damages, as it is certain the first man didn't intend to injure the window, and the window would not have been injured if it had not been for the act of the second man."

Again, at a little country town called after Bacchus, the two old magistrates were in attendance, when their newly appointed Irish colleague put in his first appearance, when he was warmly congratulated by the two gentlemen, who had long known him as a good but somewhat illiterate neighbor. Congratulations over, one of the magistrates remarked they "Had a light calendar that morning. There was only one case, but it was a somewhat serious one—it was a charge of arson." "Arson," replied the Irishman, "Arson! O fine the fellow £5, and make him marry the girl."

The third magistrate we have to instance was perhaps wiser than the two we have quoted. An Irish pair came before him for a settlement of their disputes. Biddy charged Paddy with assault and battery. There were two sides to the story as there so often is. The magistrate patiently listened to both, when, looking every inch a judge, he leaned over his desk and said, "Bridget, *do* yer love Patrick as well as the day yer married him, by the assistance of Father Hayes, God bless him! in Cork, ten years ago?" "Oh! faith, love him is it yer mane, yer Honor? Didn't I swear my word to Father Hayes, and do yer think I'd be after breaking it? But, yer Honor, I didn't promise to love him whilst he is raising whales upon me as thick as yer Honer's finger." *The Magistrate.*—"Now, Patrick, do you love Bridget as well as the day yer married her?" *Patrick.*—"Oh! love her, is it yer mane? Sure and its yer Honer that knows I do. Didn't I come to yer Honer's brewery last Christmas Eve, and send her home six gallons of yer Honer's best ale to enjoy Christmas wid the neighbors, and whilst I am talking of that self-same ale, its the best brewed this country's side, yer Honer, it is." *The Magistrate* (peremptorily)—"Howld yer jaw now, Patrick." *Patrick.*—"Bedad I will, yer Honor." *Magistrate* (not noticing the interruption, continued)—"You say you love Bridget, and Bridget says she loves you as well as the day she married you. Now, go home and introduce the pace-maker between yers, and I'll send ye a couple of gallons of ale to help comfort yers. G'wan, now."

It will be observed that these are but poor specimens of Irish drollery after all. But that is just what we pointed out at the first—there is nothing that is "native and to the manner born." The only thing new is that the Irishmen there are permitted to administer what seems to them to be the law. In the Legislature one looks for a nearer approach to true wit and humor. Able men find their way into those halls. Bob Lowe, Mr. Gladstone's wonderfully clear-headed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his probable successor to the Premiership, first graduated there. Childers, the greatest naval reformer England has ever had, commenced life as a member of the Melbourne Legislature, and so on almost *ad infinitum*. An adroit attorney general was on one occasion endeavoring to defend an inde-

sensible course by showing that an English precedent existed in the days of Pitt and Fox. On the opposition side sat a wonderfully learned old man, who in his day had taken a "double first" at Oxford, and was a Doctor of Law, etc., etc.; but to his almost wonderful acquirements he added characteristics that well nigh destroyed the man. He was as wily and crafty and cunning as the father of all mischief. Upon hearing the attorney general's excuse that "the same thing had been done in the days of Pitt and Fox." "Yes!" replied the learned Doctor, "but I fail to see a Pitt upon the Ministerial Benches." "Ah! but I observe a *Fox* in opposition," retorted the attorney general. The House took the joke, laughed until it was tired; and then without further debate condoned the original error of the joker. Elections for members of Parliament in the Colonies furnish occasions for no end of amusement.

"Electing your member" is a responsible act, and there is every reason to say that it is performed in several of the Colonies with as much calm forethought and patriotism as is exercised in the performance of electing representatives in any part of the world. Perhaps one important piece of evidence of this is that England has of late been busy copying nearly all the tried and successful laws the Colonies have passed during recent years. For many a day there was a genius amongst the members whom all liked, and whose absence would probably have been more regretted than that of any other member. He never was out of Parliament, and yet he was never twice elected by the same constituency. Cause why? He was too indolent to answer a letter or attend in any way to the business of his constituents. Go to his letter box, and you would find it full of unanswered epistles. Election time would come round, and he would be execrated by his old constituents. But what mattered it? Any other constituency in the Colony was ready to elect him. A week of such speeches as he could give them was at least worth a seat in Parliament. They, at any rate, were willing to pay that price. That most excellent practice prevails there of asking the candidate such questions as any elector may choose to put: the meeting usually deciding when the question is sufficiently answered or when the candidate must again return to the matter. The friend we have been alluding to was a candidate for a protectionist town, but he was very truly suspected of being a Free-trader. But his capacity to laugh an elector out of countenance was so great that no one could ever fix him to a conclusive answer, and so it came that he was about the only man who ever got in Parliament without having given pledges. In connection with the question of protection, it was often discussed how much duty on particular articles would suffice. An old shoemaker arose in a crowded meeting and said: "Mr. Aspinall, what would you put upon boots?" Mr. A., apparently studying the matter for a moment, remarked in his own inimitable way: "Oh! blacking would be about the best thing." By just such answers as these, that were always expected from him, but would have been tolerated from no one else, he always escaped. Poor A. drank freely, and the usual evidences thereof began to show themselves unmistakably upon his face. Electors, many a time and oft, engaged themselves in framing questions that they hoped would catch the wonderful man. At last one elector, more courageous than his fellows, thought that he had hit at last upon exactly the right thing. Swollen out with his own importance, he attended the meeting in the evening and waited with much impatience the time when questioning is invited. The moment came at last. The elector arose with the deliberation befitting the occasion and said, "Mr. Aspinall, what makes your face so red?" The thunderbolt was shot. The audience for a moment was astounded at the audacity of the fellow, and the next moment they were cheering at his bravery in attacking and apparently worsting the great wit. So soon as the applause ended, all eyes were open, and all ears attentive to see and hear what would follow. Aspinall stepped to the front of the platform, placed his arms akimbo, forced the blood into his face, and with an awful appearance of righteous indignation, replied, "Sir, it is blushing at your impudence." If a match had been applied to powder, there could not have been a greater explosion than that which followed in that hall. Aspinall's well assumed indignation went through the meeting like an electric shock. The questioner, now crest-fallen, was taken up, handed over the heads of the audience, until he reached the door, when he was allowed to make tracks at discretion. Poor Aspinall! Brave as a lion; innocent as a child, generous to a fault; sparkling wit and humor were as natural to him as is common place to the most of mankind. The assertion of the poet by his case seems to be proven: "Great wit to madness is allied." Poor Aspinall is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

All honor to the ladies for the efforts they purpose making for the suppression of the inordinate whisky drinking, and if we might be permitted to make a suggestion it would be that in place thereof, the *pure wines* of our beautiful State should be substituted. This would ensure a healthful and sober community. In that case the celebrated *Gerke Wine* would be in still greater request, and George Harmus, of 418 Market street, who now supplies it, would be likely to have his hands full in supplying the demand.

"Don't advertise," says a New York paper. "If people want to buy your goods let them hunt you up. They will be certain to do it. If you don't believe this, ask the merchant that failed."

CENTENNIAL HYMN, NO. 1.

[PISANOVILLE, MARCH 4, 1874.]

My friend, ther's a land where mujeses and turtle,
And mescal, fandangoes, and monkeys galore
Abound, and rheumatics and headache ne'er hurt till
You leave it behind you for some other shore.

Nuts, mangoes, bananas, midst beauteous savannas,
Guayavas and plantains and yield of each vine,
(U. S. Grant us Havanas and also Bahamas),
A mule would be fruitful in such a blest clime.

Amigo, come over, you'l never be sober
If drinking sweet draughts from bright founts that ne'er fail
(Such intoxication with small botheration)
Will suit, where consequences never entail.

With forms that are faultless, possessors as thoughtless,
We dance and we flirt, and such sqeezing of fins,
And during the scrimmage, in eyes see our image,
And each makes me wish we were Siamese Twins. T.

ART NOTES.

At an adjourned general meeting of the members of the Art Association, held Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Silas Selleck presiding, the following life members were reported from the Board as added to the list: Mrs. Mary H. Jarboe, Messrs. Gustave Mahé, William M. Lent, William Babcock, John Skae, A. C. Whitcomb, Edward Norton, Joseph de la Montagnie and Alpheus Bull. This swells the number to 105, a very good showing for a society scarcely three years old. The following ladies and gentlemen were also duly elected contributing members: Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mrs. Patrick Noble, Mrs. Waldow Cohen, Misses Alice and Blanche Lalande, Dr. J. G. Moore, Col. A. G. Hawes, G. N. Conde, J. L. Moody, L. D. Shull, E. W. Schneider, A. Morton, C. Vinzent, A. D Smith, W. H. Booth, J. Parrott, Jr., W. Fredericks, C. de Lacy, C. L. Houghton, J. B. Crockett, Jr., and A. Natorp. At the same meeting, a committee of five was, on motion, appointed by the Chair to nominate officers on the regular ticket for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen form the committee: Messrs. D. P. Belknap, J. S. Bugbee, H. R. Bloomer, R. J. Bush and F. Whymper.

The School of Design has remained during the week in charge of Mr. Benoni Irwin, who has very efficiently and zealously filled the place temporarily vacated by Mr. Williams on account of sickness. We are glad to learn that the latter gentleman will be able to resume his duties next week.

Some little time since there was a wholesome discussion in the daily papers relative to plagiarism and copyism in art, although in one instance applied very unfairly. Within a few days our attention has been called to certain publicly-exhibited pictures which are simply repetitions of well-known works by eminent artists, but which are virtually described as originals by local painters or amateurs. The same thing has occurred within our knowledge in auction catalogues, and even in the exhibition of the Art Association there have been copies credited inferentially as originals to local artists. In the latter case the Society is blameless, owing to the fact that exhibitors fill in the blanks describing their pictures, and are alone responsible. But under no circumstances is there any excuse for the artist—exhibitor, and should the picture be subsequently sold as original, he or she is as much open to the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses as is the vendor of brass jewelry who represents it to be gold. No reputable artist, of course, ever does this, but nevertheless, by unscrupulous imitators, speculators and traders in pictures, it has been done time and again. We fully admit that there are cases where a copy may be extremely valuable. There is at this moment rotting somewhere in the city a fine copy of Titian's "Venus," by Etty, the great English painter of nude subjects. It was till a couple or so years ago in the noted Driver collection in Australia, having been previously purchased at the sale of a nobleman's effects in London. Its late owner failing in business, it was resold and sent here, with the expectation of fetching a handsome price, but has never been properly exhibited. This copy is worth several thousand pounds, if a cent. It is well known that Turner, in the earlier part of his career, studied, imitated and rivaled Claude Lorraine; Ruskin considers that he discounted his master. A copy, even an indifferent imitation, of Claude by Turner would fetch nowadays, in all probability, as much as the original, on account of his great reputation, and there would be no earthly occasion for putting it up as anything but a copy. But this business of fifth or tenth-rate artists' work being sold as that of great painters cannot too strongly be condemned. In point of fact, no great artist *ever* really copies, nor even "adapts"—as the phrase is used nowadays—but may with profit study the style, color or effects of the leading masters, just as in literature a writer may profitably study Addison or Macaulay as models of pure English. We do not blame any of our artists for going to the highest sources for inspiration, but rather blame them if they do not. But as far as we can help it, none of them *shall* palm off such studies as originals. This is only a harmless growl, *as far as it goes!* We shall hope and expect to see "copy," or at least "after" so and so, affixed to all repetitions in future. Strictly, in law, any infringement of the first artist's

rights is liable to severe penalties, and of course in justice there can be no mistake about the matter.

At Messrs. Snow & Roos' gallery Eller Jorgensen exhibits a very fine and life like portrait of Mr. Hugo Nisbeth, editor of the *California Scandinav.* The excellent painting of the accessories keeps a small crowd round the window, and a copy of the newspaper turned side-ways is so literally represented that every one screws his head awry to try and read the type. The details are, however, properly subordinated, and we should expect that Mr. Jorgenson would be kept extremely busy by those who desire both faithful and artistic portraiture. The subject of the picture, by-the-bye, is a correspondent of the *Aftonbladet* at Stockholm, the leading paper of Sweden, and has done good service by inducing considerable emigration to this State. His published articles and correspondence have been widely circulated not merely in Sweden and Denmark, etc., but in the Northeastern States, and a number of Scandinavians have left Wisconsin, etc., by his instigation for California. At the gallery of Messrs. Morris Schwab & Co. Holdredge has a cabinet picture full of varied, fresh, and harmonious color, entitled "Desmoines Creek," by the side of which many of our California artists' work would look very bald. Deakin exhibits in the same place a large picture of "Cascade Fall, near Tahoe," seen through a vista of the woods. This is a very ambitious work, and strikes us as a great upward stride in this artist's career. The color, composition, and drawing are all excellent, and with a little mystery shade and loss of detail here and there would deserve to rank very high indeed as a work of art. The "Indian Ponies," by A. Lemon, is an excellent study of animal life, and those who want to see what may be accomplished in charcoal should inspect Virgil Williams' charming "Wood Scene." Marple has on the easel a capital evening study on "Falling Leaf Lake," the fine sunset effect of which is worthy of Bierstadt. Bloomer has in hand a composition of wood and water, full of excellent bright color and vigorous handling.

MISS NEILSON.

One Night of Disappointment, and a whole week of ravishing ecstasy—one night the beautiful stranger gave to the illness which follows the attack of our climatic fiend, and the following nights to Shakspeare's beautiful love stories, to a series of critical audiences. Verdict unanimous, and the report of the jury thus expressed: A woman whose beauty we were called upon to criticise, goes far beyond the claims made through the lithographs, and for whose talent there is no adequate measure, being simply above and beyond anything seen here before. The verdict is recorded with the approval of each succeeding audience. Her "Juliet" is so delightfully girlish, and lovingly sweet, so innocent, so bewilderingly intoxicating, that we should not have been surprised to see Morrison climb up to the balcony, and refuse to be put off with the promise of to-morrow. The change to womanhood is equally lovable, with the greater certainty that she will keep her vows, having had a few hours for reflection. In the few brief days covered by the action of the play, Miss Neilson's "Juliet" develops three distinct phases of character; the first intoxicating in its exuberance of girlish love, the last sublime in the devotion of the trusting woman; the intermediate being the parting of husband and wife, shall be kept sacred from all save those who see it. A word about the "Nurse," as played by Mrs. Judah, and of "Mercutio," by Barton Hill, and we pass to the comedy performance. The "Nurse" is a character so necessary for some of the best scenes in the play, that it is a wonder some accomplished "Juliet" has not engaged Mrs. Judah to travel with her and repeat this wonderful delineation wherever a success might be made. And now for the pastoral poem, the perfect picture, the paragon of comedies, *As You Like It*, and the graceful, tender, winning, loving "Rosalind," so delightfully given by Miss Neilson. She is so charming in this character, that it is difficult to write with any degree of soberness, is equally captivating as the Duke's daughter or the supposed Ganymede, and yet for poetical loveliness actually making the stronger impression in her delicately chosen suit of gray, with the picturesque sleeves of the fifteenth century. Did she play the scenes with Orlando prettily? Marry, the wonder now is if they have ever been played before. Did she naively give the epilogue? Our word for it there were many ne'er knew it meant so much before, and more who wished she might perform one half of what she partly promised. And now there is no room to say anything more of the play or the players, and in fact one does not want to eat after desert. Sweet Rosalind, good night. If we linger longer there well be another case of Orlando, and we shall carve her name on every tree and write,

"From the East to Western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind."

The long continuance of unsettled weather with its frequent heavy showers has not only occasioned much annoyance to our many fair friends by compelling their attendance within doors, and thus prevented their display of the varied charms so eagerly looked for by their admirers of the opposite sex, but it has contra-exhibited in a marked degree the superiority of the harness, etc., supplied by Messrs. Main & Winchester, which successfully withstand the effects of all such inclemencies.

THE WIDOW'S FOUR TRIALS---BLESSINGS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

The case of Lee vs. The Guardian Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York, which, after fourteen days trial in the U. S. Circuit Court, has just resulted in a disagreement of the jury (nine of them being for the plaintiff), affords a striking example of the necessity for a change in the jury law, so that three-fourths shall decide the verdict. This is the third trial. On the first there were ten for plaintiff. On the second, she obtained a verdict, and through some technicality defendants were given a new trial. The widow has now to incur the expense of a fourth, and by the time the policy of $5,000 is paid a large slice will be taken out for Court and lawyer's fees. Mr. Bulkeley, the widow's counsel, loves his ease too well, and has too much of this world's goods, to labor as he has done for the love of it,(though we will not state that it might not be otherwise if she were very young and aristocratic, or exceedingly handsome).

The tediousness of the trial was greatly relieved by the ready wit and sharp retorts of the respective counsel. For instance, Mr. Winans, defendants counsel, in cross-examining Mrs. Lee, elicited the fact that the case was first in the hands of Mr. Quint, and, after having lost it in the 4th District Court, she was advised to retain Mr. Bulkeley, to which Mr. Winans replied, "You then arrived at the heaven of the widows." Again, as Mr. Winans was commencing his argument, the sun came in his face, at which he seemed annoyed, and Mr. Bulkeley says, "Mr. Officer, please close those blinds tighter, his case won't bear the light of heaven." At another time, during the closing address, Mr. Bulkeley, commenting upon a medical witness, who testified that upon seeing the account of the verdict for plaintiff he went to the office of the company and volunteered *his* evidence to get a new trial, and whose professional card contained in extra large capitals "Accoucheur," and a statement that he had *all instruments required in any operation*, said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, with what self-sacrificing zeal did this charlatan leave his desolate attic; pick up his spindle legs, and rush, like Sheridan down the valley, to tell Mr. Garniss that his evidence might give the defendants one more chance to cheat this widow and her two children out of their money!" Mr. Winans, interrupting, "The Doctor's office is in the second story." Says Mr. Bulkeley, "I suppose the money you have paid for his evidence has enabled him to move down." Mr. Winans replied, "He was never up." To which Mr. Bulkeley retorted, "Well, he'll "go up" out of sight after his performances on this trial." Further commenting on this witness, Mr. Bulkeley said, "The counsel told you I should probably abuse this man. Perhaps he thinks I ought to sing *paeans* in his praise. Well, let us begin. What ode of Horace! What song of Solomon, or psalm of David could do justice to the theme. Let Virgil be disentombed and turned into a composer of hymns to this model philanthropist.

How the embryo infants that were waiting to be ripped from their mothers' wombs before their time, by this brazen abortionist, must have longed for his *sweet* face, and his *wonderful* instruments, while, like a hyena, he was hanging around this Court Room for days, even after he had *delivered himself* of his unbelieved testimony. How his bony fingers longed to clutch the money which he said had been promised him for his time, spent in "refreshing his recollection." Speaking of the defence, he said: "Gentlemen, have they met this case fairly and upon the real issues involved? No, avoiding these, they have dredged the very slums of hell to find witnesses who would say something against the plaintiff, and finally secured the 'Pal,' and also that female, the consort of Tuttle, the mule thief, the latter of whom was so full of bad gin and garrulity that no one could tell what she was saying, and even the Court could not keep her quiet, and she could not keep her bonnet on her *virtuous* head. The defendants, by employing as spy and detective John L. Tuttle, whose ungovernable passion for mules got him into the States Prison, succeeded in showing that the plaintiff once upon a time violated a municipal ordinance by keeping her place open after 12 o'clock, for which some malicious devil got her arrested. Is this an honorable way to avoid a solemn contract of insurance into which they have entered, and for which they received this widow's money? Do we hear of the artful Garniss questioning the fairness of the risk, until after the man died? Would he, do you think, have refused to receive the premiums for twenty years to come, if Lee had lived that long, even though he had been the walking skeleton they now represent. Ah, no, but he happened to die before they expected, hence this disgraceful defence, 'hence these tears.' Out upon such monstrous swindles!"

When Mr. Bulkeley closed, after eliciting the undivided attention of all present for three hours, even the defence thought he would get a verdict, but after remaining out twenty-four hours, the jury still stood nine for plaintiff to three against, and were discharged. The case will be tried again in June. *Who would not be insured in the Guardian?*

"O, my poor feet!" exclaimed my friend from the country the other day. I advised him to get a pair of Kelly's easy fitting, yet fashionably shaped boots. I told him I had seen a splendid notice in last week's *News Letter*, to the effect that Kelly always guaranteed an easy fit. The number of his place of business was not given, but we had no trouble in finding that it was on Bush street, near the Alhambra Theater.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

Apropos of the recent royal Anglo-Russian alliance, G. A. Sala says in the *Gentleman's Magazine*: "There are at least fifty good reasons why we should all rejoice at the marriage of the second son of the Queen of England with a princess of the house of Romanoff: but there is one of a nature specially calculated to gratify the gentlest of all the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*—I mean the ladies. Mesdames, should not this grand wedding, which is about to take place at St. Petersburg, do something towards popularizing Muscovite modes in this country? I have long been, for artistic purposes, a sedulous student of the fashion plates, and I regularly take in the *Queen* and the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, but I own that I am growing desperately tired of the eternal "polonaise" (a garment not worn, I am sure, in Poland), with its monstrous lumbar protuberances, which seems, at present, to form the staple of feminine costume. Since the siege of Paris, and the retirement into private life of the Empress Eugénie, the French appear to have been unable to invent anything really tasteful and elegant in the way of dress (the Leonardo da Vinci head gear, which some call a bonnet, and some a hat, and some a cap, but which is in reality a berette, excepted); and although there will be assuredly a plentitude of the most sumptuous Parisian toilettes displayed at the marriage of the Czarevna with Prince Alfred, and although St. Petersburg may be qualified as the paradise of French modistes, it should not be forgotten that Russia has costumes of her own, both male and female, of the prettiest and most picturesque description. The tonloupes, or sheepskin coats of the peasantry, the caftans of the merchants, and the low-crowned hats of the Isvostchiks, or droschky drivers, are familiar to us all in the charming lithographic sketches of M. Timm; but English ladies have yet to becoming acquainted with the sarafan, and especially with the kakoschnik, worn by the Russian women. The last-named article of attire—a glorified arrangement of satin and lace, tinsel and seedpearls—is not precisely a turban, and not exactly a crown, but something between the two, and may, perhaps, be akin to those "round tires like the moon" against which the Hebrew prophet, criticising the feminine pomps and vanities of his time, testifies so strongly. The kakoschnik in all its glory is now very rarely seen in St. Petersburg save on the heads of the comely peasant women who come up from the provinces to nurse the babies of the aristocracy; but, in my time at least (I speak of 1856-7), there were certain gala days in the year when the old Russian costume was worn at Court by the Empress and all her ladies. One of the most notable of these occasions was that of the *fête*, on Saint's day, of the Czarina at the palace of Peterhoff, when the evening's entertainment always wound up with the stately and solemn dance called a Polonaise. A genuine and not a capriciously sham thing is the Russian Polonaise (excuse the paradox); of that be assured. Imagine an amalgamation of the "Mennet de la Cour" and "Sir Roger de Coverley," danced by five hundred couples; the gentlemen attired in the most splendid military uniform, or in Court dress, the ladies radiant in diamond-studded kakoschniks and rich trains of brocade and lace. The Polonaise, albeit slow and stately in its figures, is an ambulatory dance, and on grand festival days—especially on occasions matrimonial—the lengthy train of couples perambulates the entire mansion, going upstairs and downstairs, and into my lady's chamber; sweeping and sailing, and perhaps flirting a little, through bower, and hall, and dining-room, and grand saloon, and "through the house," giving "a glimmering light," like the fairies in Theseus' palace in the last scene of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Belle Lynch is the name of a plucky little woman who has recently been left a widow in Mendocino County. Her late husband was the proprietor of the *Independent Dispatch*. Having three little children to care for, she has decided to assume the editorial chair of her late husband, and addresses her readers in the following downright good, earnest English, which deserves and will doubtless command success: "One of the last wishes of my late husband was that after his death I should become the editor and proprietor of his paper. Full well knowing the inability of women to compete with men of brains, I take my new position with fear and trembling, trusting to the kindness and the generosity of the many friends and patrons of the *Dispatch*, and that the right will always succeed. I shall gain courage as I advance, hoping if not to improve at least to retain the position for the paper that it has already obtained—making of it really the best newspaper in the county. The great responsibility of three little pairs of eyes looking up to me for protection—three little mouths to feed, three little hearts to love and cherish—knowing that their natural protector has been called to an early grave—may cause my position to be one of doubts and misgivings; but such things have been done by women—why not again? My watchword shall be, 'There's no such word as fail!' and I feel that success will surely follow. Hoping that I shall deserve your patronage, I remain, most respectfully, yours, BELLE LYNCH."

The $40,000 Cow.—We learn from the Utica *Observer* that the world-famed forty-thousand-dollar cow, Eighth Duchess of Geneva, gave birth prematurely to a calf, which was thrown dead. This is to be exceedingly regretted, as much interest has been manifested among the breeders as to the produce of the Eighth Duchess. She was recently purchased at a high figure by Col. Lewis Morris of Westchester County. The Duchess is also seriously ill, but as she is in good hands, everything that is possible will be done to alleviate her suffering. We sympathize with Mr. Morris in his great loss, and we feel sure he will receive the sympathy of the breeders of the country also.

The Union Gravel Mining Company have levied their ninth assessment amounting to $4 per share, delinquent April 3d.

By the arrival of the ship McNear, we have Manila dates to January 23d, two weeks later than those by steamer. The *McNear* made an unusually short trip of 48 days, having had favorable weather during most of the passage. She brings a full cargo of sugar to the California Refinery. The French bark *Deux Freres* sailed a week previously for this port with a similar cargo. The ships *Sonora* and *Annie M. Smull* were to sail on the 24th and 26th of January for London. The ship *Charger* was wrecked on the passage between Manila and Cebu on the 15th of December, and became a total loss. She had on board 1,000 bales hemp, a portion of which was saved in a damaged condition. The *Cashmere* and *Moses Day* were left in port loading for San Francisco.

We have Calcutta dates to January 23d, received by way of England. Table Rice was quiet, with sales of 500 bags for New York at 12 reals. Jute was in active demand for Great Britain, and the stock reduced to 90,000 bbls, with an advance of 2@4 annas on lower grades. The demand for Linseed was in excess of the supply, and a slight advance in price was the result. Indigo had declined 10@15 reals ₱ maund. A lot of 500 cs of Castor Oil had been secured for America at 11@13 reals. The *Carnarvon Castle* had sailed for New York on the 20th of January, leaving eight vessels loading for that port, and three ships for Boston. Nothing was up for San Francisco, and there were no orders for goods for this market. The *Aminta* is now due from that port.

During the last week in February, the treasury shipments from New York amounted to $431,000, making a total of $5,223,000 for the first two months of the year, or 50 per cent. of the amount shipped during the same time last year. The Assistant United States Treasurer at New York received $11,251,500 in February, and paid out $35,476,600, carrying forward a balance of $91,092,800. Of the receipts, $10,386,600 was from duties collected on imports, and $4,019,850 from coin interest. The disbursements embraced $3,487,000 for interest. The February deposits at the Assay Office in New York amounted to $934, while the amount transmitted to the Philadelphia Mint was $284,000. That institution coined a trifle over $1,000,000 in February.

Singapore dates of January 15th have been received by way of London. The markets were moderately active. The last lot of Bontyne Coffee in first hands has been taken for America at $28 87½ per picul. Black pepper had declined to $15 25. Mace was held at $100, and nutmegs at $82@85 per picul. Pearl Sago and Tapioca were easier, with declining tendency. Tin was in fair demand for America, and stock had been reduced to 4,500 piculs, for which $32 was asked. Borneo rubber was in active demand, and the price had been advanced to $38. The *Ben Nevis* and *Yoonne* were loading for New York, and the *Marie* for Boston.

The press, almost without exception, and irrespective of politics, congratulates Sheffield and the country on the success of Mr. Roebuck. Even the *Daily News* hails the veteran's restoration to Parliamentary life with "cordial goodwill," and acknowledges that "alike in his virtues and his faults Mr. Roebuck is a truly representative Englishman. There is a true ring of honest love of country, of contempt for the baser arts of popularity, and sometimes of right reason, which sounds well in English ears; and it is credible to the people of Sheffield to have sent back so unflattering a friend to sit for his country among the representatives of acres and chimneys."

Siugular Race from Brighton to London.---A race, in which Mr. Revell drove a bicycle from the Montpelier road, Brighton, to the Oval, Kennington, whilst Mr. Gregory walked from Samuel street, Reigate, to the Oval, Kennington, took place recently and was won by Mr. Gregory, who arrived at the Oval at 3:30 P. M., walking well, and but little distressed. Mr. Revell arrived at the Oval, Kennington, at 5 o'clock, one hour and a half behind Mr. Gregory, who walked the 20 miles in 4 hours 27 minutes and 57 seconds.

A list of the Pope's household has just been published, and if Pio Nono is a prisoner it must be confessed that he has at least a very fair quota of lavishly liveried jailers. He has no less than 1,160 attendants, consisting of majordomos, chamberlains, body guards, private priests, and twenty attendants of honor, dressed in violet-velvet uniforms.

A circular from the Secretary of the Emma Mining Company states as follows: The recent reports from the mine are very discouraging. The latest telegrams from Mr. Atwood, received to-day, state that the bottom of the mine is looking very bad, and the vein in bottom is pinching out.

A novel attraction in connection with Barnum's "Traveling World's Fair," during the coming season in the States, is a gentleman who has gained a reputation as the greatest letter writer in the world. For this specimen, we understand, the "great showman" will pay $1,000 per week.

Strange.---The *Cape Argus*, of January 6th, says: We (Port Elizabeth *Telegraph*) are credibly informed that a short time since a puff-adder was seen swimming across the Zwartkop's River. Suddenly a shark appeared, and attacking the reptile, swallowed it whole and disappeared.

Among recent discoveries of valuable minerals in Australia is that of iron in the form of magnetic iron, and brown hematite at Wallerawang, Victoria, in close proximity to limestone, fire-clay, coal, and a railway station.

The "Duchess of Geneva," the famous $40,000 cow died at the farm of our countryman, the Hon. Samuel Campbell, at New York Mills, N. Y., on Friday last.

THE PAST.

Is it well to remember the things that were
When hearts have changed and young Love is dead—
When Hope lies bleeding beneath Despair,
And the bands of gold are as bands of lead?

Is there more of pleasure or more of pain
In knowing that, let us be what we may,
Our lips have touched, though we could not drain
The Chalice of Life ere it passed away?

It is good to know that we have enjoyed,
It is sad to think that it could not last,
It is milk and honey with gall alloyed,
This bitter-sweet brooding upon the Past. T. A. H.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

Judge Wheeler divorced five couple in one day. If he goes on that way, he will get the whole of that business soon, and it won't take him long to unmarry us all, either. But then we should soon begin over again.——Miss Neilson has won all hearts and charmed all eyes. She is English, and yet does not drop her H's. How can our American friends believe that possible?——Otis still survives.——Swift is to be the *Bulletin's* next candidate for Governor, and it is said that Otis is the only man they are afraid of to beat him.——The fare and freights bill is doomed to die and be d—d. Where now is all Freeman's eloquence? Where now his stilted bosh? It was blown as chaff before the wind. *He*, at least, will leave the Legislature a sadder, if not a wiser man.——That *fracas* which occurred on the streets the other day between MacCrellish and Throckmorton tickled us. A few more such public quarrels would do good. When some men fall out, others come by their own. We insinuate nothing.——The *Bulletin* is really becoming envious of the *Alta*. It must be so, for week after week we hear it complaining that the *Alta* own stocks. It now asks in alarm, "Has it any Huhn & Hunt, or would a jump in Savage lessen any obligations now in force?" Envious *Bulletin*!——A venire has issued for a new Grand Jury returnable on Thursday. If they would inquire into some of the swindles of so-called incorporations that we wot of, they would be doing a useful work.——Few matters escape our observation, and it has not escaped us that the brilliant legal editorials of the *Post* have fallen off lately. We are glad of it. Even milk and water comments upon the Judges and the Bar do not look well coming from that quarter. Legal officers are better employed attending to their official duties.——"What are the women going to do?" is generally asked. They are a long while beginning. We hear they are coming to pray with our *Town Crier*. We hope they will.——The *Chronicle* was very ungallant to Mrs. Hoyt. What is Hoyt going to do about it?——Our gold news from Samoa by way of London requires grave consideration. It is true. But we must have no more Polynesian Island swindles revived.——The printer has just come to say the paper is full, and we are glad of it. Good night, and now good morning!

MR. GLADSTONE'S HONEYED WORDS.

A correspondent present at the Greenwich election says: A funny incident came under my own notice. The Premier advanced to the front of the hustings bareheaded. Standing still for a moment, he took from his pocket a mysterious-looking bottle, very like a pomade pot, and eyed its contents with great attention. "I'll bet I know what he's going to do with *that*," said a woman in the crowd. "He's going to put it on his head; it's balm o' Giliad, that's what it is." "Balm o' Gibad?" echoed a woman, "why, he's a-eatin' of it, he's a-eatin' the balm," she screamed. "Well, then," rejoined the first speaker, triumphantly, "you may reckon it s the proper sort of balm, or he wouldn't do it. Let him oil his throat well; he'll let the Tories have it." The fact is that Mrs. Gladstone, ever mindful of the duties of a wife, and aware of the fact that the Premier's throat is somewhat given to bronchial attacks, provides him always with a neat little pot of honey and balsam, of which Mr. Gladstone partakes somewhat plentifully before delivering a speech of any length; and it was this lubricatory mixture which led to the remarks that I overheard in the crowd. After all, honey and balsam is better for a man who intends to speak clearly than champagne or gin and soda—beverages in which some of our great speakers are wont to indulge. But Mr. Disraeli will scarcely be inclined to think that there was much honey in the Premier's speech.

That the sun rises in the East and sets in the West is known to all men. Life is good if we will only make it so. Marriage is a blessing, except through some folly of our own. Then there is that truthful saying from Shakspeare, "All things work together for good to those who walk uprightly." But how are you to walk uprightly? That's the rub. Why, leave off drinking bad whisky, and stick to "Cutter's," which is to be found at A. P. Hotaling's, 431 Jackson street.

CROSS PURPOSES.

I love my charming Polly, and
My charming Polly, she
Is fond of Dick, who'd give his hand
For Fan, who doats on—*me*.

Each day I try my Poll to meet;
My Polly pines to see
Young Dick, who lounges every street
For Fan, who hunts up—*me*.

I frown when Fanny's path I cross—
Fan pouts young Dick to see.
Dick swears, the rogue, at Poll, who'll toss
Her head at sight of—*me*.

O, would some kindly fate transfer
Fan's love to Dick, and he
Not love my Poll, and she not care
For Dick, but sigh for—*me!*

But no! it is the lot of man:
'Twas ever so, you see,
That Poll loves Dick, while Dick loves Fan,
And Fan is sweet on—*me*.

THAT SMUGGLING.

Last week we printed a sharp, incisive article, which was very explicit as to certain kinds of smuggling that we were informed was being carried on in this port. We gave insertion to the article after some hesitation. We first explained to our informants that they should seek redress at the Custom House. Their reply was that there was complicity in that quarter. We did not believe it. We thought that any administration that could find an existence under "Tom Shannon" would be honest. We are, however, now convinced that there is a screw loose somewhere. The statements we printed were clear enough to lead to instant inquiry. No inquiry whatever having been made, it is certain that none dare be made, and therefore this thing has got to be followed up. We will do our part. But honest merchants should be brave, unite for their own protection, and see that they have not to compete with the unequal competition of the smuggler.

THE FRENCH CANON.

A French canon came to say mass at St. George's; when it was over he wanted his breviary, which he had left in a room up stairs; he cast his eye round, and seeing, as he thought, a lay brother saying his rosary very devoutly in a corner of the sacristy, he bade him, rather unceremoniously, run away and fetch the book. The supposed lay brother obeyed him promptly, and great was the dismay of Monsieur le Chanoine when, coming in to breakfast, he beheld his messenger seated in the place of honor, and addressed as "my lord;" he fell on his knees for the bishop's blessing, and stammered out his excuses as best he could. Dr. Grant blessed him, and, laughing heartily at his confusion, desired him to get up instantly and attend to his tea.—"*Thomas Grant,*" *by Grace Ramsay.*

Curious Valentine Superstition.---In Brand's "Popular Antiquities" we find the following curious quotation from the *Connoisseur*. A young lady writes: "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, eat it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names on bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world." Happy Mr. Blossom! Speaking for myself, I am disposed to think that I should look favorably upon a vision superinduced by a supper of egg-shell and salt.

Late Love.---Perhaps love is never so potent as when it seizes upon those who have passed there first youth, or even those who have passed the prime of life. The choice made is then likely to be thoroughly suited to the nature of the man; and any intellectual gifts on the part of the woman are likely to be more attractive to a man of this age than to a younger person. Besides, there is a feeling that as life is not likely to be very long, this late love is the last thing to be clung to; and that after it, should it be lost, all will be desolation.—"*Ivan de Biron.*"

The greater portion, if not all, of the cotton crop of this State for 1873 has been marketed and shipped. The receipts of cotton in this city from the interior since the commencement of the last cotton-picking season, amounts to about 250,000 pounds. These figures probably represent the total quantity of cotton raised last year, and show a considerable gain as compared with the cotton crop of 1872, which did not exceed 100,000 pounds.

TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Winter has come, the birds have fled,
Their leaves the red-lipped roses shed;
But in thy liquid throat, Christine,
Perpetual Summer lurks unseen;
And sleeps therein, in shine or hail,
The perfect-throated nightingale;
While on thy lips the roses lie,
That live when all their sisters die.

—*John Fraser in Scribner's.*

THE MONEY MARKET.

The Economist says that the only fact of importance in the money market is the export of gold to France. This was at first supposed to be connected with the export of silver to the East. But this is a mistake. No silver has been sent from Paris to the East, and therefore no gold has been sent to Paris to pay for it. The German Government has as yet supplied all the silver which was wanted for the East, and as yet, also, has not required to be paid in gold at all. Its coinage operations have apparently not been deranged by the demand for silver; it has enough to supply that demand, and also to go on with its coinage, which is now mainly of silver. It is to be observed that the value of money in Paris is now much higher than in the cities of the continent with which it is usual to compare it. The open market rates are: Paris, 4½ to 4⅝; Berlin, 2¾; Frankfort, 2¾; Hamburg, 2¾; Brussels, 3½; Amsterdam, 3½. The reason of this the *Economist* believes to be that in the present position of the French money market the Bank of France has, for monetary purposes, an almost uncontrolled power. Having the sole command of an inconvertible paper issue, it can make the monetary rate what it pleases. In the end even so powerful an operator in the money market is controlled by ordinary laws; it can affect the monetary rate, but it cannot affect the average rate. If it makes money cheaper than it would naturally be, it raises the price of securities; more money is required to hold them, and more, therefore, requires to be borrowed. The artificial cheapness of discount stimulates trade, augments the number of bills, and so causes an increased borrowing. This augmented demand for money in the end forces up the value of money in a degree exactly proportionate to that in which the predominant bank had forced it down before. If, on the other hand, that bank raises the value of money artificially, it depresses securities, diminishes the amount of money required in order to hold them, retards trade, diminishes the bills offered for discount, and so lessens in the end the demand for money. But for the moment an issuer like the Bank of France is predominant, and it is evidently pursuing a settled policy of keeping money dearer in Paris than it is here, and so accumulating a stock of bullion.

Monsieur Adrian Izar, the celebrated French billiard player, gave one of his scientific billiard entertainments in the Newcastle Town Hall recently, before an appreciative assembly. Though an "expert" with the cue his favorable mode of playing is by spinning the ball from between the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand, and he has this great advantage over his opponents who use the cue, that he can move his ball from any part of the board and spin it from whichever side of the object-ball shall be most favorable for the intended cannon or hazard. The first item in the programme was a cannon game of 150 points up, wherein Mr. G. H. Banks, of the Black Boy's Billiard Rooms, received 50 points start, and wielded the cue in opposition to the powerful thumb and fore-finger of the French Professor. Nothing remarkable was done until the Frenchman strung together 11 consecutive cannons, shortly after which the game was called 88 a.l. Here Banks by good playing got away a little, his following shots being particularly good; but it was only on sufferance, however, and Monsieur Izar made his 150 points while Banks only reached 130. Next followed an ordinary game at billiards of 500 up, the cue again wielded by Banks, received 200 start. This time Banks again played well, though his luck was rather against him, his highest break being 42; while the Professor, who seemed able to repeat a losing hazard in one of the corner pockets any number of times, won, after a marvelous exhibition of skill, by nearly 150 points, his highest break being a good all-round one, in which he scored 137 points.

SUNBEAMS.

The walls of London were lately adorned with a large anti-Gladstonian election squib, "Suicide of W. E. Gladstone," and alleging that the melancholy event occurred on Tuesday, 23d of January, and was occasioned by household troubles. An inquest was being held; and the verdict would doubtless be "Boord to death," as the deceased had for days been complaining of feeling "Dizzy."

The speech from the throne, which Prince Bismarck read to the German Reichstag, concludes with the following words: "The repeated interviews of powerful, peace-loving and personally intimate monarchs, and the cordial relations of Germany with nations whose friendship with her is based upon historical traditions, render the Emperor firmly confident of the continuance of peace being assured."

A hatter in Terre Haute, Indiana, has a bundle of old unpaid bills hung up in his store, labeled, "The reason I do not give credit."

EXTRAVAGANCE AND COURT ETIQUETTE.

No one possessed of brain controled by a conscience can live about Washington and not be pained by the unhealthy symptoms in our semi-official and social life. The extravagance, stimulated by a fictitious wealth in the shape of an irredeemable currency, that underlies and poisons social life throughout the country, crops out in Washington in the most repulsive manner. While in large commercial centers the speculators may afford the wildest extravagance, our officials here, who are forced to an unhealthy imitation, are so poorly paid that they are driven into early bankruptcy or theft. These are hard words, and we are to be blamed for using them, and yet in their use there is no exaggeration. They express precisely what every thoughtful mind thinks and feels. Time was in the dim past when the national capital, then a rude village, felt less the influence of wealth than any locality in the country. Official distinction was considered sufficient in itself, and was not won through money. It was considered honor enough to be a senator or a member of the Cabinet, without the fringe-work of mere wealth. Now it is considered a disgrace to be such without the surroundings that money alone procures members of the Cabinet, such as Mr. Boutwell and General Cox were, for example, who sought to live within their incomes, were sneered out of place. At least one was forced to retire, while the other had the life of his family made unhappy by the ridicule that accompanied his high-toned preference for honesty over ostentation. The philosophy of this is to be found not only in the over-issue of paper promises that has poisoned society, but in the change or revolution wrought in our Government. Before the late war a difference in politics was a difference of opinion, each party struggled for a mastery that meant only a different administration of a Government limited to the legitimate and constitutional ends. Now, however, it has fallen into the ways of European despotisms, where the Government is paternal and controls the moneyed interests of the people. Our Congress legislates now on every conceivable subject, and seeks through law to insure a profit to every business. This has brought upon us lobbies of all sorts, each striving to overreach the other: and among these are monopolies and combinations representing immense wealth, that can well afford an expenditure of thousands to secure millions in return. The poor official, oppressed by a style of living he cannot afford, is sorely tempted by the wealth tendered him, and in nine times out of ten quiets his conscience and covers his reputation by accepting the bribe sugar-coated by a pretence of business. Why should a Cabinet officer or a member of Congress be deprived of his right as a citizen to invest in stocks, any more than he should be prohibited purchasing real estate? And so we have Credit Mobilier, North Pacific, Pacific Mail, and a hundred other scandals that disgrace us in the eyes of the world. Now, it is well-known that, with the exception of the President, no prominent official can live in Washington within the salary allowed him by law. Said a Cabinet officer to us, "I am as economical as it is possible for me to be and live at all; yet the keep alone of my carriage and pair is $195 a year, my house-rent is $2,000, entertaining eats up as much more, and when to this you add the thousand and one expenditures incident to such a life as this, you see that the salary paid me reaches a little over one-half my cost of living." This gentleman is not noted for his extravigance; he simply complies with the requirements of this unhealthy social life. Small wonder, then, that high officials come here poor and return rich, or being wealthy, purchase their places and then realize a handsome profit on their investment. Small wonder that a Cabinet officer is convicted of defrauding the Government of $1,600 that he may drive a satin-lined landaulet drawn by Government horses. And less wonder that, running through all the feverish whirl of hollow show and extravagance, there is a belief in theft and a confidence in dishonesty. Accompanying this—indeed the fungus growth from such decay—is the growing recognition of an official aristocracy. Our poor old barn of an executive mansion has come to be a court. Its etiquette and ceremonies have an imperial flavor. Once upon a time the President won respect, not through his office, but from his individual refinement and ability. Now, however, we speak with bated breath in the presence of a coarse soldier, and his courtiers are ready with excuses for any eccentricity of conduct, to use the mildest phrase, and threaten one with personal violence if he venture to comment upon or criticise his acts. The female members of his family have, for the first time in the history of our republic, official recognition, and we have first ladies and second ladies, and in the rush of a public levee the common people. The General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy are paid heavy salaries, with the only duty left them of keeping up little courts for their aristocratic circles. And so we go, while accredited diplomatists from abroad assure their sovereigns that the Republic is fast passing to a Monarchy, and fill their dispatches with ridicule of our social ways, and our ears would tingle to hear them laughing at our courtly manners, that are as awkward as they are pitiful and mean.—*Washington Capital.*

The Traveled Thane.---A Scotch traveler, writing home from the Far West, says: "Descending to the bar-room, I took my turn at a tin wash-basin, with a cake of yellow soap, and dried myself on a musty towel hung on a broom. A bootjack and a lean dog laid in the middle of the floor; the chairs had long ceased to be quadrupeds; discomfort is king, and dirt is prime minister."

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, February 26th, 1874.

My Dear News Letter:—I am still in London, although you haven't heard from me for a long time. Foreign travel is certainly very beneficial, and I do not wonder that so many Americans come to Europe for the purpose of seeing what is better or worse here than with them at home. A new arrival from the United States may easily be detected. He goes at once to the Langham Hotel, pays his cabman twice as much as he ought, and gives the porter half a crown for carrying his luggage to his room, instead of sixpence.

A great many (but not all) say "I guess" continually for the first week, not quite so much the second, and it is generally dropped if they stay a year, and they readily take up the English expressions of I fancy, I rather think so, and others, not but what I guess is just as well, but they don't hear others say it, and they object to being a marked member of society. Americans generally wear mustaches, and 'tis a singular fact that the adornment for the upper lip grows more luxuriously on the other side of the Atlantic than here. If an American arrives in London before dinner, the first thing he does after having partaken of it, is to go to the Alhambra, then to the Argyle Rooms. The next night he visits Cremorne Gardens, the next day the Tower, and talks seriously of going to Paris by the evening train. Three days in London, if he is without a family, is quite enough for him, for he is in haste to get on the Continent, and promises a longer stay in London on his return, which promise he never fulfils. If he has a family, his sons and daughters speak French as well as English till they strike French soil, when they discover that they can't understand a single word, nor do the natives appear to understand them, and the aforesaid sons and daughters are compelled to tell their parents that they were not taught that way at school. Those who were very democratic at home, and not very particular about their personal appearance, now affect white neckties, swallow tails, and part their hair in the middle, and wonder why their other friends who have arrived later should be so rude as to appear without them.

On their arrival in Paris the male portion rush for the Jardin Mabile, and the female for the Bon Marché.

Even clergymen visit the former place, but merely to comment on the terrible wickedness and iniquity of Paris, and to have a chat with some pretty woman, in order to convert her, which, however, doesn't always end that way.

These clergymen generally have bronchitis, or want to have it, hence their reason for coming abroad. I have often wondered how it was that clergymen who are installed over poor congregations are so very healthy. I have never heard of one coming to Europe for his health.

The same may apply to merchants—they never require a change of air till they become wealthy, nor do they get softening of the brain. I have in my mind's eye a poor invalid, who came from New York a short time since for his health. He was worth millions, consequently—reckoning by amounts—very ill. I saw this hospital patient in Paris, and he could smoke more cigars, drink more champagne, visit more café chantants than any healthy man I ever saw, and yet he said he was too ill to attend to business.

When I left San Francisco I was not very well, that is, I had a little money, but I'm awfully robust now, although I make every effort to get softening of the brain; in fact, I don't care how soon it comes or how heavy the attack. I dare say you know what the symptoms are, if not, I'll give you an idea, so you may detect it at once. For instance, we will take Mr. Bladder—whom you know quite a prominent man in your city. His case commenced with a gradual forgetfulness of his old associates when he met them; he entirely forgot his partner of early days, those with whom he had eaten and drank and washed his clothes—and, very likely, in fact more than likely, washed theirs. He also forgot the man for whom he used to drive a bull team. This continued during the first year. The next year he grew worse; the disease became chronic, and he changed his residence to a more fashionable—I mean healthy—locality, and commenced to treat the disease constitutionally, gave up his old doctor who walked to see his patients, and took another one who drove a pair of horses. He then got a little better, but suddenly relapsed into an attack of livery for his servants, and forgot his old mother, who had just the faintest touch of the brogue. The disease now reached its climax, and he was fearful to contemplate; he became inflated like a balloon, gradually larger and larger, until at last the accumulation of air was so great that it actually carried him up—up—up—so high that from his dizzy hight he can scarcely recognize any one. I tremble for his safety, for he has been gone so long that, if he ever descends, his old friends will surely fail to know him, and he will have to fall back on the free lunches, as in the good old days past, when he was glad to drink with any one—even

YOUR GREAT ORIENTAL.

This laconic but sensible German ought to be sent out to lecture among the people on temperance: "I sall tell you how it vas. I drank mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vosh vone pain. Den I put mine hand on mine body, and dere vosh anoder pain. Den I put my hand in my pocket, and dere was noting. So I jine mid de temperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere vas twenty tollars. So I stay mid de temperance."

"IN THE POUTS."

Cheeks of an om'nous crimson,
Eye-brows arched to a frown,
Pretty red lips a-quiver
With holding their sweetness down.

Glance that is never uplifted
From hands that, in cruel play,
Are tearing the white rose petals
And tossing their hearts away.

Only to think that a whisper,
An idle, meaningless jest,
Should stir such a world of passion
In a dear, little, loving breast.

Yet ever for such light trifles
Will lover and lass fall out,
And the humblest lad grow haughty,
And the gentlest maiden pout.

Of course I must sue for pardon;
For *what* I can hardly say!
But deaf to opposing reason,
A woman will have her way.

And when in despite of her frowning,
The scorn, the grief and the rue,
She looks so bewitchingly pretty,
Why, what can a poor fellow do?

ARJÆL.

THAT BANK.

Although San Francisco is, as we all know, a very fine city, it is not remarkable for its public buildings, and every addition to the number deserves note. The new home of the London and San Francisco Bank is a structure worthy of that flourishing institution, and deserves to rank as one of the ornaments of our burg. The daily papers have spared us the necessity for lengthened details, which nobody reads anyhow, and for which the *News Letter* has a decided antipathy. Suffice it to say that the structure is a model building, combining great strength with every modern improvement skill could suggest or money could obtain. The architect, David Farquharson, has a perfect right to be proud of it, and we believe that every one who has had a hand in its construction, fitting or decoration, has done his level best. The style is Italian, modified to suit the requirements of the present day. The *Bulletin* says that it is Venetian-Italian, which may be, but which is a good deal like calling the Parthenon friezes Athenian-Greek. We shall not worry our readers with more than the following facts: The banking room is over forty feet wide and nearly one hundred deep, with a clear hight of twenty-two feet. The delicately, but simply frescoed ceiling, is in perfect good taste, while all the arrangements, furniture, etc., are in keeping, indicating that the head of the bank has not merely a head himself, but an artistic eye. The cast-iron facing which while being placed in position attracted so much attention from the business men, bankers, brokers, and dead-brokers of California street, is disconnected from the brick work, and the metal thereof weighs only a couple of hundred tons or so. The building is as nearly fireproof as possible, is heated by hot water apparatus, and has special arrangements for ventilation. There is a patent clock which indicates the time o' day on three separate dials. There are five impregnable vaults, the locks of which look as though they might bother even Ensign to pick. Above the bank, with entrance on California street, are two stories of magnificent offices, a suite of which will be occupied by our decorated friend, Col. Barnes. Above the main entrance to the bank, the British lion smiles complacently at an amiable looking grizzly, and neither cares a fig for the bulls and bears on the street. The London and San Francisco Bank will commence business in its new quarters on Monday morning.

THE OLD MUCKRAKER.

Among her cosmopolitan population, San Francisco numbers a lineal offshoot of the old muckraker, of whom some account is given in an entertaining romance entitled, "Pilgrim's Progress." Our old man inherits the characteristic trait of his ancient relative, and goes about raking the sewers and slum receptacles in search of jewels, while all the time the great diamond truth, a priceless gem, hangs just above his head. But it is a prize he will never secure, for, alas, like his renowned ancestor, he never looks up. The worst of it is, our San Francisco muckraker, not content with a daily indulgence in his ruling passion, prints a newspaper, and seven days in the week nauseates all within his reach with a display of his daily rake catch. It is an unsavory mess, strongly suggestive of mouldy bread, rotten apples, and stale notions, such as usually reward the efforts of the persistent gutter snipe. Of the morning dose there is always enough and more than enough. Its whezey sameness became monotonous years ago, and people long since ceased to taste of what they never relished. They learned to regard it as a species of noisome fungus, which nightly renews itself in the pathway of their daily routine. There is but one hope for relief from this infliction, and that is anchored in the thought that the old muckraker is not immortal. He cannot but die, and all look forward with pleasure to the near approaching day when his body shall rest beside the *Morning Bulletin*, and his soul, about the existence of which there is great doubt, muckrake in hand, will take its way for that reservation kept constantly warm for the consolation of those who spend a lifetime here in sliming over their fellow men. He never looked up in this world, and those who seek him in the next will have no occasion to elevate their gaze. There, as here, he will be found bearing mining stock and bucking against Stanford & Co., unless the devil shall convince him that the *Call* will make more money by taking the other side.

THE LONDON "TIMES" ON CALIFORNIA.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, JAN. 10, 1874.

On the fourth day of the joint assembly of the two Houses of the California Legislature, Governor Booth was elected, on the first ballot, to represent California in the United States' Senate for a term of six years from the 4th of March, 1875. At the commencement of the session Mr. Estee had been elected as Speaker, and subsequently Judge Hager, a Democrat and an Anti-Monopolist, was chosen as Senator for the short term in the place of Mr. Casserly, who had resigned. These elections indicate the power of the Independent Party.

The following is recorded as the grain produce of the State for the six months ending December 31st:—Wheat (in 100lb. sacks), 6,030,640; barley, 740,800; oats, 175,580; flour (in barrels), 259,912. Compared with the same period in 1872, these receipts show a decline of over a million of centals while those of flour show a gain of 140,000 barrels. Of the latter 233,000 barrels have been shipped to Great Britain; and if these shipments prove successful they will probably be followed by 40,000 barrels more before the season is out. The total shipments of wheat to Europe during the same time are 4,686,579 sacks, and of barley 36,536 sacks. The flour shipped is of high grade, and, it is hoped, will fully realize the anticipations of shippers. The most desirable wheat for milling in California is the White Australian; next to that comes the White Chili, and then a variety known as White Club. There are two varieties of the latter, the White, preferred for home use, and the Yellow Club, the kind that is principally shipped to Europe.

Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., the great carriers of the Pacific coast, lately published their annual statement of precious metals produced in the States and Territories west of the Missouri River, including British Columbia, during 1873. The combined product of these was, in 1872, $82,236,913; for 1873, $72,258,693, showing a gain in the last year of $10,000,000 over the preceding one, and exhibiting the largest yield for one year in the history of the Pacific coast. The States which have increased their production of the precious metals are Nevada, Utah, and Colorado, while the rest have decreased. The increase in Nevada alone is nearly $10,000,000, the total product of which about equals all the others. The total coinage of gold by the San Francisco Mint for the year 1873 amounted to $21,154,700, of silver, to $920,900. The Trade dollar, which was first coined in the Mint in 1872, has been recently introduced into China, with the view of superseding the Mexican dollar; but its success in that country is hardly yet established, though there can be no doubt as to its ultimately being taken into favor, owing to the superiority of the coin; whether it will be used as currency or condemned to the melting pot is as yet uncertain. The import trade between England and San Francisco has greatly increased in dimensions, and to give your readers an idea of its extent the following items may be mentioned as some of the principal imports for 1873:—Coal, 50,034 tons, duty 75 cents; pig iron, 7,092 tons, duty $7, less 10 per cent. (quantity in hand, 6,950 tons); pipes, tubes, and flues in pieces and bundles, 15,675; duty on cast-iron, 1½ cents per lb., less 10 per cent., and on wrought iron, 3¾ cents; tin plates, 20,397 boxes, duty 15 per cent.; block tin, 3,803 pigs, duty free; sheet zinc, 832 half casks, duty 2¾ cents per lb., less 10 per cent.; yellow metal sheathing, 424 cases, duty 3 cents per lb., less 10 per cent.; Portland cement, 8,966 barrels, duty 20 per cent.; fire bricks, 649,955, duty 20 per cent.; beer, 21,865 gallons, duty 20 cents per gallon on draught, 35 cents per gallon on bottled; salt, 1,985 tons, duty 8 cents per 100lb. in bulk, 12 cents per 100lb. in bags, etc.; bicarbonate of soda, 3,632 cwt., duty 1½c. per lb.; bags, 14,052, duty 40 per cent. In many cases, it may be observed, the import market is overstocked, owing to the persistency exhibited by merchants who send their goods to California unadvisedly, with the result that, if sold at all, they are disposed of at far lower rates than the same class of merchandise would fetch in England. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company will in the course of a short time have three large iron steamships on the China line—viz., the *Panama*, the *City of Callao*, and the *City of Pekin*. These steamers, carrying as much cargo and as many passengers as the side-wheel vessels now composing the fleet of the company, will be enabled with compound engines driving the propellers to steam at least the same distance per day, and consume 10 or 15 tons less fuel. On a voyage of 30 days this will amount to from 300 to 400 tons. Passengers, however, will lose in comfort by the propellers, as heretofore every cabin passenger has had a state room to himself, and these rooms are much larger than those in steamers crossing the Atlantic. Six Chinese have less space in their bunks than one cabin passenger, and the business of carrying the latter class of passengers has been found an unprofitable one. There is a new Board of Directors, from which a change for the better may be anticipated.

Under the presidency of Mr Stockwell, four steamers of the Webb (Australian) line were purchased for $800,000, only one of these, the *Nevada*, being now in service, after an outlay on her of $100,000. The rest of the vessels are past profitable repair, and could not in their present condition obtain a certificate from the United States' Inspector of Hulls. Among other considerable reductions made in the expenses of the company was the discontinuance of an annual charge of $33,000, payable to the owners of the steamer *William Taber*, to keep that vessel unemployed, and not in opposition. The result is that we have now competition on the San Diego route, and as a consequence a reduction of rates. Reductions in the fares from San Francisco to New York (*viâ* Panama) are also announced from $100 and $125 to $90 and $100. When the above-mentioned propellers are put on the China line, they will run from Hongkong to Panama, *viâ* Yokohama and San Fran-

cisco, stopping long enough here to discharge freight, and then proceed direct to Panama, each steamer making the round trip in four months. A Bill has been introduced into the Assembly relative to Chinese immigration. It provides for the punishment of any one who shall ill use, conceal, confine, or kidnap any Mongolian, male or female, or contract for the services or labor of such person against his or her will, and any person who shall import Chinese from a foreign country for the purpose of selling or in any manner transferring the services or labor of such person, in violation of Section 18 of Article 1 of the Constitution of the State of California, shall, upon conviction, be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both.

Smallpox is daily increasing among us, and much alarm has been manifested by the revelations of the police, who have discovered numerous cases, sedulously concealed, in the Chinese part of the city. It is said that the bodies of those who die are disposed of in some mysterious manner, as in many instances it is known that they are not interred at the cemeteries. The usual warning, a yellow flag hung out by the police on houses known to be infected, is systematically pulled down or covered over by the inmates, and, despite the numerous arrests for the offences against the laws of health and the exemplary punishment of guilty parties by the Courts, there is no visible improvement in the condition of the Chinese. The localities they occupy give ample evidence to the passer by of want of cleanliness, and, as they utterly disregard the admonitions they have received, it may become absolutely necessary to compel them to remove *en masse* into the suburbs of the city.

The number of real estate sales in San Francisco in 1873 was 3,134, of the value of $12,383,752. The total debt of the city amounts to $4,504,075, of which $3,212,500 is funded debt and $1,291,575 is floating. Chicago has about double our population; its funded and floating debt amounts to $15,393,332. It is not government, but dishonesty and mismanagement which weighs so heavily upon taxpayers in large American cities. The State Controller of Nevada has published an abstract, from which it appears that the increase for the past year in assessments of real and personal property amounts to $3,987,359. This is exclusive of the products of the mines, the gross yield of which, for the year ending June 30, 1873, was $28,559,685. The valuation of the mines as returned for taxable purposes was $13,392,105, which is considered a very good return for the sage-brush State, as Nevada is termed.

San Francisco is destined to become a great monetary center, New York alone taking precedence of it on this continent. It already regulates the balance of trade, and is the banking center for all the country down to Mexico on the south, to British Columbia on the north, and to the Rocky Mountains on the east. It is the leading point in the interchange of commerce between the United States and the continent of Asia, Japan and the Sandwich Islands. Banking property is the most valuable of any in the city. California street is our Lombard street. Land on it, with an average depth of 90 feet, is worth $3,500 a front foot, while corners of streets are held at from $4,500 to $6,000 a front foot. These prices include the buildings erected on the land. We have sixteen commercial banks, four of which are English. These banks have a capital of over $17,000,000, and their average deposits amount to $12,000,000. There are also ten savings banks, which hold deposits amounting to nearly $45,000,000. The standard rate for money at the banks of discount is one per cent. per month, though accommodations are frequently granted at the rate of ten per cent. per annum. The money market here is probably more steady and unvarying than in any other large city of the United States. We have, of course, an occasional tightness in the money market, but no such seasons of panic and sudden declines in the value of securities (excluding mining stocks) as are commonly experienced in the Eastern States. During the past year, notwithstanding the financial disasters elsewhere, there has been no prominent failure in California. This is in a great measure to be attributed to the character of our currency, and the large deposits in our savings banks tend to keep up the supply of money and act as a safety-valve in hard times. These institutions are prohibited by their charters from granting loans on any securities but city or country land, or on city, State and United States bonds. The merchants who have such property can always secure loans from the savings banks at nine to ten per cent. per annum. This is the ruling rate of the "Hibernia"—a savings bank largely patronized by persons of Irish nationality—with deposits amounting to over $14,000,000.

The railroads of this coast, with a few unimportant exceptions, are owned or controled by the Central Pacific Railway Company. The exceptions are the Oregon and California Railroad, the bonds of which it may be rembered were sold to German capitalists under false pretences; the North Pacific, a short local line, and two narrow-gauge lines now under construction. The Central and Southern Pacific lines and their branches comprise 1,593 miles of railroad. The California and Oregon branch of the Central Pacific road, leading northward towards Oregon and British Columbia, is in running order to the town of Redding, 310 miles north of San Francisco, and within about 140 miles of the Oregon boundary. The southern branch of the Central Pacific line through the San Joaquin Valley is complete to a point 187 miles south of the main line, at Lathrop. The Central Pacific Railroad Company have lately removed their offices from Sacramento to this city, where they own 100 acres of land, valued at $5,000,000. It is gratifying to be able to state that the whole of the interest on the company's bonds have been duly paid up. The increase of traffic on Californian railroads, especially on the Central Pacific line, has been proportionally greater than on any other railroad in the Union. In consequence, however, of the freight arrangement hitherto existing between

the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Overland Railroad Companies having been annulled, and the increased facilities and low rates now offered by the Isthmus route, and also to the withdrawal of through traffic to and from China and Japan, there will be an obvious falling off in overland traffic. This will probably be rectified before long by another combination between the railroad men and the steamship managers.

Sheep raising is a source of profitable employment in California, and large tracts of land, sufficient to support from 10,000 to 20,000 sheep, may be purchased of the original holders of Spanish grants in any of the middle or southern counties. Good sheep land may also be bought at $3 per acre, but if it happens to be well watered and near a railroad, it becomes enhanced in price for the purpose of growing wheat, a more popular if not a more profitable employment in California. A considerable quantity of land is still to be had at Government price, but it labors under the disadvantage of either being remote from water or up in the mountains, where it is only available for Summer pasturage. About five millions of sheep are supported on the natural grasses of the State. No cultivated lands are used for sheep, and very little of the finer grasses are sown for their use. The sheep come into very good condition during the Summer and Autumn months, but fall away in Winter before the grass has made its appearance above the ground. It is estimated that a range containing 20,000 acres will feed 10,000 sheep, and in favorable years 15,000. In very dry seasons the flocks on the plains and in the valleys have suffered fearfully from drought, the only means of saving them from destruction being their immediate removal to the nearest mountains or foot-hills. The average price of ewes after shearing is $2 75 to $3 per head, that of lambs at weaning, $1 50 to $1 75 per head. The breed of sheep most in favor in this State is the Spanish Merino, which, from its hardihood and good shearing qualities, is the most adapted to the requirements of the California rancher. It is usual to shear flocks twice each year in the Spring and Fall- without washing. Four pounds of wool at each shearing is considered a good yield, though this quantity is often exceeded. The product of wool for the year 1873, including the whole coast, was about 28,000,000 lbs. The Spring clip of the same year sold at 20 cents per lb., that of the Fall at 17 cents. The woollen mills of Oregon and California consumed about 6,000,000 lbs., and 22,000,000 lbs. were sent to Eastern markets. Among our wool growers are several Englishmen, who have taken up large tracts of country, and report very favorably of the result of their experience.

From observations taken at the United States Signal Office in this city, it appears that during 1873 the mean barometer for the year was 30.04; mean temperature, 55.07; highest temperature, 79; lowest temperature, 41; total rainfall, 18.55 inches; number of days in which rain fell, 64. In December the total rainfall was 9.72 inches, and the number of rainy days 17. The rains in the mountains have been very heavy at Placerville up to the 20th of December, the rainfall having been 24.99 inches for the season, as against 12.93 inches for the same period last year. At Woodland, in Yolo County, the rainfall was 9.69 inches, and this quantity may be accepted as a fair estimate of the average rainfall in most of the central agricultural counties of the State. Fears are entertained in many quarters of a limited grain crop, on account of the continuous rainfall, which has prevented farmers from plowing, and which threatens to destroy the early-sown grain; but, on the whole, the farmers anticipate a most favorable season.

The Yosemite Valley, with its perpendicular bare granite cliff 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, and its waterfalls, like silver threads, 800 to 2,600 feet in hight, has more than once been described in the English papers. Since the completion of the Pacific Railroad, the valley has been a point of attraction to numbers of Englishmen, and to those going to or coming from Asia and Australia by the overland route. Members of the Alpine Club have explored this wonderful region, and astonished both residents and visitors by their feats of pedestrianism and climbing. Those interested in the sublime and beautiful will be pleased and astonished to learn that a more wonderful gorge or canyon than that of the Yosemite, but similar to it in its peculiarities of towering granite cliffs and lofty waterfalls, has been recently discovered and explored. It is situated seventeen miles north of the Yosemite Valley, and is called the Great Tuolumne Canyon. One of the main rivers of the State foams in rapids, thunders in waterfalls, and flows in milk-white eddies through this gorge, which is twenty miles long, with an average width of about a quarter of a mile. The Yosemite Valley is only six miles in length, with an average breadth of nearly a mile. The narrowness of the Tuolumne gorge gives it an appearance of still greater elevation to its precipitous boundary walls, some of which rise to a hight of ¾ of a mile above the river, at the bottom of the canyon.

The largest of the few glaciers met with in the United States are to be found in this wild portion of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains. Forests of gigantic trees of the order *Sequoia Gigantea*, and of the largest and finest descriptions of the sugar, yellow, and white pine trees in the United States exist in this high mountain region. The main peaks of the Sierra Nevada chain have an elevation of 13,000 or 14,000 feet. The most charming feature of the whole of this region is its waterfalls, watersheots, rapids, and cascades. It is difficult for any person who has not visited these scenes to understand what a variety of hues and forms water can be made to assume. Where it has been much "churned" and thrown into the air by its contact with rocks in the bed of the river, it becomes aerated, and then closely resembles steam. It is, however, of a purer white, and but for the knowledge that snow could not fall so densely, some of the falls at a distance might be mistaken for it. As a wagon road is to be constructed to the Yosemite Valley next year, it will be possible to travel there by stage. Hitherto the saddle has been requisite for 23 miles by one route, and for eight miles by the other.

MY HAND IN THINE.

My hand in thine—my hand in thine!
Oh! 'twere of purest bliss a sign!
Then banished all this dread dull pain—
Then dried the tears that drop like rain.

My hand in thine—then all below
I'd meet with triumph—weal or woe;
And every earthly care resign,
If I could keep my hand in thine.

My hand in thine—then all forgot—
The wrongs of earth—I'd heed them not.
Bravely should strength and hope combine
To guide me—were my hand in thine.

My hand! 'tis aching, restless, lone—
(Oh! balmiest med'cine's in thine own),
Keep not its healing touch from mine
But let me place my hand in thine.

ARJÆL.

FUNNY FINANCIERING.

We have heard of many kinds of Banking in our time. There is your safe Banker, with large capital, undoubted securities, a cautious way of doing business; a special reluctance to taking up new accounts unaccompanied by the highest guarantees, and an absolute horror of paper which is not "guilt-edged." We are sorry to say that it is only this sort of Banker who generally meets with perfect financial success. We wish that the laws regulating these matters would call into existence the genial, open-hearted, merry, easily persuaded, happy-go-lucky sort of Banker. We should go for him directly. Our best poet should sing his praises. *Our Town Crier* should everlastingly be permitted to use his best Damascus blade to lop off the heads of all his enemies, and the *News Letter* should worship at the shrine of the Great Unknown. We long wished to meet just the kind of financial agent we have described. Alas! He came not. It is true we have met your smiling Banker who rubbed his hands, "smiled and smiled again; but stabbed you while he smiled." He would invite you into his parlor and blandly ask "What *can* I do for you this morning?" Your hopes would run high, and you would quietly pull out of your pocket that little piece of paper you would like to have "done." In an instant what a change! Those smiles have taken unto themselves wings and flown, and a face is left that is as cold and hard as granite. That paper is not "done." Then again there is your intriguing Banker. He has perhaps a bad or doubtful account to wind up. He nurses it long and carefully gets out himself and sticks at nothing. No; not even at letting others in whom he had undertaken to keep out. Pays paper in which he is interested, and leaves unpaid that in which he is not. Happily this is, indeed, a rare specimen of the genus Banker. In London and other centers there are associations that look after him as tenderly as if he were an exotic. These are a few specimens of the Bankers we have met. They might be added to, for their name is legion. But we hasten on to announce that we have struck a funny Banker. Yes; decidedly funny he is. He sends us a circular headed "PACIFIC BANK," and signed "*Peter H. Burnett.*" It is a remarkable document; a very remarkable document is that self-same circular. It presents these two pictures to your vivid imagination as the result of doing business at the "Pacific.' Look on this picture, then on that:

"PACIFIC."	ANTI "PACIFIC."
Farmer at the plow,	Farmer gone to see the show,
Wife milking the cow,	Daughter at the piano,
Girls all spinning yarn,	Madam gaily dressed in satin,
Boys threshing in the barn,	All the boys studying Latin,
All happy to a charm.	With a mortgage on the farm.

After that we would not wonder if the only way to save our immortal soul is to be found in banking at the "Pacific." The *Town Crier* says *he's* going to try. Mr. Burnett proceeds to tell us that "by a long experience in banking in this city, we have a thorough knowledge of the business," and then breaks out in story in this fashion:

"Old Lefevre's illustration of the theory of banking, to a customer whose account was *always* overdrawn, certainly rivals the best treatise on that subject. Watching the customer, he caught him one day at the counter and said to him: 'You and and I must understand one another something better than we do now seem to. I am afraid that you don't know what banking really is; give me leave to tell you. It is my business to take care of your money, but I find you are always taking care of mine. Now, that is not banking; it must be the other way. I'm the banker—not you. You understand me now; I'm sure you do.'"

Well, yes! *We* rather think we do. It means that the "Pacific" is a very liberal sort of a concern—one that will "take care" of your money, whatever else it does; but says nothing about reciprocity. Yes, by-the-bye!—we were mistaken—it *does* say something that at least looks like reciprocity. It says: "*We shall be pleased to have your account*" (the italics are in the original), "and trust we can make it mutually advantageous and satisfactory, and will furnish, by letter or otherwise, any additional information desired touching our mutual interests." "Mutual interests" is good; "advantageous and satisfactory" is better. We are beginning to like the "Pacific" already. It "will be *pleased* to have our account," and will make it a-d-v-a-n-t-a-g-e-o-u-s and s-a-t-i-s-f-a-c-t-o-r-y! That just suits us, to a T. We are off to try "Burnett's Pacific," sure!

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

What in the name of all that is incomprehensible do the *Bulletin* and *Call* mean by their constant howling after the City Hall Commissioners? They stand so immeasurably high above these yelping curs that one only can complain of the nuisance without being in the least influenced by the barking. To continue the metaphor. There is a certain species of small dog, half poodle and wholly bastard, kept by women of easy virtue, whose office it is to attract passers-by, and thereby the police penalty for solicitation is evaded. The *Bulletin* and *Call* in like manner attract attention and prostitute their little talents by barking and snarling at the good workers of our community. Of course they get kicked and beaten every now and then, as for example in the late affair of Mayor Otis, but in general they are simply offensive and snappy. What on earth can these two sour imbecilities say that can effect the characters of such men as Eastland, Canavan or McLane. Those gentlemen are so honorable and so well and thoroughly known to be such, that as we have already said, the *Bulletin* and *Call* seek notoriety by attacking the strong, even though the attack ends by ignominious defeat, or else, as has just occurred to us, the slanderous lies they utter may proceed from that natural foulness of expression and venom of thought which fraud ever has for honesty and the atrabilious spite which a mean nature engenders for that which is noble and praiseworthy. No one believes their false accusations, but at the same time we repeat they are a nuisance, a bore, and a morning and evening offense.

We never did entertain any great respect for Joseph. In fact, we always thought him something of a muff, but he is a princely fellow beside this Catholic priest who resists temptation so forcibly. What a seducing chap the fellow must be! We have never in our experience been forced to kick and lash and scourge the fair beings upon whom our fleshly eye was turned. As a rule, they are pouting and pettish, and wish to be wooed. Oh, Rev. father, we fear you had in contemplation a big parish, or a bishopric, or, who knows but in the dim distance a Cardinal's hat, and intended this exploit should reach the ears of Rome. You are too loud in your imprecations, too violent in your resistance. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and no one knows it better than the women, dear Padre. Therefore, take it easy. St. Anthony himself didn't kick up such a row about his nymph, and his bones are canonized now. It would sound rather oddly to say St. Anthony was once sued for assault and battery, and that upon a woman. Your reverence is too noisy in your virtue. You have too much smoke—there must be some fire. We would like to examine your breviary for innocent-looking pictures, with a world of meaning in them; your conscience for that which "you will still keep to yourself, and scarcely tell you ony." Out upon you for a sly old sinner, unless, indeed, the Art Association is responsible for you.

The Shop and Senate is dead, after nine months of feeble existence. Significant figure. We have heard of its taking that length of time to put life in, but never knew it took so long to put it out. In fact, we never knew there was such a thing as the *Shop and Senate* till a man told us it was dead, and, as he was told by a man, who was told by a man who was told by another man, who read about it in the newspapers, we won't vouch for its truth. However, for the benefit of the general public, we will state that if there was such a thing as the *Shop and Senate*, it was a paper devoted to the workingman's bosh, and had a subscription list of one. It was edited, written, published and subscribed to by General A. M. Winn, upon whose breakfast plate the solitary copy shall lie no more, happily, for even his stomach must have refused to digest his own twaddle. We have urged upon a benign Providence, any time this ten years, the advisability of gathering the old gentleman to his forefathers. Now we give up hope. His forefathers will have more objections than ever to receiving him after having sent the *Shop and Senate* before as a prelude of what they may expect.

Perhaps no quality is more charming than modesty. For ourselves we always pay it glowing tribute whenever found. Now we can't see why the management of the Alhambra shouldn't produce the *Grand Duchess* for the party of two or three country visitors, who would make it convenient to go and see it while they stop, as they modestly announce through the newspapers. For ourselves, we suggest that Mr. Barton Hill bring out *Midsummer Night's Dream* for the benefit of a couple of gentlemen from Mud Springs, who may sojourn among us for a day or two, or *Le Roi Carotte* for a couple of Dutchmen whom the temperance women have put out of business, and upon whose hands time hangs heavy. Perhaps Miss Neilson might be induced to throw off a night or two, that *Babil and Bijou* might be presented for the residents of the Mission, or possibly the Bella Union might throw open its doors for a night or two to the Van De Mark congregation. Who knows but that the Woman's Rights Convention may yet demand to hold their meetings in the Placard Exchange!

We notice among the contributions to the Academy of Sciences the ear-bone of a hump-backed whale. Such an acquisition to the cabinet can scarce be passed without notice. It deserves to rest upon the same shelf with a spider's cork leg, with a lock from the top of Ben Butler's head, with a sigh from Charley Peter's chest, with a joke from Pickering, with a *bon mot* from MacCrellish, with a slice from Michael Reese's instep, with a prayer from Colonel Dudley's lips, or with any other strange, unnatural and unknown production of a prolific country.

We read in an exchange of a woman who got a severe scolding from her uncle some thirty years ago, and who was so sensitive that it drove her to silence, and she has never wagged her tongue since. We have been racked ever since with a terrible curiosity as to the location of sensitiveness in Mrs. *Town's* anatomy. Out of pure psychological or metaphysical motives we have called her by turns a vampire, a laughing hyena, a woman suffragist, a temperance "peripatetic prayer," and still she talks. We have insinuated that she was a Xantippe, a female lobbyist, a Medusa, a gorgon, a Susan B. Anthony, yet the gabble does not cease. We have, in withering tones of contempt, capped the climax by terming her a Van de Mark follower, yet she has only tipped us a wink, smiled a smile, and babbled on. The experiment has failed. Either we have no imagination, or Mrs. *T.* is not sensitive. The truth is, our ministers have hurled death and damnation, fire and fury from the pulpit so hotly that a woman doesn't know when she is getting a dowright scolding.

We have amongst us a patriarch one hundred and eleven years old, who does not claim to have seen George Washington! He never held his horse, nor blacked his boots, nor combed his wig, nor polished his regimentals, nor danced in the minuet with him, nor saw him go by in a carriage, nor ever had his head patted by him, nor ever contributed in any way, manner, shape or form, by accident, design or otherwise, to the personal reminiscences of the immortal George. He deserves to be put upon the pension list for his moral bravery in acknowledging it, and his name written in letters of fire. We don't know his name, but if any one will find it out we will furnish the fire. We may remark as a preliminary that he is a Digger Indian, and we may not spell it right, but we mean well. We are willing to make a mistake in spelling for a chance of seeing a man a century old who has *not* seen Washington.

The temperance cause waxeth weak, for great is thy strength, oh! Bourbon. The little gilt-edge pledges are as unsuccessful as raffle tickets for a charity fair. The fever of enthusiasm is past, and our lady friends are wrestling with a dead sensation. Slings, toddies, punches, and cocktails hold their own. You went badly to work, oh, women, as you always do. There was too much of an odor of the ballot-box crowd about you. Suffrage stood in the background waving its skinny arms over you. As usual, there were too many sharp noses, and peaked chins, and ferret eyes among you. And you were too thick with the parsons, who are always able to damn any cause. Still, take you for all in all, although you may be an excessively disagreeable crowd, you are not a bad lot, and we are perfectly willing to drink your very good health in Cutter's best. So here goes!

There is something in the atmosphere surrounding the great and exalted of station which makes them more interesting to the general horde than people of common clay. We like to hear of their sayings and doings, their births, marriages and deaths. It is of vastly more interest that the Duke of Edinburgh chose a Russian bride than that John Smith chose Matilda Hobbs—excepting to Miss Hobbs. It is this feeling, perhaps, which has set a nation to mourning and lamentation. The mighty have fallen. The peerless creature of her kind has ceased to be. The papers are teeming with pathetic accounts of her last moments. Gentle eyes drop tears over her which they never would have shed over Brindle, Spot or Short-horn. But then the Duchess of Genoa cost a cool $40,000, yet left no calf behind. Funeral service not yet announced.

We have agitated ourselves to a fearful extent over the report of a balloon excursion, as given in the *Chronicle*. After a labored and attentive reading of this facetious paragraph, we are in a maze of balloons, Professors, reporters, and donkey-engines. We cannot quite ascertain whether the Professor, the reporter, and the engines were donkeys, or whether the donkeys were engines and reporters; whether it was the reporter's wind that took the balloon up, or the Professor's that brought them down; whether the hat went up without his reporter, or the reporter went up without his hat; whether the balloon went up, or didn't; whether if it did the reporter went up in the balloon, or the balloon went up in the reporter. A comprehending reader will confer an inestimable favor by explaining the muddle.

Parties with large families of small children, who desire a pleasant location in which to establish themselves, are invited to examine the attractions of North Beach before going elsewhere. The beach offers a charming playground, where children may daily through the long hours with the decayed corpse of the festive crab, the defunct mussel, or the fragrant sturgeon. A gentleman near by, who owns a huge grizzly bear, is kind enough to let him get loose about once a month, and things are very lively for an hour or so. He has a playful habit of carrying off bits of flesh, tendons, etc., from the most convenient passerby. Those parties who have been leaving useless babies around in swill-barrels, sewers, etc., are particularly recommended to try Bruin. He makes clean work and leaves no mark behind.

Senator Chandler is Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Commerce. He is an ugly, bluff, vulgar, but withal an exceedingly able old man. Lately he has been accused in this wise by a gentleman who recently represented Michigan "Senator Sherman took Senator Chandler to the Finance Committee Room in a state of beastly intoxication. Chandler went to sleep on a sofa, and, when he awoke, profanely insulted the Clerk of the Committee, and afterward sent him for two bottles of ale, most of which he drank." Truly, that is not a pleasing picture of a United States Senator. There is evidently work for the women to do in the Senate Chamber.

When we are President, our first effort in favor of the Pacific Coast will be to eradicate Goat Island from the face of the Bay. There shall be no more wrangling over that little handful of dirt. Neither politicians shall make a half-way house of it nor Spiritualists get up a mining swindle on it, by digging into its bowels for gold, nor silver, nor Goat Island diamonds. It shall be razed and powdered into fine dust, which we ourselves shall use to throw in the eyes of our constituents, and the citizens shall arise and thank us, in that we have given them a better view of Oakland. And the Oaklanders will arise and gnash their teeth, for the Oaklander who has bought a corner lot in that Athenian burg longs with a terrible longing for the sand of San Francisco.

Every one has seen a little black-and-tan bristling for a fight. How he snaps, and barks, and growls; how he pricks up his saucy ears, and wags his insolent tail. His shrill little bark is as aggravating as the lusty bass of a big bulldog, and he runs, and capers, and is brave so long as he sees the foe's back. But if he be worsted, what a change is there. His clipped ears lose their angle, and cling with their mangled proportions. His tail shrinks dejectedly between his legs. His voice changes to a shrill whine, and he ignominiously leaves the scene of action to hide under the nearest sofa or bedstead or table, and is seen no more of men till his lacerated pride is healed. By-the-way, has any one seen anything of Whitney?

A dispatch states that disease is fast mowing down the ranks of the Apaches, and that the Government is about to give relief. That is just the way of the world. When the Lord signifies a commendable willingness to abate a nuisance by gathering it unto himself, it must be fostered and petted, and taken care of. To our fancy, the Apaches would be much better off capering around in the roomy recesses of Abraham's bosom than taking up good land in the United States. And if a benignant Providence chooses to smile upon us in this manner by mowing them down with sore throat and miasma, for once we are quiescent, and cry, "let him mow."

The foolish effort of a played-out, old politician to identify himself with the Van de Mark, Universalist, poke-your-nose into corner grocery raid, hoping thereby to gain popularity (?) sufficient to gain another grab at the commissary stores, is altogether too thin. Better stick to the boarders, and provide tenderer steaks, and cleaner hash for the regular deglutition.

One honest John Brown beat his wife with a table leg, whereupon she screamed and cried out. Fie upon Mrs. Brown! Had it been a piano leg, now, some fuss might have been made. But when a woman is used to a thrashing every day of her life, she's getting mighty fastidious to raise a row over a simple little table leg.

Do those dames who have essayed the task of praying the bars out of corner groceries remember that the Governor of our State is a wholesale liquor dealer, and that the United States Government aims to pocket seventy cents for every gallon of whisky manufactured in the nation? Let us pray up higher.

Because "Mr. Sharon and others" own stock in the Virginia City *Enterprise*, the *Call* says the mining news of that paper is not to be credited. This is almost as significant as saying that a henroost on a street along which Mr. Pickering and others have been seen to pass is not a safe place for chickens.

There is nothing like taking Time by the forelock. Mr. Sothern is announcing his reappearance at the Haymarket Theater next Boxing-day.

It is the same all the world over. Whisky can be obtained at an Edinburgh temperance hotel by asking for "seidlitz powders."

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The Overland Monthly for April is on our table. Always readable and instructive, this number is no exception to the general rule. It contains an article having reference to the Vigilance Committee of 1856, by Joseph Weed, whose views are published in opposition to those of General W. T. Sherman. "The Rhode Island Privateer" is a well written article by Bishop Kip. "The Wild Sheep of California" is interesting, because of its special local significance. A poem entitled "Nature and Art," by B. P. Avery, is excellent. We can highly recommend the whole number.

A new weekly paper comes to us from London. We are glad to be able to say of it that it does a very useful work ably and well. It is entitled *The Monetary and Mining Gazette*, and claims to be "a reliable record and review of mining, financial, and all other joint stock operations." A close inspection of its columns satisfies us that it has the will and power to perform what it promises, and so it ought to reach many readers here interested in mining and monetary matters in that great mart of the world, London.

While Jeff Davis's friends are considering him as a suitable candidate for the United States Senate, news comes that he has arrived in London suffering from dropsy of the heart. If that be so, he will have more consideration for his health than for Congressional honors.

THE TOWN CRIER'S CONFESSION.

Listen, all men! Hear the Crier
Once for all, and mark him well;
For he makes his sweet confession
As a candidate for hell.

Vaulted roof and swinging censer
Are not seen where he is heard,
Harp nor organ helps his singing,
For his voice is as the bird,

Singing when and how he listeth,
Heeding not the notes that come,
Careless who may hearken to them,
Singing for himself alone.

He hath made himself an idol,
He hath set it up on high;
Low he bends the knee before it,
Worshiping it earnestly.

He must choose 'twixt God and Mammon,
Serve one only, he is told;
Knowing substance from the shadow,
For a God his choice is—Gold.

Others worship as he worships,
Yet they cry with piteous voice:
"Save us, Lord, from love of Mammon,
Let thine honor be our choice."

But old Mammon hates two faces,
And his favors doth withhold
From the knaves who with a prayer-book
Fain would hide their love of gold.

Wherefore doth the Crier flourish
While they perish 'twixt two stools;
They serve one God—praise another;
He owns but the God that rules.

T. A. H.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

The deficit in the French budget has brought forth a host of propositions of new taxes to supply the necessary funds. The latest proposal is one which would go to the heart of every Parisienne—viz., to tax silk and velvet dresses and bonnets, and emanates from a writer in the *Patrie*. He reckons that there are in France eighteen millions of women, and at least a quarter of these have one silk dress a year. Reckoning an impost of 4s. a dress, this would bring in £900,000, while as there are a million of women who have three silk dresses per annum, besides that already mentioned, this would bring in £600,000 more. Five hundred thousand ladies buy a velvet dress, and this at 8s. each would amount to £200,000. Taxing bonnets in proportion would furnish £880,000, making a grand total of the two and a half millions required by M. Magne to balance accounts for 1874.

Absinthe is a profitable article of sale to the *cafes* of Paris. There are 25,000 establishments where this favorite drink is sold, and at each an ½d. litre is drunk per diem, making a total of something over 1,000,000 gallons a year. Each litre (1¾ pint) contains 47 *petits verres*, and in the fashionable Boulevard *cafes* a glass costs 4d., while at the humble *cabarets* the charge is 2d. As 22 gallons of absinthe can be bought in the provinces for £4 4s., the carriage to Paris only costing 4s., and the duty £13 4s., the whole expense amounts to £17 12s., or about 3s. 6d. per litre. This is sold by wholesale merchants to the *cafes* at 4s. 10d. a litre, who in their turn retail it in *petits verres*, which in the end bring in to the Boulevard *cafetiers* 15s. 8., and the smaller establishments 7s. 1d. a litre.

A remarkable paper on the book of Jonah, by the orthodox Jew, the Chief Rabbi Astruc, will, the *Independence Belge* informs us, appear in the forthcoming number of the *Revue de Belgique*. The author has no hesitation in placing the date of the book two centuries later than the time of the prophet himself, and in regarding it as utterly unhistorical. It is, in fact, a parable, he says: and religious belief cannot be gravely disturbed by hearing it called a fable. Nevertheless, the book teaches a high morality. Its great lesson is directed to the religious exclusiveness of the Jews, who held that there could be no true religion beyond their own nation.

Substitutes for Coal.—Prevalent high prices have brought out various suggestions of more or less merit for economizing the prime article of fuel, and there has been some serious talk of a joint-stock company for the manufacture of a patent article compounded of earth and fine coal. As many of these suggestions have been criticised as novelties, and are being experimented upon as such, it will probably surprise some of our readers when we state that precisely similar compositions were actually in use for domestic purposes, and suggested for manufacturing use, nearly 250 years ago.—*Builder*.

The friends and admirers of Montalembert have presented the widow with a bust of the deceased, executed by M. Chapin. The idea was originated by the late M. Cochin. Among the French subscribers were the Bishop of Orleans, the Duc de Broglie, the Duchess Galliera, M. de Gontaut-Biron; among the foreign subscribers, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Granville, Prince Czartoryski, and Prince Gallitzin. The bust bears the names of the subscribers, and a dedication, with the following epitaph: *Constituit prælia multa. Fortis viribus à juventute sua.*

White Coal.—Australia has just revealed a new mineral—a white coal—which is fibrous, easily combustible, and burns with a light flame and no smoke. Nor is the material rare; large districts are covered with it, and it lies very near the surface. The coal is a species of lignite, and the color is most likely due to the absence of bitumen. What a boon this coal would be near London, not only on the score of making our fogs less dense, but for the sake of our public buildings.—*Iron*.

The rate of discount at the Bank of England is at present 3½ per cent., same as a year ago. The condition of the bank on the 25th of February is indicated by the following figures:

	1873.	1874.
Bullion	£25,224,700	£22,967,900
Reserve	15,392,000	13,150,100
Notes in circulation	24,532,700	24,817,800

English Consols on the same day were 92½, and French Rentes 58f. 25c., against 92½ and 55f. 50c., respectively, a year ago.

The value of the wheat imported into the United Kingdom in January was computed at £2,536,275, as compared with £2,546,909 in January, 1873, and £2,342,729 in January, 1872. In last month's total, Russia figured for £441,818, against £734,113 in January, 1873, and £1,570,546 in January, 1872; Germany for £219,747, against £204,179 and £105,290; and the United States for £1,600,085, against £1,031,376 and £355,003.

Tallow, when properly purified, may be substituted for many purposes for which lard is now used. The fresh tallow should be melted in boiling water, and strained while hot through a linen filter. It must then again be boiled with water skimmed off, and allowed to solidify. It should be dried as thoroughly as possible by pressure and then be again melted and run into earthen pots. When thus treated, it will keep fresh for a long time.

Coal Fields of China.—Baron von Richtofen states that the deposits of coal in China are enormous. In the province of Shansi, he estimates the coal beds to cover an area of no less than 30,000 square miles. The coal is of exceedingly good quality. Some veins are bituminous coal, others, a hard coal closely resembling anthracite. Many of the seams are thirty feet in thickness.

The 14th of February finds Mr. Rimmel, the well-known perfumer, busy supplying Cupid's votaries with suitable offerings for "ye shrine of good Sainte Valentine." Floral designs, with scraps of verses hidden in blossoms, sachets, and other things, all delicately perfumed, tempt purchasers as usual at this season of the year.

Mr. Schmidt, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Athens, has just completed his great map of the moon. It is two metres in diameter, and is a marvel of accurate mapping and minute draughtmanship. It represents the labor of thirty-four years.

The Pekin Gazette is the oldest journal in the world. It is printed on a large sheet of yellow silk, and appears in the same form, with the same characters, and on the same kind of stuff, as it did a thousand years ago. The only change is in the writers.

The Cleveland iron district, which a few years ago was known only as an agricultural one, now manufactures at the rate of about 2,000,000 tons of pig-iron per annum, of an estimated value of from £6,000,000 to £9,000,000.

Among the "valentines" which passed through Gloucester Post Office were two large wooden spoons. The names of the intended recipients were written on the handles, and on the bowls the words "Your character!"

The Jardin d'Acclimatation is occupied with the question of edible dogs, received as a present from China, along with the receipt for cooking them. The dogs are small, without hair, and a mass of fat.

The suggestion is made that every Bible should be paged straight from beginning to end in the usual way, and thus the page at which each book begins could be inserted in a table of contents.

New York has a milk-bath establishment which is patronized chiefly by ladies, who think that the baths improve their health and complexions. The cost of a "dip" is five dollars.

From an official document just printed, it appears that in the year ended the 31st of March last, there were 14,053 attorneys in the United Kingdom, and the duty paid was £92,635.

During the past year, no fewer than 1,644 deserted children, generally under sixteen years, passed through the hands of the Paris police, and were punished for habitual begging.

An industrial and artistic international exhibition is to be held in 1875 at the Paris Palais de l'Industrie.

The Tralee Chronicle, the Liberal organ in Tralee, was printed with a black border on the 5th inst., in order to show its grief at the return of The O'Donoghue.

The importation of petroleum increases. Last year the value was £983,948; in the preceding twelvemonth it was £431,478.

Our friends in the Antipodes now freely used the word "Cablegram" to signify a telegram.

M. Alexandre Dumas is going to Italy to work on a five-act comedy for the Odéon.

Nearly all cathedral towns are built on salmon rivers.

YOUR LETTER.

I am going to burn your letter; I sit by the hearth alone;
I hear on the pane the sobbing rain, I hear the night winds moan;
But safe in its hush'd tranquillity lies the little world of home,
While the fire-light flashes fitfully about the quiet room:
And brightly it glints on the chequer'd tints of the paper in my grasp,
Safe, for a moment yet, my prize, in my loving, lingering clasp;
Safe, though aroond the funeral pyre the fierce flames flash and leap,
For I shall burn your letter, love, and to-night, before I sleep.

Yes, I shall burn your letter; though again and yet again,
I read the words, as to music's chords one sets a sweet refrain;
Though I open it where the firelight falls, with touches slow and soft,
And bend once more o'er the written words, that I have traced so oft.
To please myself by fancying, "he smiled when that phrase he wrote;"
Or, "there a shade, like a summer cloud, o'er the clear brown eyes would float;"
Or, "here did he leave a kiss, like me, all for the fond word's sake,
Or for love of the echo that he knew their melody would wake."

Still, I shall burn your letter; I think I have found a joy,
Whose center'ed pleasure, nor thought can measure, nor time nor tide destroy;
I know I wish my life may pass, ere that dream dissolved I see,
Yet I will keep our secret, love, for you, and the angels, and me;
Our bond is hard to understand, though its weft is true and pure,
And I might die to-night, you know; the flame is a guardian sure.
Well, flowers spring thick in summer; my heart has a bright new June,
And I say, as I burn your letter, "He will write me another soon!"

All the Year Round.

KOSSUTH IN HIS GARRET.

Many have wondered of late years what has become of the famous liberator and once dictator of Hungary. They will be interested in the following account of him, written from Italy for the *Gazette* of Frankfort, Germany, and translated for *Appleton's Journal*. The interview is characteristic, and shows the grand, proud old hero essentially the same in his obscurity as in the meridian of his power and fame. The writer says:

The following advertisement appears every now and then in the *Corriere de Torino:* "Lessons in German, English, and Hungarian, given at moderate rates by L. Kossuth, 164 Strada Nuova."

The advertiser is none other than the once celebrated Dictator of Hungary. He is now almost utterly forgotten, even in Hungary. He has grown very old, and is now so poor that he will gladly give you a lesson for a single franc. This would seem very humiliating for him, and yet he is proud of his poverty. He says: "Three years ago my friends at home, in Hungary, offered me a present of 50,000 florins. I rejected the offer, and never have regretted it, even when I was hungry, and had no money to pay for a fire."

I had occasion the other day to call upon him. I was no stranger to Kossuth. Twenty years ago he had given me, in London, a great deal of valuable information for my book, "Hungary in 1849." I found him in a very small room in the fourth story of a dingy old building. He sat alone in an easy-chair, poring over an old volume. When I entered he did not recognize me. I recognized him, and was shocked. What a change these twenty years had produced in his once handsome and interesting face! His hair was entirely white, his cheeks wan and hollow, and his eyes utterly dimmed. His form, once erect and proud, was now painfully bent. He almost groaned as he raised himself to bid me welcome. He was deeply moved when I informed him who I was. His face brightened as he warmly clasped my hand.

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," he said in German; "I know you now. Everybody forgets me; no one calls upon me; no one cares any more for me. Why should I remember those who once were my friends?"

To this I objected. I asked him how he could be forgotten when his friends in Hungary wanted him to return to his native country and take an active part in its affairs. Kossuth smiled very bitterly.

"Oh, yes," he said, "return to Hungary dishonored, with an oath of allegiance to the Hapsburgs, who murdered my friends and kinsmen, and who set a price upon my head. I am neither a Deak nor an Andrassy."

I asked him how he got along. "Well," he said, sadly, "were my good children and my poor wife alive yet I would be happy, even in my old age and poverty. But they are all dead, and I am very lonesome. That is what renders my exile here, where people are so kind to me, so distressing. It would be no better in Hungary. I have no kinsfolk anywhere but in the New World."

"Why, then, not go to America again, where your name is still revered?" I ventured to say.

"Oh," he replied, "I have often been sorely tempted to go back to the United States, but there are two obstacles in the way. In the first place, it would cost me more than I have to spare; and, next, I am almost sure that in my present enfeebled condition I would be unable to bear the sea voyage.

All this was very melancholy, and I hastened to change the subject of our con-

versation. I showed him the proof-sheets of the chapter on Andrassy in my new work on Austria. He put on his spectacles, and, holding the paper in his trembling hand, read carefully what I had written.

Meanwhile I had time to look around in the room. Against the rear wall stood a narrow, plain bed. On the walls hung portraits of Mazzini, Bixio, Kisz, and, strangely enough, of Louis Napoleon. On the book-shelf by my side I noticed Victor Hugo's "Année Terrible," and Kinglake's "Crimea," and ten or twelve well-worn grammars. On a table, close to the bed, lay a loaf of bread and a plate of dried meat. To my dismay I found that my glancing around the room had attracted Kossuth's attention.

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "you see for yourself now that I am very poor; and yet when I left Hungary in 1849, I was charged by all the mean organs of the Hapsburgs with having enriched myself at my country's expense. Do you know what my hole income was last year? Within a fraction of 800 lire!" (Less than two hundred dollars.)

I shook my head sorrowfully. He told me what he thought about the chapter on Andrassy, gave me plenty of valuable and interesting information on the subject, and then dismissed me, saying that it was time for one of his pupils to make his appearance.

COURT CHAT.

The Emperor of Austria at St. Petersburg.—Upon the arrival of the Emperor of Austria at the Winter Palace, His Majesty proceeded at once to visit the Czarina, after which His Majesty was conducted by the Czar to the Hermitage, where the suites of the two Sovereigns were presented. In the evening their Majesties dined *en famille*. On Saturday forenoon the Emperor of Austria visited the grave of the late Czar, and placed a wreath or laurel upon the tomb. Afterwards the Grand Dukes, the Foreign Princes at present at St. Petersburg, and the accredited representatives of Foreign Powers visited His Majesty. The Czarina gave a grand dinner on Saturday evening to the illustrious guests, who afterwards attended a State performance at the theater. The Czar has quite recovered from his indisposition. As the Emperor of Austria, the Czar, the Grand Dukes, and the English Princes proceeded to the State performance at the theater, the streets were most gaily decorated and illuminated. Bands on the route played the Austrian National Hymn as the *cortege* drove by. The Emperor of Russia and the Grand Dukes wore Austrian uniforms with the cordon of the Order of St. Stephen; the Emperor of Austria wore the Russian uniform of Lancers, of which he is the commander. Both Emperors took their seats in the center of the Imperial box. Next to the Emperor Francis Joseph sat the Cesarevna, the Prince of Wales, and the Grand Duchess Alexandra Josefovna, the Czarewitch, and the Duke of Edinburgh, and next to the Czar were seated the Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince of Edinburgh, the Grand Duchess Alexandra Petrowna, and the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Emperor on Sunday attended Mass in the private chapel of the Archbishop. The Czar and the Emperor of Austria were present on Sunday at a military parade held in the Riding School. The generals, aides de-camp, and the generals of the suite were presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph. Dinner was served in the evening in the Winter Palace, covers being laid for 740. The Czar proposed "The Health of the Emperor of Austria," warmly welcoming His Majesty, and expressing the pleasure which his visit to St. Petersburg afforded him. The Czar also hoped that the friendship of both monarchs with the Emperor William and Queen Victoria would preserve the peace of the world. In alluding to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Czar turned courteously towards the Prince of Wales, who bowed his thanks. The Emperor of Austria replied that from the bottom of his heart he re-echoed the words of friendship spoken by the Czar. His Majesty expressed his thanks for the cordial welcome extended to him, and concluded by drinking "The health of the Emperor and Empress of Russia and the Imperial family."

The proprietors of the Graphic have published an extra number with illustrations of the Royal Wedding. The following are the rules which the Empress Catherine enforced at her *soirees* in the Hermitage, a series of apartments in which the Czarina forgot the cares of State in conversation and amusement with her wits and beaux. The rules are amusing, and the following is a rough translation:

"1. Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat, and especially your sword.

2. Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling, outside the door.

3. Be gay, but do not spoil anything; do not break or gnaw anything.

4. Sit, stand, walk as you will, without reference to anything.

5. Talk moderately and not loud, so as to make the ears and heads of others ache.

6. Argue without anger and without excitement.

7. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy.

8. In all innocent games, whatever one proposes, let all join.

9. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, but drink with moderation, so that each may find his legs on leaving the room.

10. Tell no tales out of school; whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room.

A transgressor against these rules shall, on the testimony of two witnesses, for

every offence drink a glass of cold water, not excepting the ladies, and further read a page of 'Telemachiade' aloud.

Whoever breaks any three of these rules during the same evening shall commit six lines of the Telemachiade to memory.

And whoever offends against the tenth rule shall not again be admitted."

Such were the provisions drawn up by an astute Princess in order to ensure harmony at her "At Homes." England is unfortunately not a despotism, or it would be well if some such notice were occasionally given in Belgravian and Mayfield drawing-rooms. The "Telemachiade" was a poem written by a man named Tretiafosky. His muse was not equal to his ambition, and his sorry efforts were long the laughing-stock of the Court.

Ball at the Grand Stand, Ascot Heath.—A county ball was recently held in the New Hall of the Grand Stand, Ascot Heath, by special permission, and under the patronage of the following ladies: The Marchioness of Ailsa, the Lady Emily Ormsby Gore, the Lady Ormathwaite, Madame Van der Weyer, the Countess de Morella, Mrs. Barnet, and Mrs. Crutchley. The stewards were: Colonel Stewart and the officers of the 2d Life Guards; Colonel Wynne and the officers of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards; Lord William Seymour, Lord Ruthven, Sir John Husington, Bart., and Mr. C. G. Barnett. The company numbered more than 300. The hall was well lighted and decorated, and when dancing was at its hight a brilliant scene was presented. Edward's quadrille band of the 1st Life Guards was in attendance, and performed a fine selection of Strauss' waltzes and quadrilles. The decorations were arranged and the supper was provided by Mr. Spooner, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Ascot. It is understood that the ball is to be an annual one.

Victor Emmanuel is stated to have told this amusing story of himself. A few months back the Princess Marie, daughter of the Empress of Russia, and now Duchess of Edinburgh, was in the dress circle at the Apollo Theater. His Majesty had not been forewarned, and was in his box, according to his usual custom, in the most complete *negligé*. As soon as he saw her Imperial Highness, he begged the Perfect, Commandant Gadda, to lend him his black dress-coat and white cravat for a few minutes. Of course the request was complied with, and his Majesty, having put them on in one of the saloons, went and paid his respects to the Princess.

It has been decided that fifty young ladies, selected from the families of the principal burgesses, shall be stationed upon the pier to strew the path of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh with flowers, and it is proposed that these shall be dressed *en suite* in white lama, with lavender sashes and straw hats; but this delicate matter, together with that of choosing the favored ones from among the hundreds of eligible candidates, has been left with a committee of ladies.

The Dowager Marchioness of Westminster has most kindly presented a donation of £100 to the Cabmen's Benevolent Association, 15, Soho-square, as a contribution to the annuity fund for aged or infirm cabmen who are members of the society.

We are glad to be able to announce that the Marquis of Westminster is to be created a duke. The conferring of this important step in the peerage will be as popular as it is well deserved.

We understand that the following gentlemen will be raised to the dignity of Baronet—namely, Sir Charles Trevelyan, K.C.B., Mr. William Miller, of Manderston, late M.P. for Berwickshire; Mr. Charles Forster, M.P. for Walsall; Mr. M. Wilson, M.P. for the Northwest Riding; and Mr. Heathcote Amory, M. P. for Tiverton.

While His Royal Highness Prince Leopold was driving to the deanery at Oxford recently, his horse fell in turning the sharp corner into Oriel street. The prince fortunately received no injury beyond a severe shaking.

The Emperor of Austria recently received the widow and children of the unfortunate General von Gablenz. A pension of £600 will be accorded them from the Civil List.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, who is still staying with the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, is expected to return from Germany towards the end of the ensuing month.

A gentleman going up Sixth Avenue, New York, met a laborer, to whom he said, "Will you tell me if I am half way to Central Park?" "Faith, an' I will," was the reply, "if you'll tell me where you started from."

Time's Changes.—In ancient days the celebrated precept was "Know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by far the more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor and everything about him."

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race takes place on Saturday, the 28th of March.

LIVINGSTONE.

Bear him, ye waves, to the isles that he left,
Cleaving a path such as eagles have cleft!
Soaring undazzled to glories sublime—
Leading the march of the monarchs of Time!

Bear him, ye waves, to the isles that he left,
Cleaving a way that no eagle hath cleft!
Bringing the Cross in his heart o'er the sea—
Telling the slave how the Truth maketh free.

Where will ye lay down the form that enshrined
Patient endurance and courage combined?
Where shall be rest for the vigorous hand,
Calm for the brain that made weariness grand?

Soldiers and sailors who gallantly fought,
Martyrs who suffered and sages who taught,
Mingle their dust with our kings in the tomb—
Surely for Livingstone, too, there is room!

Lay him to rest where ye will, he is ours!
Strew on his hearse of Eternity's flowers.
Bear him, O ship! from the deserts he trod!
Waft him, O Death! to the garden of God! —*Alessie Bond.*

SAINT PATRICK.

As St. Patrick was taking a spin around the blocks of the city which is paved with gold and precious stones, sporting a sprig of shamrock in his hat and a shillaleh in his hand, he encountered the dusty regimentals and faded, tattered glories of George Washington. Pitying such utter depression of aspect, the patron saint pulled a bottle of good smoked Irish whisky and tendered it to the General. The Father of his Country gagged slightly as he turned the proffered smile aside. "To say truth," quoth he, "I've had so much Irish it rather sickens me. Couldn't you give me a drop of Kentucky Bourbon?" "Kentucky!" cried the snake driver, "Man alive, it is my birthday." Just then there arose from many American cities the echoes of that inspiring air, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and there was a fleck of green cloud visible far down upon the earth's surface which might have been grass, but was more probably feathers, flags and badges. George lifted his harp—not the Harp of Tara—they all carry harps up there—and tried to strike a few chords of "The Star Spangled Banner," or "America," but its strings were sadly out of tune, and "Molly Darling," or the "Wearing of the Green" from down below broke in upon the harmony. "Why, haven't I a birthday?" mournfully asked George. "The 22d comes around as regularly as the 17th, and though I never worried the snakes much, I made it very warm for the Mother Country, and the people seemed to like it, and made as much fuss over me as they re making to-day over you." "Begorra," said St. Patrick, "there's none of them left to make it, and that s what's the matter with you. There's might in numbers, but the Americans are non-producers, and while the Irish are carrying on their old ways with unfailing regularity and increasing the length of their processions year by year, the Americans are depleting their stock and becoming as few as Indians. We'll have to build a reservat on for them by-and-bye," concluded the Saint; "and if they behave themselves we'll let them look through a high picket fence at the processions on the 17th of March. But what's the use of a pack of foreigners keeping your birthday, George?"

PERSONAL.

We have thought fit [though somewhat in the nature of carrying coals to Newcastle], to publish *in extenso* the letter of the California correspondent of the London *Times*. It contains matter most interesting to this State, and is written in a calm, dispassionate, simple style, very different from the carping, one-sided articles which are daily published in the gutter-snipe sheets of San Francisco. After careful perusal, and with pleasure, of this letter, we have come to the conclusion that the interests of California are better served and her resources better detailed to the foreign world in such a way than by any simulated virtuous indignation at imaginary frauds or deerying our mineral wealth. In a private letter from London the writer (wholly independent of the London *Times* or of the *News Letter*) says, "There has been a letter in the *Times* from California which has created quite a stir. It gave the yield of gold and silver, wheat, wool, etc., which to us here seems almost fabulous. * * * The *News Letter* is considered here to be a remarkably witty and spry paper, and always *reliable* as to its statements of the material interests of California."

A California editor bought a jackass. His rival over the way characterized the affair as the most remarkable instance of self-possession he had ever witnessed.

WHAT THE LOCOMOTIVE HAS DONE FOR CALIFORNIA.

The centuries of the past divide themselves into eras made illustrious by special things. In the sepulchre of history we find recorded the bloody deeds and military conquests, that marked the days of chivalry. The classic ages—the ages of oratory, poetry and song—of art and science, follow each other, or repeat themselves. This is the age of *iron*. The true chivalryman of to-day is the red-shirted engineer. The railroad builder is the modern revolutionist. He is constantly making a new geography, and changing or reversing the currents of the commerce and the population of the world. When the Duke of Wellington saw the first locomotive of the first English railway roll out of her depot at Manchester, he exclaimed: "There goes the aristocracy of England." And he was right. For since that eventful day the locomotive has so enriched the men who manufacture and trade and control the commerce of England, and at the same time so vastly improved the condition of the middle classes, that they have without great difficulty broken through the barriers that so long divided them from the hereditary families and born rulers, until to-day a majority of the seats in Parliament are held by men who commenced life without rank or title. It has been but a few years since the first locomotive engine in this State rolled out of Sacramento; and at the sight of it the remark might have truthfully been made: "There goes old California; a new and better condition of things has commenced." These reflections are suggested from reading the exhaustive testimony of Leland Stanford before the Senate Committee on Corporations, a few evenings ago. Among other striking remarks, he made the following:

THE STATE BENEFITED.

"Why, there is not a locomotive which runs a mile in this State of California but has brought a blessing—a blessing substantial and real, upon some portion of the State. The influence of every mile an engine travels is for the good and prosperity of the State and the people. Only the other day I was looking at the first engine we ever had, here in the freight yard. She is in good order still, and doing hard work every day. Why, the benefits that locomotive has conferred upon the people of this State are incalculable, moving, as it has, nearly every passenger car, and almost every ton of freight which has entered this State, or gone from it, in her work of making up trains and expediting their forwarding. Talk about gains and benefits; such benefits rise above everything these men who are misrepresenting us can say or do."

ADVANTAGE IN OPENING MINES.

The President of the Central Pacific might have gone further and said, with perfect truth, that the people of the whole United States have been benefited by this pioneer engine, for this, if for no other reason. It has assisted to transport millions worth of machinery and supplies to the mines, and also assisted to bring back a great many millions of gold and silver. This bullion has so materially influenced our foreign exchanges, and at the same time enhanced the purchasing power of the national paper currency, as to thereby indirectly benefit every man, woman and child in the United States. But for the increased products of the Nevada mines, largely caused by railroad facilities, the Eastern States would probably have been to-day, nearly as far removed from specie payments as they were ten years ago, when gold commanded over one hundred per cent. premium instead of twelve per cent. premium as now.

It is a fact that more than two hundred mines have been developed and worked in Nevada, Utah, Idaho and Montana, that would have remained untouched and unproductive, had not the Pacific Railroad been built. Whole mining districts that have since acquired a world-wide fame, have been opened up by the locomotive. Further than this, it is very doubtful if the great Comstock lode would have produced anything like what it actually has during the past few years, if no railroad had been built over the Sierras. More than $15,000,000 was paid for hauling freight by wagons to Virginia City from this side of the mountains in 1862. Since the railroad was completed, a larger amount of freight was transported by it to the same destination for $1,250,000, it costing about thirteen times as much as by teams as by the railroad. This saving of nearly *fourteen million dollars* per annum to mine owners, and to workmen and artisans of Virginia City, has undoubtedly given them the means to explore and excavate, through long years of disappointment and failure, some of the mines that have at last yielded such enormous returns.

TRANSPORTING THE METALS.

Indeed, had the high prices of supplies and material, and as a consequence the high price of labor, remained as they were before the railroad came to cheapen them, it is more than probable that the great mines of Crown Point and Belcher would have been finally abandoned during the years when they had nothing to give but assessments. The same increase of facilities and cheapening of supplies has rendered vast amounts of low grade ores available for milling that were worthless before. Take away these, together with the dividend paying mines on the Comstock, and the yield of that famous lode would not be one-fourth what it is with or without them. And the State of Nevada, instead of giving us as now $35,000,000 a year, would probably have sent less than $10,000,000. The loss of $25,000,000 in silver per annum, during the past few years, to California (where these mines are mostly owned) and to the nation at large, would have been almost incalculable. Not so much on account of the intrinsic value of the dollars as for the effect the loss of so much hard money would have on all kinds of property, and in the disturbing of business affairs. When, in the early part of this century, the great

mines of South America suddenly gave out, the whole commercial world was thrown into a panic. Its increasing business had become so accustomed to absorbing the regular amounts these mines supplied, that their stoppage caused the greatest paralysis of trade, the utmost stringency in the money markets, and the failure of many banking and mercantile firms, both in Europe and America. And it is thought by reading and intelligent men, that the giving out of the Comstock mines and a sudden falling off in the yield of those in California and Pacific Territories, any time during the past ten years, would have caused a hurricane in the commercial world unequaled in scope and extent by all the panics that ever preceded it. Previous to 1848 the annual product of all the gold and silver mines in the world did not exceed $20,000,000. The Pacific States and Territories alone last year yielded $75,000,000.

A large annual amount of gold and silver from this coast is now a necessity. The equilibrium of business, increased values, and the growing commerce of the world, requires it. A serious falling off would carry ruin and bankruptcy into every business circle. How far the building of the railroads has prevented this, and thereby benefited everybody, the above facts show.

But, in a narrower sense, what a change this pioneer locomotive, of which Gov. Stanford speaks, and those that have been brought or built here since have wrought in this State. These engines have become, in fact, the lungs of California. They daily and hourly draw in and send out the life-blood of this commonwealth. They throb in every business artery of the State.

THEY HAVE CREATED MORE WEALTH,

developed more country and multiplied our privileges more than every other agency combined. For several years before the commencement of the Pacific Railroad, California had been almost at a standstill. Her assessed wealth had increased (see Controller's report) less than $50,000,000 in six years. Her entire average of wheat fields was, in 1863, but 263,208 acres—less than it was in 1859, when 270,000 acres were sown. Her population of able-bodied men was decreasing on account of the partial failure of her gold mines, and the better prospects for mining in the adjacent Territories. There were 25,000 *less* votes cast in this State in 1863 than there were in 1861. There was but little money in the banks. Business was dull, and the State was certainly not advancing in prosperity. And when we consider the number of dry years that have occurred in our history since then, and when we consider the stoppage of the war in 1865, whereby our gold lost so much of its premium that it made business with the Atlantic States far less profitable than it was during the rebellion, and when also we consider that immigration to this State had been slowly but constantly diminishing for several years prior to 1863 -when all these things are considered, who can doubt that the California of 1873 would have been at least but little ahead of the California of 1863, in point of wealth and population, if some new factor had not entered into her prosperity, some new and immense works projected within her domains, some revolution that should stop the decay and break the dead-lock that was so apparent in the business of California at that time! That revolution came. In 1863 the building of the Central Pacific was commenced, and a change for the better in the prosperity of California began, and it has been going on ever since, as the following statistics conclusively show: In 1863, the total agricultural product of California was in round numbers $15,000,000: in 1873 it was valued at $75,000,000—an advance of 500 per cent. In 1863 the number of bushels of wheat produced was 4,147,649; in 1875, according to the Surveyor-General's report, 26,089,667 bushels were grown.

THE BENEFIT TO AGRICULTURE.

In 1860 the agricultural product of California averaged $350 to each inhabitant; in 1870, the year after the railroad was finished, it averaged $1,250 to each inhabitant. In 1862 the total assessed value of property in this State amounted to $160,369,071 81; in 1872 it footed up $637,232,823 31. Taking off one-third from the figures of 1872 on account of the recent rules governing assessors, and there still remains an increase of over *two hundred and fifty million dollars* to the property-holders of the State during the ten years the Pacific Railroad and its branches were being built. The history of the whole world shows nothing to equal this. Especially is it so when we take into consideration the fact that our population between 1860 and 1870 had increased but 180,000, or only 46¾ per cent. What else could have caused the astonishing increase in the wealth of California during these years but the building of a system of railroads of which the Central Pacific is the back-bone? We have seen that before the railroad era commenced here, wheat growing was confined to a fringe of country adjoining the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and a few little spots along the ocean and around the bay of San Francisco. The locomotive has since widened this area, and made available millions of acres, for not alone wheat, but all kinds of diversified agriculture.

INCREASE OF DEPOSITS IN THE SAVINGS BANKS.

In 1863 there were but $8,000,000 deposited in all our Savings Banks. After ten years of railroading in California the deposits have increased to $47,000,000. And the statistics furnished by the State Board of Equilization show the further wonderful fact that in 1873 the amount of money owned and loaned out by the many small and few large capitalists in this State amounted to $98,113,058 -a sum greater than the entire assessed property of the State in 1856—a sum equal to about one-fourth the entire greenback currency of this nation. That California is the richest region of country in the world by several hundred per cent., in proportion to her population, there can be no doubt. Let us briefly see how much of this unparalleled

prosperity is due to the pioneer locomotive, of which Governor Stanford so affectionately speaks, and to the railroad system generally. More than $60,000,000 has been drawn from abroad into California to build these roads. It has been mostly expended here and remains here; and outside of the vast benefits the railroad itself has conferred, this money itself is a gigantic power which has been added to the permanent wealth of the State. The Railroad Company no longer owns it, but the people of California do.

MONEY RETURNED IN WAGES.

Besides this, the operating expenses of the Central Pacific (which are entirely outside of its construction expenses) have amounted to over $20,030,000 during the past nine years. This has mostly been paid out in wages to men who live here, and for supplies furnished by our merchants, manufacturers and farmers. And thus another large addition has been made by the railroad to our circulating capital. Seventy-five thousand Eastern visitors have come here since the overland railroad was completed to see our Yosemite and other wonders, and who never would have come had they been compelled to endure the hardships, loss of time and inconveniences of an ocean voyage to get here. It is a low estimate to say that these tourists expend an average of $300 each in this State. But at this figure these Eastern visitors have added over $22,000,000 to the finances of our people. More than this, at least 50,000 Californians have visited the Eastern States during the past four years. Had there been no transcontinental railroad, according to former steamer rates they would have been charged $300 each way, and the time consumed in making the journey to and from, forty-eight days. Now, a ticket to New York by rail is but $140 in greenbacks, the time seven days. The saving of thirty-four days in time, at $2 per day, together with the amount saved in fares, amounts in the aggregate to another $20,000,000 retained in this State by reason of a Pacific Railroad. The saving in freight charges, both to consumers and producers, has not been less than $25,000,000 since the railroad was first opened, from what they would have been by former modes of transportation.

FORTY NEW VILLAGES HAVE SPRUNG UP ALONG THE LINES OF THESE ROADS,

the direct creation of the locomotive. Five hundred million feet of lumber has been cut and transported from the Sierras alone, during the past seven years, that would have remained untouched but for the railroad. The whole wealth of the State of Nevada has been brought to our doors by the same agency, and a good proportion of that of Utah and Montana also. Real estate in San Francisco alone, during the building of the Pacific Railroad, advanced $50,000,000 in value in anticipation of the benefits it would confer when completed; while the opening of branch lines and the completion of the trunk road has advanced the price of agricultural and timber lands, in some instances, from $2 50 to $75 an acre, and upon nearly all lands situated within a few miles of these roads the increase in value has been from 300 to 500 per cent. Putting the above facts together, and we see at a glance that the locomotive has been the main cause of the almost miraculous prosperity of the State during the past ten years—the cause, in fact, of our now being

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION

dollars richer, as a State, than we were in 1862. And yet, in the face of such facts and figures as these, it is seriously proposed by the Freeman Bill to break down or cripple the very agency that has produced such grand results, and which has made California one of the foremost States in the Union—Could madness farther go? Governor Stanford tells us that in the making up of freight trains in the Sacramento Yard, Engine No. 1 has moved nearly every pound of freight that has ever passed over the Central Pacific. The enormous work done by this one locomotive can scarcely be imagined. Take only last year's business, and we find by the Freight Agents report, that 1,142,730,000 pounds were transported over the Central Pacific, or 571,365 tons. Giving ten tons to the car, we have 57,136 cars. As these cars each measure about 40 feet, the total length of freight trains hauled by this one locomotive in a single year would, if standing together on a single track, reach a distance of 413 miles, a train as long as the State of New York. And what is more astonishing still, about all the commerce these cars and this engine have been, and still are, transporting, has been created, so to speak, by the railroad.

THE ANNUAL TONNAGE OF THE SACRAMENTO AND SAN JOAQUIN RIVERS, TAKEN TOGETHER,

and the tonnage that passes through the Golden Gate, *is larger now than it was before the Central Pacific was built*, just as more business was done over the Erie Canal and Hudson River after the completion of railroads alongside of them. So our California system of railroads, while taking to themselves and building up a vast trade and commerce of their own, they have, at the same time, diminished in no way the aggregate of the freight transported by other channels. It was said of the Erie Railroad that in five years after its completion it was transporting more local produce than was ever grown in the country through which it passed before that road was built. And this will be said with equal truth of every one of our California railroads—that in five years after they were completed, the local freight annually shipped over them is more than double all that was produced or required for the country through which they run any year before the road was built. That this extensive interior commerce, built up entirely by our railroads, and which enriches or benefits in one way or another every industrious and honest inhabitant in

the State, will continue to increase in the future as in the past, no one can doubt who examines the statistics of the other States that commenced building railways twenty or thirty years ago. The wealth, population and property of those States has advanced in exact ratio to the increase of their railroad facilities.

Here in California we have yet to build three and four times the number of iron highways that we already have, before our largest prosperity is secured. Out of 40,000,000 acres of tillable land within our borders, less than 2,000,000 have ever been cultivated; and out of the 100,000,000 acres in the whole State, less than 5,000,000 are inclosed. When the locomotive shall have penetrated into every fertile valley of her rich domain, California will have become not only the Empire State of the Pacific, but the Imperial Empire State of the Union. Her geographical location—from a commercial point of view—and her natural resources make this her manifest destiny, unless the agency provided over all others used is to make her so, is annihilated by the enactment of such a law as the Freeman bill. C.

Sacramento, March 12, 1874.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

That San Francisco is growing with rapid strides does readily be ascertained by a stroll through the city, which will present to the observer the erection in all directions of new and elegant buildings. As a consequence, the establishment of D. A. McDonald & Co., known as the "Enterprise Mills," extending from Stuart to Spear street, is busily engaged in preparing doors, sashes, blinds, window frames, etc., and which they furnish on the most reasonable terms.

Our beautiful State is fortunately free from the effects of Communism, occasioned, we presume, by the satisfactory employment furnished to our artizans in the erection of the numerous handsome structures now progressing in our city. Among the many establishments, that of Messrs. Sanborn & Byrnes, stair builders and turners, over Mechanics' Mill, Main street, between First and Fremont, are busily engaged, supplying as they do, the choicest and most modern work.

The whims of lovely women are usually humored. The caprice of great men are always supposed. "Tell me what a man drinks and I will tell you what sort of a fellow he is," said Brandy Sheridan. We believe he was right. This set us to wondering what Michael Reese drank when he bought that $1,000 picture for the orphans. We soon found that he had just partaken of a glass of good Napa Soda, which he obtains from the agency, at 109 Geary street.

"That snow blockade was terrible," said an old Californian to a friend he had been visiting the other evening. "Yes," replied the friend, "but the coaches were easily warmed with the new stoves," and no kitchen range was complete as it ought to be unless procured from the Richmond Portable Range. Agent, Geo. H. Tay & Co., 614 to 618 Battery street. Just give them a try, friend, and satisfy yourself.

San Francisco has long been known to possess many advantages, but it is only of late years that we have begun to claim any credit for producing oysters of excellent quality. This was a mistake, as you will find if you make a visit to Emerson Corvine & Co.'s, 410 Pine street, and try a couple of dozen of their delicious "Saddle Rocks."

The women are about to commence war upon the sale of whisky. Does any one doubt what the effect of this war will be, or how long it will last? If he does let him go to F. & P. J. Cassard's, 522 Front street, where "O. K. Golden Plantation Whisky" is sold, where ladies may be seen laying in a month's supply, to last until the trouble is over.

Learned divines have long discussed the question as to the original location of the garden of Paradise. The matter is now set at rest. No other spot on this globe answers so exactly to the description of Eden as does San Rafael. That tempting apple tree is supposed to have stood where now stands the Marin Hotel.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Monday, Febuary 9th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Rich'd Tobin to C Champeaux....	S Silver 195 w 2d, w 22:8x75.....	$2,500
Arthur Friel to Chas Hook	Larkin s Greenwich, 37:6x100.....	2,000
Sam'l Merritt to A Foreman	Se Pacific and Jones, 107:6x50	4,375
Mis'n & 30th St Ex H'd to J Stark	Lots 15 and 16, blk 6, Mis'n & 30th St Hd	700
Silv Ter H'd As'n to C J Flatt	Various lots in Silver Terrace H'd.....	3,870
Same to Max Burkardt	Lots 378 to 381 inc, same.....	1,433
D F McDonald to same	1 acre McDonald Tract.....	250
Bernard Lagoarde to City & Co S F	Greenwich e Scotland, w 27:2½, etc	4,453
F C Milliken to Wm H Milliken ..	Castro s 15th, 28x120.....	1,500
B'd of T L Com'rs to L Levinsky..	Lots 9 to 20 inc, blk 713, Tide Lands....	$ 189
Phillip Schwerdt to W E Young...	N ¼ of lot 23, S F H'd, 4th purchase—30:6 on Fair Oaks St x 117:6	900
Velt Popper to T P Riordan.....	E De Haro 66:8 s Sonoma, s 33:4x100....	1
Otis J Preston to J J McKinnon ..	Und ½ ne Hammond St and Only Pl, n 62:6 along Hammond St x e 45	1
August Drucker to Jos Wores.....	Ne cor Fulton and Broderick, n to McAllister, e 275, s 275, w 275 to com	10
Thos Nunan to Nora Daly.....	Lot 10, blk 18, R R Av H'd.....	1
Wm R McKee to Dan'l Coffey.....	Sw 22d and Shotwell, s 26x98.....	1,500
B'd of T L Com'rs to S L Jones...	Lots 6 to 12 inc, 17 to 21 inc, and frac lot 4, 5, 13, 14, 15, 16, 22, 23, blk 488, T L.	2,748
R Feuerstein to Mich'l Gorman....	N 22d 125 w Dolores, w 25x100.....	525
E J Delaney to C W Davenport ...	N Jackson 137:6 w Laguna, 137:6x127:8¼	1
Mory Delaney to Same	Same	6,000

Tuesday, February 10th.

Pierre Iche to Pierre Merry.....	Lot 11 in blk 11, University M'd Survey.	$ 250
John Rosenfeld to Samuel Fisher .	Turk w Steiner, 25x137:6	10
Aaron Stolz to Paula Wurkheim ..	Sutter e Hyde, 25x137:6	10,200
M P Holmes to O F Savings Bank.	19th w Church, 50x228.....	2,606
Wm Hollis to John Renz.....	Pearl n Ridley, 25x80.....	2,900
Alex Forbes to Thos H Williams..	Se Sac'to and Sansome, e 185, s 124, etc.	25,000
F Billings to same.....	Same	21,666
S F Butterworth to same	Same	50,000
L Maynard to same.....	Same	50,000
Archibald C Peachy to same.....	Same	1
Wm M Gwin to same	Same	1
Mary Hodgkins to Mary Mursha...	Und ½ Guerrero n 14th, 25x84.....	500
Ed Hodgkins to same	Guerrero n 14th, 25x84	50 0

Wednesday, February 11th.

F Thomas to Marcelin Burnet	Und 18 acs –Com at n w cor of Donohoe's Tract, containing 94.73 acres	....
F L A Pioche to Bartul Miller.....	Lots 28 and 29 in blk 40, City Land As'n	180
Jas McGuigan to Jas W Haley	Pacific w Leavenworth, 60x20	2,100
F L A Pioche to Sam'l McDougall.	Lots 27 and 28 in blk 19, City Land As'n	180
C F McDermot to H Goodkind	Sansome s Bush, e 97, s 1:1, e 1, etc.....	43,500
Timothy Forde to same	Same	1
Wm Hollis to Kate Lockwood	Farren Av s Ellis, 25x90	2,650
Thos W Brennan to Agnes Mueller	Prospect Pl w Stockton and Cal'a, 18x60	1,650
D F McDonald to B Grave	3 acres, McDonald Tract.....	220
G W Haskell to Paul Rousset	Com at a pt near Smoke Ranch, etc.....	400
Jos B Houghton to same	Various lots in Outside Lands	100
B'd of T L Com'rs to L Dinkelspiel	All of blk 561, Tide Lands.....	860
Bay Park H'd As'n to Chas Koch..	Lots 1 to 5 inc, blk 553, Bay Park H'd..	1,800
John M Byrne to Wm Sharon.....	Sutter e Mason, 62:6x137:6.....	20,000
Jas H Cutter to Charles Miller.....	Sutter w Hyde, 50x137:6.....	7,500
Jane A Cutter to same	Same	7,500
J B Lewis to Jas H Cutter.....	Sutter w Hyde, 60x137:6.....	20
Harris Rosenberg to E Rosenberg.	Lot 4 blk 133, University Ex H'd; also, lots 6 and 7 blk 2, Mission & 30th St H	Gift

Thursday, February 12th.

Mary Mathies to John F Zollner...	11th av se G, 25x100	$ 300
Wm Turnbull to J G Kittle	Nw Sansome and Gold n Jackson, 50x80	20,000
City and County S F to J T Doyle.	Se Franklin and Eddy, 120x259:9	
Eugene Celle to Thos Ashworth	McAllister w Octavia, 50x100	4,500
W H Brumfield to Anna W Clark..	Lots 516 to 533 inc, Gift Map 3	3,000
Paul Rousset to Leon Mejasson ...	Outside Land Blocks 628 and 629	1,250
Thos B Bishop to B F Swan	Nw Geary and Scott, 275x137:6	1
James Thaxter to same	Ne Geary and Devisadero, e to Scott St, n to Post, w 137:6, s 137:6, etc	1
A B McCreery to August Drucker..	Und ½ N Fulton 137.6 w Devisadero, w 275 x n 275	10

Friday, February 13th.

Henry Underwood to W Mitchell	Howard n 24th, 60x122:6	10,500
Martha R Lamott to Kate McCauly	Franklin and Sutter, 120x110, sub mort'e	15,000
C H Polard to Wm H Smith	Polk s Broadway, 34:6x100	2,000
Wm Loewy to A Marshall	Franklin s Oak, 25x97:9	2,250
E J Delaney to Mary Delaney	Jackson w Octavia, w 52:6, etc	1,250
Isidore Gutte to John Miller	Dupont s Geary. 28:6x110, sub to mort.	17,000
M Burnet to O F Gehriche	18 acs of und 47 acres near Donohoe Tct, containing 94.73 acres	4,000
Luigi Ferrea to Angelo Ferrea	Und ¼ Vallejo e Dupont, 13:4x34	5
Same to same	Und ¼ Bowdoin n Burrows, 50x120	5
Geo Blucher to Clarence C Burr	B'dway w Larkin, 42:9x137:6, sub mort	Gift
W H Grattan to C H Stanyan	Wash'n w Laurel, 137:6x127:8¼	1,500

Saturday, February 14th.

N B Sanitarium to C E Driscoll...	Se Bay and Powell, s 160:5, etc	11,000
Richard Ring to Annie Ring	Lombard w Webster, 27:6x120; also, Sw Webster and Lombard, 120x110	Gift
Same to same	Und ⅓ Nw Webster and Greenwich, 120 x137:6; also, 1st se Minna, 30x75, etc.	1
Same to same	Und ¼ same, in trust for childn e'd p'ties	1
Ellen Vinsonhaler to R B Turner.	Lombard e Fillmore, 27:6x120	800
Wm R Crawford to Mary Crawford	Lot 13, blk 363, S S F H'd & R R As'n.	Gift.
Thos Phair to Louis Graber	Clementina w 4th, 25x80	4,000
Pat'k McGinn to John Comyns	7th nw Harrison, 25x85	3,650
Nina L Buel to I C Bateman	Und ½ Harrison sw Rincon Pl, sw 75, etc	14,727
H A Cobb to Willows Land Ass'n .	Mission n 18th, 25x80	2,000
Stilman N Putnam to F A Hyde...	Stockton and Francisco, 122:6x122.6	9,000
Thos Prince to John Biggy	McAllister e Buchanan, 27:6x120	2,350
Wm H Grattan to Edward Geitz...	Clay e Stockton, e 27:6, etc	9,000
Same to same	Clay e Stockton, 27:6x68:9	8,000
B F Bohen to Wm McCann	Und ⅓ Polk and Wash'n, 52:8¼x103	3,000
Nicolo Fabres to Teresa Demartini	Union e Stockton, e 24, s 74, etc	....
Ellen Connolly to S and L Soc'y....	Fulton e Laguna, 64x120	10

Monday, February 16th.

F Mandlebaum to Mary A Savage.	Leav'th s Wash'n, s 77:6, w 137:6, etc...	$7,00
Leland Stanford to J W Allyne....	Ne Chestnut and Taylor, 137:6x77:6	5
Wm H Hogan to S Woodbridge...	19th e Valencia, 25x85	3,800
M Kiernan to Thos Phillips	Lot 8 blk 14, Market St H'd	Gift
S D Cary to Thos J Powers	Ne Fulton and Franklin, 50x80	9,000
Nathan Atkinson to Thos Delany .	Tyler e Octavia, 25x137:6	2,500
J F Hill to Daniel Corcoran	Perry ne 6th, 25x80, sub to mort	3,300
Geary St Ex H As'n to J W Harris.	Lots 37 and 38, blk 261, Geary St Ex H'd	700
Same to Wm Zartman	Lots 35 and 36, blk 165, Geary St Ex H'd	700
E Bourdin to Leland Stanford	King sw 4th, sw 45:10, nw 60, etc	2,708
Wm Hollis to C F Denninger	N Grove 50 e Buchanan, e 25x68:9	3,100
C F Denninger to A H Lochbaum .	N Grove 25 e Buchanan, e 25x68:9	5
Alex Nockin to Jacob Wagner	Potrero Av n 23d, 25x100	650
C Hartson to Wm B May	Pacific e fr sw cor 50-v 209, e 30x68:9	250
Frank Mulligan to Pat'k Mulligan.	Shipley ne 9th, 25x75	1,300
August Hemme to Geo Hummel...	5th se Mission, 50x74	20,000
S B Whipple to Willows Land Ass	Nw Mission and 19th, 520x560	1
John Spotteswood to Danl Sheerin	Sw O'Farrel and Broderick, 100x55	1,700
F B Kennedy to Jennie Kennedy..	169.90-100 acres in Tulare Co	5
James Kennedy to Same	Same: also, Cal'a and Selina Pl, 57:6x 29:6; also, Grove e Webster, 30x95	5
Jennie Kennedy to J Quinchard...	Grove e Webster, 30x95; also, 169.90-100 acres in Tulare Co	5
J Quinchard to Jennie Kennedy ...	Ne Cal'a and Selina Pl, 57:6x29:6	5
J B A Petery to C C Burr	Broadway w Larkin, 42:9x137:6	250
D McCarthy to Michael Landers...	Mission s 22d, 50x122:6	2,230
Henry Moffat to John P Jones	Various blks in Outside Lands known as the Chamblin Ranch	750

Tuesday, February 17th.

Chas J Jansen to V L Sundblad...	Nw Liberty and Valencia, n 230, etc....	16,100
W H Lyon to John P Jones	Block 392, Outside Lands.....	750
Jas Devoe, Jr. to Tobias Hock	Mission e 6th, 25x80.....	7,000
Thos Delaney to Henry Banahan..	Clary ne 5th. 25x80	3,450
John C Coleman to N D Arnot, Jr.	Com at a pt in W A blk 55, 120 n Pine, and 170:6 e Van Ness, th n 17:6 x e 30	10
N D Arnot, Jr. to Amanda Arnot..	Same	10
Wash'n H'd As'n to S C E Thayer.	Lot 16, Washington H'd.....	300
S C E Thayer to Wm Hollis.....	Seymour Av n Tyler, 25x90.....	500
Wm Bryan to Andrew J Bryant ...	3d se Perry, 25x75.....	12,000
Sav and L Soc'y to Dan'l Sullivan.	23d e Guerrero, 25x114.....	800
Lewis Goodwin to S and L Soc'y..	Sundry lots in Western Addition	3,500
F L A Pioche to Anne Connolly	Lot 18 blk 13, City Land Ass'n.....	90
Eugene Celle to L Hogeboom	McAllister e Laguna, 37:6x100	3,400
M O Sullivan to John Schussler ...	Se McAllister and Franklin, 137:7x137:6.	13,750
Alex Forbes to Archibald Peachy..	Sw Sac'to and Sansome, 62:6x75.....	5

Wednesday, February 18th.

H Epstein to H Levy.....	Post w Dupont, 23x74	13,000
M Heringhi to Rob't B Gray	Ridley w Mission, w 60, sub to mort....	5,000
C T Ryland to Wm Murdock	Lot 23, blk 550, Bay View Tract	375
Dan'l Mahony to Thos McInerney.	Moss sc Howard, 20x75.....	2,000
Jas Smith to Edw Michelssen.....	Nw 6th Av and N st, w 305, etc, O'N & H	5,000
Louis B Sonnenberg to M Kane ...	Nevada se Folsom, se 29, sw 68:3, etc...	1,100
H Webster to Sam'l L Stanley.....	Sundry lots in Outside Lands	1,000
J S Alemany to Emlen Painter	Clay w Leav'th, 137:6x137:6.....	9,300
Rob't Schmith to Joel Lluner	Folsom s 23d, 30x90	1,200
Fred'k L Castle to Geo H Parker..	Turk e Taylor, e 4¾ inches x 79.....	100
John Connolly to A H Yeazell.....	Nw Ellis and Hollis, 90x75.	3,900
J B Houghton to Gustave Lehman.	Com at sw cor Seal Rock Ranch, etc....	375
Harriet Wilkins to E L Sullivan ...	Sundry properties in Outside Lands	5
Hib Sav & L Soc'y to S M Duncan.	Broadway w Hyde, w 68:9x137:6	3,200
E Celle to J B French.....	Tyler e Laguna, 25x137:6.....	2,400
Martha W Hanlon to S M Hills....	Kearny n Green, 68x20, subject to deed of trust, 432 D 226.....	1,675
Silver Ter Hd As'n to C L Berthold	Lot 112, 113, 114, 115, Silver Terrace H'd	1,268
Christopher Murr to Amelia Murr .	Eddy w Mason, 27:6x80.....	Gift
Camilo Martin to Jos C Duncan ...	Sw Montg and Clay, 60x40; also, Cal'a w Sansome, 137:6x50; also, Sansome s Cal'a, 7:6x87:6.....	....
Caroline Hawes to V D Moody	Nw Bryant and 9th, 275x410	70,000

Thursday, February 19th.

J Fitzpatrick to Thos V O'Brien..	Se Market 121:6 fr Valencia, th at right angles 60, ne 24, etc	$ 500
Rob't Wilson to Mich'l Tyrrell	Ridley w West Mission, 100x28.1¼	6
Annie Good to Henry Kraft.....	Lots 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, Gift Map 1..	250
Silver Terrace H'd As'n to H Brand	Lots 280, 281, Silver Terrace H'd.....	891
Geo Ferguson to Mercedes Camcto	White n Vallejo, 25x56	100
C I Ryland to Mrs M Dowling.....	Lots 17 and 18, blk 550, Bay View Tract	750
P Van Renselaer to G M Josselyn.	Kearny n Cal'a, 22:11x50:5.....	28,000
Robt S Thompson to A J Pope ...	Waller e Laguna, S to Market, ne 100, s to a pt in Waller St fr pt of com, etc..	8,500
Geary St Ex H'd As'n to J W Nye.	Sundry lots in Geary St Ex H'd.....	200
Alice T Toomy to Amos McCartney	Taylor s Bush, 20x62:6	5,000
John Murrey to City and Co S F ..	Cal'a w Leav'th, 27:6x137:6	3,900
Masonic Cem Asn to Geo E Lane..	Lot 53, Sect 26, Masonic Cemetery.....	132
Geo E Lane, Jr, to Same	Same	1
B'd of T L Com'rs to W Hamilton.	All of blk 795, Tide Lands	378
L L Schoen to Hermann B Fox ...	Pacific w Sansome, 28:9x137:6	4,900
Michael Skelly to J H Swain.....	Guerrero n 21st, 50x92:6.....	3,000
Henry Clifton to James Donovan..	Post w Octavia, 25:10x120	1,500

Friday, February 20th.

Pollard & Carvill M C to J Doherty	Kate se Bryant, 25x50	$ 600
C G Baxter to A W Vigoureux....	Sundry properties in Outside Lands....	5
Wm K Doherty to John M Byrne..	Oak w Van Ness, 68:9x120.....	8,500
Theo E Hoin to Mary Flood.....	Lot 4 blk 82, Terminus H'd.....	500
John S Luty to Jos Warburton	Block 6, Sunny Vale H'd.....	4,200
F O'Connor to Louis Leimert	Ne 17th and Dolores, 80x57:6	2,132
H N Norcross to A Himmelmann .	Lot 2, S F Hd—Cal e Pierce, 120x25:10..	1,000
S C Blake to John Murray	Leav'th n Jackson, 22:6x70	3,250
Elizth Horton to Wm R Robertson	Lot 21, blk 29, Fairmount Tract	900
M W Welton to C H Stanyan	Sw Geary and Buchanan, 56x93	200
C L Ross to O F Savings Bank....	Lots 23 to 31, blk 183, O'Neil & Haley T't	7,399
Benedict Then to Cath Sullivan....	Harriet nw Folsom, 25x75	Gift
F C Havens to S and L Soc'y	Fulton e Laguna, 64x120.....	10
Tide Land Com'rs to R Walmsley .	Frac lots 6, 7, 8, 15 and 16, blk 443, T L.	882

Monday, March 2d.

F MacCrellish to John Layng	Fell w Buchanan, 27:6x120	$2,000
Julius Platstrek to M Herzog	6th nw Howard, 25x75	10,000
E L Livermore to O F Giffin	Pine w Jones, 95x137:6	6,333
Ann Livermore to Same	Same	11,083
Harry Wade to Jas MacMahan	Salmon n Pacific, 60x60	1,000
Jas Pugh to Franklin Mahon	Ellis w Hyde, 25x87:6, sub to mort	1,050
H A Cobb to Same	Same	4, 00
E Weissig to John Jennings	Lot 2, blk 92, Buena Vista H'd	450
M Skelly to Jas H Swain	Nw Guerrero and 21st, 50x92	3,000
Jas O'Hare to M Birmingham	Clinton se Brannan, 25x80	1,200
J H Meredith to L S B Sawyer	Potrero Av n Eldorado St, 50x100	....
John O'Connor to Thos Magee	Nw Fell and Webster, 137:6x137:6	10,100
John McCombe to Silas P Ford	Green e Mason, e 33, s 86:3, etc	....
Solomon Stein to Nicholas C Luhrs	S Sacramento w Front, 20x41.8	7,500
Silver Ter Ass'n to D Brawley	Lots 202 and 203, Silver Terrace Hd	761
Same to same	Lots 491 and 492 of same	901
Same to Hannah Wetherby	Lots 298 and 299 of same	926
J C & E Coleman to N D Arnot, Jr	Certain property in W A	10
Maranda C White to Jas Ambrose	Lots 27, 28, 29, 30, blk 37, City L'd Ass'n	120
Sav & L'n Soc to Margaret Conway	S Turk e Pierce, 25x137:6	3,500
Jas M Conway to Geo L Bradley	Sw 1st nw Jessie, nw 40x80	11,000
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to Ferd Reis	Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, blk 430, Tide Lands	2,100
J S McCue to Wm R Sloan	Ne Kate, 105 se Bryant, se 25x50—sub 100 v 212	400
Geo Turner to F G Edwards	E Jones, 40 n Chestnut, n 20x68:3—sub 50 v 708	260
S and L Soc'y to L O de Andrade	Se Guerrero and Elizabeth, s 94:6x93:9½	3,000
Reginald H Smith to E Flanagan	Und ½, Nw cor D St and 34th Ave, w 240, n 272.2, n 30 deg 24 min, e 394.1, e 20:6, s 600 to com	....
R R Av Ex H As'n to W L Berry	Lot 6 blk 39, R R Av Ex H'd	442
Wm L Berry to Julia N Pearsoe	Same	1
Wm Hogan to Bridget Hogan	S Sac'to 45:10 w fr the e line of 50-vara 1223, w 22:11x137:6; also, N Sac'to 137:6 w Jones, w 20x70	Gift
E Celle to Donald Grant	S Tyler, 32:6 w Octavia, w 75x100	6,750
Masonic Cem As'n to C U of S F	Lots 39, 41, 43, 45, in Sect 5, Oriental Av; also, lots 48, 50, 52, 54, Sec 6, Progress Av, Masonic Cemetery	Gift

Tuesday, March 3d.

J W Farwell to B Peart	E Leavenw'th, 137:6 s Post, s 22:11x68:9	$7,000
John Cowell to Henry Cowell	Undiv ½ s Filbert 25 e Battery, 25x60; also, 25 e Battery 60 s Filbert, 60x25	1,000
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to M Flynn	Lot 6 and 23, blk 102, Tide Lands	300
Same to same	Lots 6 and 25, blk 117, Tide Lands	430
Wm C Ralston to Mary C Grant	Com 87:6 se Folm, S:6 sw Frem t 25x12	1
L J Czapkay to Nath'l Czapkay	S Washington 70 e Kearny, e 47:6x34:8	20,000
W Murray to Hugh Whittell	Nw 25th and Bartlett, n 65, w 73, etc	20
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to O C Pratt	Lots 7 to 14 inc blk 512, Tide Lands	1,032
Same to same	All of blk 441, same	4,042
Same to same	Lots 1 to 16 inclu blk 466, same	3,512
Same to same	All of blk 513, same	2,322
Same to same	All of blk 514, same	1,720
Same to same	Lots 1 to 8 inclu, 13, 14, 15, 16 blk 475	2,205
Same to same	Same, blk 492	1,953
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to C Precht	Lot 449, Silver Terrace H'd	475
Same to same	Lots 487, 488, 489, 490, Silver Ter H'd	1,863
Franklin J King to Elizth McKeen	E Howard, 65 s Eagle, 30x122:6	1,500
J H Drossell to Chas Schmaling	S Broadway e Leavenworth, 23x60	....
Milo Hoadley to Chas H Killey	Outside Lands	5
Sav & Ln Soc to M Masterson	S 230 150 e Guerrero, 25x114	850
H J Tilden to Fred P Stone	W Dolores, 195 n 24th, n 65x117:6	5,000
Chancellor Hartson to P Landers	N Broadway e Fillmore, 68:9x137:6	3,000
Malvina H Parker to T M Blair	E Chatham Pl, 90 n Bush, n 23:9x60	5,000
Jennie Kennedy to Wm Hollis	Ne Selma Pl and Cal, 57:6x29	10
Charles Friel to David Callaghan	Nw Minna, 130 sw 4th, sw 20x80, subject to mortgage for $1,003	3,000
Charles Kornfeld to Phillip Sieben	N Sacramento, 103:6 e Stockton, 34x59	10,000
L B Benchley to Geo H Goddard	S California 117:6 w Mason, 20x137:6	254
John T Maher to Jas Mee	Sundry lots in south part city	1
Fred Kuchenbeiser to D Hartnett	E Fair Oaks n 23d, n 36x117:6	1,000
City & Co San Fco to T Donnelly	E York, 234 n 24th, n 52x100	....
Thos Donnelly to Patrick Welch	Same	1,200
Wm D Johnsten to A F Farman	Subdiv W A 56, subject to mortg	6,000
A Witmann et al to A Himmelmann	Lot 99, West End Hd	500

Wednesday, March 4th.

A A Porter to Charles Friel	Re-record to correct error	....
T McInerny to Margaret Mahony	Sw Moss, 180 se Howard, 20x75	$ 1
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to H Ebright	Lot 2 blk 46, Tide Lands	1,550
T Nelson to Adeline M McHenry	N Broadway, 131:6 e Laguna, 6x137:6	360
Jas S Kennedy to Odd Fel Sav B'k	N 13th, 104:11 w Howard, n 244x75	22,541
Jos S Friedman to A B McCreery	Und ¾, lot 6, blk 512 W A	10
J Fitzpatrick to Jane Fitzpatrick	W Valencia s Market n to Market, etc.	....
A J Morrell to John Mullally	Se Turk and Pierce, 31:3x87:6	1,800
Silver Ter Hd Ass'n to S Stedmann	Lots 65 and 66, Silver Terrace Hd	641
Chas Kleinelass to Otto Fauss	Se 19th and Mission, e 140:6x95	9,000
Wm H Rouse to Chas Sernler	Lot 111 blk 571, Central Park Hd	300
Geo W Ellis to Frank P McLean	Two lots of 25x137:6 each, in Protrero, recorded July 23, '53 in book B p 665.	1,000
R B Gray to Francis Avery	Ne Gough and Francisco, 275x137:6	1,000
Francis Avery t › Alex R Baldwin	Same	1,000
City and Co S F to B S Brooks	Ne Francisco and Gough, n 275, etc.	...
B S Brooks to Alex R Baldwin	Same	1,250
N S F H'd & R R A to B S Brooks	Sw Franklin and Bay, 137:6, w 200, etc.	1

Thursday, March 5th.

Henry F Williams to J O'Connor	50-vara 1 blk 299, W A	$ 1
Gt Pk Hd Assn to Patk Lynch	Lot 16 blk 366, Great Park Hd	250
Michl Riordan to G H Winterburn	Sw 16th and Valencia, 92x88, being sub to mortgage for $12,000	22,000
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to O Hubbell	Lot 72 and 73 blk 142 Harrison St Hd	1,600
Patk McDonald to J R Kelly	Nw Clementina 225 ne 4th, ne 25x80	1,450
Thos B Simpson to Geo F Sharp	Undivided half Parker Mountain Lake Ranch; also, undivided half tract adjoining, containing 19 acres	5
John Gray to Bank of San Fran'co	Se Folsom, 137:6 ne 3d, ne 30x100	2,000
S I Curtis to Emma A Curtis	S California w Jones, 43:9x137:6	Gift
Spring Val H Ass'n to A Donnavan	Lot 144, Spring Valley Hd	360
Andrew J Ralston to M Riley	Nw Stevenson 175 sw 5th, 20x65; also, se Howard, 175 sw 3d, 20x80, the 2d piece subject to mortgage for $2,000	6,000
E Y Strong to John J Powers	Se Tehama, 100 sw 5th, 26:6x80, being subject to mortgage for $1,000	2,700
F M Hart to Felicie Hourcade	Lots 756, 758, 760, 762, Gift Map 2	100
Sol Lipman to Geo L Bradley	Sw 4th, 30 se Tehama, 50x75	25,000
Geo K Porter to Wm Tynan	S Hickory e Gough, e 62:6x25	125
Mark M Dugan to Ellen Dugan	Lot 9 blk 3, San Miguel City	1
Ellen Dugan to Grace Jordan	Same	1,000
L W S Downs to M Seeligsohn	Se Howard sw 5th, 16:8x80	4,000

Friday, March 6th.

F H L Brown to A B McCreery	Sundry properties in Western Addition	$ 10
Jas Fagan to Chas Kleinclaus	E Howard s 20th, 6x122:6	500
W Everson to John H Thomas	Sw 22d and Church, 250x130	7,000
Thos Gibbons to Henry W Helms	Sw Mission and 15th, 23:9x87	5,000
Frank Atwater to A J Plate	Undivd half com at ne cor R G Perkins Tract, th s 275 x e 275: also undivided half sw cor Solano & Florida, 200x100	1
Chas T H Palmer to H F Morken	Nw O'Farrell and Webster, 137:6x27:5	200
Silv Ter H Ass'n to J J Steudeman	Sundry lots in Silver Terrace Hd	1,365
Alfred Rising to Geo F Sharp	Sundry blks N B Water Property, etc.	500
B F Bohen to Lewis Soher	N Bush w Webster, 27x100	1,150
A C Heineken to Abraham Newman	N Geary w Hyde, 67x137:6	10,720
Wm T Wallace to P Torre	Lot 14x60, s side Commercial, adjoining on the east the lot owned by S C Hastings	1
E Celle to P J Cassin	S Tyler w Octavia, 37:6x137:6	3,600
J Newman to Patrick M Wash	N Allen w Hyde, 20x60	760

Saturday, March 7th.

T P Riordan to Geo H Winterburn	E De Haro 66:8 s Sonoma, 33:4x100	$ 800
Calvin Nutting to H G Hanks	N Greenwich e Hyde, 56x56:6	3,500
N Atkinson to G Clark	S Tyler e Octavia, 25x137:6	2,500
S Light to H Rossbach	Sw Pacific and Hyde, 45:10x137:6	3,625
Felton Tct H Asn to C M Chapman	Lots 22 and 23 blk 1202, Felton Tract	300
D J Wiseman to H Kuhn	N Grove e Octavia, 27:6x68:9	1,500
J Kennedy to C McGowan	Sw Clinton nw Brannan, 25x80	86
H Hahn to A T Green	S Haight 137:6 e Octavia, e 25, s 86, etc.	1,300
Mis n St Ex H Assn to C J Barron	E Goethe s San Jose Road, 46:11x84:2	417
H Hahn to J P Hurney	S Haight, 162:6 e Octavia, e 37:6, s etc.	3,600
L D Allen to E F Preston	Se Sacramento and Pierce, 25:5x120	1,250

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
E McLean to G M Brock	Oakland: 80x150 se cor B'dway & Delger	$4,500
J Banzells to J R Hite	Same: 150x100 se cor 9th and Alice, and 100x100 se cor 10th and Jackson	8,250
C J Franks to J Reynolds	Same: 78.6x123.7 on w l San Pablo Av	2,360
E Clough to H S de Fremery	Same: S l 14th 85 e fr Linden, e 40x95.6	2,450
L J Hardy to Sarah Gitts	Same: E l Myrtle 306.5 s fr 5th, s 37.6x125	700
E W Travers to Geo Pierson	Same: 100x100 sw cor Jefferson and 9th	3,200
Chas F Brown to A C Brown	Same: 60.1x131 nw cor Telegr'h & Watton	5,000
M S Vukovoch to J Krattinger	Same: S l 7th 125 e fr B'dway, e 25x100	4,000
Bridget Connolly to J Winkler	Same: N l 4th 125 e fr Grove, e 25x100	500
Martin Detels to W K Thornburgh	Same: S l M'dle 240 e fr Peralta, e 80x145	2,000
A C Brown to C W Banks	Same: 60.1x181 nw cor Telegr'h & Watton	6,000
J Caperton to J McCarty	Same: W l Market 50 s R R Av, s 50x100	1,500
H A R Sanken to P H Sumner	Same: S l Prospect 1512 e fr Telegraph Av, thence e 72x275	2,100
C M Hitchcock to D C Thompson	Same: Lots 25 to 30, Academy H'd	5,000
J de Fremery to H S de Fremery	Same: Se line Peralta 142.6 sw f'm 12th, thence sw 2.6x117.9	5
P C Dart to C C Smith	Same: W l Myrtle 114.6 n 12th, n 60x125	2,100
J V Webster to D Cameron	East Oakland: Sw Harrison 225 se from Walker, thence se 75x100	700
L B Huff to W M Statham	Same: Se line Lake 100 ne from Washington, thence ne 100x120	1,600
J V Webster to M Schramm	Same: Ne l Monroe 200 se from Walker, thence se 100x200	1,000
Sarah Swain to A Fonte	Same: N l Hepburn 100 e from Alameda, thence e 50x100	300
C Gray to P R R Coxhead	Same: Various lots on Lynn	20
E McCabe to L H Wakefield	Same: 150x150 n cor Benton & Harrison	1,900
D D McWade to A Rankin	Same: 100x140 s cor Madison & B'dway	4,000
M A & H H Burrell to C M Vosburg	W Oakland: 80x39 sw cor Sew'd & Wood	5
M L R Cowles to L C Hall	Same: ⅜ int on 4¾ acres, Tract 403	1
E Hall to M L R Cowles	Same: Same	1
J B Denis to A Le Cler	Alameda: N l R R Av 250 e f'm Walnut, thence e 100x150.2	900
W B Clement to J N King	Same: E l Park 125 s Lincoln, s 25x98.4	700
A Dam to P Riley	Oakland T'p: W line Magnolia 100 s f'm 30th, thence s 200x132	500
Berkeley V H'd As'n to J Nesbitt	Same: Lot 5, in B V H'd Ass'n	610
A Borel to C B Davis	Oakland: W line Kirkham 118.9 n from 8th st, thence n 25x118.7	550
C J Clark to L J Sack	Same: W l Webster 50 n fr 9th, n 50x75	2,000
G Pierson to S D Harris	Same: 100x100 sw cor 9th and Jefferson	
W J Garnett to S Anderson	Same: E l Webster 606 n 14th, n 50x150	5
T M Smith to A J Morrell	Same: Lots 7, 8, 17, 19 and 29, in blk A, Oakland View H'd Ass'n	20
W Himmeltenberg to O T V Soc'y	Same: S l 9th 75 e fr Clay, th e 40x100	5
Salome Anderson to A J Garnett	East Oakland: 150x150 s cor 4th Av and East 16th St	5
E Wakerman to G W Hume	Same: 160x150 n cor Jackson & Pierce	7,000
E B Walker to M E Wakerman	Same: Nw l Pierce 140 sw fr Washington, thence s 10x150	5
W L Duncan to C E Chipman	Alameda: 10 acs part Chipman 111 acs West Tract near Alameda Point	1
W B Clement to Joseph Knowland	Same: 147.11½ w fr Everett, w 50x250	1,100
Same to S H Fields	Same: 50x147.11 nw cor Webb & Everett	600
S A Chapin to C E Chipman	Same: 1 acre on W End Av, Alameda Pt	50
C E Chipman to Ed Brown	Same: Same	915
W W Chipman to Same	Same: Same	915
Berkeley V H'd As'n to R Thomas	Oakland T'p: Lots 6 to 10 in B V H T'ct	3,060
N B Byrne to B McGrath	Same: 18 acs part plot 84	5
T C Coxhead to J Edgar	Same: ½ acre V Peralta Reservation	362
B V H'd Ass'n to J Stratton	Same: Lots 17 and 20 in B V H Tract	1,220
Same to Same	Same: Lots 1, 2 and 22, same	1,000
L M Peralta to J B Peralta	Brooklyn T'p: 14 acres w line road Oakland to San Leandro	7,500
A G Abell to J B Watson	Same: Interest in overflowed land fronting on late town of Brooklyn	5
A G Stiles to T H Williams	Same: 47 acres near Lynn	13,600
J M Haren to W Hoffschneider	Same: Lots 3 and 11, Cameron Tract	6,000
N Hawes to J Reis	Same: 62 acres old road from Oakland to San Leandro, near High st	28,906
J Reis to J M Patterson	Same: Same	20,400
B D Bowers to M Carroll	Same: 3 acres Fruit Vale	1,800

E C Dunning to E S Thomas.....	Oakland: N line of 14th street 140 west from Jefferson thence w 40x103:9.....	$1,650
W F Gladding to F Delger.....	Same: 133:3x100 nw corner of 28th and Magnolia.....	250
H Clark to E J Kelly.....	Same: W line Valley 103 s from Elm th s 60x150.....	4,000
E J Kelly to H & E Clark.....	Same: Same premises.....	4,500
T B Bigelow to P Flynn.....	Same: E line Lewis 125 s from R Roads thence s 25x125.....	500
D McDougal to N Murphy	Same: E line of West st 50 s from 28th st thence s 25x90.....	250
T B Bigelow to J Lawton.....	Same: 25x96 sw cor R R Av and Chester	500
G L Purdy to Daly & Ward.....	Same: 26 Filbert by 130.....	....
D McDougal to A N Gularte	Same: 50x90 sw corner 28th and Gross.	500
A Hariague to M Hefly.....	Same: E line Franklin 75 n from 5th st n 25x75.....	1,250
Whitcher & Gurnett to E Donahey	Same: E line Grove 100 s from 28th st th s 25x84.....	200
Pac Mut L Ins to J A Bradshaw..	Same: S line 8th street 50 w from Myrtle w 75x102.....	2,160
F G Law to W D Clark.....	Same: N line Sycamore 950 w from Telegraph thence w 128x216:4.....	3,500
J F Havens to P H Sumner.....	Same: N line 12th st 87:6 e from Brush e 62:6x100; also e l Louisa 211.6 s from 24th st th s 52x230 to Union.....	9,000
H S Hudson to V T de Fremery ...	Same: E line Chestnut 100 n from West Tenth street th n 151x132; also 200x300 bounded by 11th, 12th, Castro & Brush	26,800
H S Hudson to same.....	Same: Same.....	5
J de Fremery to H S Hudson.....	Same: N line 11th st 100 w from Castro w 50x100.....	5
E Clough to T Beck.....	Same: S line of west 14th st 50 w from Filbert thence w 30x95:6.....	700
J Yule to W Wagner.....	Same: 104x111:8 sw corner of 8th and Campbell.....	3,250
A J Snyder to Oakland B'k of Sav	Same: E line of Ruby 100 s from Weston st thence s 50x100.....	1
S & L Soc to W H Mitchell.....	Same: Lot 26, 50x120:3, Brown Tract..	2,135
R Davis to J Davis.....	Same: N line of Caledonia 229:4 e from Grove th e 50x143:2.....	Gift
E Chanderean to Burnham et al. .	Same: S line 2d st 150 e from Clay th e 50x100.....	2,500
C O Williams to R Fillmore.....	Same: N line 21st st 100 w from Brush thence w 50x100.....	625
J Peterson to P Boogar.....	Same: E l Franklin, 75 n fr 7th, thence n 25x75.....	1,000
W F Kelsey to G J Nicholson	Same: 50x100, nw cor Grove and Elm..	1,500
F de St Germain to T de St Germain	Same: 50x75, nw cor Broadway and 3d, 200x75, bounded 3d & 4th, w by Clay 50x75, ne cor 5th and Clay.....	5,000
P S Wilcox to E Gordon.....	Same: 43:4 on 21st, 126 on 22d, by 300, bet Broadway and Telegraph.....	3,500
Same to Same	Same: E l Telegraph, 50 s fr 22d, thence s 100x125.....	2,500
J Chart to A Michel.....	Same: Lot, 18, blk V, North Addition ..	15
Whitcher & Taylor to F Hinckley .	Same: 16:10x452:7, se cor 26th & S Pablo	1,303
H Tubbs to J B Scotchler	East Oakland: Blocks 77 and 78, Clinton	1
P M McLaren to L J Martin.....	Same: Nw l Benton, 50 sw fr Jackson, thence 50x150.....	....
E C Sessions to W & J Sheperd ..	Same: 5 acres, plot 7, Watson Tract....	1
A J Snyder to Oakland B of Sav ..	Same: N l East 21st, 200 e fr 21st Ave, thence e 125x280.....	1
E Taylor to M Faye.....	Same: Se l Clay, 150 ne from Franklin, thence ne 50x100.....	2,600
J Nagle to F G Nagle	Same: Blks 1, 11, and part 18, Clinton ..	100
C E Chipman to C M Haley.....	Alameda: S line Pacific Ave, 65.6 e from Euclid, thence e 97:6x153:9.....	570
J A Mix to N Walker	Same: Lot 6, blk 21, Alameda Park	5
E J Carlsson to C Anderson.....	Same: N l Encinal Ave, 100 e fr Willow, thence e 50x150.....	200
W E Brown to M A Rittenhouse ..	Same: Lots C & D, blk 9, Alameda Park	600
C E Chipman to M Hogan	Same: E l Euclid, 61:6 s fr Pacific, thence s 92:3x131; also, 92:3x52:6, ne cor Euclid and Pacific.....	1,450
Same to J F Bulbwinkel.....	Same: 61:6x65:5, se cor Pacific & Euclid	541
L Higuera to J Higuera.....	Mission San Jose: 139 acres 3 miles from	400
J Hunter to Doane & Co	1-5th interest in overflowed land on San Leandro Bay.....	6,225
S R & L W Snow to T Gill.....	San Leandro: 2½ acres.....	900
John Dabner to Joseph Cabral....	Same: Lots 3 to 6, blk B, Dabner Addn.	1,000
A B Lopes to John Matthews	Same: 8 acres on San Leandro Creek ...	2,000

Haywood Park Hd to J Callaghan	Haywood: Lots 20 to 22 and 3, blk 5, H P H Tract	1,000
		900
F D Atherton to Trustees L Tree	Near same: 34 acres	250
Haywood P Hd to C Moneypenny	Same: Lot 7, blk 3, 100x150, H P Tract	250
Same to M J Kelso	Same: Lot 6, blk 3, 100x150, same	1,350
J Bennet to D Adams	Same: Lot at Haywood	5,000
H Curtner to A Kerr	Near Mission San Jose: 36 acres	....
A J Tyler to L E Osgood	Near same: 5 acres	....
H Curtner to R Riley	Washington Tp: 2 acres	8,775
Edward Chevassus to A Machado	Near Alvarado: 72 acres on Alameda Ck	900
E Pacheco to E Chevassus	Same: 65 acres on Alameda Creek	6,600
M Walker to M J Suares	Near Centreville: 41 acres	1,875
M J Suares to M G Day	Same: 12 acres	....
Leuba & Menu to H C Clark	Same: Various lots near High and S F Bay; also, wharf Franchise, same locality	600
J W Watson to B A Watson	Same: 75x125 e cor Strode and Harrison	3,000
J E Johnson to H Trenbly	West Oakland: S line Goss 105:7 w from Wood, thence w 75x104	4,500
W B Clement to J R Spring	Alameda: 2 lots on Pacific and Railroad ave and Euclid	150
C E Chipman to C Bartlett	Same: W line Euclid 84:6 s from Pacific, thence s 100x22	220
Same to J R Spring	Same: E line Euclid 153:9 s from Pacific, thence s 30v9x195; also, N line Pacific 99 e from Euclid, thence e 96x53:6	860
Same to W G Flynn	Same: 52:6x22 nw cor Pacific and Euclid	180
F S & J R Spring to C E Chipman	Same: 2 acres Euclid and Pacific	50
J C Whipple to Cypress Cem'ty	Road from Niles to Haywood: 10 acres	1,250
Snyder & Chapin to E P Heald	Brooklyn Tp: ⅝ int 2 tracts, 11 acs each	2,500
T Sheldon to S Levy	Livermore: Lots 5 and 6 in blk 17	250
J McDavett to H Levy	Same: Lot 5 in blk 15	165
A D Splivalo to W Singwitz	Same: Lot 12 in blk 11	125
W P Keenan to A Esden	Pleasanton: 200x254	225
Cal B S Co to W F and J M Ingalls	Alvarado: 50 acs on Alameda Creek	10,000
T LeRoy to F J Silva	San Leandro: 100x150	300
A Menges to C Mohr	Near Mount Eden: A tract	13,600
C McLaughlin to J Ignacio	3 miles nw from Dublin: 160 acres	1,120
T Leonard to C Leonard	Fitchburg: Lots 5, 6 and 7 in blk 9	600
M J Bird to R Simson	Haywood: 1-6th interest in 90 acres	1
N Willet to F J Clark	Near Livermore: 150 acres	300
W Hoskins to J M Valdez	Oakland: Tract marsh on Lake Merritt	100
C McLaughlin to S F & O Water Co	Near Mission San Jose: 440 acres	2,775
W Carroll to H H Lawrence	Brooklyn Tp: 1-6th acre near Sousal Ck	30
S U H'd Ass'n to E A Read	Oakland Tip: Lot 2 in blk S U H'd T ct.	550
P J Bachelder to F Basham	Oakland: 130x52:10 se cor Market & 17th	3,000
J Ranzell to E J Lowell	Same: 100x150 nw cor Jackson and 9th	8,900
A K P Harmon to E W Woodward	Same: E line Harrison 1014 n from 14th st, thence n 78x150	2,700
L J Starkweather to A G Ainsworth	Same: N line 10th st 107 w from Castro, thence w 43x100	4,500
Central Land Co to A V de Freitos	Same: Lot 38, Brown Tract	600
C B Rutherford to M Viard	Same: S line 16th st 30 e from Clay, th e 30x103:9	925
W H Lowell to E I Lowell	Same: 100x150 nw cor 9th and Jackson	Gift
Pacific M Ins Co to E Caderalader	Same: 50x123:3 se cor Filbert and 8th	1,910
Same to C P O'Nell	Same: E line Filbert 125:3 s from 8th st, thence s 50x125	1,300
Same to L Lisinoine	Same: S line 8th st 100 e from Filbert, thence e 25x102:6	800
Same to E S Denison	Same: 50x101:4 sw cor Myrtle and 8th; also, W line Myrtle 101:4 s from 8th st, thence s 25x125	2,400
Same to A G Sinclair	Same: W line Myrtle 75 n from Railroad Av, thence n 75x125	2,000
N Giamboni to M Giamboni	Same: N line Seward 140 w fr Willow, thence w 50x135	Gift
	Same	2,500
F W F Scholl to N Giamboni	Same: 175:6x104 sw cor 21st and Broadway	8,000
E Tripp to E Avery	Same: 100x150 se cor 11th and Madison	5
M Dore to R H Bennett	Same: E line Harrison 1494 n from 12th st, thence n 78x150	3,000
W H Friend to E Babson, Jr	Same: Lot 39, Brown Tract	575
Central Land Co to H H Burrell	Same: ½ int w line Adeline 122:2 n f m 1st st, thence s to creek x 266:6	12,500
G C Potter to G E Gray	Same: E line Harrison 778 n from 14th, thence n 78x150	2,500
W H Friend to S H Tompkins	Same: E line Harrison 856 n from 14th st, thence n 78x150	2,600
E Babson, Jr, to Same		

M Curtis to W M Brown	Oakland: 100x100, nw cor 20th & Curtis	$2,900
Same to P Haley	Same: N l 21st, 50 e fr Curtis, thence e 25x100	350
Jennie Stewart to C W Schroder	Same: E l Broadway, 75 n fr 6th, thence n 25x125	4,350
W & F Gagan to G W Hume	Same: 125x53:8, se cor Telegraph Ave & 21st	5,000
G W Armes to G Meredith	Same: W l Alice, 1104 n fr 12th, thence n 78x180	3,000
G H Chick to E De Voy	Same: 103:9x50, ne cor 15th & Jefferson	7,000
M Curtis to Dutton	Same: 300x200, bounded by 20th, 21st, West, and Curtis	7,000
P Hd Assn to G W Armes	Same: 174x150, sw cor Locust and Webster	689
G M Fisher to C H Twombly	Same: 100x75, sw cor 11th and Webster; also, 25x25, sw cor thereof	10,000
S E Alden to E F Thayer	Oakland Tp: Lot 125, 56x120, Temescal Park Tract	250
G Andrade to H W Carpenter	Same: 4 acs, on San Pablo Ave, 4 miles n from Oakland	500
A A Russell to Daniel Wilson	Same: 23 acres, same locality	3,000
W H Cummings to E B Mastick	Same: Same premises	500
J Everding et al to A A Watkins	Same: 22 acres, same locality	5,000
J T Stratton to Berkley V Hd Assn	Same: 15 acres, part plot 84	....
A Schottler to Julia Schottler	Same: Lot 93, blk 11, Regent S Hd Tract	Gift
A W Simpson to W Striby	Same: Lot 6, blk 7, College Hd	500
Oakland Hd Assn to C P Gaily	Same: Lot 77, blk 4, Maxwell Tract	5
C D Anderson to R Cornell	Same: 100x50, ne cor College and Yard	200
N B Byrne to J W H Campbell	Same: 5 acres, part plot 84	5
J W H Campbell to R P Thomas	Same: Same premises	900
J T Stratton to Same	Same: 9 acres, part plot 84	3,150
L W Kimball to H C Banta	Same: Lot 4, Kimball Tract, S Pablo Av	275
G O Davis to W Eppelsheimer	Same: Lot 5, blk 4, S N Hd Tract	500
I H McCourtney to J Jeffery	Same: 50x105, nw cor 44th & Telegraph Ave	675
H K Moore to H W Carpentier	Same: Tract on S Pablo Rd 4 miles n fr Oakland	10
E Adams to S D Conghlin	Same: Tract on and near S Pablo Ave 4 miles n fr Oakland	55,000
A Chabot to Theodore Leroy	Same: 80 acres of an undivided 2,800 acs of Hill land	4,000
Berkeley V Hd Assn to C C Brier	Same: Lot 27, 60x299, B V Hd Assn	610
C Moher to J Barker	Same: 29 acres, part plot 33	1,200
H S Fitch to C M & A E Rimkle	Brooklyn Tp: Various lots in Fitchburg	5,000
J O'Connor to Charles E Blake	Same: 5 acres, San Leandro Road, near Hight St	29,000
G W Dam to L L Baker	Same: 59 acres on Moraga Road	150
J E Blethen to Brooklyn P Hd Asn	Same: A tract on Redwood Road	5
John Dabner to M Franklin	Same: A tract	125
A & G Mayrisch to A Schroeder	Alameda: 118x240, nw cor Parn & Santa Clara Ave, near Encinal Station	5
Jose Salinas to A D Splivalo	Pleasanton: 160 acres	150
G E Smith to George Cannon	Same: Lot 2 and part of 9, blk J	200
A Bernal to C Duerr	Same: 30 acres	502
George Cannon to G B Bowman	Same: Lot 1, blk J	150
Gregorio Gomix to A D Splivalo	Same: 153 acres	150
W Y Hornet to H Davis	Washington Corners: 6 acres	925
Same to A D Biggs	Same: 5 acres	758
W Y Horner to H Crowell	Same: About 271x137	240
F D Atherton to L A Preda	San Lorenzo: 6½ acres	1,400
W Meek to J K Missen	Same: 40x130	150
T Livingston to F Bertram	Same: 1½ acres	5,175
A D Splivalo to J K Missen	Livermore: Lots 7 and 8, blk 30	225
Same to C Christianson	Same: Lots 5 and 6, blk 37	225
S B Martin to P and T Kelly	Same: 354 acres, 4 miles nw from Liv	13,268
Same to Wm Knox	Same: 320 and 360 acres, same locality	35,948
Same to M Devaney	Same: 310 acres, same locality	10,844
Same to A Baker	Same: 2,078 acres, same locality	62,349
G Cannon to J Gooby A & S Silk	Same: 306 and 149 acres	3,400
W M Mendenhall to C Acker	Same: 7, 8, and 9, blk 18	200
E J Robinson to R McGlashin	Same: 168 acres, 7 miles se from Liv	4,750
C McLaughlin to George Cannon	Same: 306 acres, 10 miles ne from Liv	1
H E Babbet to E Dyer	Same: 160 acres, 6 miles ne from Liv	1,800
A D Splivalo to J L Mitchel	Same: Lot 8, blk 19	100
W M Mendenhall to A A Overacker	Same: Fractional blk 16	50
Joseph Peter to F Peter	Near Dublin: 160, 5 miles nw from Dub	700
S B Martin to J Galway	Near same: 376 acres	22,536
R Simson to Pac Reduction Works	Same: 1 acre on Bay Av, Melrose	1,258
W A Bray to A F Everitt	Same: 158:9x341, Road Oakland to San Leandro, at Fruit Vale	2,500
A D Splivalo to 1st Presby Church	Livormore: Lots 1 and 2, blk 37	1

E W Travers to S D Harris	Oakland: 175x50 sw cor Jeff'n & 9th sts	$3,200
P S Wilcox to J Alexander	Same: E l Tel'h Av n fm 21st st, 50x125	1,121
N B Byrne to J Wasson	Same: 5 acres part plot 84	5
J B Scotchler to the Real Est Assn	Same: Sundry properties throughout cty	5
P C Dart to R S Egbert	Same: w line Myrtle s from 14th, 65x125	2,225
P S Crocker to A J Angell	Same: Lots 68 and 169 Buena Vista	3,000
Mary Hussey to G W Burne	Same: 125x100, sw cor 8th and Alice sts	4,425
M Hussey to same	Same: Same premises	5
A Conners to J Nolan	Same: W line Jeff n s fm 3d th s 50x75	1,200
J B Scotchler to Mrs M West	Oakland: N line 17th st w fm Kirkham thence w 25x105:9	350
R T Bunker to F Cartwright	Same: S line 8th st e fm Frankn 75x100	5
Jane Wynn to Edward Clark	Same: n l 16th w fm Clay, 25x100	750
W R Cranna to F Cartwright	Same: S line 8th st e fm Frankn, 75x100	5
J A Hobart to G W Edwards	Same: E line S P Av n fm Delger 33x100	3,000
J A McQuaid to Mrs C Murray	Same: 50x150, Evoy Ave near Tel Av	Gift
J Allyn to K C Scott et al	Same: ½ int w line Broadway, 50x75	7,000
M Detels to J Ziegenbein	Same: 1 acre Center near 9th st	7,000
M K Thornburgh to same	Same: 86:8x263 ne cor Chester and 8th sts; also 236:1x151 sw cor Center and Middle sts	5,000
A J Snyder to L Zimmerman	Same: W line Filbert s fm 5th st, 50x125	1,200
N B Green to M Smith	Same: N l 12th st w fm Kirkham 26x110	600
E Bigelow to J Frederick	Same: S line 16th e fm Jeffn, 37:6x103:9	950
E Bigelow to J E Holmes	Same: S l 15th e fm Jeffn, 37:6x103:9	950
A Dam to S Knapp	Same: S l Sycamore 350 York, 50x100	2,500
J Ziegenbein to J R Cutting	Same: E l Chester n fm Middle 70:7x125	1,500
R Glover to C C Smith	Same: 66:9x100:6 ne cor Market & 12th	7,500
C W Keene to D Morrison	E l Henry n fm 3d, 25x125	1,200
J C Hayes to M Maloney	Same: S l 5th w fm Myrtle, 25x91	550
T B Bigelow to P Demsey	Same: S line Railroad Ave e from Chester thence e 16:4x125	350
E Bigelow to L E Dam	Same: N l 16th w fm Jeffn, 50x100	1,200
M Curtis to J Brazill	Same: 100x50, sw cor Lydia and West st	600
S Porter to L E Dam	Same: S line Locust near Telph, 25x87	450
P C Dart to E E Parker	Same: 114:6x100 ne cor 12th and Gilbert	4,500
The Central Ld Co to S J Wall	Same: 116x60:1 nw cor West and Brown	750
City of Oakland to Co Alameda	Same: Washington and Franklin Plaza	....
H Morse to W E Muller	Same: 80 ft on e line Franklin by 150 ft lying n from 14th st	3,200
O Chanvin to Ex'rs R Bayerque	Same: 100x75 nw cor Harrison and 3d	1
B Hayes to J R Hardenbergh	East Oakland: 150x140 n cor Adams and Chase	3,500
F S Nisbet to Chas W Evans	Same: 50x150 s cor Washgton & Pierce	1,500
J H Fisher to W Hurlbert	Alameda: S l Clement e Everett, 90x150	2,500
W Hurlbert to J H Fisher	Same: 145x141 se cor Washn & Everett	2,000
N Page to C L Taylor	Same: 18 ½ acres line n by Marsh e by Fitch & Sharon Tract and s by R R A	12,500
R H Magill to D W C Skilton	Same: 5-24th int in 6 acres w l Penn st	1
A Schroder to F Klatt	Same: S line R R Av 131:7x210 near the Encinal station	5
S D Melville to E J Minturn	Same: 150:2x450 nw cor Willow and Pacific Ave s l Buena Vista Av 200 w fm Willow thence w 250x150:2	5,000
Same to same	Same: Sundry properties along Railroad Pacific and Santa Clara Avenues	7,000
D Melville to E J Minturn	Alameda: 435x492 line n by Quail e and w by Pike and Leviathan	5,000
J Smith to Florence L Smith	Alvarado: 300x140	1
N Hahn to P Hellwig	Same: 2 lots and 52 acres	4,000
Cal Beet Sugar Co to J A Robinson	Same: 50 acres	10,000
J Grumminger to S Franz	Same: 50x100	525
Cal Beet Sugar Co to B F Ingalls	Same: 12 acres on Alameda Creek	1,800
Trus M E Church to W F B Lynch	Centerville: 2 acres	....
L Gregory to E Nicholas	Same: 1 acre	600
C W Collins to L Morehouse	San Leandro: 80x200	1,000
Thos O'Neil to H Terry	Same: 50x140:3	200
The Leroy to H J Ravekco	Same: Lots 11x12 in block 7 east	300
B T Mason to J A Putnam	Same: Lots D and E in block 1	1
Same to Same	Same: Lot 3, same	100
A Bernal to W A Schwab	Pleasanton: Lot 6 in blk B	150
David S Turner to S A Turner	Same: Block G	Gift
Cal Beet Sugar Co to A May	Alvarado: 56 acres	4,250